

IT WAS A
Glorious Fourth
 LIBERTY LOAN

DID YOU give some of yours for
The Denominational Building

The Sabbath Recorder

I THINK that I know Biblical criticism and I know something of science and philosophy. From my study of them, I have learned much that is true and they have opened my eyes to a wider horizon and have made me free and independent in my faith. But there is a false liberalism which dissolves God into force, reduces prayer to a vain spiritual gymnastics, looks on the Bible as an interesting and perhaps in spots inspiring museum of antiquities, makes Christ a pale Syrian ghost vanishing in the mists, minimizes the atonement to merely getting next to your fellow-men, has no patience with the idea of justice, translates all religion into morals, is a little doubtful about the morals, too, and has nothing to say to the dying sinner. . . .

What we need and must have is strong intelligent faith, free from the archaic impossibilities of false conservatism, from the doubts of false liberalism and from the superstitions of Roman Catholicism; a faith that is sure of God, communes with him in prayer, lays hold of his strength, knows the divine regenerative and sanctifying power of Christ, deals truly with the issues of life and death, and has a victory that overcomes the world. Without such a faith it is useless to enter the coming contest. . . .

Such a faith believes in evangelism, for it has a priceless experience of divine strength and joy to offer every son of man.
 —Prof. Frederick L. Anderson.

—CONTENTS—

Editorial. —Planning for a Thanksgiving Offering.—Loyal Boy Scouts Give a Liberty Bond.—Preaching by Mail.—Free Copies Must Stop.—We Need a Recorder Fund.—One Word More as to the Soldier List.—“To Finance Peace for a While.”—A Timely Article on the Functions of The Church College.—The “Holy Fire” for Once Without a Fight.—Another Golden Star in Our Service Flag.—Illness of Rev. T. J. Van Horn.—New Pastor at Second Alfred.—Brother Richardson’s Son Severely Wounded 577-579	Woman’s Work. —From the Life and Letters of Mrs. Lucy Clarke Carpenter 588
Missionary and Tract Society Notes . 580	Field Work in Minnesota 589
Home-coming of the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church 581	Young People’s Work. —Our Time for Christ.—“Count Your Mercies.”—Young People’s Executive Board. Mobilizing Our Financial Resources.—Intermediate and Junior Societies 591-595
Missions. —Letter From Java.—Death of Rebecca 583	Floyd Marvin Van Horn 595
Functions of the Church College . . . 585	Nature’s Music (poetry) 596
	Children’s Page. —Wishing Palace . . . 597
	The Far Look, or “Kon of Salem” . . . 597
	Sabbath School. —Standards.—Lessons for November 23 and 30, 1918 601
	Our Weekly Sermon. —Walk in Him 603-605
	Men in the Service 606
	Deaths 607

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held at Battle Creek, Mich., August 19-24, 1919.
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Recording Secretary—Prof. J. Nelson Norwood, Alfred, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.
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Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited. Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)
President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
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The work of this Board is to help pastorless churches in finding and obtaining pastors, and unemployed ministers among us to find employment.
All correspondence with the Board, either through its Corresponding Secretary or Associational Secretaries will be strictly confidential.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

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

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 85, NO. 19

PLAINFIELD, N. J., NOV. 11, 1918

WHOLE NO. 3,845

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, and the shortage of help in the publication offices, all periodicals will frequently be late in reaching the subscriber. If your copy of the SABBATH RECORDER does not reach you the same time every week, please do not complain, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. Remember, we are all helping in some way to "win the war." Until transportation conditions are improved delays are unavoidable.

Planning for a Thanksgiving Offering One pastor writes: "I am hoping that we can take up that suggestion for a Thanksgiving Day offering for the two boards, and have brought it before the people."

Supposing the nearly half a hundred pastors among us should take up this thank-offering matter in good earnest with their churches and do their best to arouse interest in such an offering to free the boards from debt; and supposing all their churches should rally around the leaders to make a Thanksgiving Day special gift, over and above their regular offerings; and supposing the nearly twoscore ministers who are not acting pastors should stand by the people as one man, adding their whole-hearted influence to encourage the undertaking, *what would be the result?*

Do you think a dollar of the debts would remain unpaid after such united effort to wipe them out? Would we be any poorer after it was done? Indeed would not such a Thanksgiving Day be well worth while, and would not every one feel better for having taken part in such a commendable work?

Loyal Boy Scouts Give a Liberty Bond

The Boy Scouts of the Plainfield Church have collected old newspapers and sold enough to purchase a \$50 Liberty Bond which they have given to the Tract Society for the Denominational Building Fund. This church has but a small company of scouts and the boys have done faithful work to secure this bond. The unanimity with which they voted the gift and the pleasure they manifested in handing it over revealed a spirit of loyalty truly commendable.

Our young people hardly realize as yet how much they can do for the Master's

cause. A wide-awake company of Boy Scouts in every church, doing what they can to forward the work, would put new courage into the hearts of our leaders and greatly brighten the outlook for the denomination.

Preaching by Mail One of our young pastors took up the plan of sending brief sermons to his parishioners by mail during the time his church was closed on account of the epidemic. One of these sermonettes appears on the Children's Page of this RECORDER. Probably the young people of Pastor Burdick's church—and possibly the older ones, too—will cherish the memory, in years to come, of these written gospel messages sent to them in their homes, even more than of any sermons delivered from the pulpit.

Free Copies Must Stop We Need a Recorder Fund

For years the Tract Board has furnished free RECORDERS to quite a number of families who prize them highly and yet have not felt able to pay the price. Now and then one of the pastors would send the address of some family he considered worthy, asking that the paper be sent free. Only last week a request came for two such families, and it is hard for us to refuse to send them the RECORDER. But now there is no alternative. Government rules compel us to discontinue all free papers and to make our list of subscribers cover only those for whose RECORDERS payment is actually received.

This will require the discontinuance of a good number of RECORDERS hitherto sent free, unless the subscription is paid. We are sorry to do this, and can but hope that the generosity of friends may enable us to continue sending our paper to several who

can not pay for it. Ever since we have had the editorship contributions have been coming for what we have called the RECORDER Fund, every dollar of which has gone to pay subscriptions for worthy ones who could not otherwise have had the paper. Sometimes this fund would have several dollars ahead, and again at times it has been all used up, as is the case today. The only way we can now furnish the RECORDER to these deserving friends is through the generosity of those who are willing to give money for this RECORDER Fund. We shall hope for such gifts, and if the mails do not bring help in this line we shall be disappointed. We know our readers well enough to feel assured of some response to this call.

One Word More As to the Soldier List We try to publish the names of all soldiers or men in the service from Seventh Day Baptist homes when we have reliable data concerning them. Occasionally when we take names from local papers or from verbal reports of friends we find afterward that some error has been made. Either the full name has not been given, or some other mistake has made corrections necessary. If any names that should be there are not found in the list, we will consider it a favor if friends who know the facts will kindly write *very plainly* such names just as they wish them to appear.

The home address is all we can publish, and only RECORDERS with paid subscriptions can now be sent, owing to government ruling on free papers. RECORDERS paid for by friends or by the men themselves are mailed abroad or to camps when we can be kept informed of the changes in address.

Again, it seems highly appropriate that special obituaries with pictures of soldiers who have died in service should be given space in our paper, and we shall be glad to publish all such if friends will furnish the biographical sketches and photographs.

"To Finance Peace For a While" "We are going to have to finance peace for a while just as we have had to finance war." These are the words of Secretary McAdoo in his announcement that there will have to be at least one

more Liberty Loan. The nation owed the amount raised by the Fourth Liberty Loan before it was subscribed, so we can not hope to escape another loan, even if peace should come tomorrow. We are sure the patriotism that has responded to the war calls throughout these terrible years will not fail when the call comes to finance a peace loan.

We must not think, however, that peace is right here—that is, the conclusive, victorious and just peace for which America is fighting. Until this is secured our Government must continue a vigorous prosecution of the war. Even when peace is actually assured, the Government will have more than 2,000,000 soldiers abroad to be brought home and supported until the army can be disbanded. This would take more than half a year, even if they were transported at the rate of 300,000 a month. This explains why the Secretary of the Treasury is beginning to prepare the country for another loan. The American people will welcome the day when they can subscribe toward the financing of genuine and world-wide peace which will make war impossible.

A Timely Article On the Functions Of the Church College A friend has sent us a marked copy of the *American Lutheran Survey* in which the subject, "Functions of the Church College," is treated at some length. The article contains so much truth which readers of the SABBATH RECORDER should carefully consider that we give it in full on another page.

In this article we may see how the Catholic regards the matter of Christian education, and how he feels about sending his children to "secular" and non-religious colleges and universities. One does not need to read between the lines to see something of the growing conviction among other denominations that the church college is highly essential to the future welfare of this country, and that some Protestant denominations are arousing themselves to supply the much-needed education. The great Methodist Denomination is referred to as planning "to spend \$27,000,000 next year" to build up religious schools.

In reading this article we can not avoid the deepening conviction that some Seventh

Day Baptist parents, too, "are blind to the dangers to their children's faith or heedless of their spiritual welfare" in matters of education and school environment.

The last half of the article referred to above consists largely in quotations from the pen of a writer in the *Christian Standard*, in which three functions of the church college are forcibly set forth.

Read carefully what he says about the need of church colleges to supply spiritual leadership for the church itself, without which it is a doomed institution. Do not fail to note also the emphasis placed upon the great need of religious education for the rank and file in our churches, if our leaders are to find adequate support in efforts to lead the church forward. A trained Christian laity must form a background for the leaders if there is to be any successful forward movement.

We do not wonder that there is coming to be a "widespread concern about the education of the young" in these perilous times. The real wonder is that Seventh Day Baptists are so indifferent to the living question of Christian education without which they must swiftly go to their doom.

The "Holy Fire" for Once Without a Fight The fanatical sects who fight for the "holy fire"

at Easter time around the Holy Sepulchre have already begun to realize some benefits from the capture of Jerusalem by Christians. Greeks, Armenians, and Copts, intensely jealous of each other, have had to be guarded by fanatical, unfeeling Turkish soldiers at these annual services, and even then many lives have been lost in the fierce struggle for what they supposed was sacred fire sent from heaven.

We are told that when the governor of Jerusalem found that a thousand American Christians were expected there to hold that great World's Sunday School Convention, he asked if a thousand soldiers would be sufficient to keep the peace at the convention. In view of the annual fights by pilgrims to the sepulchre, the governor could hardly credit the statement that no soldiers would be needed at the convention.

That was fifteen years ago and the fanatics have fought for fire every year since,

until last Easter time. Under the Christian reign of the English it was decided that no soldiers were needed at the sepulchre, and one or two Christian leaders took charge and by care and tact succeeded in keeping the peace at this historic service. For the first time the ceremony of the "holy fire" was held without Turkish soldiers and without a fight between the sects.

This is only a suggestion of what great blessings are in store for the Holy Land since the Crescent has been compelled to give way to the Cross.

Another Golden Star In Our Service Flag News just comes to hand that Carroll B. West, son of Mr. and

Mrs. Allen B. West, of Milton Junction, Wis., died from wounds received in battle at the front in France, early in October. We have no further data, and must await particulars until we receive the full account. Brother Allen B. West is secretary of the Seventh Day Baptist Board of Finance, and Mrs. West is president of the Woman's Executive Board of the General Conference. These friends will have the sympathy of all RECORDER readers in this their day of sorrow.

Illness of Rev. T. J. Van Horn RECORDER readers will regret to learn that Rev. Theodore J. Van

Horn, missionary pastor in the Southwestern Association, whose home is in Gentry, Ark., is quite ill in Memphis, Tenn., with influenza and complications.

He is being cared for in the home of Mrs. C. H. Threlkeld, 1992 Courtland Place, and Mrs. Van Horn is with him there.

New Pastor At Second Alfred Rev. William M. Simpson enters his new pastorate at Alfred Station this week. His resignation at Verona, N. Y., leaves that church without a pastor.

Brother Richardson's Son Severely Wounded By a note just received from Brother T. W.

Richardson, of Mill Yard Church, London, we learn that his son, W. Albert Richardson, has lost his left leg by shrapnel shot in battle. He has been in the war from the beginning, and this is his third wound. He is now in the hospital at Oxford.

MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

I have upon my heart and mind a matter that is not just exactly a burden, but a great responsibility, that oft times presses me down, and then again lifts me up, when I think of the mighty possibilities, the latent resources, the unused powers of our churches. How can this energy be unlocked and set free through channels that will direct it to turning this old world upside down? I mean the power of personal and collective evangelism.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel." When Christ comes into a man's life, one of the first results is an impulse to share that blessing with others; and there is a contradiction in things when a man who calls himself a Christian does not have a desire to go out and win others to the life that is hid in Jesus Christ. And there is something wrong with a church that does not as a church earnestly seek to save those who are lost.

This is what I mean by the evangelistic spirit. The activities of our churches need more of this spirit. It is needed in our Sabbath schools, the prayer meetings, committee meetings, business meetings, social gatherings, in fact everywhere and all the time, a passion not only for truth and righteousness in the abstract, but also for the salvation of men all about us to the life that Christ alone can give.

The secretary recently secured several copies of literature on missionary topics and sent little packages by mail to pastors and a few other people.

Word comes from Rev. T. J. Van Horn that, because of the restrictions on holding public meetings on account of the influenza, it had seemed best to give up for the present his plan of evangelistic services at Little Prairie, Ark.

The stringent rulings of the government in reference to the subscription lists of publications is making it necessary for our Publishing House to take from the list the names of those who are in arrears for the SABBATH RECORDER. Failure to comply

may result in not being allowed to purchase paper with which to print the magazine.

For several weeks the routine of the activities of the churches of America has been interrupted, our own churches among the rest. Many have grievously lamented this situation which necessity has demanded. The prospect of a breaking down of interest in religious work has loomed on the horizon. And this may perhaps result, and will result, if the opportunity is not improved; for an opportunity is presented, is before each and every church, an opportunity to rally, to make a countercharge, a forward drive that shall win victories for our cause. We can put new life and new vigor into our efforts, possibly with greater zeal and larger success, from the very fact that we have been compelled for a month to cease our usual activities, which may have become more routine than we were aware.

In times of "wars and rumors of war" there is usually an increase in the production of premillennial literature. These last four years have furnished no exception. Ideas and views of a millennial hope have grown and developed rapidly. Thoughtful people are sometimes confused by the various theories that are set forth. Many of us need to make a thorough study of the subject, to learn something of the origin and the history of the whole millennial conception.

Such an opportunity is offered in a book recently published. It is called "The Millennial Hope." The author is Shirley Jackson Case. The advertised price is \$1.25. There are five chapters, the first four being historical in treatment, statements of facts in reference to the subject both in Biblical and non-Biblical literature.

The last chapter is a setting forth by the author of the whole subject, as it seems to me, in a very clear and discriminating way. One may not always agree with the conclusions that are drawn, but I can fully endorse the following comment. "The volume is timely, able, vital. It ought to be read widely by all who are seeking to think clearly in these days of strain and perplexity."

Another book that merits a wide reading, especially among us pastors, Sabbath-school workers, teachers and students in our colleges, and those who make up the membership of our denominational societies and boards, is called "A Theology for the Social Gospel," written by Walter Rauschenbusch, only a little more than a year ago. Some of us may balk at the title because it has the word "theology"; but please notice that it also has the words "social gospel." People whose views are hardened into the molds of old-time dogmatic theology may object to some of the discussions; but these do not have to be accepted. Fairness, earnestness, clearness, and the spirit of a reverent search for truth characterize the treatment of the subject from first to last.

HOME-COMING OF THE SALEM SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH

NETTIE M. WEST

It has been the custom of the Salem Church for a number of years to observe in connection with its annual meeting a Home-coming for its members. It is held during the week-end of the first Sabbath in October. In preparation for it letters are written to absent and non-resident members requesting participation in the exercises either by presence or by message.

This year the first of these exercises was held Thursday evening, a pipe organ recital given by the organist, assisted by other young ladies. The following is the program which was greatly enjoyed by a very appreciative audience.

Offertoire in B	E. M. Read
Meditation, Op. 90	C. S. Morrison
Pilgrims' Chorus (Wagner)	Trans. by Th. Dubois
Flow'ret "Forget-me-not," Op. 270	Th. Geise
Scherzo	James H. Rogers
Solo, When the Great Red Dawn is Shining	Cerena Davis
Solo, I'm Wantin' Jean	Leighton
Consolation (Song Without Words)	Alberta Davis
Festival March	Mendelssohn
Holiday Echoes (Waltz)	E. M. Read
Sextette from "Lucia"	J. Thuman Wolcott
Narcissus	Donizetti, arr. by J. Lewis Browne
American National Anthems	Nevin
	Arr. by Harvey B. Gaul

Friday evening a short service was held in preparation for the ordinance of baptism, which was later administered to three young girls, two of them being daughters of Pas-

tor Bond—Elizabeth and Virginia, and the third, Anita, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Davis. These girls, having grown up under the Christian influences of home, Sabbath school and Junior Endeavor, thus early decided to publicly confess the Christ whom they loved and to whom they wished to dedicate their young lives.

Sabbath morning after a strong sermon by the pastor, the right hand of fellowship was given to Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Maxson and their son Leon and daughter Velma (all of whom joined by letter from Nortonville), to Mrs. Adrian Davis, who was baptized at Buckeye some time previous, and to the three girls baptized the evening before. Mr. Maxson and his family have recently moved here from Florida, where they have lived as lone Sabbath-keepers the past two years or more. The Lord's Supper was then administered to the members.

At the Sabbath-school hour the annual reports were given by the secretary, the treasurer, and the superintendent of grading. Promotions were made from the Primary department to the Junior Girls class and to the Junior Boys class, from the Junior Girls and Boys classes to the Junior Philathea and the Junior Baraca, and from the Junior Philathea and Junior Baraca to the Philathea and Baraca classes, about thirty being thus promoted. The yearly reorganization of the Sabbath school having taken place one month before, the school was ready at this time to begin the work for the new year.

The Junior Endeavorers had a special meeting in the afternoon to which the parents and friends were invited, while the Intermediate and Endeavor societies held their meeting jointly in charge of the Intermediates. The meeting was led by Jean Lowther and was an unusually interesting and inspiring one. Special music by the two societies added greatly to the spirit and devotion of the meeting.

Sunday morning a patriotic service was held in the church, which was of more than usual interest. After the congregation had sung the Star Spangled Banner and prayer had been offered by Pastor Bond, Professor Van Horn, one of Salem's Four Minute men, spoke on "The Call of the Church." He said that in the beginning and

for many hundreds of years force ruled the world; then Christ came, and he offered love. It is this love which must control force and it is the business of the church to make known to the whole world its restraining and regulating influence. The Primary children of the Sabbath school, twenty-two in number, then entertained the audience with songs in which several of the little ones each sang a verse, the rest joining in the chorus.

Mr. Lucian Lowther, another Four Minute man, next spoke on "The Call of the Country, or Loyalty to the Nation." Before one can be loyal to a person or nation, there must be principles which make worth while this loyalty. These principles our country is trying to promote, and just now as never before she calls on us to give of our means toward the support of our brave boys who are fighting that right may prevail.

A male quartet, consisting of Okey Davis, Burdick Davis, Earl Davis and Professor Van Horn, then sang "The Beautiful Flag." After this William Van Horn sang "Smile, Smile, Smile" while the quartet came in on the chorus. This brought out an encore to which they responded with "A Greeting to Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip," and "The Long, Long Trail." Then, led by Mrs. Wardner Davis, the congregation sang to the tune of "Taps"—

"God of Might
Save our boys.
God of Peace
God of Life
Save them all.
God of Love
Save each one,
Evermore."

Pastor Bond then read letters from absent members, several of whom are soldier boys. There was first one from Rev. M. G. Stillman, pastor of the sister church at Lost Creek. There were letters from three of the boys in camp on this side and three from boys "Over there," "Somewhere in France." All of these boys are making good. One says, "The Sabbath means more to me than ever." Another, "I miss the church at home and its teaching." Another says, "No one wants to stay here a minute longer than he has to and the harder we work the sooner we will be ready to come back." Besides these letters there

were others from non-resident members who longed to be present, some of whom enclosed substantial evidence of their un-failing interest in the church. "America" was then sung, closing with the beautiful verse which has been added to this hymn, sung as a prayer—

"God save our noble men,
Bring them safe home again,
God save our men.
Make them victorious
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us,
God save our men."

The next thing in order was a basket dinner in the basement of the church, in which all present were invited to participate. This social hour of the Home-coming means very much to the visiting non-resident members as well as to the busy home folks.

The business meeting in the afternoon was necessarily shortened on account of the funeral service of Mrs. H. B. Davis. But a financial budget of nearly \$2,800 for the year was adopted and various recommendations voted. Among other things the pastor's salary was increased by \$200 and other appropriations were added to meet the increasing and just denominational demands. The members thus proved their loyalty to the church and to the denominational demands.

This closed the exercises of the Home-coming. The attendance at the meetings was not large outside the home members. Perhaps the autoless Sunday had something to do with it, but certainly every one who did attend felt that it was indeed good to be there.

The great principles of Jesus are at work still, like leaven in the world's great meal-tub. His ideas are revolutionizing the world. The reign of the common people has begun, and every king may well tremble on his insecure throne. Yet we Americans, who think we most universally accept these great democratic ideas as preached by Jesus, are not all thoroughly indoctrinated. We, too, have many of the old false aristocratic notions about the favored or more exalted classes. Our unguarded utterances often reveal that we, too, still hold to ideas about the relative worth of men.—*Charles Bayard Mitchell.*

MISSIONS

LETTER FROM JAVA

DEAR FRIENDS:

It is time to write my monthly letter; but you will excuse me when this time I copy a letter I have just written to the Seventh Day Baptist children at Milton Junction, who wanted to know something of my life. It will save me a little strain, and the readers of the RECORDER may like to read it.

I will start right from the beginning, and that is, telling about my father and mother.

My father was a teacher in Holland. He became interested in Java and its millions of poor souls knowing nothing about the world's Savior who shed his lifeblood for them. He then heard about my mother, who was planning to go to China, as a missionary. When he got to know her, he asked if she would like as well to go to Java, and be his wife and companion in the Lord's work. She consented, and so they came to Java in 1851; and they never went back to their homeland, to have a well-deserved rest, although my father worked as hard, as very seldom I have seen anybody working. They lived for many years in a little town, called Japara, and there I was born in 1864, being the ninth of ten children. And there I got to love the Javanese, in general kind-hearted people.

They were especially kind and good to us children of the pandita (missionary or religious teacher), who was so good to them; who used to walk hours and hours to visit the sick, day and night being ready to help them with medicines and in all sorts of difficulties. I remember very well there never could be an alarm bell when there was a fire in the kampoengs (Javanese quarters), but that father would go there and do what he could to stop the fire, and to help the people,—even if it was in the middle of the night.

When my father would go to visit the Javanese I often went with him; and I was very proud when I could help him in making little packets of quinine or other medicines; and at night we helped my mother making lint for the sores of the Javanese

who would come to my father for treatment.

We did not go to the Government school (there being no other school at that time), as my father did not like teaching without any religion in it. So he taught us himself, and his beautiful life-example was the best religious teaching anybody could get. I remember every morning very early, as soon as my father had got up, seeing him go into his little study, shut the door, and then I could hear his voice without being able to understand the words when I stood outside the door; and I was touched to the innermost of my heart by the idea, "There is father praying for us all, and for me, too!" That remembrance has gone with me through all my life, however the waves of life's troubles have tossed me to and fro and up and down.

My father wrote several Javanese books, among them a dictionary and a grammar; and he translated the whole Bible into Javanese. This translation, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, is still generally used. He died when he was eighty-four years of age; and my dear, dear mother, who seemed not to be able to live without him, although she kept up very courageously, followed him in a few years.

When I was eighteen, after having passed my examination, I became a teacher. At first I had a little private school; later on I was in a Government school for a few years. It was a Dutch school for poor people. My scholars were Eurasian children out of the slums. Oh, I did love those poor little ones! and I could not help telling them about Jesus, their Savior, and even sometimes praying with them in the school, although the law forbids religious teaching in the Government schools.

When some Christians opened the first school in Java with Bible-teaching, they asked me to come and work there. So I left the Government school. But the work in the Bible school (as they call it) was too heavy for me. I broke down in health, and went home to my parents. They were old and feeble then; my brothers and sisters all married; so my parents needed my help. I lived with them for ten years, in a little town not very far from the place where I have my colony now.

Over sixteen years ago, while I lived

there with my father and mother, the streets were overcrowded with Javanese beggars, some mere skeletons. They came from neighboring villages, where cholera and harvest failure had caused great misery. Many of the beggars were only children, who had lost their parents through cholera. It was then I began this work of mine. That is to say, I bought a little cottage as a shelter for some of those poor creatures, because I saw them shivering with cold in the heavy rain; and they came and asked me for a stay for the night; but we had no room at all for them.

I never thought such a work as this would grow out of that very small beginning. If I had known, I think I should have shrunk from it. God led me in a very wonderful way to do this work. I can not relate it all in detail now; but some day I might do so in the RECORDER.

You see, I did not leave my native land to come and be a missionary in Java. In some sense Java is my native land, and I feel quite at home here. Only it is a little bit hard to live all alone among the Javanese, who of course often can not understand me. And I feel it very keenly to be separated from my loved ones. They have no time—with only a very, very rare exception—to come and see me here; and I can not very well leave the work for more than a few days, as there is no European help to take my place. So it is only very seldom I can see some of my relatives, and most of them are living hundreds of miles from here.

Now I must say good-by to you, dear friends, and may God bless you all and answer your prayers for poor dark Java!

Yours to bring God's light in the darkness.
M. JANSZ.

*Pangoengsen, p. o. Tajoe, Java,
August 20, 1918.*

DEATH OF REBECCA

REV. J. W. CROFOOT

Rebecca, or Kiang Quang Mama, died September 23, 1918. Most of the readers of the RECORDER do not know who Rebecca was but a few will remember hearing of her for many years. She joined the Shanghai Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1857, and had therefore been a church member for sixty-one years, and though she was

not always so faithful a Christian as we wished she were—who is?

Her husband, a Lieu-oo man, was baptized by Dr. Carpenter, in 1855, and ordained as elder in 1863. He served as a preacher at Lieu-oo during at least a part of the time when Dr. Carpenter was absent from China, 1864 to 1873. He died soon after Dr. Carpenter's return, in 1873. Rebecca had lived at the old home in the country not far from Lieu-oo, during her widowhood of forty-five years. She attended church only a few days before her death at the age of eighty-three. She had no living children and her grandson and her nephews with whom she lived have not been so kind to her as they might have been. None of them have accepted Christianity.

Aside from her long church membership she had an additional distinguishing characteristic in that she was probably the last person in the world who was able to read the system for writing colloquial Chinese by a phonetic scheme arranged by the late Dr. Crawford, a Baptist missionary in China from 1852 to 1902. The system practically went out of use many years ago. In fact it was never widely used, though a few hymns and Bible portions were printed in it.

Dr. Palmborg telegraphed to Mr. Davis "Funeral Tuesday after two," and as it seemed easier for me to get away than for him to, I went out to conduct a Christian service. There was so much non-Christian performance going on however that our service seemed like a mere incident.

It did not fail to arouse mixed feelings of grief and indignation in Dr. Palmborg and me. Indignation that the relatives who had been so lacking in kindness to the old woman when she was alive should make such an expenditure of money and such a show of mourning when she was dead, and grief for the depths of their superstition that made them do so much lest her ghost should bring misfortune upon them—grief too, that she had never brought any of them to Christ. I came away with a new sense of the blackness of the darkness of heathenism, and of the need of the people for Christ.

*West Gate, Shanghai,
Oct. 4, 1918.*

FUNCTIONS OF THE CHURCH COLLEGE

PERHAPS never before, and certainly not in this generation, has there been such widespread concern about the education of the young as there is at the present time. The call of the country to arms, with one stroke removes many young men from our colleges and universities, and with them not a few of their teachers. As it calls many young men from various positions which must be filled by the more intelligent young women, the war also affects in considerable degree the attendance upon the colleges for women. The great need for labor, offering unheard of pay, is the temptation to young boys and girls to seek employment rather than education. Not even the provision which the government makes by which young men can serve their country while continuing their education will prevent an awful loss in the educated ranks of our citizens.

The present condition brings its special problems to church colleges which, depending so largely upon private support, can not have the same assurance of continued life as those institutions have which may continue to draw upon public funds regardless of attendance. In addition to that, the more official status of state institutions will make a stronger appeal than ever to those who propose to continue in college, because of the preferment which attendance upon a state institution may bring to them in national service. The spirit of secularism is asserting itself also, with new force, and adds another factor to the perplexities of Christian educators. These conditions have thoroughly aroused those who believe in the essential importance of Christian education. There is not a church body in this country which is not expressing its anxiety and interest in this connection, not excepting the Roman Catholics. The *Pilot* for August 31 presents the matter from the Roman Catholic standpoint. Of course we know that its statement is far too sweeping. It is correct in its protest against naturalism and materialism, but it can be said with greatest certainty that not all Protestant institutions, nor even the majority, are infested, as is there stated. Concerning the Lutheran institutions we can speak with fuller knowledge than concerning any others, and we can say positively that our

Lutheran schools, almost without the exception of individual professors, are still not only strictly religious, but are purely evangelical. However the charge against most state institutions and some of our oldest universities, which were originally established as church institutions, stands as made. These paragraphs from the editorial in the *Pilot* will at least prove to be suggestive:

The naturalism that has invaded the secular and Protestant college has so asserted itself that even some of the sects, out of fear that their adherents would lose all belief in the supernatural, have decided to expend millions of dollars to establish religious schools. The Methodists, notably, intend to spend \$27,000,000 next year for the purpose.

The unbelief of the non-Catholic institutions of learning is one of the alarming evils of our times. Professors, otherwise competent, have thrown aside all reverence for God and promulgated among their students doctrines, personally conceived, that defy the spirit and word of religion. It is here that the great mistake is made. Mere rationalism is offered in place of religion.

And precisely here the faith of the Catholic attendant at such institutions is placed in jeopardy. There are inevitably some who are not well grounded in their religion or, having this advantage, are so mentally constructed that they hesitate under the fire of the professor whose secular proficiency they admire and after a brief suspense succumb to his teachings. They renounce the doctrine of Christ for that of their professor and sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

And yet some Catholic parents are so blind to the dangers to their children's faith or so heedless of their spiritual welfare that they allow them to attend such colleges. They seem to think that social prestige is the be all and end all of life. They are willing, yea eager, to barter the soul of their child for a little social recognition.

IN this connection we also reproduce certain parts of an unusually strong article from F. D. Kershner in the *Christian Standard* of August 24. Mr. Kershner gives a clear statement of the functions of the church college. Three functions are specified: "First, the church college exists to supply adequate intellectual and spiritual leadership for the church itself. Second, it exists to furnish a background of sympathy and support for the world mission of Christianity. Third, it exists to foster a type of moral and intellectual fiber for society at large and for the state, which could not otherwise exist."

Concerning the first of these functions

the author of this article declares that "this function includes the supplying of ministers, missionaries and church leaders generally." He says further, "It is perfectly obvious that neither the state nor the independently endowed non-religious institutions can, or ought to, meet this need." We quote further:

Privately endowed non-religious institutions appeal to all classes of patrons. As a consequence, they dare not pay any special attention to the needs of any one religious body or set of principles. Were they to do so, they would cut themselves off from the larger general field to which they wish to appeal. Hence such institutions can not solve the problem of specific and adequate church leadership.

These theoretical considerations are abundantly borne out by practical statistics. It is a little difficult to get exactly accurate figures in the matter, but such figures as can be secured fully make out the case. At a meeting of one of the Presbyterian General Assemblies a few years ago, a census of the educational relations of the various members was taken and the result showed that something like 95 per cent of the church leaders present had received their training in strictly church institutions. At a convention of the Southern Baptist Church some time ago, we are informed that a similar census showed an even larger proportion of church college graduates. A standing vote taken at one of our own state conventions not long since, disclosed an almost unanimous proportion of church college graduates among the religious leaders present. In the nature of the case, the situation could not be otherwise. The church college exists to train church leaders, and such leaders as the church possesses must get their training where it alone can be adequately secured. Not being able to get their education, except in rare instances, in a satisfactory fashion elsewhere, they naturally get it where it is to be had—that is, in the church college.

We shall not take time to emphasize the value of adequate church leadership. A church without ministers or missionaries or thought leaders of various kinds is, on the face of the situation, a doomed institution. Every movement, whether social, political or religious, must have well-trained leaders in order to succeed and the church of Jesus Christ is no exception to the rule. Incapable and inefficient leadership simply spells destruction, and this is what faces the church which does not foster and develop institutions of learning where such leadership may be obtained.

THE second function of the church college is very forcibly treated:

The second function of the church college is to supply an adequate background in the body of the church itself for the encouragement and support of the leaders in their work. Any local congregation which depends entirely upon the minister for its growth and progress will not

get very far. There must be strong "pillars" among the rank and file to lend substantial support and encouragement to the efforts of the minister. Now, the one place where such support may be adequately fostered and developed is in the church college. The boy who gets his education in such an institution, as a rule, goes out into the world to make money, if he becomes a business man, for the kingdom of God as well as for himself. Such a boy is trained to contribute to missions, to benevolence, to ministerial relief and to all the other church activities. Such a boy makes good timber for the eldership or the diaconate, or for the teaching force in the Bible school. Such a boy naturally develops into a leader in the prayer meeting or anywhere else that the church or the minister may place him. Without this background of trained Christian "lay leadership," to use a term which has unfortunate theological connotations, but which expresses the idea we have in mind, no congregation can move forward successfully in the larger work of the kingdom. Every minister will appreciate the significance of what has just been written. The church which is well supplied with graduates of Christian colleges among its rank and file is pretty sure to be a live church, and it is pretty sure also to be the kind of church which a real minister likes to serve. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule. Sometimes church college graduates fall away from the faith and sometimes those who are not thus educated take their places, but, nevertheless, the rule holds good and is perhaps the better proved by the occasional exceptions to it.

AFTER citing several men conspicuous in public life today as church college graduates the writer says:

It is only natural that a boy who receives the moral and spiritual stimulus early in life, which the church college exists to furnish, should be active, later on, in promoting the progress of moral ideals in the community where he lives and works. If we were to take out of our national life the men and women who belong to this class, it would mean a tremendous loss to the moral and spiritual fiber of the nation. Here the church college, while independent of the state and necessarily independent, if it is to render this very service, is able to justify its existence from the patriotic motive alone. Without the encouragement and support of the Christian leadership of the land, as that leadership has been fostered and developed by our church colleges, our American public life, bad enough as it is, would be infinitely worse.

We shall not pause to consider the influence of the church college in supplying public-school teachers, filled with the spirit of Christian service, but every pedagogical authority recognizes the value and importance of this factor in our general educational system. The church college serves the state indirectly, but its indirect influence is of an importance and value which it is scarcely possible to exaggerate.

WE are in full sympathy with the conclusions drawn by this writer and stated in the following paragraphs. We have read the account of the findings of Professor Leuba with much interest and while they do point to a serious situation, not overdrawn by the writer in his comment, we would have to know the personnel of those to whom Professor Leuba's questionnaire was addressed before we would be willing to draw sweeping conclusions, or to allow those which the professor himself drew. The account says that those to whom the questionnaire was sent constituted a "select list," and we know that it would not be difficult to "select" a list that would show even greater results favorable to his contention than those cited. We, too, might send out such a questionnaire to a "selected list" and completely reverse his statistics. We quote again from Mr. Kershner:

It follows from the above facts that if the church college possesses functions of such tremendous and vital importance, it must remain true to its mission if it is to be perpetuated. This means that it must be loyal to its religious and spiritual ideals above everything else. There is a constant tendency for the church school to ape the state or privately endowed institution and thus to become secularized and thereby to lose its peculiar heritage and mission. Whenever this takes place, the church college ceases to have any real excuse for existence and is apt to become a positive menace to the religious life of the community. A church college which has become secularized is a misnomer and an abortion, fit only to play into the hands of the worst enemies of the spiritual forces of the nation. It is an infinite pity that such institutions exist, but that they do exist, no one can deny. The church has a right to demand that the colleges which it has founded and fostered shall remain true to the purpose for which they were established. Otherwise, the very fountains of spiritual life are poisoned at their source and the result can only mean disaster and ruin. If the church college exists primarily to develop spiritual leadership, and if this leadership is so trained as to defeat the very purposes for which the church exists, then the result is simply religious and spiritual suicide. There dare be no compromise or evasion at this point. No more subtle device for killing the influence and power of the church exists than is involved in such a betrayal of its highest interests at their very source. The outcry against "conservatism" and "heresy hunting," loudly raised by those engaged in this work of destruction, should not blind the eyes of all who really have the welfare of the church, as well as the church school, at heart, to the real gravity of the problem. There are plenty of schools where infidel influences have full opportunity to exist and thrive without surrendering

to their deleterious sway the one institution which exists to oppose such influences.

Prof. James H. Leuba, of Bryn-Mawr College, published a carefully prepared volume a short time ago which endeavors to prove that the overwhelming majority of the strictly scientific teachers in our American colleges no longer believe in either a personal God or in the immortality of the soul. Some of the statistics given in this book are both interesting and alarming. Professor Leuba found out, for example, that in the extensive and select list of teachers who answered his questionnaire, only a fraction over 8 per cent of the teachers of psychology believed in a future life and only a fraction over 13 per cent believed in a personal God. The proportion among the sociologists was 27 per cent for personal immortality and 19 per cent for a belief in God. The biologists registered 25 per cent for immortality and only 16 per cent for the other. The teachers of history did better, with 35 per cent believing in some sort of personal existence after death and 32 per cent believing in the existence of a personal Deity, while the physicists, strange to say, did best of all, with the figures standing at 40 per cent for immortality and 32 per cent for a definite faith in God.

Professor Leuba, who is himself an unbeliever, sums up the results of his study after the following fashion: "The result of my investigation shows that, in every class of persons investigated, the number of believers in God is less, and in most classes very much less, than the number of non-believers, and that the number of believers in immortality is somewhat larger than in a personal God; that among the more distinguished, unbelief is very much more frequent than among the less distinguished; and finally that, not only the degree of ability, but also the kind of knowledge possessed, is significantly related to the rejection of these beliefs."

How many of the large number of teachers interrogated by the Bryn-Mawr professor belong, or belonged, to church schools we do not know; but, in any case, his investigation shows the extent to which rationalism has invaded our higher institutions of learning. A professor who does not believe in God or in the future life is a bad example for the students under him, and the fact that he possesses ability and an attractive personality, in many cases, makes the situation worse. It is certainly high time for the people at large, and especially for those in charge of our religious colleges, to awaken to the danger disclosed by such statistics as those of Professor Leuba.

God knoweth man altogether. The darkness of man's soul shines like day to him and he sees all the frescos and notes everything of beauty. He beholdeth man afar off and yet sees him minutely. He sees man telescopically and microscopically as well. He takes note of man's birth, of his rearing, and of his environment, and not until he has all the facts before him, does he pass judgment.—George C. Aydelott.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

FROM THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MRS. LUCY CLARKE CARPENTER

Prepared at the request of the Woman's Board,
by Mrs. Adelaide Brown, of Brookfield, N. Y.

CHAPTER V

From Shanghai to New York, April 8 to
October 17, 1864

We bade a second farewell to Shanghai, and were on board the steamer Azof at 5 p. m., April 8, 1864. I confess that memory has loved better to linger around the dear spot we left beyond, than to live over again the sorrowful days that bore us away from those long-loved shores. . . . There was the bustle of frequent changes six times repeated, and the time of travel only about two months. . . . Neptune was learning to treat us kindly for old acquaintance' sake, and so the second day found us quite in seagoing trim. . . . Being the only family on board, the ladies' saloon was given up to us, so that we were quiet and cozy as could be asked.

The 13th found us in Hongkong harbor where we exchanged for the Behar, a much larger steamer. We had two large, airy, double-berth staterooms for our family of five. . . . Our first business was the learning of a new lesson, that each of these ocean steamers has a motion peculiar to itself, and that at every change we must accommodate ourselves anew to the new order of things. It was a strange idea then, and for the moment we wondered why we did not feel quite well!

The 21st found us preparing to go ashore at Singapore for a two or three days' halt, although we did not change here. . . . Night comes down rapidly in equatorial latitudes. Twilight only gives you a wink and is gone! . . . Next morning Mr. Carpenter went out, and soon found our friends, who sent him back in their own carriage, to take us all to their home for the day. A beautiful place it was, up on the hillside, the house, half native, half foreign in its structure, nestling in the shadows of a tropical garden, filled with all manner of fruits, which were quite at our disposal, and which we gratefully appropriated within prudent limits, not forgetting to bring away the only transportable variety, in the form of a pocketful of nutmegs. . . . And yet (do you wonder at our fancy?) we used often to say, in Shanghai, that we would gladly exchange all the fruits of that semi-tropical region for the apples of our own America, and all its vegetables for the much coveted potato of our native land. . . . Our kind host sent us in his carriage to visit another family of former Shanghai friends, whom we had not expected to meet, having never heard of their location in this most Eden-like spot. Next day again he sent his carriage to take us to the ship ready to sail at 4 p. m.

We reached Penang on Monday, April 25, at

8 a. m. Mr. Carpenter went ashore, and found the missionaries Grant and Chapman, who returned with him to the ship, where we enjoyed a short season of refreshing Christian fellowship, and then bade adieu to them and to this little gem of an island. It has but these two Protestant missionaries, but is under English rule, with many English residents.

May 1, at 10 a. m., we anchored at Point-de-Galla, the southern extremity of the island of Ceylon. There is no harbor here; we are on the edge of the broad ocean, with no breakwater between us and the south pole, as far as appears. Here we await the arrival of the steamer from Calcutta, to convey us onward as far as Suez. We could stop on shore if we chose, but we preferred to remain on board, where we could admire at our leisure the beautiful prospect from the ship's deck. Whenever we pleased, we could go ashore for a stroll. Once we tried the native boat which is a most singular affair. It is some twenty-five feet in length, with only about eight inches breadth, in its inner measurement, and eighteen or twenty in depth, while the seats, projecting over on either side give you a singular feeling of insecurity, as you look down into the fathomless depths below, and realize the fact, unmixed with fancy or fiction, that "there is but a plank between you and eternity."

Two long poles are thrown out from one side of the boat and the farther ends are fastened to a long piece of timber, parallel with the boat, which, resting upon the water, forms a sort of floating ballast, so that such an act as capsizing is next to impossible. But the shipping and unshipping of passengers is the rub. You must watch your chance, and jump when the top of a wave sets the boat in the right position. Serious mishaps may and do occur from wrong guessing, in the moment of springing. But then you skim so rapidly over the billows, sitting as it were on the back of this bird with one wing, that really, for very novelty, it did seem well worth the while to have tried it just for once.

The steamer Golconda arrived in due time, and we steamed out of Galla at half past two on Tuesday morning, May 3. Among the passengers we found some persons of deep piety, whom it will ever be a joy to remember having met. There was one high in civil power, second only to the governor general of India, and another, a retiring major general of the army, who were first in every good work and word. The latter was not content till he had succeeded in establishing religious worship in the forward part of the ship, among the second-class passengers and the crew, nor did he shrink from taking an active part himself in these public services, although relying upon Mr. Carpenter to go ahead, he happened to be the only minister on board. . . .

May 11 we passed the island of Sokotra, and a little later came Cape Guardafui. I could not resist the temptation to make a sketch of this, striving with rapid pencil to preserve its ever changing outline. . . .

May 13 we cast anchor in the port of Aden. A dismal looking place it is, well worthy its reputation of being the crater of an extinct volcano. . . .

At daylight, May 19, we were at anchor in the

Port of Suez. And now, from the deck of the steamer, we look back down the bay, and see clearly in the distance the spot where research and judgment unite in deciding that the children of Israel must have crossed the Red Sea, on that memorable night of their greatest peril and their most signal deliverance. After breakfast, we bade adieu to the Golconda. . . . And now we were disappointed at the announcement that our transit through Egypt was to be made in the nighttime. . . . We might have spared ourselves that pang, and been thankful instead, as we had cause to be. It was a cloudless night, and so intensely clear was the atmosphere, that the moon, which was just about the full, enabled us to watch, without weariness, the scenes through which we passed. The night air was deliciously cool. The railroad was even, the carriages easy, and oh, so delightful, after those long tossings at sea. At 2 o'clock we reached Cairo. Here we had a halt for refreshments, and we could afford to thank the viceroy for his generous entertainment, as, in all the transit, this is supplied at the expense of the viceroy of Egypt. . . . Our approach to Alexandria was very fine, the scenery growing more and more enchanting until we were very near the town. . . . At 5 p. m., May 20, we were steaming out of Alexandria on the steamer Ripon. . . . On Monday morning, May 23, we awoke to find ourselves casting anchor before Valetta, the capital of Malta. The passengers were treated to an early breakfast, that they might enjoy the luxury of a whole day ashore. . . . Busy as was our day on shore we left much unvisited. Only three or four miles away, on the other side of the island, was the spot where St. Paul was shipwrecked, and near it the cave in which, tradition says, he sojourned for a season. . . . But our day was ended, and at 8 o'clock in the evening we were once more afloat on the blue waters of the Mediterranean. . . . Our stay at Gibraltar was brief; only a few of the gentlemen passengers went ashore; and once again the anchor was lifted and our backs were turned on the rock of Gibraltar. . . .

Old Neptune, who had treated us with such unwonted gentleness all the way, still showed us only the pleasant side of his oft terrible face. Here, too, of all places where he is wont to indulge in his worst humors, he had only smiles for us. Our hearts might well overflow with gratitude; not, indeed, to the fabled old monarch of the deep, but to him who "holds the winds in his fists, and the waters in the hollow of his hands." . . . On the first day of June, we emerged from the Bay of Biscay to find ourselves near the coast of France. Still we go on delightfully, no storm, no rough sea, nothing to mar the beautiful termination of this most beautiful voyage. At 5 p. m. we arrived at Southampton, and were met by friends who had stood long on the wharf watching our approach. . . . That delightful four months of English life must be all dropped out for the present, as we are only "coming home." . . . On the 5th of October we embarked on board the steamer City of Washington bound for New York. Our passage this time proved a rough one. When did it not, in those high latitudes, the "roaring forties." We had one death on board, and the funeral must

needs be delayed a day on account of the storm which was raging. But we were brought safely through, and reached New York at daylight on the 17th of October. Grateful hearts did that steamer send ashore, after all those days and nights of weary tossings, and thankfully might have been echoed the favorite strain,
"Home again, home again, from a foreign shore."

(To be continued)

FIELD WORK IN MINNESOTA

REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK

On the morning of September 4 I took the train at Flandreau, S. D., for New Auburn, Minn., via Pipestone, Granite Falls, and Glencoe. The distance was not far from 150 miles, but it took me about 30 hours to make the trip. At Pipestone I found the places of business closed, for the business men had gone overland to Tracy, 30 or 40 miles away, to help clean up the town that had been almost entirely destroyed by wind a few days previous. While there I went out a mile to the government Indian school that is located there.

At Glencoe I was met by Deacon Crosby and daughter-in-law and taken to their home near New Auburn which I made my headquarters while I was there. It had been between 35 and 40 years since I visited New Auburn, and the changes that have taken place there during these years have been many and great.

On Friday night we had an evangelistic service at the church, and on Sabbath morning, Sabbath night, and Sunday night we had meetings of the Sabbath institute, and on Monday night we had another evangelistic service, followed by a very tender and helpful conference meeting.

Our people are few in numbers, and but few of the Sunday people attended the meetings, but there was a feeling that our special meetings accomplished good.

Mrs. Abbey, the pastor of the church, is earnestly seeking to help build up the interest of God in that vicinity, not only serving our people but also attending and helping in the Baptist Sunday school that has a hard time to live. I feel that our people should unite heartily in maintaining the services of this church, not only because of the spiritual needs of those in our families but because of the urgent needs of the many around them who have none too high conceptions of the meaning of Christianity.

From New Auburn I went to Dodge Center, stopping on the way in Minneapolis to make several calls. Those on whom I called were Dr. Dan L. Langworthy, once of Allegany County, N. Y., Mrs. D. L. Coon, Mrs. P. C. Maxson, and Miss Miriam West, who is spending the year teaching in a girls' vocational school. I spent a night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Saunders at Robbinsdale, a few miles out from the city.

Reaching Dodge Center on Thursday afternoon I spent that night at the home of Brother H. M. Ernst, one of my teachers in the district school in Freeborn County, Minn. I was greatly disappointed in that Pastor H. C. Van Horn was called into the army Y. M. C. A. service before I reached his church, for I had been looking forward for many months to the time when I should visit Dodge Center in accord with his hearty invitation. But the plans that he and Mrs. Van Horn and I worked out were carried out in the holding of an evangelistic service on Friday night and a Sabbath institute on Sabbath morning and night and Sunday night. I was assisted in the meetings of the institute by Rev. E. H. Socwell, who spoke on "The Mission of Seventh Day Baptists," and Mrs. Abbie Van Horn, who spoke of "The Sabbath in the Home." Several here as well as at New Auburn spoke to me of the value of institute work.

Our people were very busy with their farm work because of the shortage of help to gather in the abundant crops. The work that was particularly crowding them just then was the gathering of their onions. The soil is well adapted to the raising of them and I saw several fields that yielded 500 bushels or more to the acre. Brother Ed. Ellis showed me the acre that Pastor Van Horn put in on his land that yielded 700 bushels, and I saw another acre that yielded 650 bushels.

My calls and visits at Dodge Center were the more pleasant because I met many friends of my boyhood days, among them were a half dozen of my Minnesota schoolmates. I regret that I did not have time to visit the few L. S. K's in Freeborn County.

A few months ago Mr. and Mrs. August Sepp, of Dodge Center, gave to the Missionary and Tract societies a lot near Minnehaha Falls. As I had a few hours to

wait in St. Paul when on my way to Exeland I decided to see the lot. It was a rainy afternoon, but I felt repaid for the trolley ride, and the two-mile walk, and the numerous inquiries that I had to make in finding the location. The lot is four blocks east of Minnehaha Falls, in a fine residence section. In the words of a real estate man of whom I inquired as to the value of land in that section, "It's good stuff."

I wish that the original idea of the donors of the lot might have been realized and a house for a Seventh Day Baptist minister placed on this beautiful lot, so that in his closing years of life some one of our ministers could live there and encourage the Sabbath-keepers living in Minneapolis and St. Paul, and bring others to Christ and the Sabbath.

NO WAR JUSTIFIES MURDER

No war justifies murders and the infliction of inhuman cruelty as instruments of victory. No nation can destroy lives of women and children in unfortified towns and villages or sink passenger ships with non-combatants and hospital ships, loaded with the wounded and dying, and retain the respect of civilized men and women and hold a place among the civilized nations of the earth. Such a people would be too abhorrent to have any controlling government and influence among men.

We record our abhorrence of Germany and we fail to see any reason for discriminating in favor of the German people so long as the German people tolerate the German government and obey it. Germany has taken her place with the unspeakable Turk and is nothing better or more to be respected by Christian nations. Germany has reaped her materialistic philosophy and is being destroyed by it. The voice of Luther has been smothered by the voice of Nietzsche, Bernhardt and Treitschke.

Whatever may have been the first inspiring cause that put us into this great war we are in now to do our part to preserve human rights throughout the world and we must see this through to the last man and the last dollar. Militarism must be removed from the earth and the freedom of all men everywhere to pursue the peaceful pursuits of life must be given to all mankind.—James R. Day.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. R. R. THORNGATE, SALEMVILLE, PA.
Contributing Editor

OUR TIME FOR CHRIST

REV. T. L. M. SPENCER

Our time belongs to God and therefore it should be profitably used. Wasted time means wasted life, for life is made up of time. What we have to do for God should be done now. Solomon says to the young, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Life is too brief to be wasted. Youth is the time to begin in the Christian life—the life of unselfish service. Many who are now infirm with the weight of years would be glad to be young again so that they might be able to do better work for God, but alas! the wasted years of youth can not be lived over.

The common excuse, "I have no time," has brought ruin and grief to many hearts. Now is the time to devote our lives to service. We have no time to squander away in the pleasures of sin.

Time is a talent given to us by God and he will require a strict account of it. A faithful trading must be made of it. This is an age of missionary opportunity and as Christian Endeavorers a most solemn responsibility rests upon us to carry the good news of salvation to those who need it. As Seventh Day Baptists the solemn responsibility rests upon us to carry the Sabbath truth to those who are transgressors of Jehovah's rest day.

We are living in evil days. Many worldly allurements on every hand are leading people away from God. Time is wasted in unprofitable conversation and selfish pleasures which could be spent in prayer and communion with God and ministering to the sick and suffering. Card playing, dancing, the theater and other pleasure resorts are absorbing the time of many. Oh, the time wasted in revelry and dissipation that could be utilized to good advantage. The precious opportunities that are allowed to pass away bring bitter regret too late.

The right disposition of time requires habits of order and dispatch and as Christians our duty is to acquire such. Time should be so used as to bring the best results. People do not value time as they should. In business many fail because they have no proper methods of disposing of time. They go about business in such a dilatory manner that what they accomplish in an hour, one filled with activity would perform in a quarter of an hour.

Much precious time is wasted in reading some trashy book. I have known instances where young people spent days in reading love novels.

The apostle admonishes us to redeem the time. But what is it to redeem the time? To redeem it is to buy it back, to recover it from waste, or spend in loving service for the cause of God. We can redeem the time by being actively engaged; by turning our wasted hours to good account; by being more prayerful, more active. If we have not been regular readers of the Bible, we are to devote some of our time to reading it. This will give us strength and furnish us unto very good work.

Dear Endeavorers, how much of your time has been wasted? It is time to awake. Work now, for the night cometh when man's work is done. Jesus had a work to do and not long before his death he said: I must work the work of him that sent me while it is day."

Take time to examine yourself that you may be able to put your time to the best account. Whatever your work may be, remember the admonition of the apostle, "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Do your duty now. Redeem the time. Perhaps you have often neglected to be at the Christian Endeavor meeting and spent that time in some unprofitable manner. Remember that your time belongs to God, and when the appointed hour comes be on time.

Take time to spend in prayer to God. Do not allow the duties of life to crowd out the hour of prayer, for this is the source of strength and power.

A CLUSTER OF QUOTATIONS

We give time to newspapers and magazines. Do we give time to God's word?—*Braid.*

If you have no time to give to Christ,

save some time by eliminating useless pleasures or your hours for gossip and loafing.—*Mills.*

Time wasted, is existence; used, is life.—*Young.*

In the spirit of faith let us begin each day, and we shall be sure to "redeem the time" which it brings to us by changing it into something definite and eternal. We must redeem time and not merely use it. We transform it into eternity by living it aright.—*J. F. Clarke.*

"COUNT YOUR MERCIES"

REV. T. L. M. SPENCER

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
November 23, 1918

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Grateful for salvation (Rom. 5: 1-11)
Monday—For God's care (Ps. 115: 9-18)
Tuesday—For homes (John 19: 25-27)
Wednesday—For friendship (Eccles. 4: 9-12)
Thursday—For enlightenment (1 John 2: 1-11)
Friday—For rest (Matt. 11: 25-30)
Sabbath Day—Topic, "Count your mercies"
(1 Chron. 29: 10-14) (Thanksgiving meeting)

The topic lesson is the sublime prayer of King David to God for giving the people willing hearts to make such liberal offerings to the greatest project of his life—the building of the temple. We, like David, should always recognize God first as the source of all blessings. It is appropriate for us to have special seasons of public thanksgiving. Our hearts are open to our heavenly Father, but others can not see them, therefore we should publicly tell of his goodness. Our heavenly Father delights in the thanksgiving of his people as much as the earthly father in the gratitude of his children for the gifts received. "Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord."

When we commence counting our blessings we get many surprises at how much the Lord has done for us.

1. We should thank God for the preservation of our lives. Millions who were alive this season last year have passed off this stage. But we are still alive to enjoy the blessings of God.

2. We should thank God for a Christian home. What precious memories center around it. The place where the love of God was taught; the place where father and mother gave the loving and wholesome advice; the place where peace and happiness

reign. There are many who have not such a great privilege. They have no home. This word brings no pleasant recollections. To them it is a place of misery. As we reflect on our pleasant homes we should give thanks to God for them.

3. We should thank God for religious liberty. We can stand with the open Bible and proclaim its precious truths unmolested. There are no spies to watch our movements in religious matters. There is freedom to sing and pray.

4. We should thank God for trials. We are apt to thank him only for the pleasant experiences, but every trial shapes us. Trials are but tests which develop us into strong Christian characters. If we can not stand some little trials what will we do with severe ones? We sometimes feel discouraged when difficulties confront us and Satan endeavors to make us believe that God has deserted us; but difficulties are no mark of God's desertion. All of God's children must travel this road.

"All things work together for good to them that love God." Give thanks always.

We should thank God for friends. Without them we would be lonely. When we are in distress and discouraged we need the sympathy and comforts of friends.

Do we give thanks for the common mercies?

A CLUSTER OF QUOTATIONS

Gratitude links the past with the future, the debt incurred with the duty performed, the service received with the service to be rendered.—*L. P. Jacks.*

Do not let the empty cup be the first teacher of the blessings you had when it was full.—*Alexander MacLaren.*

Whenever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—*Pope.*

"Count your blessings, name them one by one; Count your blessings, see what God hath done."

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MOBILIZING OUR FINANCIAL RESOURCES

IVA DAVIS

Written for the Young People's Hour
at Conference

One requirement for any enterprise, whether business, social, political or ecclesiastical, is money. Too many of us are willing to consider funds necessary for promoting good roads, education, etc., but think of religion as an abstract thing, merely an emotion, something that is run by preachers and prayers and, indeed, we sometimes neglect the prayers and forget to pay the preachers. If our church building should be destroyed we would realize the necessity of having a new house of worship and funds would be raised easily to build a new one. That would be something we could see that we needed, something for our own convenience and the money would be forthcoming. But how many times have our boards gone into debt because we could not actually see where every cent of our money was going?

When our great national crisis came, before anything could be accomplished it was necessary to raise funds. Money for the actual expense of raising and equipping the national army was obtained largely by

taxation. But this did not provide adequate means for caring for the wounded and establishing centers for the social and spiritual benefit of the soldiers. Then came the campaigns for the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army. Was there any way to force any one to give to any of these organizations? Did any of them fail to reach their goal? No! The American people realized that the great cause of Liberty was in danger and in a body they have risen to its defense. Do you know any one who gave to any of these causes who has actually suffered from it? Perhaps they must be more economical in some ways and no doubt suffer a little inconvenience but has it actually reduced any one to want? Do you know of very many who have given as much for the upbuilding of God's kingdom the past year as they have for Red Cross, Liberty Bonds, etc.? This country is passing through a great crisis and the people are meeting it nobly, but at a time like this, not only our government is imperiled, but all our great institutions as well. Education has received a great blow. Some of our leading educators have been called to the front and a great many others have left their profession to enter some important war work. The draft has taken a very large number of men from the colleges and a great many have volunteered from the high schools. On account of added taxation and the high cost of living it is the tendency in a great many localities to cut down school expense. This is going to have a very bad effect on our educational institutions coming as it does at this critical time.

The church and school have always gone hand in hand. Shall we, in this hour of great need, endanger the work of God's kingdom? It was even suggested that we have no Conference this year. But let us rather cut expenses for household comforts, gasoline, etc., and increase our subscriptions for the Lord's work. God does not compel us to give anything for the support of his kingdom but he says in his Word that one-tenth of our income is his. Who ever heard of a respectable citizen refusing to pay his taxes? We should be able also to say, "Who ever heard of a respectable Christian refusing to give one-tenth of his income to the Lord?" I believe that if the day would come when all the

young people would tithe, that the apportionments would be met and we could extend our work to larger fields. Jesus said, "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's", but in these days we are more likely to remember Caesar than God.

But in societies where tithing is not practiced there must be some means of raising money. It is strange but true that we apply business rules to everything but our religion. In these days when efficiency counts for so much why not use some of it in raising funds for our societies? Weekly collections may be all right, but we all know that we can not raise enough in this usually haphazard way to carry on our work. Perhaps one of the most successful means is through subscriptions or pledges. But very often the incomes of our young people are very uncertain and they can not promise a certain amount for the year, so it is necessary to resort to other means. For the society to set its goal for a certain amount for a month or quarter is an excellent plan. Then at the end of the year there will not be the danger of having to hurry around to meet the apportionment.

There are a great many plausible ways of raising money. One of our societies has a monthly literary and musical program to which the public is invited and a collection is taken. Another one put on a drive in which they all agreed to contribute what would be equal to half a day's income. The result was surprising. They received about twenty dollars from that source alone on a single Sabbath. This no doubt could be worked successfully in every society all over the denomination.

The condition of the world today is a very critical one. The history of great nations is being made in a few short years. Will the Christian Church rise to its possibilities? We say we are willing to give our lives to God's work but are we willing to give our few paltry dollars? It is a fact that this war will be won largely by young men, and nearly every star in our service flag stands for an Endeavorer. And we are proud of it. While our societies are growing smaller let us not lose sight of the fact that the work must be done and that each one must redouble his energy in the

Lord's work. And if we wish his kingdom to come and his will be done on earth, we must give, give, give and give until it hurts.

INTERMEDIATE AND JUNIOR SOCIETIES

The 'teen age is the period where the battle for an honest, clean, pure, righteous type of manhood and womanhood must be waged and won. Having realized this, it now remains for us to bend all our energies and summon all our skill to meet the task.—*Margaret Slattery.*

DO YOU REALIZE—?

That there should be a Junior Christian Endeavor in every church where there is a Young People's society?

That the nation needs and will need Christian leaders?

That a Junior Christian Endeavor society is the best way to start them coming?

That the Juniors are at the most responsive age?

That most of our present Christian Endeavor leaders began in a Junior society?

That if you have no Junior, you are robbing Christ, the church and the children?

Better Start One Now!

DID YOU KNOW—?

That most of the churches need and could have a society for its 'teen age young people?

That a live Intermediate Christian Endeavor will hold the high school age to the church?

That the Intermediate age yields the greatest harvest for Christ?

That Intermediate Christian Endeavor will train them for leadership?

That this is your best chance to reach the boys for Christ before they go to the front?

Get Busy Today!

If at first you don't succeed, try and try, and try, and try and then try some more.

Yankee determination wins.

—*Fall Extension Campaign of California.*

100 PER CENT EFFICIENT AND 100 PER CENT PATRIOTIC

Can we call ourselves 100 per cent efficient and 100 per cent patriotic if we don't do our duty to Christ and to these young people?

Decisions for Christ, decision for life service, decisions for doing work in the church, decisions for useful not useless lives, should be made *now*.

Why don't we, as a denomination, "get busy" and line up these "live wire" boys and win them for Christ before they leave their homes for training camps, and make this a "Victory Year" for our denomination?

The report of the Young People's Board

showed 10 societies out of 43 on the "Casualty" list, but where, oh, where, were the 43 Intermediate and Junior societies? Were they left for *you* to organize? If you didn't do it, you missed one of the greatest opportunities for service ever offered you and likewise one of the biggest blessings of your life. Those Intermediate and Juniors would be the liveliest, and most consecrated bunch in the whole church. They would really "do things."

While our boys are "Hun-ting," let us "keep the home fires burning" by furnishing the kindling for the fire, the Juniors, and then let the Intermediates fan it into a roaring fire. Why not 43 Intermediate and 43 Junior societies this year?

Surely we can if we are real true soldiers of the Cross.

Your prayers, your labors, your enthusiasm, your service, and your joyfulness in his service will put us "over the top" and make us 100 per cent efficient and 100 per cent patriotic.

From an Intermediate and Junior Enthusiast.

MARY G. BROWN.

Riverside, Cal.,
Oct. 20, 1918.

FLOYD MARVIN VAN HORN

Floyd Marvin Van Horn, the second child in a family of eight children born to Leonard A. and Clara Van Horn, was born January 23, 1897, at Welton, Clinton Co., Iowa, and died at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, October 6, 1918.

Having been born and reared in a Christian home, Floyd, at the age of fourteen, made a public profession of faith in Christ as his Savior and was baptized by his pastor, Rev. George W. Burdick, and was received into the fellowship of the Welton Seventh Day Baptist Church, June 10, 1911. He remained a true Christian and a loyal member of the church to the time of his death. His chaplain tells us that Floyd assured him just before his death, with a radiant smile on his face, of his abiding faith in his Savior.

Last spring as feelings of patriotism began to stir in his soul he was moved by an impelling desire to be in the service of his country in its great struggle to free humanity from the menace of German imperialism.

His purpose was to join the Navy but the serious illness of his father seemed to demand his presence at home and he willingly took his father's place in the blacksmith shop until the time when home conditions left him free to respond to his country's call. Accordingly, on July 5, he enlisted in the Navy as seaman, second class, and two weeks later left at the call of his country for the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Here he continued his active training



until stricken by the dreaded disease known as Spanish influenza. After a brief but brave fight for his life he died October 6, Sabbath afternoon, when he entered into his heavenly rest.

Floyd was a boy who won the love and respect of a host of people, as attested by the hundred or more people who gathered at a farewell reception held in his home, just before his departure for the training camp, by the Christian Endeavor society of which he was the honored and loved president at the time of his enlistment.

As he marched away at his country's call it was a pleasant picture he carried with

him of the loved ones at home. No tears were shed. At the door his mother kissed him good by with a smile and a brave "God bless you." As the train pulled out from the little station only cheery good-bys were said and this happy picture of a family bidding good-by to a brave soldier boy for the last time seems to me prophetic of the joy that will be experienced in heaven when the last battle had been fought for a clean earth and the kingdom of God, and we meet the boys who paid the price and have won the victory.

At this time when millions of homes on both sides of the sea have fallen under the shadow of a terrible war we mingle our tears in a common sorrow and our hearts are melted into a common purpose to fight on and pay the last drop of devotion until the world is rid of the blighting curse of German domination.

Owing to delay in transit the body of our fallen soldier did not reach the anxious and waiting family until after two days and then in the night. In compliance with governmental regulation no public service was held, but while the shadows of night gathered around, a quiet and sad little group laid the remains to rest in the Welton Seventh Day Baptist Cemetery beside the church. Brief services were conducted at the grave by Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, uncle of the deceased, assisted by Pastor Paul Burdick, of the Welton Church, in the calm hope that the night will pass and the glory of a new day will dawn on this and other lands.

E. D. V. H.

But we are coming to measure success in other terms than money. Only a few years ago the man we celebrated was the successful wealth accumulator; the representative man was he who began a poor boy and ended a great captain of industry. Our Judgments today are more moral. Conscience now goes back of the returns. It asks not only what a man does with his money, but how he came by it and whether he has a right to it anyway. The magazines are no longer celebrating as heroes the men who have been money-getters only; they celebrate a new heroism, the heroism of service to the community. Among their "interesting people" one finds the men and women who mean something to the community life.—*Paul M. Strayer.*

NATURE'S MUSIC

MABEL BLIVEN

Many are the precious blessings
Strewn along our path each day;
Fragrant flowers, smiles, and sunshine
Will go with us all the way.
But the music found in nature
Is the sweetest thing to me;
For it cheers the weary pilgrim
With its untaught melody.

There's a healing found in music
When the cares of life annoy,
When the trials and vexations
Try our pleasure to destroy.
It will soothe the aching pillow,
It will chase away the tear,
It will lighten every burden,
Brighten all our pathway here.

There is music, when, at daybreak,
If you're waking, you can hear
One lone voice in yonder tree top,
Singing out, so sweet and clear.
Soon, a grand, melodious concert
Fills the air with sweetest tones;
Oh, those cheery little songsters,
Each, a chorus of his own.

We hear the little brook go trickling
O'er the pebbles, as she flows
On her way through woods and meadows,
Making music as she goes.
Cooling, sparkling, through the desert,
On through heat and noontide glare;
Many a weary, thirsty traveler,
Finds relief while passing there.

There is music in the night wind,
Sweeping wild across the plain;
There is music as the rain drops
Gently fall against the pane.
Then, there's music in the ocean—
On, her billows loudly roar;
We can hear the breakers splashing
As they break upon the shore.

So there's music all around us—
Step by step, we travel on;
May we, too, help some poor wanderer
Ere his ray of light is gone.
Then at last, with angels singing,
May we have an entrance through,
There to praise our dear Redeemer,
In that land beyond the blue.

These are the folk who see only "mistakes" in the Bible. And it is to such that there are only "hypocrites" in the church. It is a vicious temper to indulge. It provokes an attitude to life that soon blights all happiness and sanity. The end of it is to make of one a Judas who will see even in the tender love-expression of a Mary only that which occasions harsh criticism, whereas Jesus beheld therein one of life's most noble ministries.—*T. A. Moffat.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

WISHING PALACE

A Story for Young People

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK

Once upon a time there visited the Fairy Queen in her Wishing Palace, three children. She received them graciously and asked them, smiling meanwhile, what they desired. "I shall grant you each a wish," she said, "but first you must let me show you what will be the result if your wish is granted."

"A million dollars," was the first request. At a wave of her magic wand the fairy produced upon the wall of her palace a wonderful moving picture. A young man was squandering his money on all sorts of foolish things, and was being led by companions into haunts of gambling and wickedness. Finally his money was all gone. Then he was poorer than he had been at the beginning, for he had lost his health, his reputation, and his self-respect.

"Do you still desire riches?" asked the fairy.

"No," replied the boy.

The second child asked to become queen over a great country. Immediately there flashed upon the screen the picture of a young queen, surrounded by lying, flattering courtiers, each one desiring some favor of her. Meanwhile the governors over the provinces of her kingdom were grinding down the people by hard work and poor pay, while their queen was too much beset by troubles at court to learn of their burdens or lighten them.

"Do you still want to be a queen?"

"No," was the answer.

The third child had learned from the mistakes of the other two, and after thinking a bit wished that he might be always kind and brave and good. The fairy seemed surprised and pleased. She said this was the hardest request she had been asked to grant in a long time. It could not be granted unless the one asking it did his part.

There then flashed upon the screen the picture of a young man going out to slay giants. Selfishness, Sloth, Temper, and other fierce giants were met and slain.

They saw that each victory made the young man taller and stronger, and better able to meet the next opponent.

"You have asked so wisely," said the fairy, "that I shall offer the same wish to all three. Do you still want it granted, and will you do your part to make it come true?"

"Yes, yes," cried they all.

Immediately Fairy Queen and Wishing Palace vanished, and they found themselves standing at their own front gate.

"I want to be brave," said the first.

"And kind," said the second.

"And good," finished the third.

THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER XXIV

(Continued)

I DO NOT relish discussions, Evelyn, never did, but if one is honest and wants light and is not talking just for debate, I am willing to tell all I know and seek any possible light myself. I think I see a point in the oration of Webster that Harry gave tonight. It seems really to me as though my Sunday friends were tossed about in thick weather and on unknown seas, and now while there may be a first pause in the storm they ought to take their latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven them from the true course. They are liable to float farther away on the waves of their debates and need to come back to Christ and the Bible, the point from which they departed. So I ask for the reading of the resolution before the Senate, that is, before the mass of people who need to know how far has been the departure.

"You talk so positively, Kon, I wish I felt that way. I just feel at sea in more ways than one, and who'll help me out?"

There was a double meaning to that and Kon was quick to sense it. How quickly Kon's thoughts went back to Susie. She was now forging ahead and becoming an accomplished woman. He knew that his mother had discouraged or warned him not to think of a life companion who could not help him in his work with some degree of intellectual ability. He could not answer Evelyn for a moment. It seemed strange that she should be led to say that when she was such an unusually modest and careful girl, never permitting utterances from her lips that might in any way be construed wrongly or as unpermitted by her sex. Was he after all such a magnetic and winning character that even this girl was caught as was Susie without his intention or thought of it? He could not keep from the thought. He must look into this and be serious.

"Why, I do not know who can help you any better than you can help yourself when you give the Bible your most careful and prayerful study

without prejudice against any one, and without being influenced by even parental feelings, for God is first in our affections and obedience. We are to obey our parents, but the divine Word says 'in the Lord.' When parents are in error God will not permit us to follow their errors when we know it. We do not honor father and mother by disobeying God. I have heard of so many who settled this Sabbath and other questions by that argument (or lack of argument), 'My parents did so and so and it would grieve them if they knew I did differently,' or the saying, 'My parents have gone to heaven keeping Sunday and I guess I can.' Did we know that our parents were *now* in heaven, which is a disputed question, we ought to know that with the great light they must have they would want us to obey God though doing different from what they did. Don't you think so, Evelyn?" asked Kon.

"I expect that is true, but while they are on earth it is so hard to grieve them if they do not see what we think is truth."

"What do you think of my cousin Harry?" Kon asked.

"He is just fine. Does he live near where Hazel came from? Hazel is a queer girl. At least I have not just found her out. She has not the firmness you and others have and she does not seem to care much about which way your Sabbath discussion goes. I supposed all you Seventh Day Baptists were heart and soul in your belief," said Evelyn.

"I am sorry to confess they are not. We lose many who go from us on account of business, marriage, and for other worldly causes. Don is a good boy and I like him, but he, too, is not settled in his opinions or firm in what he contends is right. I heard him say he'd be anything to succeed in the world and have a pleasant home. I suppose he means that he'd be anything called respectable if his so-called success seemed to demand it. But there are many of our people just like that. They fail to grasp the thought of success as God views it. They do not fully take God into partnership. They make the mistake of viewing so-called worldly success as the greatest thing in life and overlook the eternity before them. They do not take 'the far look' as my grandfather says," and Kon.

"Kon, are you studying for the ministry?" she asked. "You talk like it."

"No, I have not seriously thought of that. I fear I am not adapted to such a holy calling as that," he replied.

"Is not every lawful trade and profession or occupation a holy calling, Kon?"

"I think it is. But each one is called to do the work that his ability and natural inclination leads him to, and sometimes one has to wait a long time before knowing to what he is adapted. I love farming. I take great interest in religious matters as even a farmer ought to do, and I am a little inclined to be thinking a great deal about mechanics. I do not think I am covetous but I want to make money. And I want to make it for the purpose of establishing a business that can help our people. We are handicapped so much in the business world. Factories will not employ us except in rare cases where a young man is far

above the average and is really needed and the proprietor wants him bad enough to let him work Sundays or five days in the week at six days' pay. Some do that but the young man who wants a first-class position must pay the price of education and discipline for it. He must go to the top. I would like to establish some business to give employment to our young men and women who need encouragement. Many will leave us otherwise and it does not pay to say that they'd go anyway. Tided over certain years of instability, or wavering, they might at last be saved to great usefulness and their families to the truth. That is one thought I have, but I do not know."

"Well, this has been a great evening to me in more ways than one. I thank you, Kon. Good night."

Oh, the problems facing young people who belong to a small despised sect who feel that to them is committed the sacred oracles. They appreciate the fact that other people also have great truths for which to contend and are consecrated to some great mission and have part in other great reforms, and they want to cooperate with them in these mighty efforts. But separated from them by one great fundamental principle what can they do when the world is terribly against them? A few rise to the top and are recognized by the world. They build for themselves a name and make for themselves a place. But the masses thus separated are contending against great odds. God help them to take the far look. Life is not all worldly success and the accumulation of wealth and the road of ease. It never has been and never will be while sin is a great reality in the world. God's people for the rewards of eternity and for the character they need to build for eternal life must be content to suffer for the faith and to plod on as they have been doing these centuries. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Be faithful not only until death comes but even if you *have* to die for your faith. Millions have thus died in the past and we have built monuments to commemorate their fidelity. Looking back it seems to us a great and noble thing that men have been willing to die for the faith of Jesus. Shall those now living view it differently if they have to suffer for truth's sake? Those who fail and give up here, how will they view it in the years to come when they can not change their characters? The "far look." If you suffer now and prove faithful, how will it appear in the years to come? With Paul will they "count it all joy"? But some *will* fail of that joy. And for what? Just a few fleeting years of sensual, worldly, selfish gratification, a few years of money-getting or applause or popularity. That is all, and then it is gone forever.

Those were Kon's thoughts that night as he retired to reflect upon what had been said. Two more years in college and then what?

The Sophomore year seemed to pass more quickly than the Junior. He had put in more lyceum work as also the full Sophomore studies. He was developing into a candid and careful thinker. He appreciated the work and influence of his teachers. He saw that their tasks

were heavier than even in larger universities in that they had to deal with pupils individually and not merely in the mass. No doubt there was some clew of unity, some principle that simplified Kon's efforts; it may be called a scientific habit of thought and adapted to the teaching and helping of students in at least the first two years of college as well as children in the grades. There is a native attitude of youth, ardent curiosity, fertile imagination, experimental inquiry, that might be scientific or is near to the scientific mind, that, gratified and developed in early life, leads to system and power to think well later on in life.

How much the grandfather in his far look and plans and later his own father and mother had contributed to these native powers of Kon and his present development we may not fully know. There is little doubt that they did a vast deal more than people can yet realize. Why not?

And now Kon is home again the second time and how happy all are is not to be told in words. Grandfather is getting old now; his steps are not so firm as when Kon started for college. His mind is vigorous and he enters into talks with Kon, planning as though he were to live with or near him forever.

"I am just as anxious to live as ever," he said to Kon one day. "I can not plow or shock grain as I used to, but the older I grow the more I see that is worth living for, and the development of the race is still on my mind. The triumph of all truth and reform I am still praying and working for. I believe I can think clearer than ever in view of the fact that I have always been thinking seriously and with a purpose in view. I do not understand things as you do with the discipline college has given you—I mean, I do not think as systematically and probably as logically as you can now; but somehow in matters of religion I have a view that God gives to the so-called unlettered who have humble obedient minds a revelation of spiritual things that the scholar can not have if he is conceited or prejudiced or worldly. I have an idea that many affect this humility while at heart they are not obedient to all the light God has given them. Thus darkness comes to them while they believe they are clear thinkers and *know* many things, which they call scientific views, and do *not* know that they are all out of harmony with the divine mind. If they could keep the honesty and simplicity and Christlike spirit of childhood, with college discipline and the added knowledge the years give what greater power they might have as God's heralds and co-workers! Don't forget, Kon, the real secret of power and how men can come into the knowledge of the truth. There is only one way. Educated men, as we use the term, as well as the ignorant, can and do lose that power and fail to learn the divine will."

Such talks as these were not lost upon Kon. Delightful evenings were spent in family talks and Kon had much to relate of college life and of the West Virginians. Again old Markum was visited and "hikes" taken up and down the valley and boartrides on, and swims in, the old Unadilla. More friendly relations had again

been established with the Meads, and Susie had once called at the Wells' home. What a great change! She had in these two years developed into a stately dignified woman and her schooling at Alfred had done so much for her. She could talk, sing and play unusually well for a young woman, and her father was now proud of her to the extreme. He would show the Wells family that he had a daughter not to be snubbed.

It happened one day that as Kon, after sauntering up the mountain, sat down to rest and view the beautiful scenery, he saw a young woman come through the pasture of the Whitford farm, jump lightly over Camel's Brook, and ascend the side toward him. She seemed to be deep in thought and did not observe Kon. She stopped to pick some flowers and a few wild strawberries on the stems and arrange them into a pretty bouquet. As she came nearer, she began singing a college song with the snap in it that only a healthy college girl can exhibit. Kon listened breathlessly and with wonderment. Was that the little Susie that he once played with and who had come to love him so much and had grieved so long over that misplaced affection? It was no mistake. And what a lovely woman now. There in her innocence and ignorance of anybody's presence she was giving vent to the ecstasy of youth. Turning to go up still farther on the mountain side she suddenly observed Kon watching her. She blushed and exclaimed, "Konrad Wells, how came you here? I'm just ashamed of myself. I did not know a human being was within a half mile of here. What excuse can I offer?"

"None at all, Sue, it was just entrancing. You are a queen. I could have sat here a week and watched you with increasing pleasure. I'm so glad to hear you sing like that. You have certainly made the most of your time and opportunities at Alfred and I rejoice with you. Where were you going?"

"Nowhere. I was just tripping through this pasture to pick a few flowers and then go home. I have been over to Mrs. Whitford's on an errand for mother and chose to come this way. And where are you going, Kon?"

"Just once more up on Markum before I start back to college. But sit down, Susie, a few moments and tell me all about your school and then I'll tell you about Salem," Kon said.

And so for an hour they rehearsed college experiences.

"Of course you are going back to the university?"

"Yes," replied Susie. "I'm too interested now to stop. When do you start?"

"Next week, and while I am anxious to go back I almost dread it. This has been a most delightful vacation and I never enjoyed being with my folks so much in my life. And the work on the farm has been just delightful. I feel so strong and happy. Are you happy in your work, Sue?"

"I suppose so, but—well, never mind. I am going to do my best for father's sake anyway. You did not answer my last letter. Oh, well, I ought to expect I'd be forgotten when there are so many girls in your college and I am only

a country farmer's daughter. But I must go home." She arose.

"Don't hurry, Susie, I will not see you again in a year and then you'll be away above me and will forget the good playtimes we used to have. I can never forget those days."

"You *must* forget them, Kon, and you know why. I hope you will greatly succeed. I hear that you are studying for the ministry, is that so? I always said that you'd make a missionary or pastor of some church."

"I do not know why you should think that. I have no definite plans for the future yet, but can't a man go to college without being a minister? Why not go so as to be an up-to-date farmer or a better ditch digger or a better brick layer?" said Kon.

"I suppose that ought to be so in these times, why not? and why not go to college so as to be a better home maker, a better seamstress or better anything that a woman can do?" she asked.

"There is no reason why, all other things being equal, a man or woman should not do better at any trade or profession after receiving such an education. The only thing that is wrong about it is the compensation. If as an experienced, practical, scientific farmer, I work just as hard as a clerk, bookkeeper or stenographer, why not have as good wages? And if I were so happy as to be a worthy and capable minister, why should I not have as good a salary, after all these years of preparation, as a high school superintendent? Why pay a superintendent in an ordinary village school \$1,500 and \$2,000 a year and the hard-working and as capable pastor only \$600 to \$800? That is what is facing the young man today while our pious brethren in the church are praying the Lord to send laborers into his vineyard." Kon spoke earnestly.

"Yes, and why, if families want a good, capable up-to-date kitchen maid and cook and housekeeper, why pay her \$5 a week after she is through a college course and then pay a bookkeeper in a store \$50 a month? It is all unequal," said Susie.

"It certainly is, for the one in the kitchen is doing as hard or harder work and needs the salary as much as the other. In the kitchen she is doing even more necessary work. But of course families needing the hired girl can not, they think, afford to ever pay that wage. In fact the majority of families can not afford it. But the wages are unequal all the same. But I do not know how to remedy the matter. Must you go now? Shall I see you no more? I'll answer your last letter, Sue. I did not mean to slight you. Tell me all about your next year's school. Somehow I wish you were at Salem. But it is all right where you are. We have been such happy playmates all through our youth and it seems too bad now to be separated and not have any more such good times. But that is the way it goes. Well, good-by," said Konrad.

As Susie walked home, there came to him the thought of all the happy days they had spent together, and now she was indeed a woman the church and community might well be proud of,—and he could be proud of her, too, if—

"This has been a delightful day, mother," said

Kon, as he returned home. But he said nothing of the afternoon's visit.

Vacation was again over and Kon was a Junior.

(To be continued)

THE NEW ZION

In a letter to Rabbi Wise, President Wilson has given his sanction to the project, already officially approved by Great Britain and France, of establishing a Hebrew state in Palestine. This recognition accorded to the Zionist movement is of nearly as great importance as the recognition of the Czech-Slovaks.

It is one of the world's marvels that the Jewish people should, for these nineteen centuries, have retained in so marked a degree their racial and national character and traditions. They lack but one thing to constitute them a nationality, viz., a country of their own. What the character of that country will be is sufficiently testified by the fact that one of the chief aims of the Zionists is the establishment of a national Jewish university at Jerusalem.

The question at once arises whether the Jewish people will in any large numbers be seized with the desire to return to their traditional home. Probably the greater part of the migration will be from lands where the Jews have suffered from oppression. The Gentile world is in no position to blame them, should they take this course. What the Jewish people are in the world today, they are by their own achievement. Their departure from among us would be our own great loss. They form an able, progressive and highly intelligent element of our population. Their racial cosmopolitanism has given them a breadth of vision and a catholicity of opinion which has made them invaluable elements in the building of our country. If they shall go from us, it will be with a new sense of respect on the part of Gentiles the world over. It is certain that a Jewish territorial state will be a power for good in the future organization of the world far beyond its strength in numbers or wealth.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

Speaking of California, the *American Issue* says: "The wine grape growers are replanting their vineyards with other fruits which don't smell of the saloon."

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

STANDARDS

E. M. HOLSTON

In all walks of life and lines of endeavor there are standards of excellency either expressed in plain terms or implied. These standards may be the tangible product of special study and the summing up of years of experience reduced to the black and white of the printed page, or they may be the ethereal chaos of thought and opinions of men on a subject yet to be reduced, correlated and organized. A good example of the latter might be the standard set in the individual reader's mind of what our denominational paper ought to be. There is probably a wide divergence of opinion on the subject, which, if reduced to a common denominator, might be a little above what the RECORDER actually is at present. And this is not meant for a criticism of Editor Gardiner or Manager Burch, for the editor and publisher, of all men, have the sympathy of the writer. But rather, it is the self-confession of the Sabbath School Board, who have awakened to the fact that they are missing an opportunity of keeping in closer touch with the people of the denomination by not making better use of this page. It was quite like the board then after coming to this conclusion at their last meeting to order the Field Committee to get busy and take the matter in hand and perhaps make the RECORDER that much better by using it to arouse a deeper interest in Sabbath-school work, one of the most important phases of our religious program.

The individual members of the board are going to have something to say to you in this corner on the work we are trying to do, and the work we would like to have you do.

An illustration of one of the classes of standards has been given. In the other class is the standard adopted by our board which every Sabbath school in the denomination, little and big, should strive to

reach. If the Sabbath school is a good thing, the best Sabbath school is what we are looking for.

Since the inception of the Bible-school idea there has been a continual growth and improvement in methods, and the standard of efficiency has become higher and higher from time to time. It is generally conceded that in teaching religion the methods used by the many other denominations are good methods for Seventh Day Baptists. Exchange and adaptation of the best ideas have been made among different denominations until today they have united on a common standard upon which they agree the best Bible school must be built. This is the standard adopted and recommended by our board. It consists of ten points of ten credits each. At Conference four of our schools, Lost Creek, Walworth, Milton and Milton Junction, reported as having attained the full standard of 100 credits and were awarded pretty silk banners.

In later issues this standard will be taken up point by point and you will be shown the value of each in your school and how you can attain it.

The Field Committee welcomes news items, practical suggestions or anything that will make for the general good of our Sabbath schools, for publication in this page. Address such matter to Dr. A. L. Burdick, Secretary, Janesville, Wis., or E. M. Holston, Milton Junction, Wis.

Lesson VIII—November 23, 1918

JACOB WINS ESAU. Gen. 33: 1-II

Golden Text.—"A soft answer turneth away wrath." Prov. 15: 1.

DAILY READINGS

- Nov. 17—Gen. 33: 1-II. Jacob Wins Esau
Nov. 18—Gen. 32: 3-12. Jacob Fears Esau.
Nov. 19—Gen. 32: 13-23. Jacob Sends Presents to Esau.
Nov. 20—Gen. 32: 24-32. Jacob Wrestles with the Angel.
Nov. 21—Matt. 18: 15-22. Dealing with an Offended Brother.
Nov. 22—Matt. 18: 23-35. The Unmerciful Servant.
Nov. 23—Luke 6: 27-38. How to Win our Enemies.

Lesson IX—November 30, 1918

JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BROTHERS. Gen. 37: 18-28

Golden Text.—"Hatred stirreth up strifes: But love covereth all transgressions." Prov. 10: 12.

DAILY READINGS

- Nov. 24—Gen. 37: 18-28. Joseph Sold by his Brothers.
 Nov. 25—Gen. 37: 1-8. Joseph Hated by his Brothers.
 Nov. 26—Gen. 37: 9-17. Joseph Visits his Brothers in the Field.
 Nov. 27—Col. 3: 18-14: 1. Avoiding Strife.
 Nov. 28—Ps. 105: 1-22. God's Providence with Joseph.
 Nov. 29—Eph. 6: 1-9. Duties of Children to Parents.
 Nov. 30—1 Cor. 13: 1-13. Unfailing Love.
 (For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

AMERICAN TROOPS GET TREMENDOUS WELCOME AND RED CROSS CHEER ON ARRIVAL IN ITALY

The tremendous enthusiasm of the welcome that greeted the first American troops arriving in Italy is told in a cablegram received at the National American Red Cross headquarters from a representative of the Red Cross with the Third Italian army. The cable stated that troops had been arriving for two days, and that the boys were in excellent condition and splendid spirits.

"Never have we received any welcome like this, not even at home," is the way several of the men expressed their appreciation.

At all the principal stops on the way to the front the troops were met by American Red Cross representatives, who provided them with hot coffee and other substantial comforts. A small emergency hospital has been established at the American base by the Red Cross. This has been of great service, although the cases with which the nurses have had to deal have been for the most part of no more seriousness than upset digestion, due to change of diet.

In providing for the comfort of the Americans along the line of travel, the Italian Red Cross also was very active, the cablegram stated. Nothing was left undone to make the Americans feel at home and to show them that their presence in Italy is appreciated. At the base they were met by the commanding general and staff. Many aeroplanes flew over them and dropped slips of paper on which were printed the words, "Viva Wilson." Bands of the Italian troops which acted as escort played patriotic airs.

All through the night the troops were arriving at base, and all night long American Red Cross workers, at a temporary can-

teen, served coffee to the men as they de-trained.—*Red Cross Bulletin*.

Miracles are possible now; they were not only possible but were real in times gone by. . . . Especially the miraculous conception of Christ and his resurrection from the dead. . . . When I give these up, the two columns on which the house stands will fall to the ground.—*Beecher*.

If a man gets money in ways which prove injurious to society, instead of beneficial, this furnishes no more reason for giving him social consideration than it does in the case of the burglar or forger who has managed to escape states prison by a technicality of the law.—*President Hadley*.

Behold him now where he comes!
 Not the Christ of our subtle creeds,
 But the lord of our hearts, of our homes,
 Of our hopes, our prayers, our needs;
 The brother of want and blame,
 The lover of women and men,
 With a love that puts to shame
 All passions of mortal ken.

—*Richard Watson Gilder*.

Christmas This Year

will mean more than ever to thoughtful people, but it will not be a season for extravagance; only worth-while Christmas presents will be given.

For nearly one hundred years The Youth's Companion has been the popular Christmas present. It always has been the best present for so little money, because the paper means so much to the family life and continues to come every week throughout the year.

In these serious times The Youth's Companion is worth more than ever. It costs just the same—\$2.00 for 52 issues. It's the best \$2.00 that can be invested in a family, and when giving The Companion you give only *the best*.

Don't miss Grace Richmond's great serial, *Anne Exeter*, 10 chapters, beginning December 12.

The following special offer is made to *new* subscribers:

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OUR WEEKLY SERMON

WALK IN HIM

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

Text: *As therefore ye received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in him.* Colossians 2: 6.

Perhaps there is no opportunity for close and helpful companionship like that afforded by friends walking together. Many problems have been solved and many a destiny determined as two have walked in serious conversation and sympathetic fellowship. "Let us take a walk together" is a suggestion that has been followed many a time by a better understanding on the part of men erstwhile estranged, or has deepened and purified a friendship already strong and constant. And to walk alone is often like taking a spiritual bath when the soul is heavy with the cares of life.

As I look back over my own past I catch even now glimpses of the upland road where I walked alone, or in the companionship of helpful friends. The lonely rambles of my boyhood may be better described as a climb than as a walk, as they usually led in devious and rugged ways from the foot of the hill to the summit. I remember, however, especially well, a Sabbath morning walk to Sabbath school alone, in my college days. I was at home on a vacation, and as I walked along the "Sabbath-school path" of the "Bond boys," over which I had walked of Sabbath mornings during all my boyhood years, the path seemed to be a connecting link between my happy past and the unknown future toward which I looked with hopeful anticipation. As I walked the path that led unerringly to the little white church on the hill, I felt that the pathway of life was about completing the turn around the hill, when my boyhood would be a memory and I should face the full responsibilities of manhood. At the moment of that realization there came to me the experience of a Divine companionship suited to the new stage of the journey upon which I was consciously entering.

I recall with pleasure early spring days

when sister and I together waded the leaves piled in the gulleys and climbed the steep sides of the hog-backs to gather the red "ground-ivy" berries, or gathered moss to carpet our playhouse under the beech tree. And the wholesome and sympathetic companionship of that sister was one of the greatest blessings to me during later boyhood and early manhood. Many a Sabbath afternoon was made blessed in a quiet walk about the farm and over the hills with father and mother and children together enjoying sweet companionship. I remember also a walk with a certain young woman down "Long Run grade," toward the setting sun. I remember very little that was said, but I remember the thoughts of my own heart, and the feeling of companionship in sympathetic understanding; and for fifteen years we have walked side by side happily and helpfully.

Only last week I enjoyed a ramble over the hills in the mellow autumn sun when, as the afternoon shadows stretched east-north-east aslant the hillside, the family, consisting of school girls and little girls and parents, fared forth to enjoy a holiday together. Of course the children had a happy time. Everything is full of romance for happy, carefree children out for a good time. The yellow of the goldenrod is richer than Cinderella's slipper, and no queen ever dressed in robe of state as rare and beautiful, as the autumn-tinted maple tree. And there are always unexpected delights, such as a cotton-tail crouching low in the grass, sitting motionless until surrounded by seven pairs of feet and wonderingly inspected by as many pairs of eyes, when suddenly, without a "How-do-you-do" or "Good-by," he springs from his nest and brushing the skirts of an excited Miss bounds away to his secret hiding place.

For the older members of the party there was the joy of the companionship of children in happiest spirits, the deep-breathed exhilaration of Nature in charming though melancholy mood, and the memory of childhood days seen through the hazy blue of the dying year's mellow atmosphere. There is no cordial better calculated to relieve the strain of the care-heaped years, or to prevent the threatened break, than the companionship of children in God's wonderful out-of-doors. Such experiences make us not only healthier and happier, but better,

and fitter for the compelling and worthy tasks of these difficult times. Try it. The hills await your coming, the sunshine invites you, and the golden-robed trees extend a welcome. Save valuable time by taking a day off to commune with Nature. If the whole family can go, so much the better. If some member of the family is absent, perhaps in the service of the country, still for his sake, go. Or even if a loved one has been translated from the scenes of earth, make happy an inhabitant of heaven by a day of communion with the absent one in the heavenly experience of a meditative ramble with loving and kindred spirits, in the gloriously suggestive atmosphere of a fading autumn afternoon.

While the companionships of earth are pleasant and helpful, and these are often brought to their highest enjoyment in a walk together, the most satisfactory spiritual experience may be described as a walk with God. There may be men, narrowly "scientific," and lacking in religious appreciation, who balk at the anthropomorphism of the early chapters of Genesis. But the spiritual-minded man of understanding, while he does not interpret it literally finds soul-food and spiritual delight in the statement that "They heard the voice of Jehovah God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." In this primitive story of beginnings divinity is stripped of polytheism, and God is thought of as companionable, and as one who seeks the companionship of men.

Before the dawn of human history, when the movements of men and nations were shadowy and undiscernible, in the morning twilight of the race, tradition says that a man "walked with God: and he was not; for God took him." When Enoch was no more on earth his neighbors knew that he was continuing just beyond the veil which their mortal eyes could not pierce, the walk with God which he had enjoyed in the life here.

In the full-orbed day of Hebrew prophecy when, through these mighty messengers of God, the light of divine revelation rose to its highest expression previous to the coming of the Son of Man, Isaiah gives it as the climax of religious experience to walk and not be weary.

When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, there was potential fulfilment of

the hope and expectation of the sages and prophets of old, and one of the names given him was "Immanuel," which means, God with us. And when he grew to manhood, in the fellowship which he had with his disciples was a practical demonstration of the blessings of divine companionship. In the crowded streets of Capernaum, by the shores of blue Galilee, and on the quiet mountain side Jesus walked and talked with his disciples till they caught his spirit, learned the truths of his kingdom, and received the inspiration to carry his message to the world. Whether he followed the familiar byways of Galilee, or wearily trudged the dusty roads of Samaria; whether through ripening grain fields of Judea, or in Perea desert, always there were the fishermen wonderingly listening to what the Master said, or holding converse together on the possible meaning of the words that fell from his precious lips.

When Jesus was about to go away he cheered the hearts of his disciples with the promise of another Comforter, who should be with them forever. And that they might not think of some strange and unfamiliar presence, he said to them in plain words, that which their doubting minds could not comprehend, but which later brought them supreme joy of heart, "I come unto you." How literally and blessedly this promise was fulfilled in the experience of the two who walked to Emmaus. We can easily imagine them walking along with slow tread and heads bowed, stopping anon to search each the sad countenance of the other, as they talked of their former joy in the Master's fellowship, and of their blasted hope, now that he was dead. When suddenly there were not two but three, for a stranger silently and unobserved has joined them. So absorbed were they in their sad topic that they did not see him approaching, and when he asks them the nature of the topic which engages them so absorbingly, they can not refrain from expressing their astonishment that he does not know. Can there be any one in the vicinity of Jerusalem who has not heard of the crucifixion of Jesus, or, having heard, who can talk of anything else? As they continue their walk, the stranger takes the lead in the conversation, and as he talks on reassuringly a rift is made in the cloud that has overshadowed them all day. They

listen with burning hearts till they come to the end of the journey; but they can not part from him who has brought them comfort and a new hope. They urge him to abide with them, and at the evening meal Jesus was made known to them in the familiar way in which he blessed and broke the bread. Jesus was risen, and the blessed fellowship of his presence was still a reality. By his personal appearance among them Jesus revived the spirits of all the disciples, and at the final mountain-top meeting in Galilee he promised to be with them always, even unto the end of the world. In the strength and inspiration of that fellowship his disciples have carried the Gospel message to the nations of the earth.

The promoters of Christian unity who name the incarnation as the cardinal Christian doctrine, have tapped the touchstone of our common Christian faith. The fact that God in Jesus Christ tabernacled among men, and made forever possible for men on earth fellowship with the Divine, is the basis for every other Christian doctrine. The atonement, salvation, immortality, and every other doctrine of the church dear to the Christian heart rests for its assurance back upon the doctrine of the incarnation, and finds its fruition in a spiritual fellowship with God through Jesus Christ.

It is a sad fact that in the early centuries the Christian church lost the sense of fellowship with its Founder in a cold ecclesiasticism. The interest of Christians shifted from doing to definitions, and there developed a "Theological Christ," about whom men might argue, but whom they could not follow, and with whom they could not enjoy a daily fellowship. No sooner had the ecclesiastics succeeded by their systems in removing Christ beyond the everyday experiences of men (so certain were we created for Divine fellowship) than there developed Mariolatry, the worship of saints, and a priesthood with sacrificial functions, to bridge the chasm which the church had created by its stilted and formal Christology. There were always men, more no doubt than history knows about, saints like Francis of Assisi, who tore away the trappings of a defunct church, and coming face to face with the Son of Man, set out to walk with him in a lifetime journey of sweet companionship. But such a one found little help in the

church in developing the Christian graces, and no opportunity to give expression in Christian service to a living faith in the Christ of the New Testament, who went about doing good.

The reformers made theoretically possible the direct communion of the human spirit with the Divine, but their conception of Jesus was not such as to make true in practice that for which they zealously contended. Consequently there developed the "Mystical Christ" of German Pietism, which warmed the hearts of many individual Christians throughout the continent of Europe, but which made little headway against the orthodoxy of the state church. Many of these pious but persecuted souls made their way to America, where they lived pure lives, but in happy isolation, unmindful of their obligation as followers of Jesus to make his principles regnant in the community and in the world. Many of their descendants have caught the spirit of the "Ethical Christ" which is preached today in many pulpits, and which we believe to be the Christ of Galilee and of Judea, and are among the forward-looking Christian workers of our time.

We need today no doubt some adequate intellectual conception of the nature of Christ; and a formal statement, clear and simple, may be helpful. I doubt not a certain mysticism, by which we may feel the presence of Jesus in sweet and satisfying fellowship, is a definite demand of the souls of men if they are not to be swamped in this practical age. But there is a call ringing out, clear and unmistakable, for men who can bring to bear upon the vexing problems of our realistic age the practical idealism of Jesus. There is need everywhere of Christian leaders who in the daily companionship of Jesus are made strong and hopeful and who can make the church the central radiating force that shall rehabilitate a broken humanity and weld together the severed races of mankind, in a Christian brotherhood. And if this desire of the Master, and purpose of his church, shall ever be accomplished in this world, his humblest followers everywhere must live and work in that same fellowship. And this is made more evident as we see the day-dawn of a world democracy.

"As therefore ye received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in him."

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Bond, Oras
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Jordan, Allen D.
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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, Surgeon

†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 23, 1918, of pneumonia.
†Died at Jackson Barracks, Mo., February 9, 1918, of measles and pneumonia.
†Died from wounds received in action on the Western Front, France.
†Died in France May 28, 1918, from effects of gas.
†Died at Ithaca, N. Y., of influenza, while in the students' army Training Corps of Cornell University.
†Lost with U. S. S. Herman Frasch, October, 1918.
†Died at Camp Mills, L. I., of influenza.
†Died of wounds received in Battle, October, 1918.
†Died at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, October 6, 1918.

DEATHS

DEYO.—Mildred Burdick Deyo was born in the town of Wirt, Allegany Co., N. Y., April 18, 1895, and died at her home in the same town, October 22, 1918, aged 23 years, 6 months, and 4 days.

Mildred was the only daughter of Cordon A. and Nellie Evans Burdick. She was married to Leslie Irving Deyo on October 15, 1915. She was baptized and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Nile, N. Y., at the age of fourteen.

Her last sickness, of a little over a week, started with influenza, which was followed by pneumonia. She is survived by her father, Cordon A. Burdick; her husband, Leslie I. Deyo; two brothers, Clifford and Clyde Burdick; and other relatives and friends who mourn her loss.

While we mourn that tender ties are thus broken, we are reminded of the home prepared for us where there are no more partings.

The funeral services were held from her home, Thursday, October 24, 1918, conducted by her pastor. Interment was in Mt. Hope Cemetery, Friendship, N. Y.

J. E. R.

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Coon, Sergt. Edgar R.
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ROANOK, W. VA.
Bond, Ian H.
Bond, Oras
Bond, Orson H.
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ROCKVILLE, R. I.
Barber, Wilfred E.
Burdick, Elverson C.
Jordan, Allen D.
Kenyon, Clayton C.
Whitford, Marcus
Woodmansee, Lloyd E.

SALEM, W. VA.
Bee, Carl
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Childers, W. J.
Davis, Courtland V.
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WELTON, IOWA
Bentley, Roy
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Van Horn, Floyd Marvin

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Babcock, Major Bordon A.
Burdick, Charles G.
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Chapman, Sergt. George
Coon, Howard Ames
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Nash, Major Arthur N.
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SPECIAL NOTICES

Contributions to the work of Miss Marte Jansz in Java will be gladly received and sent to her quarterly by the American Sabbath Tract Society.

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

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church, of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in Yokefellows Room, 3rd floor of Y. M. C. A. Building, 334 Montgomery St. Preaching service at 2.30 p. m. Bible school at 4 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Friday evening at homes of members. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Rev. William Clayton, pastor, 106 West Corning Ave., Syracuse. Miss Edith Cross, church clerk, 1100 Cumberland Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, Pastor, 65 Elliott Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Keep your conscience above reproach. "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth. (Rom. 14: 22).

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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Not until the human heart no longer aches with sorrow; not until the time comes when there remains no more a prodigal to be brought back to the Father's house; not until the time comes when the despairing and desolate call no more for help, until tears cease to flow, until love has no task to perform, until the cup of cold water is no longer needed to refresh the parched wanderer on the highway of life—not until then will the Bible lose its power and beauty, and cease to be enthroned in the heart of our humanity.

—George H. Ferris, D. D.

—CONTENTS—

Editorial.—Who Can Write on a Day Like This?—Absolutely Bewildering—The Best Way Out.—The Budget Plan.—Being Done by the Y. M. C. A.—Everybody Went "Over the Top."—Was There Ever Such a Time for Thanksgiving?—Dr. Grace I. Crandall on the Thank Offering	609-612
"On the Jericho Road"	612
Yearly Meeting of the New Jersey, New York City, and Berlin (N. Y.) Churches	612
Sabbath Reform.—The Days of the Week and the Origin of Their Names	613-617
Missions.—Letter From Lieou-oo, China	618

Woman's Work.—From the Life and Letters of Mrs. Lucy Clarke Carpenter	620-625
Thoughts on So-called Higher Criticism	625
Young People's Work.—An Appreciation.—Our Pleasure for Christ	628
The Far Look, or "Kon of Salem"	630
Children's Page.—A 6 by 9 Rhyme (poetry)—On Duty	632
Training Little Children	633
Our Weekly Sermon.—The Vision of Encouragement	634-636
Mothers and Sons	636
Deaths	638
Sabbath School Lesson for December 7, 1918	639
Home News	640