

"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

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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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next session to be held at Nortonville, Kansas, August 22-27, 1918.
President—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Alva Davis, North Loup, Neb.
Treasurer—Rev. William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.
Executive Committee—Frank J. Hubbard, Chairman, Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Rec. Sec., Alfred, N. Y.; Rev. Alva Davis, Cor. Sec., North Loup, Neb.; Dr. George E. Crosley, Milton, Wis., (for three years); Mr. Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J., (for three years); Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y., (for two years); Mr. Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I., (for two years); Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Salem, W. Va., (for one year); Mr. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va., (for one year). Also all living ex-presidents of the Conference, and the presidents of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, the American Sabbath Tract Society, and the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

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

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

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THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND

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

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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

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

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

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

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

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 84, NO. 24

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JUNE 17, 1918

WHOLE NO. 3,824

The Burning Bush Holy Ground With God

The Sabbath morning sermon at the Eastern Association was by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, of Westerly, R. I. The lesson of the Burning Bush in Exodus 3. was presented in Brother Burdick's vivid style, and was listened to with much interest by his large audience. We can give our readers no more than a few gleanings from this sermon, which we trust they will find helpful in their efforts to hear God's call and to do his will.

Things that seem small sometimes prove to be great. God can make small things count, though men may not be able, at all times, to see the outcome. A pistol shot is said to have brought on this world war. There are many prophets, but God is the only one who knows what will come to pass as the result of a given action or experience.

Israel in distress, worn out by toil in bondage, had almost forgotten the call of Abraham and had probably come to feel that there was no progress for them. Is not God beautiful in the way he works for men? Though they forget him, still he is working for them. He worked for the deliverance of his people by giving faith to those in the home of the child Moses. Faith rocks the cradle that rules the world. A little babe in the bulrushes hidden by faith might have seemed a small thing, and that one mother could not have known what mighty changes were to come to her nation through her efforts. Little Miriam watching her baby brother was used by God to do a good work toward securing the future deliverance of her people. Thus by humble and obscure means was Jehovah preparing the way for the man who was to choose affliction with the people of God and bring them out of Egypt.

Many great and good men have been taught in the wood, the field, the mountains, where they found God. David learned to

commune with God through the heavens, the hills, the streams. The voice of one crying in the wilderness proclaimed "God manifest in the flesh," and Christ himself went unaccompanied to the mountain top to be alone with his Father.

So Moses was led away to the back side of the desert and there, alone with Jehovah for a time, was prepared to meet him in the Shekinah of the Burning Bush. There he stood on holy ground and received his commission to lead his people out of bondage.

It was holy ground. Why was it holy? Was it not because God was there? Yes; but is not God everywhere?

We must not forget that he was there for a special purpose. Any place of communion with God where one finds himself close to his Creator in spirit is holy ground. In such a presence Moses felt his own weakness, but he found strength in God and learned that in him is the assurance of victory. It was faith, a nearness of heart, that brought the Lord close, rather than bodily nearness. The very sand of the desert is holy ground if God be there for a special purpose. He alone can make holy ground; he can invest one with his own holiness until the man, too, is holy.

This church, dedicated to the service of God, is nothing if God be not in it. It is his presence alone that makes this house a holy place. Many a schoolhouse in the country becomes a holy place by his presence in the hearts of those worshipping there. It was the divine fire that made the place where Moses stood holy ground.

The same principle holds true regarding the Sabbath. God touched, sanctified, and blessed it, and it is holy. This makes it more holy than other days. For a special purpose it was made holy, it was observed by Christ its Lord, and we should beware how we trample on what God has made holy ground. How are we doing with this holy Sabbath blessed of God? He has

given it to us in special trust, a sacred thing to be kept and exalted in the eyes of a Sabbathless world.

It is a sacred thing to meet and talk with God. We, too, should approach him in reverence and take our shoes off our feet in a spiritual sense. Everything in nature reminds us of him. We should see him behind all the phenomena of earth and revere him as the Maker of all things we enjoy. I fear we all lack too much in veneration. Reverence is sadly neglected. God forgive us.

Is there any one here who never saw the Burning Bush—who never found his holy ground? I do not know where your holy ground is. Jacob's was at Bethel, and there he set up a stone of remembrance. You, too, will cherish the memory of God's blessing bestowed upon you if you have met him and communed with him.

The Lord is here today in his holy temple. May he grant a token of his presence. Let us sing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

"I Am Set for the Defense of the Gospel" This was the text of a sermon by Rev. George B. Shaw, Sunday morning of the association at Shiloh. Brother Shaw explained the meaning of the word "set" as used several times in the New Testament. It is a strong word, indicating that the thing to which it refers is placed or fixed to *stay*. "So I am set for the defence of the gospel"—the same gospel Paul preached with the cross of Christ as its symbol. It was a stumbling-block to the Greeks, and "to them that perish foolishness; but unto us who are saved it is the power of God," and I am set to defend it.

We can not give the speaker's words entire, but offer our readers some suggestive thoughts presented, which should set us all to thinking upon matters vital to our life as a people.

The gospel I am set to preach has its foundation in the Bible which is the word of God. It offers salvation by the way of the cross, not merely by Sabbath-keeping in a legalistic way, nor by human theories of the atonement, but by faith in Christ and obedience to God our Father.

In this gospel the Sabbath is vital. It was sanctified by Jehovah and has never been lost or annulled. It was identified by the manna-giving before Moses received the tables of the law at Sinai. This is the Sabbath or there is no Sabbath. The world can never be won by the kind of Sabbath that Sunday is. How long can the church last without the Sabbath? We plead for the Sabbath as an essential part of the gospel we are set to preach.

Again I am set to defend the gospel of personal baptism of *believers*. The gospel tells us how Christ was baptized. He said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." We are set to defend this gospel.

Here the speaker told the story of the boy who was set to hold the gate and keep out all hunting parties from overrunning the fields on his master's estate. After all bribes and threats had failed to move the boy to open the gate for a certain party the leader came forward and commanded him, saying, "I am the Duke of Wellington." To this the boy respectfully replied, "My master told me to keep this gate closed, and I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders." Thereupon the Duke ordered his men to depart and leave the gate closed.

Seventh Day Baptists are set to hold the gate and keep men from trampling on the gospel of Christ and his Sabbath. If we were all as true as this boy, making an army of such loyal souls in defense of Christ's commands, we could convert the world.

Indifference is one of the foes that threaten our life. It means death unless we can be aroused from it. *Infidelity* is another enemy from which we must defend the gospel. The mass of the people are practically infidels—unfaithful. No prayer in the homes, family altars gone, prayer meetings deserted, spirituality wanting! *Worldliness* is threatening to ruin our churches. What does it mean when worldly pleasures, ambitions, and selfishness crowd religion out of the heart? What does it mean when in so many churches spiritual life stands in inverse proportion to the interest taken in certain lines of worldly amusements? We are in danger. We must defend the gospel or die.

Woman's Work in Eastern Association The women of the Eastern Association gave a most interesting session at Shiloh. Mrs. Edwin Shaw had charge and made an earnest appeal for loyalty to the Sabbath and all the causes we hold dear as a people. We need a new building very much, but need the spirit of unity first of all. If brotherly love prevails and a co-operative spirit we can easily build. She spoke of the Red Cross work in which our women are trying to serve God and the nation. Various papers and letters were read. Among these were six brief biographical sketches of Seventh Day Baptist women who are working on some of our boards and publications.

We look for a full report of this session in the Woman's Work of the RECORDER in due time.

"Ten Happier Boys and Girls" These are the closing words of a brief letter from one of our Sabbath-school teachers in Iowa, whose class of ten boys and girls sends \$2.50 for the SABBATH RECORDER to go to "some soldier."

"Yours, with best wishes of ten happier boys and girls," are suggestive words. Our best wishes always go with causes for which we willingly make sacrifices, and boys and girls, whether old or young, are made "happier" by trying to bring blessings to others. This is a lesson of life which we are finding many opportunities to learn in these days. He who closes his eyes to such opportunities and withholds his hand from the kindly services required, must be the loser. The happiness that comes by generous giving for the Master's work can never be known by the selfish one who ignores Christ's teaching concerning services in his name bestowed upon our fellow-men. Doing for others is accepted in heaven as doing for Christ.

Christian Co-operation Is In the Air Wherever we turn in these days we see evidences of a more friendly co-operation in the world's work for Christ on the part of those who belong to different denominations. Among the later evidences of this co-operative spirit we note the work of the General Wartime Commission of the Churches in establishing Inter-Church Headquarters in our army camps. Baptists, Lutherans,

Presbyterians, Congregationalists and peoples of other communions unite heartily in building houses for worship and religious use for the soldiers. Such buildings are offered free to all denominations that will use them in Christian work.

For years the various denominations have been co-operating in the work of promoting Christianity, and in one way or another they have united their forces in order to secure a stronger force against their common foes. Great progress in Bible study has resulted from union Bible-school associations; the greatest advance in temperance reform looking toward prohibition has been made since the denominations, regardless of their natural differences, have consented to co-operate with the W. C. T. U. and the Anti-Saloon League. Thus Christians have helped one another and greatly promoted the cause of God on earth by co-operating in work wherein they have a common interest.

People who differ on one or two points, but agree on many fundamentals in religion, would greatly weaken their power for resisting the combined forces of evil, if they should refuse to work together in matters whereon they agree. Soldiers have not ceased to be British, or French, or American, because an international army commanded by one French general has been formed for co-operative work. This co-operative spirit means victory, while to stand apart and try to fight alone brings sure defeat. So the denominations are learning under the stress of war times that they, too, can present a stronger, more unconquerable front by hearty co-operation.

In such co-operation denominations are not destroying their loyalty to the special beliefs that make them separate peoples. They are training themselves to use their powers together for bringing about reforms that they could not obtain by working separately. In many lines of much needed work, where the relentless enemy of all good presses hard upon the church of Christ, the Baptists can not well say to the Methodists, "We have no need of you," neither can the Seventh Day Baptists say to peoples of other faiths, "We have no use for you, and will have nothing to do with you." We must work together with others in matters of common interest, and when we come to points wherein we conscientiously differ from them, there we must

take our stand, doing so in the spirit of charity but firmly holding to the truth as we see it.

A Loyal Friend We are glad our good cause has so many loyal friends. Were it not for these the outlook would indeed be dark. Words like the following from a writer in a western State, will be appreciated by every one who loves the work: "Dear brother in Christ, enclosed is five dollars to be applied in the work where most needed. I wish it were much more. Am sending it with a prayer for the ones having the heavy burdens to carry for our work as Seventh Day Baptists. May God help us to see our duty and give us grace to do it."

"A Letter of Appreciation" Elsewhere in this issue will be found a letter from a friend in one of our largest churches in the Northwest, to every word of which the editor can say amen, and which he knows will voice the sentiment of the great majority of our people.

Good News From Dean Main Dean Main's many friends will rejoice over his prospects of a speedy recovery. For many weeks they have anxiously watched for news from his sick room in the hospital, and now this letter from Mrs. Main will be a most welcome message for RECORDER readers:

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

Mr. Main wishes me to tell you how well he is getting along. The second operation was one week ago yesterday and each day since he has gotten along first class. He now sits up in bed.

The nurses and doctors think his rapid recovery is due to the long ten weeks here before the operation. He looks real well, and we hope to go home in about two weeks.

Yours truly,

Mrs. A. E. MAIN.

St. James Mercy Hospital,
Hornell, N. Y., June 10, 1918.

One of the greatest obstacles with which we have to deal with in our Bible study is the idea that the Bible can be studied somehow without any effort, at any time, without any knowledge.—*Charles Foster Kent*.

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—*Eliot*.

A LETTER OF APPRECIATION

Editor Gardiner,

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have read with interest and with a feeling akin to sorrow an article in the RECORDER of May 27, entitled "A Message to the Two Boards." Have also carefully followed the discussion, pro and con, both in and out of the RECORDER and can not see how we as a people are going to be advantaged by a longer discussion of a matter that seems right and good to a majority of Seventh Day Baptists. It seems to me that the time and space might be used to better advantage.

I also feel that the attack made upon the men who make up our representations in the Federal Council of Churches is unfair and entirely out of keeping with the men, as I know them. It was my privilege to work in three General Conferences with Brother Edwin Shaw—in fact, I think that he wore my light overcoat at every evening session of the Boulder Conference (I have never been able to wear it since, not because he stretched the coat, but because I had to return it to the person from whom I borrowed it when I returned home). You see I know Brother Shaw pretty well. You will also remember that I was leader of music at the North Loup Conference, so became acquainted with President B. C. Davis. I also formed a lasting friendship with Brother Bond, of Salem, and voted with both hands to call him as pastor of the church at North Loup. I notice also that our editor comes in for his share of blame—a man that I shall always honor and respect, for you remember that you led me through baptism to the foot of the cross, to a Christian experience that has grown dearer and dearer every day of my life.

Now as to the last named member, Dean Main, I will say that I only wish I could have known him ten years earlier in my life, and that I could have been a student at his feet, even as Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel. This is impossible, but I have two sons, and no greater pleasure could come to me than that one or both should be called into the gospel ministry. If this should be, I know of no place where I would rather they should receive their seminary instruction than at Alfred under the present Dean. I came to these conclusions after meeting the Dean, and having a

very intimate acquaintance with a number of Seminary graduates, finding them to be ministers of high ideals, strong Christian faith, and Sabbath principles. In fact, taking these men who represent us in the Federal Council of Churches, I would like to say I would trust them anywhere, any place, any time, with the Sabbath and Sabbath principles that we all hold dear, and for one believe that these men acted at all times wisely, actuated by purely Christian principles.

Wishing these men and yourself success in your every undertaking, I remain

Your brother in Christ,

C. L. HILL.

North Loup, Neb.,
June 8, 1918.

CHANGE OF PASTORS AT SALEMVILLE, PA.

REV. ROYAL R. THORNGATE

On a bright and beautiful Sabbath Day—the first Sabbath in May—when the earth and every living thing were warmed and cheered with the heavenly Father's beneficent sunshine, and the people's hearts filled with good will,—the writer was installed as pastor by the little church at Salemville, Pa.

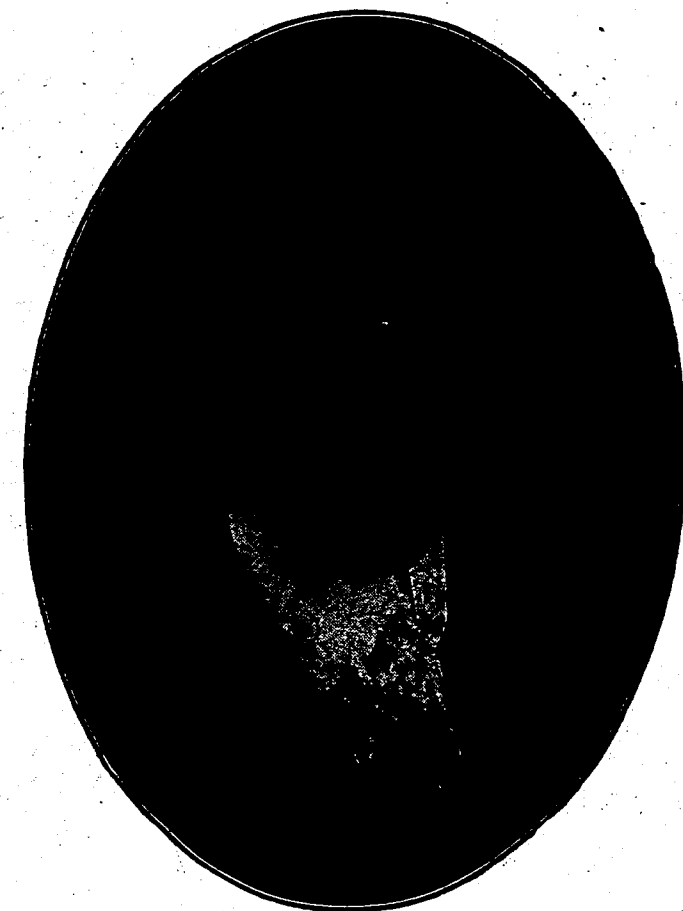
A simple but fitting program had been arranged for the occasion under the direction of the Sabbath school and carried out at the close of the Sabbath-school hour. It was a rather unusual occasion for the church, as during its history the church has had but few such services.

After accepting the call of the church last December, the present pastor had many inquiries as to the history of the church, and though something of its history has now and then appeared in the SABBATH RECORDER, it seems in place to again give something of its history in this connection.

In his history of *Seventh Day Baptists in Virginia*, in which is included the history of the Salemville Church, Dr. Corliss Fitz Randolph says in part: "The Salemville Seventh Day Baptist Church had its origin in a German Seventh Day Baptist church. . . ." And in his historical paper of the Southeastern Association, which appears in *Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America*, he says of the origin of the Salemville Church: "This is an off-

shoot of the German Seventh Day Baptist Church at Salemville, Pennsylvania." To quote again from Dr. Randolph's history of *Seventh Day Baptists in Virginia*: "The church at Salemville became divided because of certain differences of opinion, and on December 23, 1885, fourteen of its members left the mother church and, at a meeting held at the home of Noah Blough, organized themselves into the Salemville Seventh Day Baptist Church. Rev. Samuel D. Davis was present and assisted in the organization."

Though the present generation is ignorant of the "differences of opinion" that caused the separation, it may be said that



REV. ROYAL R. THORNGATE

the differences seem to have been largely factional rather than doctrinal. Of the original fourteen constituent members only five are now living. The names of the five remaining constituent members, in order as they appeared on the membership list, are: Leannah Blough, Jennie Kagarise (now Walter), Esther Walter, Charles F. Shriner, Nancy Shriner.

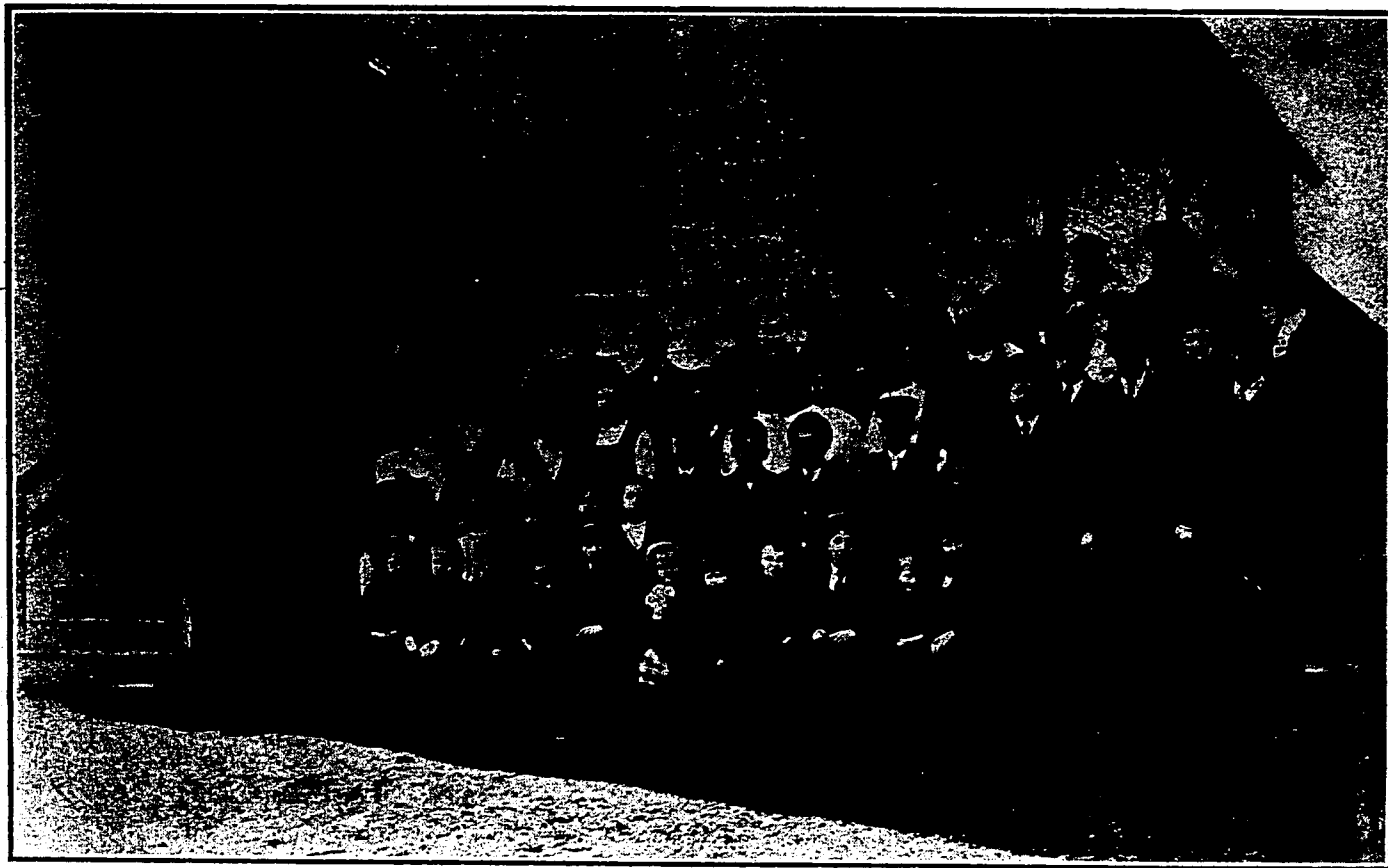
Broadly speaking, it may be said that the chief doctrinal differences that distinguish the two churches at the present time are the mode of baptism and the love-feast meal. The German Seventh Day congregation hold uncompromisingly to the trine mode of baptism, that is, baptism by im-

mersion three times forward, the candidate kneeling in the water. They also practice the ordinance of humility or feet-washing. Likewise they serve the love-feast meal in connection with the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Our church, or the English Seventh Day Baptist, by which name it is locally designated, still holds to the ordinance of humility in connection with the Lord's Supper, but does not serve the love-feast meal.

The Salemville Church became fully affiliated with our denomination when, in May, 1886, it was received into membership in the Southeastern Association; and likewise was given membership in the Gen-

September 10, 1893. In the meantime the church was visited occasionally by Rev. Samuel D. Davis, who after the death of Rev. George B. Kagarise was called to the pastorate of the church, on September 17, 1893. The pastor visited the church at the time of the Quarterly Meetings (communion services), and remained for a week or two, the distance of the church from his home at Jane Lew, West Virginia, being too great to permit more frequent visits. He resigned the pastorate June 14, 1895.

"Rev. Lely Daniel Seager became the next pastor, beginning his term of service in September, 1895. He, too, was a visiting pastor, with his home at Berea, West



SALEMVILLE (PA.) CHURCH AND CONGREGATION

eral Conference the following September, or in 1887.

The church has had seven resident pastors in the past, namely, Rev. George B. Kagarise, Rev. Darwin C. Lippincott, John H. Wolfe, Rev. David W. Leath, Rev. Riley G. Davis, Simon E. King, Rev. Jerome B. Kagarise. Again we are indebted to Dr. Randolph for data. Concerning the pastors who had served the church up to the time when the preparation of his history, *Seventh Day Baptists in Virginia*, was completed, he says:

"Rev. George B. Kagarise was elected pastor on the day of the organization, and served in that capacity until his death on

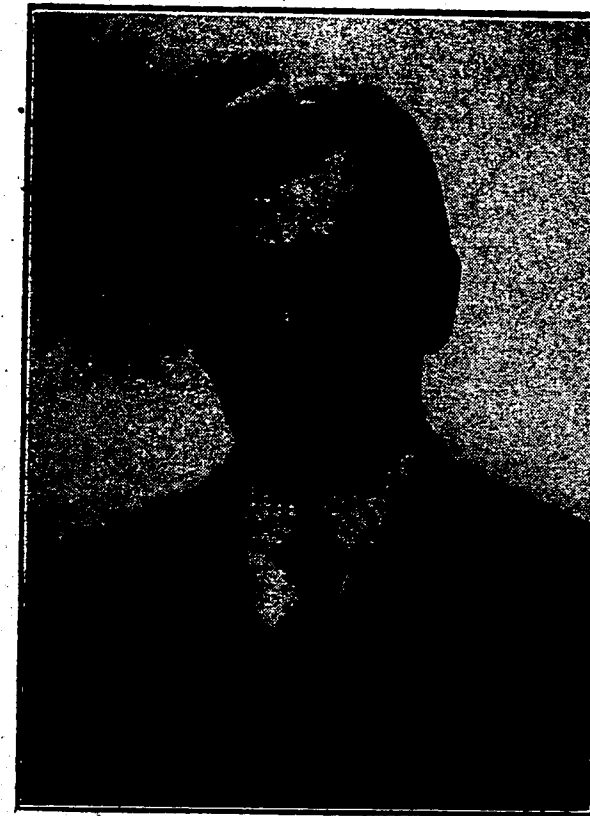
Virginia, where he was at the same time serving the Ritchie Church as its resident pastor. On June 19, 1896, he resigned as pastor, and the church called Darwin C. Lippincott, a student of Salem College, Salem, West Virginia, to serve in a similar manner to that of his immediate predecessors. Beginning with July, 1897, however, he became the resident pastor of the church.

"On September 11, 1898, the church called its pastor, Darwin C. Lippincott, to ordination, and the 28th of the following January was fixed upon as the date for the ordination service, when the following clergymen were present to assist, viz., Rev.

Mazzini G. Stillman, pastor of the church at Lost Creek; Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner, of the New Salem Church; and Rev. Oscar U. Whitford, of Westerly, Rhode Island, corresponding secretary of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society.

"Rev. Darwin C. Lippincott terminated his term of service as pastor of the church, September 10, 1899.

"On November 4, 1900, the church extended a call to John H. Wolfe to act as pastor for a period of six months, and on the 10th of March, 1901, called him to ordination. He declined ordination, however, as he wished to pursue his studies at Alfred University. On the same day, March



REV. JEROME KAGARISE

10, 1901, the church extended a call to Rev. David W. Leath to become its pastor from the first day of the following June. The call was accepted, but at the end of a year's service, he closed his connection with the church, and sought other fields of labor, and the church was without a pastor."

The church records show that the call to Rev. David W. Leath to become pastor was not given at the meeting on March 10, 1901, but at a meeting held a week later, or on March 16, 1901.

Following the termination of Rev. David W. Leath's labors with the church the little flock was without a pastor for some months, when, at a meeting of the

church on March 28, 1903, it extended a call to Rev. Riley G. Davis, who was then pastor of the Ritchie Church at Berea, W. Va. The church records do not show when he began his work as pastor at Salemville. His labors with the church were terminated in December, 1904.

On September 10, 1905, the church called Simon E. King to be its pastor. He came from the Progressive branch of the Dunkard Church, having served them in the capacity of a preacher. He was a professed convert to the Sabbath. After having served the church for some two years as pastor he left the Sabbath, reuniting with the denomination of his former faith.

Feeling the need of spiritual leadership, the church again, on December 8, 1907, called a pastor in the person of Brother Jerome S. Kagarise, a son of Rev. George B. Kagarise, the first pastor of the church. Brother Kagarise had formerly been connected with the Adventist people as a local elder, but for good reasons had seen fit to unite with our church. On March 19, 1910, the church voted to ordain Brother Kagarise to the gospel ministry, stating as their reason for doing so that he had served them "faithfully and efficiently for some years, and has the esteem and confidence of his parishioners in respect to his character, his moral and spiritual fitness, and his ability as an expounder of Holy Scriptures and as a pastor." According, on December 17, 1910, his ordination took place in compliance with the expressed wish of the church. The following named invited ministers took part in the ordination: Rev. George W. Hills, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church at Salem, W. Va.; Rev. Henry N. Jordan, pastor of the Piscataway Seventh Day Baptist church, New Market, N. J.; and Rev. Edwin Shaw, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J. His labors as the under-shepherd of the church ceased on May first, when, as had been stated, the present pastor took up the work. Thus Brother Kagarise has faithfully served the church as its spiritual leader for more than ten years, and that with little financial remuneration. His constant purpose has been to encourage the church to higher and more spiritual standards of Christian living. Having thus served the church, it was his expressed wish to be relieved of his labors

and see the work of leadership placed in other hands.

The present pastorate begins under the most favorable circumstances. The church is united in spirit and purpose to a remarkable degree. There is an evident desire on the part of all to co-operate in the work of the church, and along denominational lines.

Though the membership of the church is not large—about fifty—the attendance at both the Sabbath school and preaching services is most gratifying. The attendance at Sabbath school—those reported as studying the lesson—is uniformly not much short of seventy, now and then exceeding that number. And all remain invariably for both services. The latter, it is safe to say, likely, is not the usual thing in most of our churches. The splendid congregations are accounted for by the unusual number of children and young people in the society, which makes the future full of promise. In addition to this it should be said that there is a large Christian Endeavor society, and an active Ladies' Aid society.

Still some other things should be said in commendation. The church property consists of an attractive church building and a comfortable parsonage, both enclosed in the same yard, and most pleasantly located. As is usually the case, it was the Ladies' Aid that had seen to it that the interior of the parsonage had received proper attention previous to the taking possession of it by the pastor's family, while the men of the church had built an attractive and commodious porch onto the front of the parsonage, and had made other necessary improvements. All these needful and appreciated things add greatly to the pleasure and comfort of the pastor's family. And then when the pastor's family had taken possession of the parsonage, the good people of the church, without being invited (though they were surely welcome then and always), on a Seventh Day night themselves took possession of the parsonage for a time, and when they had gone the tables, and various available places, were piled with many substantial eats. The spirit of hospitality and good will of the people has been unbounded. How could any pastor's heart fail to be touched by such a spirit of Christian love and helpfulness?

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist Church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, June 9, 1918, at 2 o'clock p. m., Vice President William C. Hubbard in the chair.

Members present: Joseph A. Hubbard, William C. Hubbard, Asa F. Randolph, Frank J. Hubbard, Theodore L. Gardiner, Jesse G. Burdick, Franklin S. Wells, Irving A. Hunting, Alex W. Vars, James L. Skaggs, Otis B. Whitford, Arthur L. Titsworth and Business Manager Lucius P. Burch.

Visitors: Henry D. Babcock, Alfred Wilson.

The session was opened by the Board rising and reciting the Lord's Prayer in concert.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Recording Secretary reported correspondence from Mrs. Arthur E. Main, noting the favorable condition of Dean Main on the fifth day following his major operation.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported the distribution of 1179 tracts during the month of May, embracing 18 subjects, and 8 new subscriptions to the SABBATH RECORDER, and 9 discontinued.

The Committee on Italian Mission reported that Mr. Savarese addressed 5,000 Italians on May 11th, "Italian Day," the anniversary of Italy's declaration of war. Average attendance at New York during the month 8, and at New Era 12, tracts distributed 400, and visits and calls 147.

Correspondence was received from Rev. George Seeley, showing a large distribution of tracts, and requesting more literature, which will be forwarded at once.

Secretary Shaw being away from home, engaged in work incident to his office, the usual correspondence was not presented for discussion and action, so the remainder of the session was given to an informal discussion of important matters relating to the work of the Society and general denominational interests.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Recording Secretary.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

A smell of corn-bloom in the lucent air;
A gold-edged rivulet of violet sky
Through maple-lace; and, blent with morning's prayer,
Deep breaths of meadow sweetness gusting by;

An amber mist with broidering of white,
That wavers like a banderole of light.

A wilful breeze the quivering aspen shakes,
And turns the ribbon grass to sabers keen;
Unseen, some thrifty honey-seeker makes
Low rumbling through a tangled flower-screen;

The tender notes that nature's voices croon
Set the wide silence into perfect tune.

There is no sound of sickle or of scythe
From all the sweep and stretch of mellow lands.

The day is one for song, serene and blithe,
And grateful rest for overtired hands.
The patient animals who toiled away
A week, may drowse in grassy lanes today.

Reed-sweet, the river chants a broken psalm,
Drifting to sleep where willow curtains swing.

Across the country bides a sunny calm,
As in the shelter of an angel's wing.
The ruffling gales of daily trial cease;
All is as if a voice had whispered, "Peace."
—Harriet W. Durbin.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON GETTING READY

WINNIE C. SAUNDERS

For any experience that is worth while we should have sufficient preparation; indeed, preparedness is the watchword of the hour. For any important event through which we are to pass we should be prepared in body, mind and soul.

Who of us has not at some time been called upon unexpectedly to take a journey? In all probability we have found ourselves unprepared, have perhaps worked late into the night in an effort to leave the house in order and to prepare adequately for the journey, only to find upon arriving at our destination, essentials missing in our traveling bag, only to remember that we have left important affairs at home untended to and to find that we are tired out

and in no condition to enjoy ourselves or to be of service to others. Should we enter upon this weekly journey, this Sabbath Day's journey, in such a state of distraction, disorder and fatigue?

We should begin to prepare for the Sabbath early enough in the week so that Friday will not be the hardest day in seven and Sabbath evening find us too weary to truly enjoy God's day. Can we not let Friday afternoon find us with the Sabbath dinner as nearly ready as is possible and with our homes in perfect order, so that we may sit down to study our Bibles and review with the children the Sabbath-school lesson without a thought of household duties unperformed but with our minds alert and our souls at peace with our Maker! It is this hour of rest and soul communion that puts us in a position to rightly enjoy the Sabbath.

It was once my privilege to spend a week-end in what I termed an ideal Christian home. When I arrived on Friday afternoon the house was so neat and comfortable, with flowers in evidence about the rooms, the spirit of hospitality and cheer pervaded the whole house; in fact, it was such a home as children and young people love to be in on the Sabbath. Lesson helps and well-worn Bibles lay on the reading table and throughout the home there was the air of preparedness for the approaching Sabbath. One of the boys in this home remarked to me, "We boys always know there will be cold chicken and lemon pie for Sabbath dinner and that any of the other fellows will receive the glad hand from Dad and that welcoming smile from Mother which makes this place the most popular one in this town on the Sabbath." In each room upstairs lay clean fresh garments in readiness for the morrow, and the little daughter who showed me her "very own" room patted the little white garments that lay across a chair and said, "Tomorrow is the Sabbath," and the expectant smile on the young face showed that she considered the Sabbath the best day of the week.

Let us make an effort to so plan our Friday afternoons that we will be found fit and ready in every way for the coming day, and, as the Sabbath draws on, that "holy, calm delight" may permeate the whole household.

WORKERS' EXCHANGE

Milton, Wis.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 15, the Woman's societies of the Milton, (Wis.) Church held their joint Sabbath Rally Day program in the primary room of the church.

There was a good representative attendance of our three circles, or sections of our societies. Mrs. F. C. Dunn, the president of Circle No. 2, had the program in charge, and Mrs. Tacy Inglis, of No. 3, led the singing.

Mrs. L. A. Platts opened the meeting with prayer, and was followed by a Bible reading on Sabbath and Sunday by the members.

Mrs. A. B. Saunders gave an interesting and practical paper on "The Friday Afternoon Getting Ready Problem." She showed how we should make all necessary arrangements during the week, as far as possible, so as not to encroach on sacred time by hurried, unfinished preparation at the last moment. Mrs. Martha Rasmussen next spoke of her experience in coming to the Sabbath, and of the joy and peace she received when, with her husband and small children, she kept her first Sabbath evening.

Mrs. W. C. Daland spoke of the Sabbath morning problem. She emphasized in particular the mistakes of too elaborate preparation, also the fault of too many who undertake extra work on Sabbath morning that should be shared with other members of the family.

As our denominational Junior Christian Endeavor superintendent, Mrs. W. D. Burdick would quite naturally urge that the children attend Junior Endeavor on Sabbath afternoon. She also suggested that unselfishness on the part of the older members of the family would find ways of making the late hours of Sabbath afternoon a pleasure to the little folks. The last number, "Along Toward Sundown," was to have been treated by Mrs. O. U. Whitford. We were all disappointed that she was out of town and could not "cap the sheaf" as we had expected she would do. However, impromptu talks were given the subject by well qualified women. Mrs. J. B. Morton made impressive the need of a more strict observance of the Sabbath from *sunset* to *sunset*, not cutting it short at both ends.

During the program Mrs. Inglis sang the solo, "Sabbath Rest," the words and music of which were composed, a few years ago, by our own Clara Stillman Burdick. The words of the hymns sung were, also, of Seventh Day Baptist production.

It was a helpful, and inspiring occasion. We are hoping that much good may result from these meetings throughout the denomination. At this time, when we are called upon to sacrifice and stand for truth and justice, is it not a most fitting time to honor God and his Sabbath by taking a stronger, more loyal, and more united stand on this great truth the Bible teaches?

METTA P. BABCOCK.

"BEHOLD, I COME QUICKLY"

E. H. A.

These are the words of Jesus as he revealed himself and the future to John on the isle of Patmos. Before the Savior left his disciples, he told them, in that beautiful fourteenth chapter of John: "If I go away I will come again and receive you unto myself"; also, "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, ye may be also."

Now, how is Jesus to come again? When Jesus slowly ascended to heaven and disappeared from the sight of the disciples in the midst of the clouds, the angels came and said to them: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come *in like manner* as ye have seen him go into heaven (Acts 1: 11). John also says in Revelations 1: 7, "Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Peter says (2 Pet. 3: 10-13): "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, *looking* for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God? . . . Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new

heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

"The great day of the Lord is near, it is near, and hasteth greatly, even the voice of the day of the Lord" (Zeph. 1: 14). "Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober" (1 Thes. 5: 6). "Lest coming, suddenly he find you sleeping" (Mark 13: 36).

A SOLDIER LETTER FROM FRANCE

DEAR PASTOR GARDINER:

Someway or other I can't get away from the feeling that I owe something to all of the people in our jolly fine Sabbath family, especially those in North Loup and Exeland and Milton and Salem and Welton and Stone Fort and Plainfield and Chicago and Grand Marsh and Garwin (this isn't a military "epistle" exactly, so those cities aren't placed in order of rank), who, I like to play, think about us soldiers now and then, and from some of whom I have received some dandy letters. And so, I am going to write to my folks—every one who is a Seventh Day Baptist is my folks—and mayhap the letter can be published in the RECORDER (I have never run across any censor orders that say an ordinary letter can't be published).

This is a beautiful country, and it is jammed so tight that we haven't even found a back pasture to play baseball on, and that is "orful" for regular United Staters, I claim. We are negotiating, though, with the evolution of many "wee-wee's" and "nix compray's" and "see-voopleh's" and "combiang's" and other loud talking shoulder-shrugs, and maybe we can play a little soon.

The people are friendly as anything, and the kids sure like the Americans. The boys can all whistle the bugle calls, and come to "right shoulder arms" with sticks, at the least provocation. I have a little girl friend about six years old who prefers me to all of the hundred or so other suitors. The other day I said, "What is your 'nom'?" She answered, "Genevieve," and wow! it sounded good to hear anything like United States talk.

Incidentally, I am inordinately proud of my regiment which is the Sixth U. S. Infantry (Regulars), and which was chosen to receive a national color from the hands of descendants of Frenchmen who fought

with Lafayette in the American Revolution, and which regiment is a "Regular Guy," and plumb full of punch.

I believe there are almost as many cows here as there are in Wisconsin, but here they take them right into the house, and put them to bed, I guess. Almost all the wagons are two-wheelers, and they hitch their horses up in "columns of squads"—er—I mean single file, instead of abreast of each other. The people wear wooden shoes, and don't put any salt in their butter, and they grind the water out of their wells with cranks. If they had a Nebraska windmill hooked on, and a Nebraska breeze—wow! The scarcest things I know of around here are candy and mail, either of which I would almost sell my birthright for any day. I forgot that Mr. Temps isn't so very much in evidence either. But the thermometer of morale fluctuates directly as the quantity of incoming mail. "Nuff said."

There, if this too foolish for the RECORDER, Pastor Gardiner, just chuck it, and if any one says that we are downhearted, just mention casually that we are not.

Sincerely,

THORNIE.

George Thorngate,
1st Lieut. and Adjutant,
3d Bu., 6th Inf.,
D. P. O. 745, A. E. F.

THE FOLKS THAT LAUGH

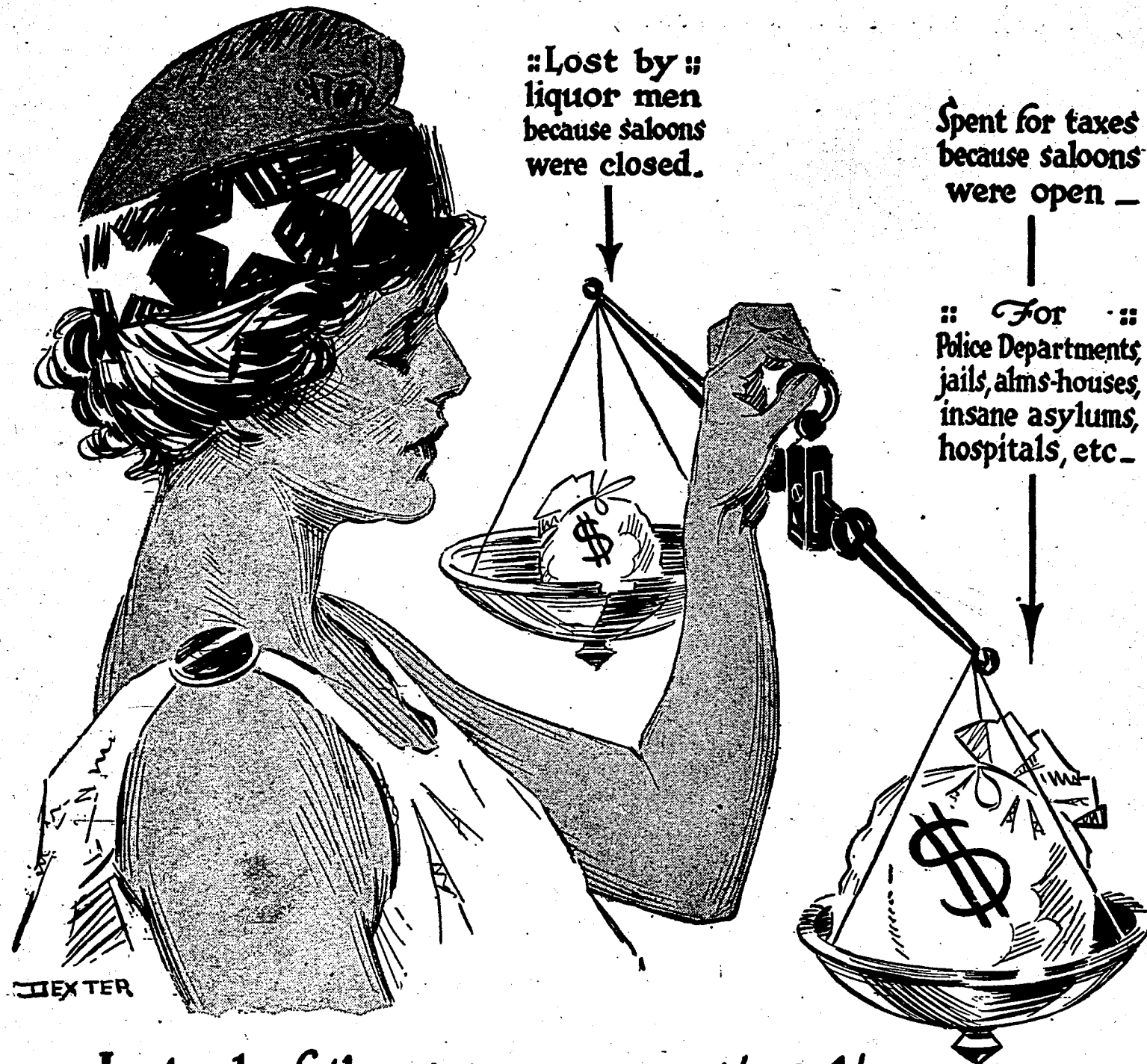
The folks that laugh—God bless them!
They lighten all the day.
They bring the cheer of sunshine clear
Tho' skies be brooding gray.
They lift the load of trouble,
They ease the grip of toil;
They leave less room for grumbling gloom
Our precious hours to spoil.

What tho' they have their sorrow?
What tho' they have their woes?
They aim to get the laughter debt
The joyous old world owes:
And so they make a stranger
Of foolish fret and fear,
And make each day a happy way
Of rich content and cheer.

The folks that laugh—God bless them!
What ills do they not mend!
For them the rose in beauty glows,
And every man is friend.
For them the skies grow bluer,
For them the stars are bright,
Gloom flees away across the day
And comfort bides at night.

—Unidentified.

Who is entitled to Compensation?



Instead of the state compensating liquor men, liquor men should compensate the state.

"If you believe that the traffic in Alcohol does more harm than good—help stop it!"

Strengthen America Campaign

DRINK—A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA

CHARLES STELZLE

THERE never was a time when America so needed her sober senses as today—it is a time when selfishness must be subordinated to the great task of winning the war. We are being told by those who have come from the front, that we in this country haven't begun to feel the pinch of the war. Except for an occasional parade or brass band, a flag raising, a Red Cross or Liberty Loan appeal, or something of the sort, it doesn't look much like war in the home town.

There are no ruined homes, nor torpedoed sky-scrapers and churches. Our streets are just as they were before, and we go out to our lunches as we always did.

Most of us flatter ourselves that, if we have bought a fifty-dollar bond, we have made about all the sacrifice that the country has a right to ask of us.

But—once in a while, when the boys march down the street, with flags flashing in the sunlight, and drums throbbing, we get a tightening of the throat, and there's a moment when the picture blurs.

And once in a while, as we read an account of how the "Huns" outraged unprotected women and children, there wells up a feeling of anger and resentment which makes us feel like putting our fists through something.

Meanwhile, some of the finest fellows in this country are freely giving themselves for service in the trenches and on the sea, and we honor them because of their readiness to serve their country.

Probably millions of our boys will go to the front before the war ends, to do their level best to stop the tide of red ruin and outrageous killing.

But there's one fact that stands out clear and sharp, as we take a world-wide view of the war—namely, that we've got to reckon not only with "Kaiser Bill Hohenzollern" but with "Kaiser John Barley-corn."

Every great general in this war—every great strategist who has had the courage to face all the facts, has pointed out the danger of drink.

Lloyd George put it this way:

"We are fighting Germany, Austria and Drink, and as far as I can see, the greatest of the three deadly foes is Drink."

Marshal Joffre said:

"Alcohol, by diminishing the moral and material strength of the Army, is a crime against national defense in the face of the enemy."

"Men with drink in them don't fight—they brawl," said Vance Thompson. "It is not boldness men get out of Drink, what they get is the fuddled logic of a maniac."

The nations at war very soon discovered who their real enemy was. It was not the Teuton and the Turk—it was ALCOHOL.

And so France, England and Russia have grappled with their arch enemy—but he is putting up the biggest fight in his history, for he knows that if he loses out in this war, he will be played out forever.

"We are fighting Germany, Austria and Drink", declared Lloyd George—

Today England's foes are America's foes. We know how to meet the first two; but what are we doing about the THIRD?

We can fight this enemy at home. It lies with the men who can not go to the front in Europe, the women who can not help out as nurses or welfare workers, to enlist to overthrow our common foe.

CAN WE COUNT ON YOU?—Federal Council Bulletin.

NOTES BY THE WAY

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

At the Verona Association the praise and song services were in charge of Pastor Jesse E. Hutchins, of Brookfield, but he enlisted the help of many others. Among these were three young women who had just arrived from Nortonville, Kan., to visit a married sister of two of them, to spend the summer vacation in the East. Their singing was much enjoyed by every one. They were the Misses Iva and Ruby Davis and Miss Silvia Babcock. Then it was a pleasure to hear Pastor George C. Tenney, of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, in a solo, Pastor Hutchins and Mrs. Clarke Todd in a duet; Pastor Hutchins in a solo with a guitar, the Verona choir, and others. The service of praise and worship by hymns and songs is a most important element in our religious lives.

The time of holding the next association came in for a discussion of this continuing perplexity. The Eastern Association, not

knowing what else to do, voted to meet the week of the second Sabbath in June of 1919. To keep in harmony with this program the Central Association was about to vote to meet on "fifth day before the third Sabbath in June, 1919," when some one raised the query as to whether or not there would be a session in 1919, since the General Conference is due to meet in the association in 1919. The second Sabbath in June was selected at Shiloh with the purpose of bringing the Western Association the fourth Sabbath, out of the way of the anniversaries at Alfred University. But the dropping out of a meeting in the association, where the Conference convenes, makes it impossible to hold the associations year by year on fixed dates, and yet have them follow in consecutive weeks.

Pastor Simpson, of Verona, gave the opening address of welcome to delegates and visitors, he offered the closing prayer and benediction at the end, and all through the sessions was a very busy man as chairman of the Entertainment Committee. He also had charge of the Young People's Hour, which was an interesting and inspiring session. In the absence of the recording secretary the association elected Pastor Ehret, of Adams Center, to the position of secretary. This made him a busy man from beginning to end, and the end is not yet, for the minutes must be prepared for the printer, a task by no means small or unimportant.

Mrs. Jay S. Brown, the associational secretary of the Woman's Board, promised to gather together and send to the editor of the Woman's Department of the SABBATH RECORDER for publication the various papers that were presented, all of which were of especial merit.

Professor Paul E. Titsworth arranged a program for the education interests. He himself gave one of his characteristically admirable addresses on Christian Education. Then Pastor Hutchins spoke for Salem College, Pastor Simpson for Milton College, and Pastor Tenney on "Preparation for Ministers." It was one of the best sessions of the association, and to say this brings no discredit at all upon the other sessions; for as I said to Pastor W. L. Burdick at the close of his sermon Sabbath morning, it was about the best sermon I

had ever heard him preach, and that was saying a good deal for the sermon.

The social privileges of such a gathering can not be overestimated. As much as the people enjoyed the sermons and other parts of the program, yet it was difficult for them to cease their visiting out under the shade of the trees and come into the church. No sessions began on time, it was simply impossible to have them thus begin. And yet there was no unpleasantness of delay, for all were busy and happy. Much of the smoothness of the work of the association was directly due to the clear-headed and efficient leadership of the moderator, Mr. William Jones, of Adams Center.

The Verona people are splendid entertainers. The guests were reluctant to depart, and gladly responded to the hearty invitation to come again, and come soon. The exodus began Sunday, and was complete Monday forenoon, going in all directions, back to work, but with a more hopeful outlook upon life, and our own cause.

These notes are written in railway station at Battle Creek, Mich., and those of last week on the cars en route from Birmingham to Buffalo.

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.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

A GOOD TIME

C. C. VAN HORN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 22, 1918

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Be an optimist (Prov. 17: 22)
Monday—Live without fear (Ps. 91: 1-16)
Tuesday—Good times with God (Ps. 92: 1-5)
Wednesday—Good times in service (Ps. 40: 1-8)
Thursday—Good times with friends (Prov. 18: 24)
Friday—Good times in benefaction (Prov. 18: 24)
Sabbath Day—Topic, How to have a good time
(1 Thess. 5: 16-24)

There are two kinds of good times. One kind brings remorse afterward; an unsatisfied feeling, regret; a wish we had done differently. This kind if continued will breed indifference, discontent, and always with a tendency downward to self-indulgence, dissipation and vice.

The other kind is inclined to leave self out of the question; is optimistic, looking for the bright side, the silver lining. Those who are having this kind of a good time find their chief joy and happiness in bringing sunshine into other lives.

To "brighten the corner where you are" will never fail in leaving a sunny spot in your own life.

The good time that fails to leave in its wake the consciousness of a burden lightened, a life brightened, a soul gladdened, must be the kind that makes Satan smile.

Oh, say! have you read "Pollyanna"? There is an illustration, the answer to the question, "How shall we have a good time?" Pollyanna innocently, unconsciously, solved the great problem. Her first thought was for the happiness of others, and every succeeding thought was to bring sunshine out of shadow; to dispel frowns with a smile; to drown the wail of sorrow with a ripple of laughter. She began the day with a song of gladness, and the "glad game" ceased for the day only when her eyelids closed in slumber. And yet, in all her life, she had no more thought of selfish happiness than the mocking bird has of what its next note will be like.

A young man said to a friend, a lady, as he left her one night on the steps of her

home, "Sadie, I like you." "Why?" she asked with an amused smile. "Because," he said, "when I am with you I want to be good."

What a benediction! better than a thousand words of flattery. Her heart gave an extra throb. Tears welled up in her eyes as she replied, "I did not know I was doing that." There is the pity of it—so few of us can be good without great and conscious effort; but we have this to help us, every conscientious effort we make will receive a "just recompense of reward."

Girls, are you like Sadie, so clean and pure in your lives that the young men whom you admit into your company want to be good? Or do you with an approving smile inhale the vile and poisonous fumes of their pet cigarettes and go with them to some disgusting vaudeville picture show? Is that what you would call having a good time? If, on the other hand, some young man with whom you have spent an evening should say at parting, "You have helped me to be good," would not that be the crowning point of one of the best times you ever had?

We can not have a good time in its best sense and leave Jesus out. Years ago, when this great country of ours was mostly frontier, one of our ministers was traveling through the country and stopped for the night at a wayside inn. The young people of the neighborhood had gathered for a dance and they good-naturedly asked him to join them. He said he would if they would let him open the exercises with prayer. They agreed to this and he knelt down in their presence and began praying.

The Lord heard his prayer and sent his spirit in wondrous power. Many of those same young people were converted that night. They lost all sight of the good time they had planned for, in the best of all times that came to them through the agency of the aged minister.

I can not conceive, can not understand, how a young man can enjoy a young lady's company and at the same time puff the sickening smoke of some vile cigarette in her face. I wonder if there are any Christian Endeavor members who do this ungentlemanly thing. Can any Christian Endeavor member have a good time and indulge in any way these vicious habits?

Our Christian Endeavor social committees should plan for good times in a social way. In all the planning keep the thought

uppermost that we are arranging a Christian Endeavor social. If this thought is left out, ignored, we have no right to call it a Christian Endeavor social.

Two men were sitting in a gambling house on a foreign shore. They had played until far into the night, having, as they supposed, a good time; but it left a sting. During a pause in the game the younger of the two leaned back in his chair and began absently humming a tune, the words of which were, "I am one day nearer home."

The other looked up suddenly, asking, "Hal, where did you learn that song?"

"In a Sabbath school in America."

After another moment of sober reflection, "Hal, let's quit this business."

They did, and started in for the good time led by Jesus Christ. They returned to the homeland. One became a minister of the gospel and the other a good and honored citizen.

MEETING OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD

The Young People's Board met at the home of Carrie Nelson, Sunday, June 2, 1918, at 2.30 p. m.

The meeting was called to order by the President.

Prayer was offered by Rev. E. D. Van Horn.

Minutes of the last meeting were read.

The Corresponding Secretary read letters from the Christian Endeavor societies at Riverside and North Loup. She also reported that the circular letters regarding Sabbath Rally Day and work to be done had been sent to the different Christian Endeavor societies, and a bill of \$1.17 for postage was presented.

Voted that the report be adopted and the bill be allowed.

The report of the Treasurer was read and adopted.

The Junior Superintendent reported letters received from a number of Junior Christian Endeavor societies in response to letters sent out by her asking that the Juniors help in raising the budget of the Young People's Board.

Miss Verna Foster, acting Intermediate Superintendent, reported that letters had been sent to the Intermediate societies regarding the Forward Movement, and that answers had been received from a number

of these societies reporting progress in the work. She also asked that report blanks be furnished her to be sent to the Intermediate societies.

The Corresponding Secretary was asked to make out report blanks to be sent to the Christian Endeavor societies.

The Young People's program for Conference was discussed.

The minutes were read and approved. Adjournment.

CARRIE E. NELSON,
Secretary, *pro tem.*

THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER VI

(Continued)

WALTER WELLS and his wife Esther had a few trials. Everything in one's home is not always angelic. Esther had a temper and even a Christian finds it sometimes difficult to control it. But she was reasonable and she loved her husband and her babe. Little outbursts of resentment are not indications of a depraved heart and mind. Few persons can say that they have not had an inward struggle to subdue some passion or wrong tendency. Some of our greatest preachers testify to the mighty struggles they have undergone to overcome a passionate disposition. At times, and under severe provocation, they have almost wrecked their characters and lost their determination to try any longer to maintain their Christian standing, but principle has been strong and grace abounded and they have triumphed and held a place in the world most prominent and useful. And so Esther always triumphed by grace, and her home was becoming more and more the model home. She had heard her mother-in-law Eunice tell how *her* husband had always talked about having a grandson who was to go to college, and all that. It pleased her and she readily fell in with the plan as mothers generally do. Of course it was now Ethel instead of "Kon of the third generation." The babe was welcomed in the new home and given a parent's best care and love. But somehow it seems a trifle different for a boy to creep into a mother's arms; there is a something, a melting of the soul, a stirring of the pulse, and an affection too deep for expression in words. She holds

the little man-face close to hers and knows that the inheritance of ages is his. He it is that will reach the supreme limits of humanity. She will love so much the daughter and it must be that daughters are born, but the love of the mother for a son is so strong, holy, unique, for it is the boy that will perpetuate the race and do great deeds, and he has always justified the living of the mother. And so she wishes to sometime have that experience. Of course there are additional cares attached to the raising of a boy that are not had with a girl, although the girl brings peculiar responsibilities. History and the testimony of great men show that the mother *living with and for her boy* is in an enormous field of influence as she gives her life wholly, almost, to him minute by minute and day by day. The heritage of culture can not be paid for by getting a nurse or a teacher outside the home. There is not a single way of doing for the boy or girl equal to loving and daily companionship. Mothers, fathers, when your child is ten years of age, he will, as a rule, have received his standards and impressions which will be the background of all his later life.

These are the years of planting time. The harvest will be what you have planted. If you inspire your child *you* must be inspired. You can't fool him. If you win him you *must* be what you want *him* to be. You will create a man or woman to be the strong prop of years to come, or you will create a weakling. You shall pay the price. But oh, the silly mother and the weakling of a father too often seen, dreaming great things for the child but doing nothing to make him strong and noble! They just hope that he will "turn out to be a pretty good man." Yes, he'll "turn out," for practically he is "turned out" onto the devil's commons.

"Walter, the girl problem is a great one," said Esther one day, as little Miss Ethel, now two years old, was quite inclined to want her own way. "I guess she has some of her mother's old temper, though I can hardly believe that there is any moral quality in inheritance. The physical tendencies in certain environments are what make and unmake the child. If the child *lives* right along under certain influences than she will be likely to be what

those influences and the example are. That is where inheritance we talk so much about comes in. When God said in the second commandment that the third and fourth generations should have visited upon them the father's sins, he did not mean that the child or grandchild is responsible for sins committed by another; but that having been under such influences these years, he will have the same sins in his own life to account for, *unless* he is converted by the Spirit of God, or is removed while in babyhood to a religious and better environment. That's my idea of inheritance."

"That's it exactly, Esther, and theologians have not all the right view of it. Predestination and inheritance and all that has run riot in the pulpit, and the devil has laughed. A boy or girl is predestined as a rule to be what his parents and grandparents make him by their own lives. And if by chance he later on comes to see what a fool his father was and what a silly woman his mother was and has been able to see something far better and wants to have it, then he will get out of that 'third and fourth generation' curse. It is my purpose to carry out my father's ideas and purpose, as it all appeals to my reason, and whether it is Ethel or the coming 'Kon', no matter. We will always take the 'far look.' You and I had it up on old Markum, you remember."

"That dear old mountain!" exclaimed Esther. "Many visions it brings to our family. But listen, I spent two hours last evening getting Ethel to say 'Please.' Now what is it that makes a child so stubborn and unwilling to do right? I can't see into it. But when she yielded, she just broke down and put her little hands about my neck and said, 'I loves you, I dest loves you, muzzer.' It almost broke my heart, but I could not give up until she was obedient."

"O Esther, you were not at church last Sabbath, and I forgot to tell you that Pastor Burdick has resigned. I do not know what we will do for another man as strong. But I suppose there are such. Many say that he preaches too deep for common folks and maybe he does, but there is something, if only one sentence, in the sermon that *sticks* to you, and his everyday life is a constant sermon. I wish he had visited more about the parish, but we can't expect everything of a pastor. But we'll have him back again some time. He is going to De-

Ruyter, I hear. And by the way, the institute there is prospering. It was a great day for Seventh Day Baptists when Elder Campbell came to our people and went to work for better educational facilities, and now we have DeRuyter Institute. Alfred, too, is now growing. Kenyon and Allen are two great men and a hundred years after they are gone they will be appreciated. Oh, how I wish I had had a college education. But if we prosper, our children *shall* have if I have to sell the last cow."

"Better keep the cow to furnish the stamps. Don't want to kill the goose that lays the egg. But before we send them to college—'them'! when we've only one, doesn't that sound funny?—we must well indoctrinate them in Sabbath-keeping principles, and give them the foundation on which to build, so that when temptations come and ambition increases and the world offers them inducements that mean a sacrifice of principle, they will not be swept off their feet. Many are lost to us as a denomination from this very lack of home influence and training, and then the college is blamed for it. There is Thomas Beverage who went to Alfred and then to the state university and left the Sabbath for a position as engineer with a big salary, and his folks are now so sad that they sent him to college; but Walter, you and I know that the boy had little religious culture at home, no family prayers, no regular attendance at church, and in his early years he heard a great deal of criticism against our pastors and was told that our boys could hardly get a living and keep the Sabbath, and all that stuff. And yet Mr. Beverage, the father, is a good man and stands true to the Sabbath; but he lacked in tact and judgment with his boy, and now they are feeling bad over the boy's worldly success as it looks and his apostasy from the truth. I tell you that having sacrificed his principles for worldly gains he will grow weak on other points and his success will not be long, you mark my word."

"That ought to keep us in constant effort to make a real impression on our children while they are impressionable. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Folks sneer at that and say, 'How about the Beverage boy and how about the minister's boy, did they not have training?'

I say that if we but knew it, we'd see a screw loose somewhere in the home. Hardly ever fails. There may be an occasional exception but not many and even when such an exception occurs I believe something is wrong," said Walter Wells.

"I want constantly—but tactfully and lovingly, so as not to be a crank and make our children dislike too much of it—I want to weave it into the warp and woof of their character and faith that to us there is no truth as important as the Sabbath truth and that it ought to be important to all men. We are unfaithful to ourselves and our people if we lose sight of it in any way. The way we treat it in our homes, in our studies, and in our remarks in the community will settle for time and eternity the character of many lives. We must show, too, that the exaltation of Christ as a Savior by us is equal to any Christian's activity, but that even that depends in a large degree upon the attitude men take concerning the Sabbath of the Lord Christ. This measures our spirituality to a great extent. There is a greater curse upon the world today—and one that will remain—than thousands know of, from this very apostasy from God's holy Sabbath. Sabbath-keeping as God intended, would have saved the world from all idolatry. Lawlessness so manifest among men would not be. Crimes and lawbreaking come largely as the result of a departure from this holy observance and the belittling of God's law," continued Walter.

"Yes, and the mere theorizing by Seventh Day Baptists will not win the world to it. Men will not understand spiritual Sabbathism by that course. Our people, and that means you and me, will move men by an *example* of Sabbath-keeping in harmony with our other teachings. That is what tells. It is the example in so many homes that stultifies the teachings of the ministers and leaders among us, and leaves many to be impressed that one thing is as good as another and that the Sabbath is not a question of great importance. I want Ethel and the others, if we have them, to be deeply impressed by seeing that we prize the Sabbath as a priceless treasure from the Lord of the Sabbath; it must be a controlling conviction. Some of our pastors are all the time preaching the Sabbath simply from the Old Testament—and it is there—but I have had the vision

that the New Testament is still stronger in its teachings on that question and will yet be our great weapon in combating the error of Sunday. We can go to Sinai but we can also go to Christ and his apostles and to the general principles of the Gospel. There we will find proof of the Sabbath for all men as God originally gave and commanded it. But enough of this, Esther, for the present. I have to go to the Forks after some grain. Would you like to take the girl and go, too?" asked Mr. Wells.

"I'd like to go, but Mrs. Phillips is coming over to make a call and she has not been here since Ethel was born. Excuse me this time."

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Wells," said Mrs. Phillips, as she came as appointed. "How shall I speak your names, both of you being Mrs. Wells?"

Mrs. Walter Wells and her mother-in-law happened to be together just then, "Grandma Wells" having come to see the granddaughter.

"You can call me 'Grandma Wells' now," said Mrs. Kon.

"Oh, well, call me just Esther, Mrs. Phillips. I like to be called by my first name. Walter does that, and neighbors can be familiar when alone together. Of course if we were at a convention or public meeting, we'd Miss and Mrs. people. But lay off the shawl, Mrs. Phillips. Mother and I will have a good time with you now. But you look troubled this afternoon,—can we cheer you up?" asked Esther.

"That is just what I am here for, Esther. I have a confession to make and then a favor to ask. I have for a long time poohed at you good people for your notions about children, but I am sorry for it. I have been in error. I have observed the results of your theories and the results in part of mine and I am a failure I fear. I am having a lot of trouble with my boy and girl, especially the boy. My government seems to have no effect upon him, and other things about our home begin to worry me so much. Dick is a good husband and provides well for us, but he has little part in the home government. He says that belongs to the mother and then when I assert my authority he takes the boy's part often and that makes it hard for me. I love my boy but he is growing away from me. I suspect you know our difficul-

ties and I want advice and encouragement. I can cry now." And Mrs. Phillips voice trembled.

"I feel sorry for you, my neighbor," remarked "Grandma Wells," "and I think I do know something of your trouble. I have observed it and it has been the subject of some unnecessary gossip. You have some money matters that are among the difficulties. Now what are the things you want in your boy? Those things demand a scrupulous nicety in your financial matters. Your boys need to see in the father mostly a clean manner of living; there should be loyalty in friendship between father and son and between mother and son or daughter. Your children need the example and training of strong faith in God and love, and from my observations I think the boy needs to be taught a greater reverence for women and that will come only from reverence for you. Here you will see the fundamentals of his future manhood. Now to have these, he must see them in his parents. Forgive me Mrs. Phillips. I am helping you while I make these suggestions. You and your husband must be united in the demonstration of all that you look for in the son. The boy is not scrupulous in the use of his money I hear. That is one essential—promptness in meeting his little obligations. Insist upon it. Pay as you go, is the poor man's necessity. Your boy went to the store recently and had some little foolish things charged to his father. That leads to dishonesty. Never permit it. Your boy talks at the school yard loosely of marriage and of women. That is beyond his years. Get your boy the book, 'What a Boy Ought to Know.' Don't ask him to read it. Put it on his stand and he'll quickly devour it."

"Oh, I am afraid it is now too late," said Mrs. Phillips.

"It may not be if you frankly and most earnestly lay this matter before your husband and demand that he unite with you in starting over again in home government and example," replied the younger Mrs. Wells.

"No one better than a mother can teach her boy reverence for women. Live each day the life of love with your husband, show the sacredness of married life before him, and occasionally have confidential talks with him about it. As to religion we do not have to talk very much. When we live

it truly it talks very loudly before children at home. Of course you do not come to our church, so I am not informed as to your regularity in churchgoing but I am told that your husband hunts a good deal on your Sunday and sometimes the boy goes with him. That kills religious life if you keep Sunday and believe it," said Grandma Wells.

"I just don't believe in the sacredness of Sunday at all," replied Mrs. Phillips. "I have lived too long in your community to believe that any more. But what can I do when my husband will not open his eyes to the matter at all. He says his mother's religion is good enough for him, but, dear me, I fear he has forgotten a great deal of that. But what shall I do to discipline my son and make him obey me?"

"Has the boy learned that you seldom trust him now? That may be a factor which you have forgotten. The less you confide in and trust him the less worthy you are, as a mother, to be trusted, and the less likely to be obeyed. Don't notice everything. He should not feel that he is under everlasting surveillance. Has he done a thing well? Praise him well for it and tell him he *will* be a great and good man. No matter how you may doubt it, never say, 'I did not expect much of you anyway,' 'I might have known you would break that pitcher,' 'I was sure you would not come back when I told you.' Ah! there is where so many mothers break down. Can't you lead the boy to some good *motive* in many things you expect of him? You have whipped him and whipped him hard and under that punishment you confess he is worse than ever. Now I believe in whipping but not a great deal of it and then never in anger or resentment or manifested passion. Anger is a small species of insanity and, when insane, a parent is not fit to punish. You wait until so provoked and then apply the lash. That is dangerous. Real authority seldom comes from frequent whippings. Once when Walter did wrong I asked him what he thought would be the most effective punishment he could have. He was surprised, but I let him choose it and he seemed to feel it just and gave me a kiss when it was over. But I have found that it is often well to deprive (in love and in a quiet way) the boy of something he greatly wants or prizes. Your boy was much interested in sliding down

hill. Now when he disobeys you, and you have lovingly and in a subdued but firm tone of voice told him his wrong, you just take his sled into your kitchen and not let him have it again that day and have no arguments or disputes about it. Reason with him when you are not having trouble and when he is in the mood for it, but not when he is angry or pouty. Be firm while you are kind. There is such a thing as a moral payment for a fault and it is as a rule much better. Do you ever slap the boy in the face? That is a sure way to make him resent your act. Ear-boxing is a manifestation of great lack of self-control by the parent. If a father or mother can not control themselves, then there will be failure in controlling the boy. Keep your boy busy, not always at work but at play as well. And play with him if you have to have less pie and cake and less time for things you want yourself. Companionship saves a child when punishment will not. Take interest in his plays. Talk about them. Get him to read to you something you may have read before that you know he will enjoy and listen as though you had never heard it. Ask him questions about it. Sing with him and pray with him. Oh, yes, you'll get very weary at times but you are sowing good seed for a great harvest. It will pay big dividends later on."

"Well, I did not know there was so much to all this," said Mrs. Phillips. "It is a revelation to me. I am to blame more than my boy. There are a lot of good things about him and I have not told him so. You have hit me a hard blow but it is all true. Oh, I hope I can redeem myself and redeem the boy. But I must hurry home and get supper. Run over, both of you, sometimes. Just give my husband a hint or two as you see the opportunity. You can whip him over some one's else head! Good afternoon, I am so glad I came over to see you."

"Poor woman," said Mrs. Wells to the daughter-in-law. "She has not the help of her husband and he needs reforming as well as the boy. And there comes in the value of early education. Had Mr. Phillips been well trained, his wife would not have been here with such troubles, and now they are starting a train of troubles down from generation to generation. Why can't people take the far look?"

(To be continued)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

LEATHER

"Why is your name Leather?" asked the missionary of this small boy. "Cause I'm tough," was the prompt answer; "when my father knocks me over the head with a stick I don't cry. I'm tough, so they call me Leather."

Leather's first winter in Bible school was a trying experience for the missionary. His chief delight was in shooting putty balls around the room with his putty shooter. The missionary placed it upon her desk. During the Lord's Prayer when her head was bowed, she heard him tiptoeing to the front where he quickly snatched his precious shooter and made for the door.

One day he was interested in the story of the commander who ordered his tent left standing, when the time came for the soldiers to strike tents, because a bird had built a nest on the top. He said he would send a soldier back for the tent after the baby birds were hatched. This moved Leather to tell the story of George Washington, which he ended in this way: And George said, 'No, I didn't cut down the cherry tree.'

Calling on Leather one day, the missionary heard a strange sound in one corner of the hallway and discovered a large Cream of Wheat box behind which Leather and his chum were hiding. She joined them in their play and had a good talk with them, leading up to truth-telling—for Leather always seemed to enjoy telling untruths. The next week Leather told his teacher that "Miss Baity like de fruit." She could not understand him until his older brother explained; "He means she like the trut" (truth).

Leather told the story of Jesus healing the man let down through the roof. He ended the story this way: "In the night, a big, black cloud came up in the sky, and then the rain came hard and went through the roof and everything got all wet."

Leather sits on the front seat in the Bible school, always much absorbed in the singing. With all his little heart he sings:

"Shining, shining, through the darkest night;
Shining, shining, ever clear and bright.

To the loving Father we belong,
And we bring him praises in our happy song."

Will all who read this story pray for the missionaries who teach Leather and all little boys like him?—*Grace Daland, missionary in New York City.*

HOW TWO HEARTS WERE MENDED

"Yes you did, too!"
"I did not!"
Thus the little quarrel started,
Thus by unkind little words,
Two fond friends were parted.
"I am sorry,"
"So am I,"
Thus the little quarrel ended,
Thus, by loving little words,
Two fond hearts were mended.

—*Jewels.*

THE TREASURE BOX

"But it's only pencils now, Uncle Dick!" Richard spoke with open confession.

"We took the ink bottle mother let us have out of the desk place after she told us not too!"

"Oh!" said Uncle Dick. He was going away on a long journey and had asked Richard to write to him.

"When we get to be trusted again Jean and I are going to have the ink back, mother says. It's easier to stay trusted than to fall out and have to get back again!"

"That's so! I've got a package to be kept a week without opening. Do you suppose you can manage that? It is a treasure box, about which you must not say a word!"

Uncle Dick put a tin box in the boy's hands. It was a sort of despatch box, not more than six inches long, and what it might contain would be a question for one week.

"I'll bury it out in the ground under the tent!" declared Richard.

"All right. Keep the treasure hidden there a week and then dig it up!"

It was a woods tent out under the great pines. The dead lower branches of the trees had been fashioned for the poles, and it was thatched with turf and leaves and limbs with fragrant needles. Richard could crawl in at a low doorway and inside was delightfully dark. When he got in there with the despatch box and a little shovel he was full of thrills.

"People aren't nearly so apt to hunt for

things right in the center!" he reasoned, stamping the earth back into place.

That was a long week to Richard. He went to the tent every day and played for a while at guarding the treasure box. Richard never would have believed he could want to know anything as badly as he wanted to see the inside of that tin box! He imagined it held everything, from gold to letters. Once he almost made up his mind to dig it up and look in just a minute, but he went outside and trudged back and forth on the carpet of pine needles like a sentinel, and the impulse never came back so hard again.

One day he wrote a letter to Uncle Dick—wrote it with a pencil. If he had not had the ink to use it would not have mattered so much now; but to have used a bottle and then lost it for disobedience made Richard ashamed.

When the week was passed Richard took the little shovel and dug up the box in the center of the tent space. All at once he noticed it was locked! And he had no key! But just then Jean came running.

"Richard! I've got a key to something I'm sure you know all about."

With eager hands they fitted the key in the lock, and raised the tin lid. There were two small boxes right on top, one marked for Richard and one for Jean. And each one held a fountain pen!

There was a note from Uncle Dick, too, saying that mother would give them ink if the end of the week found the treasure box untouched!—*The Churchman.*

HOME NEWS

EXELAND, WIS.—I have been asked to write something about our church for the RECORDER and since there is so much of news to tell it will be an easy matter.

We have often been assured by visitors that "the whole denomination has an eye on the Exeland Church," and certainly we have every reason to feel that this is true. The Missionary Board has been very kind to us in sending us visiting pastors and now with their help we have a resident pastor.

Pastor Charles Thorngate, with his wife and two of his daughters, came so as to begin his service the first Sabbath in April. Already they are making a place for themselves in our hearts and we are all rejoicing in having a leader once more. Mr.

Thorngate has given us some helpful sermons and it is a very great pleasure to have Mrs. Thorngate at the organ and Miss Kathryn with her violin give us some special music each Sabbath.

When these good people came from Milton they brought in their car the best of proof that the Milton and Milton Junction people "had us in their hearts," for they brought a very fine chapel organ, a gift from Miss Alberta Crandall and Dr. Crosley, and, from the Milton Church, some choir seats and enough copies of "Life Time Hymns" to supply our congregation. I wish the donors might hear the words of gratitude that are expressed every Sabbath Day for their very fine and acceptable gifts. Truly it is pleasant to be remembered and we pray that we may be worthy.

Shortly after the pastor came we had still another great blessing—Mr. Barthoff who is in the employ of the state Anti-Saloon League came and occupied the pulpit one Sabbath. His temperance address was very good and we are sure he is doing a great work. We are also glad that he is a good Seventh Day Baptist.

Two weeks ago Brother John Babcock and family visited his brother here and Pastor Thorngate asked him to preach to us. He gave us a fine sermon, one which set even the very little ones to thinking.

After the sermon the church letters of the pastor, his wife and Miss Kathryn were presented and Brother Babcock with a few impressive words extended to them the hand of fellowship.

We are glad of new members and would welcome many more, especially some good singers.

Pray for us that we may all work together for good.

Yours in his service,

RUTH C. WATTS.

RIVERSIDE, CAL.—At the close of the sermon Conference Day our church voted unanimously to send its pastor to Conference this year.

The Dorcas Society had charge of regular services Sabbath Rally Day. Papers were read on "Christ and the Sabbath," "The Sabbath and Democracy," "Sabbath Afternoon for the Children." There was special music; also a talk by the pastor.

(Continued on page 730)

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

IDEAL CONDUCT IN THE PRIMARY BIBLE SCHOOL*

RUTH MARION CARPENTER

(Read at the Allegheny Bible School County Convention, held at Alfred, N. Y., May 28-29, 1918)

ACCORDING to Webster, conduct means action. Then good conduct is action directed in the right channels. How are we to get action into the right channels? Thinking you might like to go visiting with me today, I will attempt to show you some good conduct and in contrast some poor conduct, and some of the causes and remedies.

It is the Sabbath morning, a half hour before time for the Primary Bible School to assemble. We will enter the large airy, well-lighted assembly room where the superintendent is already on hand and everything in the room is in readiness. Little graduated chairs are in straight rows suitable in size to each age and class. In response to our exclamation, Miss Superintendent explains that little chairs to fit different lengths of legs are very important to good conduct because if little legs can not reach the floor, they begin to ache and then to wiggle and first we know there is an uncontrollable restlessness which breeds naughtiness. The little songbooks are all distributed, the blackboards clean with nice chalk near by.

"Miss Superintendent," you ask, "will you kindly explain what those burlap screens are used for—those so similar in shape to large portable blackboards?"

"Oh, yes, after our general exercises each class goes to its respective corner and swings a screen across, making a little classroom. The screen does not eliminate the voices of the other classes but it greatly confines the attention of the pupils. The screens are very inexpensive and any man handy with tools can make them."

Our attention is next attracted to the neatly dusted piano and the orderly music,

*Many of the ideas noted in this paper were suggested by the reading of several prominent Bible-school authorities.

the dainty curtains at the windows and the few but nice pictures on the walls.

"Excuse me a moment," says Miss Superintendent, "I must open all the windows for ten minutes or so."

"But isn't it too chilly for open windows this morning?"

"Oh, no, I open them even in the coldest of weather for a few minutes, for I think good ventilation is very essential to good conduct. Bad air makes restlessness, restlessness leads to disorder, and disorder to naughtiness, and closed windows might be to blame for it all."

The above is a picture of an ideal room, but I hear some of you murmur that you can not have such conditions to help you have good conduct. That's very true, perhaps, but a determined teacher will find other ways of accomplishing the end desired. It may be you are obliged to meet in the church for your Bible school. Here these same screens just described can be used to advantage and are quite unobtrusive in some anteroom until needed. You can surely have plenty of air and the more expensive things can be done away with.

NOW we will visit another room, wholly as ideal as the one just pictured. Each child comes from a home where the morning preparation for the Bible lesson has been such as to inspire the best in him and he is in a receptive mood. He enters the Bible-school room, looks the room over for his teacher, but she is not yet there. With a disappointed feeling he turns to some of the other teachers who are present, anxious for a greeting of some kind, but all are busy visiting and have no eyes for the little pupil. Then he approaches the superintendent for a word, "Run to your place, dear, I am busy." She has no right to be too busy at that time to turn away a little child. Hurt and grieved, he does actually run to a group of children in one corner who are rather boisterous. Here he is hailed with delight. An excited discussion is going on and regardless of time or place soon merges into a noisy game, wholly unsuited to the occasion. The superintendent with a worried look on her face hurries to them and commands them to "be still." They do not heed her because she often commands them to "be still" but never really expecting to be obeyed. By

the time the school should come to order, the whole room is excited and the bell calling for order rings unheeded many times. After a sharp rebuke and a shake or two by the superintendent and a teacher, this group separates and the children go to their respective places in a sulky or impish mood. Is this an ideal beginning for the study of the sacred word?

In our imagination we will look in on another opening program. The room is ready as before but the children come flocking in from a romp on the street. As they enter, there is a feeling of subdued quiet which banishes their excitement and each little face turns expectantly to his own teacher for a smile and greeting and perhaps a handshake, for both the superintendent and her well-trained corps of teachers are on hand with their minds intent on the job to see that the children do not get into any unruly condition during the period of waiting. Each child hurries to his particular chair that he may not lose a bit of that quiet talk which his teacher is telling the rest of his class. The superintendent is busy at her post but not too busy to see each child as he comes in and to give him a smile of greeting. The big clock at the back points to the hour but the superintendent observes that each teacher is still talking to her class. Does she wait until they are through? No, indeed, she taps the bell on the minute and with a pleased smile watches each teacher turn instantly to the front, with a hurried promise to the little folks to tell them the rest later. Instantly the children follow her example. Why? Because they love her; because they want to please her; because she has taught them that is the way Jesus expects his little children to respond to a command, if only the command of a bell, and because it has become the popular thing to obey like soldiers in this school. Aren't these children in a receptive mood now, ready to learn of their teacher's beloved Master and determined that some day they, too, will have him for their Master?

What makes the difference in these two pictures? The difference lies in the superintendent and the teachers and *not* in the children. How is this ideal situation to be gained, you ask? Let me say, that it is not gained all on the Sabbath morning. There are two or three things which lead to it.

First, the superintendent must have the unanimous consent of her teachers to stand back of her and uphold all her efforts at good order. The *consent* of the teachers alone will not do, they must be animated by some lofty vision, some noble purpose of the school with the ultimate end of the Bible school,—the winning and holding each member for Christ,—always in view. Perfect harmony between the superintendent and her teachers as to the ends in view, and much earnest prayer are also necessary.

AS the children pass in orderly groups to their separate classes Miss Superintendent suggests that we visit Miss Potter's class of boys and girls, averaging 9 to 11 years in age. Just as we reach her corner every little head is bowed in silent prayer, followed by a touching appeal by Miss Potter for her Lord's blessing on the children. Miss Potter's method of opening her class study may not be suitable for all classes; each teacher must use her own judgment according to the kind of children she is dealing with, but we can not deny that it is an ideal way to secure calm and receptive minds.

These little pupils of Miss Potter are not angels. There is Billy with his pockets full of mysterious objects; Susie wholly conscious of her smashing big pink sash; Jimmie wiggling for a chance to tell Arthur about his new Indian suit and Annie sulking because she can't go to the party tomorrow. To be sure, Miss Potter notices all these signs of uneasiness and rallies her forces accordingly.

"Jimmie, would you like to sit beside me, this morning? I will want your help soon." Jimmie straightens instantly with a new light in his eye. Oh, to be Miss Potter's choice of an aide-de-camp instead of having to sit by her later as a punishment! All thoughts of the Indian suit vanish.

"Annie, dear, may I borrow your pretty watch by and by? I want to tell the children something about it." Not only Jimmie and Annie are interested and eager but so are all the rest, in anticipation. Miss Potter begins to tell the story very simply with no lesson helps or notes to detract from her talking or interrupt her eye-to-eye teaching. For a long time every eye is on her but a little later Miss Potter notices

that Willie is looking out of the window in an absent way.

"Willie, can you tell me who made Annie's watch?"

"Sure, the watchmaker."

"Does it always go just right, Annie?"

"No, sometimes it runs too slow."

"Susie, what would you advise Annie to do with it?"

"Take it back to the maker to be fixed."

"Frank, who makes little boys and girls?"

"God."

"Do little boys and girls always go just right?"

"No."

"Who can fix them and make them right again?"

"God."

Miss Potter then spends a little time telling the children how a watch needs winding each day to run right and how little children need to be started right each day by the heavenly Father through prayer. The object lesson and timely questions not only catch Willie's lagging attention but fasten the lesson in all their minds for future need and *prevent the awakening mischief*.

THE story is of the rich young ruler and Miss Potter shows how he was a good man but needed to be started right by God, his "Maker," toward being a Christian. As she draws near the close of the story Miss Potter notices that Billy's hands are in his pockets with those mysterious objects and is even letting some fishhooks peep out.

"Billy, I am ready for your help, now. Will you give each child a pencil and a sheet of this paper?" Every one's attention is revived. Children love to do things and if there is nothing to do for Miss Potter, they will find fishhooks or jackknives.

When each child is supplied with paper and pencil Miss Potter turns to the blackboard, and while talking to the children all the time and giving them time to copy each step on their own papers, she sketches very roughly a ladder, with "Earth" marked below, "Heaven" above, and the steps as follows: 1. No other gods. 2. No idols. 3. Not swear. 4. Sabbath. 5. Honor Father and Mother. 6. No murder. 7. Be pure. 8. Not steal. 9. Not lie. 10. Not covet. She shows them that the rich man was a good

man but he lacked one thing to get into heaven, that is, he must follow Jesus and become a Christian.

Each child now has a picture of his own making to take home to Mother; he is proud of it and eager to show it. Of course Mother must be told what it means and there is the review, the clinching of the main facts for permanent keeping, and Mother needs not even ask, "*Did you behave in Bible school?*"

You wonder how Miss Potter could do so well. Here are a few of her secrets. She began her preparation of the lesson on the previous Sabbath; she kept it in mind the whole week, so when she came to the lesson hour, she knew it thoroughly, there was no hesitancy or doubt. This surety inspired confidence in her listeners as well as herself. Another secret was her habit of calling at the homes of her pupils and becoming intimately acquainted with their families. Could she expect the mothers to uphold her if they did not *know* her and *understand* her interest in their children.

MISS POTTER means to have a surprise tucked away somewhere each week for use in an emergency to catch the lagging attention. For instance, one week after a lesson on unselfishness, she produced from a paper bag, which had been eyed curiously all through the lesson, some English walnuts. Miss Potter had hinted at the beginning of a surprise for good children.

Each nut had been opened, the meats extracted, and a "very secret recipe" for unselfishness inserted, and the nuts pasted together again. This secret recipe was Ephesians 4: 32. Here was another thing to "take home" and to hold interest away from little boys' pockets and dainty maids' dress-up bows.

Jimmie was unusually wiggly one Sabbath. The next week-end Miss Potter telephoned him to ask if he had a book of Bible stories and if he would bring it the next day and tell one of the stories, any one he might choose. What was the result? Why Jimmie sat quietly and patiently waiting until Miss Potter should call for his story, his hands busy holding the precious book, while fishhooks and jackknives were forgotten. Miss Potter was careful to call for his story toward the close of the period.

Miss Potter is a believer in the theory that Bible teaching must enter the minds of children through the two gates called seeing and feeling, or eyes and hands. So she prepares things for them to see and to do.

An alarm clock will illustrate our conscience, the alarm a warner of danger. Unheeded alarms soon deaden our sense of hearing and an unheeded conscience is soon hardened.

A beautiful clean cup with a dirty interior illustrates a hypocrite, with a reverent appearance but a wicked heart.

Lighted candles illustrate being a Christian and shining for Jesus.

The Bible a lamp to our feet can be illustrated by a lantern; it must be lighted to be of any good. So the Bible must be open and studied to help us find the path to heaven.

A bit of bread will illustrate Jesus the bread of life. When physically hungry, bread satisfies. When hungry for knowledge, arithmetic, geography, language, etc., satisfy. When hungry for spiritual knowledge, the Book of Life is the bread to feed upon.

Have a clean piece of white cloth, put some spots of ink on it. Show how easy to get on, but hard to get out. Hearts are clean to begin with and it is easier to keep them clean than to remove stains of sins and wickedness.

THESE object lessons, the alertness of the teacher to get *ahead* of mischief, the visit at the homes to secure the co-operation of the parents, are all carried out in Miss Potter's mind with the idea of *preventing* the *beginning* of mischief, restlessness, inattention, which are all poor conduct, and of securing, instead, interest, enthusiasm and attention, which constitute good conduct, because she feels that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Lesson XXVI.—June 29, 1918

THE PURPOSE OF THE SABBATH. Gen. 2: 1-3; Ex. 20: 8-11; Mark 2: 27

Golden Text.—The Sabbath was made for man. Mark 2: 27.

DAILY READINGS

June 23—Exo. 31: 12-18. The Sabbath a Sign of Sanctification

June 24—Luke 6: 6-11. The Sabbath Humane and Beneficent

June 25—Mark 1: 21-34. The Sabbath Humane and Beneficent

June 26—Luke 13: 10-17. The Lawful use of the Sabbath

June 27—Luke 14: 1-6. The Lawful use of the Sabbath

June 28—Isa. 58. Blessings in Sabbath-keeping

June 29—Lesson Text, The Purpose of the Sabbath

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

HOME NEWS

(Continued from page 726)

The Christian Endeavor held an interesting meeting in the afternoon.

A committee has been diligently at work beautifying the church yard by planting roses, geraniums and vines.

Anniversary parties were recently given for Mr. and Mrs. Ward Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Glen Osborn; also a birthday surprise for Pastor Severance.

Our little society is trying to do its bit in war work. Six of our own boys are in the service, of whom Eugene Davis is in France.

The ladies meet twice a month for all-day sewing, when hospital garments, clothes for Belgian women and children are made, and other relief work is done. The Aviation field about ten miles out brings many soldiers to our city. We plan to co-operate with other organizations toward the welfare of these men. The Polytechnic High School has been offered to the Government to establish special technical schools during the summer.

Receptions were given this month for the newly-weds of our society—Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Coon from Berkeley, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sweet, of Temecula.

The Junior Endeavor society with Mrs. Brewer superintendent held union meeting with the Seniors May 24, and gave a flower festival program.

Dr. Wells is now the city health officer, is "some busy" as usual. Mrs. Edith Irish Babcock is spending the summer with her parents in Farina, Ill.

MRS. P. B. HURLEY.

"Better to delve all day
With the blessing of peace at night,
Than to fritter the time away,
With fingers idle and white.
For labor is God's good gift,
Though it be the curse of the fall;
And the hands that struggle and lift
Are the noblest hands of all."

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

EDITOR GARDINER

The day breaketh. Genesis 32: 26. *And now men see not the bright light that is in the clouds.* Job 37: 21.

It was night by the brook Jabbok, and Jacob was in trouble. Worriment of mind, weariness of the body, distressing fears regarding the approaching hosts of Esau, anxiety for the welfare and safety of his family, had well-nigh crushed him. No refreshing slumber for that weary man; no ministering angels to gladden his dreams; nothing in sight save the mysterious messenger of Jehovah, with whom he strove, and the overshadowing darkness of that unhappy hour. Like that other child of God, who was in the deepest afflictions, and cursed the day of his birth when bereft of property, sons, daughters, and his own health, this one also failed to "see the bright light in the clouds," failed for the moment to grasp the comforting and inspiring thought that God has some wise purpose even in life's afflictions, and that the troubles and discouragements of life—those things that seem to be overwhelming misfortunes—are oftentimes doing wonders for men in a way they little think, and so paving a heavenly way to victory and a crown.

Jacob was in his "Wilderness way"—a way that must be traversed by every child of God ere Canaan can be reached. His trouble was great, but no greater than that borne by thousands. His night was dark indeed, but it worked wonders for him, and he had all reason to praise the Lord for that struggle.

This was not the first, nor will it be the last, instance where the "light affliction" of a moment has proved the turning point in a man's history. It was this struggle that changed Jacob's name and gave character to his whole after life. This scene in the life of Jacob reminds us that the one who is called to struggle with trouble and discouragement may be enabled by God's grace to secure a greater blessing in the end than he who has everything his

own way and all earthly comforts. Indeed, the dross of the human heart is never purged away by ease and prosperity. The diamond gains all its charms by the grinding of the lapidary, and so it is only through the "grinding" that men's earth-natures are removed. Only by the wise use of God's crucible can man come forth as "gold tried in the fire," and perfected for the heavenly kingdom.

Face to face in these times with all the sorrow and sacrifice entailed by the terrible world war; with our most prized institutions threatened, and our homes saddened as one after another of our boys answers his country's call—face to face with all this, let us remember that, under God, every trouble, discouragement, or bereavement even, if rightly met and heroically borne, will work for our everlasting good.

Furthermore, in every dark hour of life, many of those things which we fear are going to overwhelm us will all disappear or prove advantages in the end. Jacob worried himself nearly sick lest his approaching brother should destroy him; and yet when Esau came close up, he was found to be full of tenderness and love, and was ready to befriend rather than to fight him. That was "the bright light in the cloud" which Jacob had failed to see, and thus had had all that worriment for nothing. So with many things that make us miserable. We go on in advance to meet trouble that never will come to us, and our greatest distress over many matters comes while the real thing is far away. We shall see, if we only stop to think, that men sometimes suffer more from imaginary evils than from real ones. Still further, if troubles do actually press us, as sometimes they will, and almost overwhelm, let us not forget that night's deepest gloom is often just before the "day breaketh." Poor Jacob must have been all ready to give up the struggle when that strange messenger thrust out his joint and crippled him; but, in perfect accord with these comforting truths, just at that most critical time the "morning star trembled in a brightening sky"; the gates of the east began to swing open; "the day breaketh!"

But my aim today is not so much to point out the light in the clouds that indicates a speedy return of the day of prosperity, as to show that day-star of hope and Christian comfort, which will

enable us to bear cheerfully and nobly whatever the present holds for us, and which will inspire with the assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love God." I emphasize the phrase, "to them that love God," for I am sure that only such will be likely to bear life's trials in a spirit and manner that will develop a higher life and nobler manhood. I know that at first thought it is hard to see any daylight where every pathway is hedged in, or any bright light in the clouds that are black with trouble and grief. I know that disasters have fallen into the paths of many a man, who has closed in with them in combat more fierce and overwhelming in results than was that night struggle of Jacob, and who has never yet been able to see the brightening dawn. Everything has seemed adverse; no sympathy and no ray of hope, until he has wondered if there were any guiding hand anywhere, or any brighter hour ever to come. Jacob's family is broken up; Job's health fails; Martha's brother dies; and Abraham's Sarah goes down into the cave of Machpelah! "Woe worth the day in which I was born!" has been the cry of many a Christian heart. "Is there any daybreak for me? Has God forsaken me utterly?"

Now I am anxious that men shall see that this life is but the beginning of man—the night of discipline that God designs shall fit and purify us for higher spheres and more perfect bliss, when "the day breaketh" on the golden shore; and the simple fact that all the perplexities of earth are thus designed to work for good in this molding process is "the bright light in the clouds" to which I point you this morning. And so confident am I of this truth that I fully believe that when the daybreak of eternity shall come, and you stand in the pure light of heaven, all these things that seem so grievous now, so utterly unexplainable, will be illumined as clearly as though the answer were written in letters of light. In the revelations of that morning, men will look back into this night, and learn what it has been doing for them. It seems to me that, according to the teachings of the blessed Master, the sweet overwhelming part of heaven's richest anthems will be carried by those who have suffered here, who were willing to be poor, blind, diseased, even despised, rather than be out

of harmony with God. And I think that heaven's joys will be all the sweeter for earth's weeping eyes, exhausted hands, and worried hearts. "These are they that have come up out of great tribulation."

I have no sympathy with the teaching, so often met, that every bereavement or misfortune is God-sent as a restraint or punishment; nor yet with the idea that victims of calamities "were sinners above all others"; and yet there is a sense in which the hand of Providence may be recognized in all these, to the great advantage of the sufferers and the uplifting of a fallen race. Just as we read God's message in nature, where tree and flower and bird all teach lessons; just as the great lesson of death comes borne down to us by each falling leaf; even so may we see God's handwriting in the providences that befall us, and learn lessons of true life in the death that bereaves us.

* * * *

"Let us not repine, then, in the midst of these years; for we see that troubles are often character builders. Plenty of men, but for trouble, would not be half the men they now are. It is not those who are the most prosperous here, and get along easily, that are the best off. Neither do those have the most salutary influence over humanity. It is through adversity and struggle that our noblest men have arisen, and gained character and immortality. Look at those men who have always had their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless. But if you would find those whose soul-life has developed until their faces shine as with divine illumination, whose very presence is a source of inspiration, to approach whom seems like standing on hallowed ground, and to commune with whom is like sitting in heavenly places, then you must search for them where the fires of affliction have purified, and the tides of adversity have given strength,

Then let us not forget that even the ministry of adversity and sorrow has some great end in shaping our destiny; that if we have days of sunshine and days of storm, the days of storm are just as good for us as the sunny ones are. Failure is better than success, when failure reminds us of God's claims, and success elates us till we forget him. When we can rest securely upon the everlasting arm of God, and feel confident that "all things work to-

gether for good to them that love him," then life's discouragements will not crush us, but only lift us higher. O that men might "see the bright light that is in the clouds!" Then, indeed, would they be upborne on wings of faith till no flood of earth could overwhelm, and underneath the rays of that heavenly "light," know full well that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us," when "the day breaketh," and the blessing is given.

To most men and women self is everything. Their whole life is a room lined with looking-glasses, presenting to them in all direction, and at every glance, innumerable reflections and multiplication of their own petty selves. With boundless self-importance, as though the world was made for them, and everybody was looking at them and thinking of them, they make themselves, their ownelves, the whole.—*Farrar.*

"All the sea outside a ship can not do it damage till the water enters and fills the hold."

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

ROANOKE, W. VA.

Bond, Orson H.

ROCKVILLE, R. I.

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

SALEM, W. VA.

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

SALEMVILLE, PA.

Thorngate, Roscoe M.

SHILOH, N. J.

Bonham, Clarkson
Second Mate Machinist
Campbell, Francis E.
Davis, William J.
Glaspey, Roy B.
Harris, Lawrence F.
Kuyper, William
Randolph, Capt. J. Harold
Tomlinson, Raymond J.

SILVERTON, ORE.

Irish, Lieut. Harold R.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Clayton, Howard

WALWORTH, WIS.

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

WATERFORD, CONN.

Brooks, Albert

WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

Burdick, Percy Witter

WELTON, IOWA

Saunders, Ernest W.

WESTERLY, R. I.

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

ADDRESSES NOT KNOWN

Burnett, George C.
Johnson, Robert

*Died, January 12, 1918, at Camp Green, of cerebro-spinal meningitis.
*Killed in action on the Ypres Front, in France, November 6, 1917.
*Died, November 17, 1917, at Fort Sill, Okla., of cerebro-meningitis.
*Died at Spartanburg, S. C., April 29, 1918, of pneumonia.
*Died at Jackson Barracks, Mo., February 9, 1918, of measles and pneumonia.

DEATHS

Wood.—Jesse A. Wood, son of Joseph M. and Eliza Wood, was born in Albion, Wis., April 7, 1860, and died at the home of Lewis Palmiter in the town of Albion, May 28, 1918. He was the third child in a family of six children, and was preceded to the better land by father and mother, one brother and one sister. He was baptized and united with the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church when but a young boy.

There are left to mourn their loss three sisters, —Mrs. Mary Lawton, of Milton Junction, Wis., and Mrs. Esther Gunderson and Mrs. Lillian Harrington, of Albion, Wis.

Jess, as he has been familiarly called by his friends, was of an exceedingly gentle and quiet disposition. He had no fault to find with other people, and it was a principle of his life not to speak ill of others. His gentleness and kindness made for him many friends among all classes and his loss will be mourned by a large circle of friends. His effort the past few months to resist his special temptation has been a joy and comfort to all who knew and loved him.

"To speak wisely may not always be easy, but not to speak ill requires only silence."

Funeral services were conducted at the home of his sister, Mrs. Harrington, by Pastor C. S. Sayre, and interment was made in the Evergreen Cemetery.

c. s. s.

LAMPHER.—Mrs. Roland W., at her home, Berlin, N. Y., on Sunday morning, June 2, 1918, in the 40th year of her age.

During the revival meeting conducted by two of our beloved pastors, Rev. E. B. Saunders and J. G. Burdick, twenty-one years ago, "Mamie" professed faith in Christ and followed him in baptism. Since then she has ever been a faithful worker in the church until that dreaded disease,

tuberculosis, became so evident that she could not come, but faithful still, she continued her Sabbath-school studies at home, and when too weak and suffering to hold the *Helping Hand*, had the lessons read to her.

She is survived by a husband, two little girls, Sarah and Helen, and a brother, Frank Rosenberg, of Troy.

Mamie's life has not been free from serious cares; for months baby Helen suffered from tubercular affections, and though her mother love and strength was taxed beyond her powers of endurance, she never complained, but compelled her feeble body to respond to that tenderest and most compelling call—the baby's need. Only a few weeks before Mamie went home, she said, as she told of a new medicine, "I just had to stop before I took it, and pray for my babies' sake, that it might help me." But when earthly help proved powerless, Christian faith triumphed gloriously, and trusting her dearest to the un-failing care of the loving Shepherd, Mamie sweetly fell asleep.

"O death, where is thy sting?"

O grave, where is thy victory?"

Farewell services were held from the home, and amid masses of beautiful flowers she was laid to rest beside her mother, in the Berlin Seventh Day Baptist Cemetery.

M. E. G.

BABCOCK.—Herbert Lester Babcock, little son of Dr. Lester M. and Anna Crumb Babcock, was born in Milton, Wis., June 21, 1915. He died in the hospital at Madison, Wis., June 1, 1918.

He was a bright and winning boy, full of promise, and took strong hold of the affections of all who knew him during his brief stay. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 18: 10).

Funeral services were conducted at the family home in Milton, June 3, conducted by Pastor L. C. Randolph, assisted by Pastor Herbert L. Van Horn, of Dodge Center, Minn.

L. C. R.

DAVIS.—William Joseph Davis was born at Litchfield, N. Y., February 18, 1849, and died at his home in Los Angeles, Cal., May 21, 1918, following a surgical operation.

He was the only child of Joseph and Caroline Ball Davis. A large portion of his life was spent at New Market, N. J. He first came to California in 1863, but returned to New Market a few years later. He crossed the continent several times, but permanently located in California in 1903.

In a great revival conducted in New Market, in 1896, by that prince of evangelists, John Huffman, Mr. Davis became a Christian and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of that place. Later his membership was transferred to Riverside, Cal., where it was held at the time of his death.

For a long term of years he had been a great sufferer, though he seldom referred to his physical condition. He was a kind neighbor, an affectionate husband and father, a man of high ideals, few words, much careful thinking, quiet ways, and a keen sense of honor and justice.

On March 19, 1872, he was united in matrimonial bonds with Miss Ida Rogers, in Brookfield, N. Y., by Pastor J. M. Todd. Of that union there are four children.—Mrs. Fred Ward, of Ocean Park, Cal., Mrs. William D. Ackerman, of Riverbank, Cal., Miss Frances Davis, who is with her mother, and Edson Davis, a civil engineer in the employ of the government on special construction work near Fort Worth, Tex.

The children were all with their mother at the funeral. They, with a wide circle of other relatives and many friends, both east and west, remain to hold the departed dear one in loving memory.

The farewell services were conducted by Pastor George W. Hills. "I go to prepare a place for you" (John 14: 2) Interment was made in the beautiful Forest Lawn Memorial Park, of Los Angeles, that is flanked by a circular setting of rugged foothills, and profusely adorned by flowers and flowering shrubs.

G. W. H.

"A critic stood with scornful eye
Before a picture on the wall.
'You call that art? Why, see that fly!
It is not natural at all.

"It has too many legs. Its head
Is far too large. Who ever saw
A fly like that?—its color red—
And wings that look as if they—pshaw!

"And with a gesture of disgust
He waved his hand. And lo! the fly
Flew from the picture. 'Ah! some dust,'
The critic said, 'was in my eye.'"

We are ready to condemn others for that which is as eminently faulty in ourselves. If one blind man rushes upon another in the way, either complains of the other's blindness, neither of his own.—*Joseph Hall.*

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

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Per copy05

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

Notes in the Bank

These contributions have been slow in coming in this year, due no doubt to the many calls for financial help from the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and other worthy objects. The Society is now being forced to carry notes in the bank at 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

OWING to the misconception which the Christian world inherited from the collapsed life of ancient Greece, it has been trying to save men from a lost and ruined world, but its greater task henceforth is to save men to the world, conceived in the ideals of righteousness and good will to all men. The democratic spirit taught by Jesus Christ, and inherited from the prophets once in control of the church, would not only make the world a safe and decent place in which to live, but what is more important it would make democracy itself safe. No greater task or more important duty may anywhere in the world be performed than the task right now committed to the church and our educational institutions, namely, that of keeping ablaze the torch of Christian civilization while all the forces of war are tending to paganize and harden the hearts of men and women. Surely a salvation which we suppose efficacious enough to order the good world to come, should be as powerful in effecting a regenerate social structure in this one.—
President Charles B. Clark.

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