

GIVE! GIVE!

One Day's Pay

To Support These Worthy

War Work Activities

Y. M. C. A.

Y. W. C. A.

K. of C.

Salvation Army

War Camp Community Service

American Library Association

Jewish Welfare Board

United War Work Campaign

November 11 to November 19

GIVE ALL IN ONE HAT

The Sabbath Recorder

THE Bible has ever been the Book of books, and never so much as today. . . . It has been the slave's book. It has been the poet's book. It has been the child's book, and its words have mingled with the sweetest accents of joy and hope that are lisped by our humanity. It has been the creator of countless Good Samaritans. It has been the hope and guide of the reformer. It has done more, by the words "Father, forgive them," to breathe peace into the jangling and warring forces of human ambition and strife, than all the systems of philosophy the world has ever produced. It lives on the ear like music, whose strains can never be forgotten. It lingers in our lives like the fragrance of flowers in the halls of our homes.

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

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.
 For the joint benefit of Salem and Milton Colleges and Alfred University.
 The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests for these denominational colleges.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 85, NO. 20

PLAINFIELD, N. J., NOV. 18, 1918

WHOLE NO. 3,846

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.

Who Can Write On a Day Like This?

As I take up the pen this morning our city is wild with excitement. At early dawn the clanging of bells and tooting of horns announced the signing of the armistice between Germany and the Allies. Assurances were given that this time the President himself had sent forth the news; so every one said, "It must be true." The crowded workshops shut down; swarms of workmen poured out from the great manufacturing plants; immense auto trucks bearing stacks of men began to thunder through the streets honking furiously; every kind of vehicle was pressed into service, some dragging old kettles and boilers attached to them by cords, and all filled with clamoring men, women, and children flourishing anything that would make a noise. By eight o'clock it seemed as though bedlam was let loose in our usually quiet city.

As the morning progressed and rumors of the flight of the Kaiser and his staff for refuge in Holland began to reach the ears of the people, and bulletins were displayed announcing the cessation of hostilities, the excitement grew more intense, and manifestations of joy seemed almost unbounded.

After a walk of half an hour amid the tumult, the editor has returned to his desk and, conscious that editorials are already due in the publishing house and that copy is needed, is trying to settle down to work. But who can compose himself to write editorials? Yet it must be done; so if he gets into the RECORDER some of the clangor and jargon—that constantly reach his ears, he feels sure the friends will understand.

Probably every town and city in America is having just such demonstrations, all going to show how anxious our people have been for the day of peace.

Absolutely Bewildering The Best Way Out

The imperative calls for help to carry forward benevolent war works are absolutely bewildering. The editor's mail has been overloaded with heart-rending appeals for immediate financial offerings to keep thousands upon thousands from starvation, and in every case he is urged to lay the matter before his people in the next issue of the paper.

Hebrew friends pleading for relief for starving Jews in Palestine; Red Cross people urging Americans to save Belgium orphans and Armenian refugees; the Federal Council pleading for Protestants in France; the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the National Catholic War Council (K. of C.), the Jewish Welfare Board, the War Camp Community Service, the American Library Association, and the Salvation Army—all these have been calling for help during the passing months, and the people have been responding as best they could.

These various calls have all been so important that few could discern between them as to which represented the most needy cause. It has been difficult to wisely divide the gifts; for one could not be sure of the proportionate needs of the various classes for whom help is asked. In the midst of these absolutely bewildering claims upon our benevolence, many people have hoped for some better way in which the many needy causes might be presented to the world of givers. We think the plan now before the people offers the very best way out.

The Budget Plan We must not forget that the work of reconstruction and of demobilization now before us will require even more money than has hitherto been needed. The appeals for gifts of benevolence must still be heeded, if the miseries of a devastated world are to be relieved and the religious work essential to the morale of our armies is to be carried on. To provide for these things the great drive now in progress for \$170,500,000 is being made. Before this paper reaches its readers the drive will be over and we trust the amount needed will have been pledged. The Army Welfare Agency also assures us that the sum will probably have to be increased to at least \$250,000,000 before the reconstruction work is completed.

In order that the interests of the various war-work societies may come before the people at one time, rather than by several separate pleas, the Government has adopted the budget plan for raising the funds. Seven societies have been recognized as accepted instrumentalities through which the men in the ranks are to be provided for, and the sufferings of war-stricken peoples alleviated.

While requesting these organizations to unite in a single appeal for financial aid, President Wilson said: "It is my judgment that we shall receive the best results if these seven societies will unite their appeals for funds, in order that the spirit of the country may be expressed without distinction of race or religious opinion in support of what is in reality a common service."

This merging of separate interests in work for the common good has more than one advantage. Aside from bringing relief to the general public by making one canvass instead of seven, it removes the necessity from each giver of deciding what proportion of his gift shall go to this or that society. Government authorities have passed judgment upon the budgets and apportioned the receipts that may come, according to the needs of each society. The expenditures, too, will be under Government supervision. There can be no rivalries between societies; each one is to receive a certain fixed per cent of the contributions, rated according to the work each must do.

This budget system gives a good example of the kind of unity practicable between the denominations. The plan does not call for the disbanding of any society, nor yet for the merging of any two or more of them into one. No society is to give up the principles upon which it was organized, but each and all are to co-operate in the great world work of bringing relief to suffering men—a work which is dear to them all. To thus unite in promoting the welfare of our soldiers and our fellow-men, whether Jews, Catholics, or Protestants, is a good thing. The very fact that it is a union effort is having the effect of lessening the spirit of unfriendly rivalry and enabling people of different beliefs to respect one another. There is no reason why they should not all join hands in the fellowship that comes from common hopes and purposes, when these hopes and purposes are so manifestly in harmony with the life and teachings of the Christ.

Being Done by The active campaign for **The Y. M. C. A.** raising the budget mentioned above has been entrusted to the Young Men's Christian Association under the leadership of John R. Mott. This association, more than any other, represents the spirit of unity between the various denominations. This week, too, is the annual week of prayer for the association, and Christians of every creed are uniting, not only in earnest prayer for the triumph of righteousness, but also in active, practical service for human welfare. Who, of all who bear the name Christian, does not desire to be identified with other Christians in such a glorious work?

This is the kind of unity we believe in, and this is the sort of co-operation for which we plead, and which has been crowding irresistibly to the front for the last few years. Under this co-operative plan for work, the Y. M. C. A. representing all denominations has met the soldier boys as they entered the great camps, sailed with them across the Atlantic, braving perils from mines and submarines, lived with them at the front, and followed them in battle, in order to minister to them in every time of need. This society has safeguarded our boys physically and morally, been true to its trust in every perilous hour, until it is loved by the entire army and fully endorsed

by all the generals. To the soldier, it is the immediate representative of home. It has had much to do with promoting the excellent morale of our army. It has afforded "comfort, warmth, gathering places, books, papers, classes, music, entertainments, indoor games, outdoor sports, counsel, companionship, good cheer, and religious services," and it has stayed close by our boys, whether in cantonment, on troop trains, in dugouts, or in battle line. More than four thousand selected and trained men have given themselves to leadership in this work, and now the War Council commissions them to raise the \$170,500,000 needed to carry it forward.

We rejoice in the assurance that Seventh Day Baptists are co-operating in this work. Pulpit and pew stand ready to aid to the best of their ability, even though we may not have a denominational War Board to assemble the gifts of our people and give them a proper showing.

Everybody Went In the first editorial the **"Over the Top"** the editor referred to the throngs gathering in the streets and the unbounded joy everywhere in evidence. By the time the middle of the one preceding this was reached the pressure became too great, the attempt to write was given up, the pen was laid down, and editor and wife both joined the throngs, such is the compelling force of a great enthusiastic crowd. Why should anybody work? The whole world had "gone over the top" and the victory over work was complete! It was an unconditional surrender! When we entered the RECORDER office the question greeted us, "Won't you plead for a holiday, we can't do a thing!" And what was true there must have been true everywhere. Hour by hour the crowds increased, every business place was practically empty, impromptu parades sprang up and took possession of the streets, people from the country for miles around rushed into town, hundreds of automobiles decorated in fantastic manner joined the pageant, some at every block, bands of music stirred the blood of the most stolid, different orders and nationalities went forth with banners, while multitudes cheered and yelled. At noon the publishing house yielded to the pressure and "went over the top" with the others.

The country has never known such a day before, and probably never will again. It was the world's greeting to the dawn of peace. The people of every nation living among us rejoiced. Jews carried this call on their banner, "Loyal Jews fall into line!" The Italians marched to their own music and the brightness of their banners was reflected on every face beneath. Indeed, even the German-Americans seemed as happy as any of the crowd.

With such overwhelming joy throughout the land, we certainly expect the United War Work Campaign to go over the top with its \$170,500,000.

Was There Ever Such a Never did this na- **Time for Thanksgiving?** tion have greater cause for thanksgiving than at this time. The war clouds that have darkened the world have suddenly broken and, before any of us had dared to hope for such a thing, the fearful tempest of destruction has ceased. The foe, literally crushed, is pleading now for mercy. No longer are our beloved American boys meeting death in most cruel forms at the hands of the bloodthirsty Hun. The war lords are in exile, refugees from justice, and America stands waiting to render important services in establishing permanent peace and in ministering to the suffering multitudes as the work of reconstruction goes on.

The most appropriate service that can now be rendered, after our expressions of joy throughout the land, is to turn to the Lord with thank offerings and praise. We know this season will bring to the nation great gifts from all the people. And we wonder what Thanksgiving Day will bring to our own beloved cause as a denomination. Will our thank offerings for the Master's work show that we as a people appreciate our blessings as we should? Many among us will look with much concern for the evidences of loyalty as they may be expressed by our churches on Thanksgiving Day.

Dr. Grace I. Crandall Just as this RECORD- **On the Thank Offering** ER is being completed a letter comes from Dr. Grace I. Crandall, from which we take the following paragraphs:

I have been very much interested in the proposal that has been made that we have an especial thank offering this year at Thanksgiving time. It seems to me the most appropriate thing possible. We have so much to thank God for at this time. His goodness to us is even more evident than usual. With the others of the Allies suffering so intensely from this war, from loss of life, from property destruction, but worst of all from invasion, we have escaped so much of what might have been ours. I wish that we might make this especial offering and make it in some small measure in proportion to the goodness of God to us. It should be an extra offering in addition to our usual giving, else it would not be a thank offering. I hope that the pastors will present this thought so that it shall take hold of the hearts of our people and that they will come up to the house of the Lord giving gladly of what he has given them.

If we could only realize what God has done for us and is doing for us all the time it seems as though we must work more faithfully and joyfully for him and the advancement of his kingdom. I wish that it might be the first thing in all our lives.

"ON THE JERICHO ROAD"

British Soldiers Following in Christ's Footsteps

A SOLDIER, writing from Palestine, refers to Christ's healing of the blind Bartimeus "on the Jericho road." Other works of healing are being wrought today, on the same road, by the men who bear the Christ-name. "A few nights ago the refugees from Jericho, fleeing from the city of danger, fleeing from the tyrannical Turk to true-hearted Tommy, from death to security, thronged the road from Jericho to Jerusalem. It was a scene full of pathos. Starving children, led by fever-stricken parents, came by for hours; half-frozen human beings, staggering and stumbling on the long, weary journey to the Holy City. Fortunately we had a few ambulance-cars at the dressing-station, and we managed to pack some of the more distressing cases, mostly tottering old women, into the motors, and sent them straight on to Jerusalem. Others were fed, as well as we could from our slender store of comforts—but what were they among so many? Still, we tried to give healing on the Jericho road.

"A little later a native passed us, leading a camel. On the right side of the camel, seated in a basket, was a fair-haired Syrian youngster, about seven years of age. He looked pinched and miserable, and his mother, on the other side of the animal,

tightly clasping her laddie's hand, also bore on her face the marks of terrible suffering. The native had picked them up a mile or so away, where he had found them huddled together on the path. Something in the woman's peculiar attitude caused us to stop the native. We found on examination that she was quite dead. After we had issued instructions to the man, the little party proceeded on its way—the child's hand still tightly clasped in that of its dead parent. There is room for Christ's healing on the Jericho road.

"When the Tommies, these modern crusaders, have finished their work, there will again be healing on the Jericho road, healing for these stricken sons and daughters of the Syrian race. Tommy does not wear a red cross on his breast, but he is a true crusader; he manifests a wonderful interest in the holy places, and he possesses a fund of sympathy for these poor, starving people whom he is helping to liberate from the Turkish yoke. I am not boasting, nor carried away with patriotic fervor, when I affirm that wherever the British army goes it carries a warm corner in its heart for suffering humanity, and a great determination to redress their wrongs. I have seen an English soldier give the major part of his day's rations to a famished refugee from Jericho. I have witnessed Tommy's parting with his last pair of surplus socks, because he thought a little Syrian girl needed them more than he did. Christ still heals on the Jericho road."—*The Methodist Recorder, London.*

YEARLY MEETING OF THE NEW JERSEY, NEW YORK CITY, AND BERLIN (N. Y.) CHURCHES

Plainfield, N. J., November 29-30, 1918

Friday Evening
8.00 Evening Worship
8.20 Sermon—Rev. G. H. F. Randolph
8.40 Conference—Rev. T. L. Gardiner

Sabbath Day
10.30 Morning Worship
11.15 Sermon—Rev. George B. Shaw
3.00 Sabbath School Hour
Address—Rev. A. G. Crofoot
Chalk Talk—Rev. Edwin Shaw
4.00 Young People's Program
Leader, Miss Edna Burdick
8.00 Evening Worship
Sermon—Rev. E. E. Sutton

Sunday, December 1, 1918
10.00 Pastors' Conference
Leader, Edwin Shaw
12.30 Luncheon
2.00 Pastors' Conference, Continued
Leader, Willard D. Burdick

SABBATH REFORM

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK AND THE ORIGIN OF THEIR NAMES

A Valuable Collection of Important Biblical and Historical Facts

ARTHUR L. MANOUS

What Constitutes a Biblical Day? When Does the Day Begin? How Many Days Make a Biblical Week? Which is the First Day of the Week? What is the Origin of the Names of the Days of the Week? And Which Day of the Week is "the Sabbath Day According to the Commandment"? Etc.

In answering these and many other relative and important questions the following numerous facts are collated from the Bible and other standard works and arranged in a simple and easy way which may be readily understood by all intelligent readers. Even small children may read with interest and understanding.

TIME: ITS DIVISIONS AND MEASURES

What is time defined in part to be?

"A portion of duration, whether past, present, or future; marked by certain periods of measures, chiefly by the motion and revolution of the sun."—*New Century Encyclopedia and Dictionary, Vol. 2, art., "Time," Philadelphia, 1903.*

"The portion of duration allotted to the present order of things in the universe, considered as having a beginning and an end between an eternity past and an eternity future."—*The Standard Dictionary of the English Language, art., "Time," Edition of 1913.*

"A particular period or part of duration, whether past, present, or future; a point or portion of duration; as, the time was; the time has been; the time is; the time will be."—*Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, art., "Time," Edition of 1882.*

It is also plain from the Scriptures that between the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future there is that portion of duration which we term "time"; that in which the things which have to do with the "heavens and the earth which are now" (2 Pet. 3: 7), have been, are, and shall be accomplished. See Ecclesiasties 3: 1-8.

Or, as another writer remarks:

"Time, as distinguished from eternity, may be defined as that part of duration

which is measured by the Bible. From the earliest date in the book of Genesis to the resurrection of the unjust at the end of the millennium, a period of about 7,000 years is measured off. Before the commencement of this great week of time, duration without beginning fills the past; and at the expiration of this period, unending duration opens before the people of God. Eternity is that word which embraces duration without beginning and without end."—*The History of the Sabbath and First Day of the Week, by J. N. Andrews. 3d Edition, Revised 1887, p. 9.*

THE BIBLICAL DAY, AND WHAT CONSTITUTES IT?

What constitutes a day?

"And the evening and the morning were the first day." Genesis 1: 5. Or, "And there was evening and there was morning, one day."—*Revised Version.*

"The natural day consists of 24 hours, or one revolution of the earth upon its axis."—*Schaff's Bible Dictionary, art., "Day," 5th Edition.*

"The earliest measure of time on record is the day: 'The evening and the morning were the first day' (Gen. 1: 5). Here the word 'day' denotes the civil or calendar day of twenty-four hours, including 'the evening,' or natural night, and 'the morning,' or natural day."—*Kitto's Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature, art., "Day."*

"A day here [Gen. 1] means a day, else we are much misled by all phraseology. 'It is philologically impossible,' says the learned Hebraist Kalisch, 'to understand the word day in this section, in any other sense than a period of twenty-four hours.'"—*W. M. Jacobus on Genesis, Introduction, p. 44. Carter Brother, New York, 1873.*

THE NIGHT A PART OF THE DAY OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

That "the evening," that is, the night, is part of the twenty-four hour day is abundantly evident from the following few texts:

"And the evening and the morning were the first day" [Or, "one day" R. V.]. Genesis 1: 5.

"And it came to pass, . . . even the self-same day. . . . This is that night of the Lord." Exodus 12: 41-42.

"David and Abishai came to the people by night. . . . Then said Abishai to David, God hath delivered thine enemy in-

to thine hand *this day*." 1 Samuel 26: 7-8.

"And he went the way to her house, in the twilight, in the *evening of the day*, in the middle of *night*, and the *darkness*." Proverbs 7: 8-9, R. V.

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, *That this day*, even in *this night*, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice." Mark 14:30. See also Luke 2: 8-11.

From the study of these Scriptures it will be seen that the first division of the first day,—and all other days for that matter,—was "evening"; that is, night. And each day of the week begins with the *evening*: "The evening and the morning," an expression equivalent to the night and the day, and constitutes the day of twenty-four hours.

WHEN THE BIBLICAL DAY BEGINS

That the Biblical day does not begin at midnight, as our Roman day does, but with the setting of the sun, is evident from the following Scriptures, a few expressions of which show that one day ends and another begins—

"At the going down of the sun"; "when the sun did set"; or, "when the sun is down." See Genesis 1: 5; Joshua 10: 26-27; Leviticus 23: 32; Matthew 8: 16; Luke 4:40; Mark 1:32.

Others write as follows regarding the time when the Biblical day begins:

"The ancient Hebrews began their artificial day in the evening, and ended it the next evening, so that the night preceded the day—whence it is said, 'evening and morning one day.' Genesis 1: 5."—Richard Watson's "Biblical and Theological Dictionary," art., "Night." Edition of 1905.

"Day. Reckoned from sunset to sunset by the Hebrews. Genesis 1: 5. 'The evening and the morning were the first day.' 2 Corinthians 11: 25: 'A night and a day.' Daniel 8: 14, margin. So our fortnight equals fourteen nights."—A. R. Fausset's "Bible Cyclopaedia," art., "Day." Edition of 1902.

"The Jews, who had the best opportunity of knowing the mind of God in this matter by Moses and other succeeding prophets, begun both their common and sacred days with 'the evening,' as is confessed, and may be gathered from Leviticus 23: 32."—Matthew Pool's "Annotations" on Genesis 1: 5. Carter and Brother, New York, 1880.

ROMAN TIME

We have just seen that the Biblical day begins and ends at sunset. But as this is contrary to the present practice of beginning and ending the day at midnight, we are often met with the question, From whence then came the unscriptural practice of beginning and ending the day at midnight, instead of at sunset as the Bible teaches? In answer to this question we herewith give a few quotations which we believe will furnish the desired information:

"The civil day is reckoned differently by different nations—some from sunrise to sunrise; others from sunset to sunset; others still from noon to noon, or from midnight to midnight."—Schaff's "Bible Dictionary," art., "Day." 5th Edition.

"Europeans in general, like the ancient Egyptians, place the commencement of the civil day at midnight, and reckon twelve morning hours from midnight to midday, and twelve evening hours from midday to midnight. . . . The civil calendar of all European countries has been borrowed from that of the Romans."—Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. 4, art., "Calendar," p. 664, par. 3; and p. 666, par. 3. The New Warner Edition.

It was about "the twelfth century," remarks another, when—"The old Roman way of counting the day from midnight to midnight was reintroduced."—Chamber's "Encyclopedia," Vol. 4, art., "Festivals." Philadelphia, 1872.

THE BIBLICAL WEEK—A PERIOD OF SEVEN DAYS

"Next to the day as a division of time comes the week," remarks the "Standard Bible Dictionary." This division of time into weeks is based on the institution of the Sabbath. To use the words of Dr. J. C. Granbery: "The seventh day was sanctified by God from the creation of the world (Gen. 2: 3). The division of time into weeks was based on the institution of the Sabbath (Gen. 29: 27-28)."—Bishop J. C. Granbery's "Bible Dictionary," art., "Sabbath." Edition of 1906.

Another authority says of the division of time into weeks: 1

"In Genesis 2: 2-3, the reason why the division of time into weeks began is stated to be that God occupied six days in the work of creation, and rested upon the sev-

enth day, which he consequently hallowed. Seven from this time forth constantly occurs and obviously becomes a sacred number."—"The Universal Dictionary of English Language," art., "Week."

And Dr. William Smith remarks very forcefully:

"There can be no doubt about the great antiquity of measuring time by a period of seven days (Gen. 8: 10; 29: 27).

The week and the Sabbath are thus as old as man himself. A purely theological ground is thus established for the week."—"Dictionary of the Bible," art., "Week." Fleming H. Revell Company's Edition.

The Bible also plainly teaches that a period of seven days constitutes the Biblical week. The "six working days" and "the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." See Genesis 1: 2: 1-3; Exodus 16: 5, 22, 23; 20: 8-11; Ezekiel 46: 1; Luke 13: 14; Mark 15: 42-47; 16: 1-2; Luke 23: 54-56; 24: 1.

THE ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE DAYS OF THE WEEK

Among the Jews and in the Bible the days of the week were not known by names, as we now know them, but were known only by their numerical order or number. The seventh was the only day of the week with a Biblical name. To this day God gave the beautiful name "Sabbath." On this point Dr. Kitto remarks:

"The days of the week had no proper names among the Hebrews, but were distinguished only by their numerical order."—Kitto's "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature," art., "Day."

"The Sabbath was the only day with a name: the others were simply numbered":

"And the evening and the morning were the *first day*." Genesis 1: 5.

"And the evening and the morning were the *second day*." Verse 8.

"And the evening and the morning were the *third day*." Verse 13.

"And the evening and the morning were the *fourth day*." Verse 19.

"And the evening and the morning were the *fifth day*." Verse 23.

"And the evening and the morning were the *sixth day*." Verse 31.

"Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the *seventh day* God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the *seventh day* from all his work which he had made.

And God blessed the *seventh day*, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." Genesis 2: 1-3.

"Remember the *sabbath day*, to keep it holy. . . . The *seventh day is the sabbath* of the Lord thy God." See Exodus 20: 8-11.

THE ENGLISH NAMES OF THE DAYS OF THE WEEK

Our common names of the week are of heathen origin. On this point Dr. Richard Watson remarks:

"The Egyptians gave to the days of the week the same names that they assigned to the planets."—Watson's "Biblical and Theological Dictionary," art., "Week."

And Dr. Chambers says:

"Our term Sunday is from the sun; Monday, the moon; Tuesday, Tuisco; Wednesday, Woden; Thursday, Thor; Friday, Friga; and Saturday, Seater."—Chamber's "Information for the People," Vol. 1, p. 760. Edition of 1851.

Another authority remarks regarding the English names of the days of the week:

"The English names of the days are derived from the Saxon. The ancient Saxons had borrowed the week from some eastern nation, and substituted the names of their own divinities for those of the gods of Greece. In legislative and judiciary acts the Latin names are still retained:

Latin	English	Saxon
Dies Solis	Sunday	Sun's day
Dies Lunae	Monday	Moon's day
Dies Martis	Tuesday	Tiw's day
Dies Mercurii	Wednesday	Woden's day
Dies Jovis	Thursday	Thor's day
Dies Veneris	Friday	Friga's day
Dies Saturni	Saturday	Seterne's day."

—"Encyclopedia Britannica," Vol. 4, p. 665, art., "Calendar." The New Warner Edition.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK—SUNDAY

"And the evening and the morning were the *first day*." Genesis 1: 5.

"This was not only the first day of the world, but the first day of the week," remarks Dr. Matthew Henry on Genesis 1: 5, in his commentary.

And Dr. Watson writes:

"The enumeration of the days of the week commenced at Sunday. Saturday was last or seventh, and was the Hebrew Sabbath,

or day of rest."—*Watson's "Biblical and Theological Dictionary," art., "Week." New Edition, 1905.*

Another authority says:

"Sunday is the name of the first day of the week, adopted by the first Christians from the Roman calendar (Lat. *Dies Solis*); day of the sun, so called because it was dedicated to the worship of the sun."—*McClintock and Strong's "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature, Vol. 10, art., "Sunday." New York, 1881.*

Dr. Schaff frankly remarks:

"Sun day is of heathen origin (like our designations of the other days of the week), and means 'the day of the sun,' or 'sacred to the god of the sun.' It does not occur in the Bible, but is now in common use for the first day of the week," etc.—*Schaff's "Bible Dictionary," art., "Sunday." 5th Edition.*

THE SECOND DAY OF THE WEEK—MONDAY

"And the evening and the morning were the second day." Genesis 1: 8.

Monday, the second day of the week, was named after moon, because this day was dedicated to the worship of the moon. As one authority puts it:

"Monday, Lit. 'Moon's day.' . . . The day was so called after its name in Latin, *dies lunae, lunae dies*, . . . the 'moon's day.' . . . The second day of the week."—*The New Century Dictionary, Vol. 6, art., "Monday."*

And Dr. Fausset remarks:

"The moon was worshipped as Isis in Egypt; . . . as Sin, 'lord of the month,' in Babylon; . . . [it] was the earliest of false worships; it appears in our heathen names *Sunday, Mon (moon) day*; and in Job 31: 26, 'if I beheld the sun . . . or the moon walking in his brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand' in adoration. Josiah put down those who burned incense to the moon (2 Kings 23: 5)."—*Fausset's "Bible Cyclopedia," art., "Moon."*

THE THIRD DAY OF THE WEEK—TUESDAY

"And the evening and the morning were the third day." Genesis 1: 13.

The name "Tuesday," the third day of the week, descends from "the *Dies Martis*, of the later Roman pagans," remarks one writer.

Another says:

"Tuesday, the third day of the week, so called from the Anglo-Saxon god of war, Tiu, or Tiw."—*The Americana, Vol. 21, art., "Tuesday."*

Another authority records:

"Tuesday, the third of the week; answering to the *Dies Martis* of the Romans; but dedicated by the Saxons to Tuisco."—*New Century Encyclopedia and Dictionary, Vol. 2, art., "Tuesday." Philadelphia, 1903.*

THE FOURTH DAY OF THE WEEK—WEDNESDAY

"And the evening and the morning were the fourth day." Genesis 1: 19.

"Wednesday. (From A. S. *Wodensdag*, the day consecrated to *Woden* or *Odin*). The fourth day of the week, or that which comes between Tuesday and Thursday."—*New Century Encyclopedia and Dictionary, Vol. 2, art., "Wednesday." Philadelphia, 1903.*

And another authority remarks:

"Wednesday, the fourth day of the week, the *Dies Mercurii* of the Romans, the *mittwoch* (mid-week) of the modern Germans. The name Wednesday is derived from the northern mythology, and signifies *Woden's* or *Odin's* day."—*Chamber's "Encyclopedia," Vol. 10, art., "Wednesday." Philadelphia, 1872.*

THE FIFTH DAY OF THE WEEK—THURSDAY

"And the evening and the morning were the fifth day." Genesis 1: 23.

The origin of the name "Thursday," the fifth day of the week, is given as follows:

"Thursday, the fifth day of the week, so called from the old Teutonic god of thunder, Thor, the northern Jupiter. The German name *Donnerstag* is of similar origin; and Thor, *Donner*, are equivalent to English thunder."—*The Americana, art., "Thursday."*

Another authority gives the following:

"Thursday (Anglo-Saxon, *Thor's daeg*, i. e., Thor's Day), the *Dies Jovis* of the Roman calendar, and sacred, in the northern mythology, to Thor. It is called in German *Donnerstag*, thunder day."—*McClintock and Strong's "Cyclopedia of Religious Literature," art., "Thursday."*

THE SIXTH DAY OF THE WEEK—FRIDAY

"And the evening and the morning were the sixth day." Genesis 1: 31.

The origin of the name "Friday," the

sixth day of the week, is given thus:

"Friday, . . . the sixth day of the week. Friday is the Mohammedan sabbath or day of assembly."—*The Century Dictionary, Vol. 4, art., "Friday."*

"Friday, the sixth day of the week, so named from the Anglo-Saxon *Frigedaeg*, the day of Friga, the wife of Odin and the Teutonic goddess of love."—*The Americana, art., "Friday."*

"Friday, the sixth day of the week, so named from *Frigga*, the Scandinavian Venus, worshipped by the ancient Saxons on this day. Friday was also the 'Dies Veneris' (day of Venus) of the Romans."—*The New Century Encyclopedia and Dictionary, Vol. 1, art., "Friday."*

Once more:

"Friday is a day of fasting in the Greek and Latin churches in memory of the crucifixion of Christ. It is a fast day in the Church of England, unless Christmas day happens to fall on Friday."—*McClintock and Strong's "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature," art., "Friday."*

THE SEVENTH DAY OF THE WEEK—SATURDAY, OR SABBATH

Having completed the work of creation in "the six working days" (see Ezek. 46: 1; Gen. 1) the Lord introduces the seventh, or Sabbath day thus:

"Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." Genesis 2: 1-3.

And the fourth precept of the Decalog written by God's own hand reads:

"Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it." Exodus 20: 8-11.

But to this beautiful name "Sabbath," the seventh day of the week, man has given the name "Saturday," the origin of which is given as follows:

"Saturday (Latin *Dies Saturni*, Saturn's day). The seventh or last day of the week; kept by the Jews as their Sabbath. It was dedicated by the Romans to Saturn—whence the name."—*The New Century Encyclopedia and Dictionary, Vol. 2, art., "Saturday."*

And Dr. James A. Hessey, D. C. L., says:

"Saturday, in Italian, still retains the Hebrew name of *Sabato*; so it does, with the slight literal variations, which distinguish the several languages, in Spanish and Portuguese. . . . The journals of the English House of Parliament still designate Saturday by the name of *Dies Sabati*."—*Sunday: Its Origin and History* p. 359. 4th Edition.

Now, dear reader, here are the Biblical and historical facts regarding the days of the week and the origin of their names: which is the first day of the week, and why it was called "Sunday." And so of all the others. The Seventh day was the only day named by the Lord and maker of the days. It was given the beautiful name "Sabbath." It will be observed that the Sabbath of God is not Sunday, the first day of the week, but the seventh day of the week.

The Biblical seventh day of the week, or the Sabbath day, commences at sundown Friday and continues till sundown Saturday. This is holy and sanctified time. Blessed and dedicated to religious usages by God himself at the commencement of this world for the human family. "The sabbath was made for man." Mark 2: 27. And he says to every child of his: "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy." "The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God." Exodus 20: 8-11; Mark 15: 42-47; 16: 1-2; Luke 23: 54-56; 24: 1.

"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice." 1 Samuel 15: 22. Let us obey God in the matter of true Sabbath observance. See the promises to those who will willingly do this in the following Scriptures: Revelation 22: 14; Isaiah 56: 1-7; 58: 13-14; 66: 22-23, and many others.

MISSIONS

LETTER FROM LIEU-OO, CHINA

DEAR HOME FOLKS:

My teacher did not come today and Dr. Palmborg reminded me that it, was my turn to write to the RECORDER readers, so I shall try now.

We have had some interesting cases in the hospital lately. Two of them have gone home. One of the two remaining patients is a man with a broken leg. He is in a very small room (built separately from the hospital) for crazy or insane patients. We have no men nurses, so, when we have a man patient, some one of his family has to come and take care of him. One day he was brought a big dinner from his home and much sugar. It was about the time when they have their feasts to celebrate the birth of the tide. Shortly afterwards I passed his ward, he was having a hemorrhage from the stomach and vomiting blood, a great deal of it. Dr. Palmborg gave him some medicine, and his stomach was given absolute rest for three days. That was a week ago and he has had no return of his trouble. As yet he is still only allowed to eat very soft cooked rice, though he has no pain in his stomach.

We are having a staircase made to the ward above the men's waiting room, and will shut off all communication between that building and the hospital, and have it for men patients. It was not the original plan to take in the men patients, but in having clinics for men we get cases that must be taken in, as this man with the broken leg. Then, too, we find the men more anxious to come into the hospital when there is anything seriously wrong with them. The women are more frightened at the idea. If we have several men in at the same time we will have to get a man to nurse them.

As soon as I came home from the mountains Dr. Palmborg was obliged to go to Shanghai. Then, as usual I began to get called out. A man had cut his throat in an attempt to "shuffle off this mortal coil" and to have his revenge by haunting his honorable great father, with whom he had quarreled.

But the honorable great father outwitted him by coming in haste and fetching the foreign devil woman doctor, who sewed up the unworthy neck (first removing the honorable dirt and ashes with which the illustrious Chinese doctor had already filled the gap).

Match-head poisoning is still the favorite method the dissatisfied and miserable wife uses in ending her quarrels. Very often however she is quite glad when the repentant husband sends the wheelbarrow rapidly to invite the doctor, or takes her a joy ride on this elegant push-man-car to get treatment at the hospital. Such a case came to me soon after the man with the broken leg had entered.

It made me very happy to receive a letter from one of the Christian Endeavor societies, inquiring the cost of adopting a Chinese orphan. I replied, "About \$5.00 a month." This is too much for the first six years, about right for the next six years and too little for the last six years, at which age the child ought to begin to earn his or her own living. The savings from the first six years will be added to the last six years so that, with care, the sum of \$5.00 a month ought to be sufficient.

When on the mountains I had ten or eleven patients (besides the sick folks among our own mission) and earned \$23 for the the hospital after drugs, etc., had been paid for.

Dr. Palmborg had a very interesting visitor the other day in the person of a young Chinese woman from Shanghai. She is married to a foreign-educated Chinese doctor in Shanghai and has two very interesting children. Dr. Palmborg was her teacher. She was one of the women soldiers of China in the time of the revolution and it is said, tried to commit suicide because they would not let her fight.

After she and those accompanying her left, she sent us invitations in honorable Chinese characters on large brilliant red paper, requesting the honor and pleasure of entertaining us at a well-ordered feast.

As this would require us to repay the compliment, which would cost us no little money, we declined with regrets, but avowed our intention of paying her an early visit.

The prayer meetings Friday nights are better attended than they had been pre-

viously. The man who was so faithful in coming every time and wanted so to study to be an evangelist, I am glad to tell you, is now in the Baptist Theological College for this purpose. I think I mentioned in a previous letter that a friend in Chicago had sent \$50 for that purpose. Later two other friends in Battle Creek sent \$8 and \$2 respectively.

Last Sabbath I noticed quite a number of schoolboys at church. I asked Dr. Palmborg where they came from. She told me their teacher had brought them. He was one of those baptized this summer. He had to close his school to bring them. He is a highly respected man. His neighbors, for a considerable distance around, come to him whenever they want a decision in matters of justice.

We have a Bible-woman now in the person of a Mrs. Waung. She is a convert, having received the knowledge of Christ under the teachings of Dr. Palmborg. It happened this way.

This woman's husband had greatly mistreated her, and finally had held her and rubbed quicklime into her eyes, which blinded her. She was sent to the hospital by the police for treatment and her husband was ordered to pay a certain sum for her support. When she recovered she took this money and went to a "Bible school" as she wanted to be a Bible-woman.

Some years ago a beautifully embroidered Chinese garment was given Dr. Palmborg by a Chinese woman. When Dr. Palmborg was in America she sold this garment for a sum, which, after being changed back into Chinese money was \$80 Chinese or Mexican. The giver of the garment was later in financial straits so Dr. Rose gave her \$20 of this sum.

Now Dr. Palmborg is using the remaining \$60 (which at present rate of exchange also equals \$60 U. S., for Mex. or Chinese is now equal to \$1 U. S.) for Mrs. Waung's salary (at \$6 a month); and if she proves satisfactory, she will be employed by the hospital.

It causes us great sadness to learn that the Chinese Government intends to resume the opium traffic in spite of the notes of remonstrance from Great Britain and the United States Government. We need your prayers concerning this and ask them.

Dr. Palmborg expects to sail for Amer-

ica in December and will take E-ling with her. she is now quite well. Thanks for your prayers for her.

With kind regards to all of you,

BESSIE BELLE SINCLAIR.

Oct. 2, 1918.

AGED MAN COMES NEAR DROWNING

George H. Greenman had a narrow escape from drowning Friday noon time when he fell from the rowboat from which he was fishing on the edge of the channel off the Greenmanville shore. He was in the water some time before his shouts attracted attention to his predicaments. Joseph Maine, driving past in the Cottrell Lumber Co. automobile, heard the calls for assistance and lost no time in rowing out to Mr. Greenman. Chilled by the water, it was impossible for Mr. Greenman to pull himself into the boat again and the bottom is too soft there to permit of wading. Although eighty years of age Mr. Greenman stood his experience pretty well and was as comfortable this morning as could be expected.—*New London (Conn.) Day.*

What is a Christian? What creed must he believe? Jesus Christ never said a word about creeds. What ceremony must he accept? Jesus Christ never prescribed the acceptance of any ceremony as necessary for fellowship with him. To what church organization must he belong? Only twice in the gospel is it recorded that Christ even used the word "church." When he came to picture the last judgment he divided men into two classes, the saved and the lost. The question by which their fate was determined was not the creed which they believed, the ceremony which they accepted, or the church which they attended, but this: those that had visited the sick, comforted the afflicted, fed the hungry, laid down their lives for others who were worse off than themselves, they were summoned with the words "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." It is love, service, sacrifice that make a true Christian. "If ye have not the spirit of Christ," says Paul, "ye are none of his." The converse is also true. He that has the spirit of Christ is Christ's follower.—*Lyman Abbott.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

"Ah, think! to step ashore, and that shore
Heaven!
To clasp a hand outstretched, and that hand
God's,
To breathe new air, and that celestial air;
To feel refreshed, and know 'tis immortality;
Ah, think, to pass from storm and stress to
one unbroken calm!
To wake, and find it Glory!"

Yesterday a Rumor reached our town, and the whistles blew, bells rang joyfully and people ran out of their houses, calling joyously to one another. Never before had a mere Rumor been treated in such fashion in our town; for while we knew that we should doubt its truth, we were so anxious to believe, that we went on with our eyes open, and kept the Rumor with us until we might arrange a celebration. We had a band and a bonfire, and soldier boys from our college marched down and did the things that one expects soldier boys in training to do when they are celebrating the arrival of a wonderful Rumor.

The people of our town stood in the rain and watched the soldiers and thrilled to the music of the college girls and soldier boys. The song that pleased us the most was "The Stars and Stripes will float over Germany, the Stars and Stripes will float over Germany, just about a week from now."

As we came away we decided that we were glad that we kept the Rumor with us a little while, even though we had to let it go again, because we felt somehow that we had been helped, getting out together in this way.

I stood behind three German men. One was formerly a soldier in the German army (years ago that was), next stood the young pastor of the Lutheran church, and then another member of that church who has a son fighting with the American army in France. I was glad to see the expressions of pleasure on their faces. Did I say they

were German? No! we were all Americans.

Yesterday I ran out on the porch when the bells were ringing, but I could not stay, and with overflowing eyes I was somehow compelled to turn back into the empty house for a few moments. I thought of the homes in our town and our neighboring town and all over our country, from which soldier boys have gone and to which they will never return. I found I couldn't stay alone in the house either, so finally I went out to find some one to whom I could talk, and I found that other people were having the same experience that I had been having. We were all thinking of you who are in sorrow at this time, and we were all wishing we might say some comforting words to you. While this is in many cases impossible, I want you to know that many people are mourning with you for the loss of your loved ones.

The young women of our church last summer made a fine large service flag to hang in the church. Today they have been adding more stars, and now as it hangs in the church, there are two gold stars above two stars of blue. These are for the two stalwart, lovable sons of our pastor and his wife—the two boys who lost their lives while in the service of our country. All our town mourns with our pastor's family.

One week ago today a message came to Prof. and Mrs. A. B. West, of Milton Junction, telling of the death of their youngest son, Carroll, who died October 2 in France from wounds received in action. Mrs. West is the beloved president of the Woman's Board, and all our hearts are going out in sympathy to her and Professor West and the members of their family. Carroll was well known throughout our denomination. He was for a time a member of the Young People's Board. He made friends wherever he went.

At the time Prof. and Mrs. West received the telegram telling of his death, another son, Robert, was ill in a hospital in a southern training camp and their daughter, Miss Miriam, was ill in Minneapolis where she had been teaching.

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 VI

In the Homeland, 1864-1873

The only available records of the years which Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter spent in the homeland are contained in a few letters written while they were in Berlin, N. Y. (at which place Mr. Carpenter was for a time pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church), and from Mrs. Carpenter's journals for the four years, 1866-1869. From these sources we select the following extracts:

July 12, 1865.

Is there no voice to plead for China? We, who have given the best years of our poor lives to that work, have been waiting during the long years of your civil conflict, shrinking from seeming to thrust any claim upon hearts already weighed down with heavy burdens. . . . And now, have we not a right to feel that the time has come, not to begin a new work, not even to revive an old one, for you have already a China Mission. You have there dwellings for mission families, a chapel for worship, a church with nineteen living members, a pastor, two elders and two deacons. With the pastor of the church, Chau Chung Lan, [written also Dzau Tsung Lan], you are already acquainted. He is a growing Christian, and has improved greatly since you saw him. He is a most efficient colaborer, and with his present knowledge of the English language would do much to smooth the path for one just commencing the missionary work. His heart, too, is in it. The same might be said of some of the others. And they will work by themselves, too, if no one goes to assist them. A late letter says, they are anxious to commence an out-station at a large town, called Lieu-oo, only the funds were wanting for such an undertaking. All their letters are full of expressions of love for their Christian brethren in America, and a natural wish that a teacher should be sent to them. "Whom shall we send, and who will go for us?" Is there not, somewhere among our churches, a voice to respond, "Here am I; send me"?

July 21, 1865.

It will not avail to inquire, at this late day, whether Shanghai, as a mission station, is the best that could have been selected by our people. It seemed so to your missionaries in 1847; and now, in the year of grace 1865, it exists a monument of the blessing of God upon the humble but earnest efforts of a denomination, which has inscribed upon its banner, as a distinctive badge, "The Commandments of God, and the Faith of Jesus." It is possible that greater success might have crowned our efforts somewhere else; yet certain it is, that the dear native Christians whom we now so thankfully number in our

ranks, would not, under those other circumstances, have belonged to us. Other ports may be considered more healthy than this. . . . I sincerely doubt whether we should have been healthier at any other port. . . . The regular semi-monthly mails were such a comfort to us in our exile state, for exiles we certainly were. But is not the emigrant to Idaho or California equally so? Is it a greater trial to leave all for Christ's sake than for filthy lucre's sake? Read the trials and sufferings of adventurers in the far West. Would they have been harder to bear, if endured under the name of missionaries of the Cross? They toil for treasure—so do we. And which is most precious, the gold that perisheth, or that which shall go to make our crown of rejoicing in the Redeemer's kingdom? One day Mr. Carpenter was walking into Shanghai with a most devoted missionary, Rev. Mr. Burns, when they chanced to meet that world-renowned botanist of China, Mr. Fortune, returning from an excursion. After salutations, Mr. Burns remarked, "Well, Mr. Fortune, you are in quest of choice, but perishable flowers, while we are trying to gather unfading ones for the garden of our Lord." The great botanist replied, "I own, Mr. Burns, that yours is the higher employment." "Yes, infinitely so," added Mr. Burns. . . . What joy when these plants which might otherwise have been as stubble cast out to be burned, shall be gathered, like ears fully ripe, into the garner of the Lord! It is with the hope of enlisting some heart in such a work, that these thoughts are presented at this time.

September 14, 1865.

There must be some among us who have had in their hearts that little, longing, waiting group, away in distant China, who are turning their anxious eyes to us, and who feel that we, as a people, are committed to their interest. Have we a right to neglect them? Is not God saying to us, of that little infant church, "Take this child, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages"? . . . I shall have more to say of our later Christians, those still living, and who, I hope, may yet live to welcome some reader of these notes as laborers among them, and to write their own future history on your hearts, as their past is recorded on ours. . . . The wife of Chau Chung Lan is a most amiable woman, a true yokefellow, and since her conversion she has contrived to learn to read the Scriptures, is ever active in her appointed duties, but is most of all remarkable for that chiefest of ornaments, a meek and quiet spirit. All the young wives and mothers in the church have learned to read, and one of them used to come in company with her own little daughters to the class, sitting with them as pupils, and often looking up to them as her teachers in the tasks appointed, their Scripture lessons, and the hymns which they all sing very sweetly together. . . . One more word with respect to these two little girls. This "shallow draught" gave them a thirst for "drinking largely," and so their parents arranged to send them to a native school, where they might learn to read the classics in their own character. But that could not satisfy them. They took with them also their father's Bible, and told the teacher

they wished to learn to read that book. That was a bold proposition, coming from children, and still worse from little girls. He told them he could not teach them that book, and they said, "Then we will go to another school." This brought him to terms. He did not like to lose two such bright little pupils, though they were only girls; and so when we left China they were busy in their flight up the hill of knowledge. . . .

Let me tell you, then, it is not worth while to expect great things from two solitary individuals, already enfeebled by a ten-years' sojourn in a debilitating climate, on a heathen soil, in the midst of rebellion, anarchy and confusion, and other obstacles too numerous to mention. . . . Although we never had a school in China, properly so called, I often had pupils, sometimes classes, which for convenience' sake, were sometimes honored with the higher title of a school. . . . Think of having to learn 40,000 characters, such as you see on tea chests, before you could be considered to have mastered their book language! But it is said that when you have learned 8,000 well, you will get on nicely with ordinary books. . . . A fact which can never be properly omitted in speaking of pupils in China, any more than of schools elsewhere, is the expense attending it; not for teaching, or room rent, or fuel, or lights, in the present case, but we must pay them for learning! How else could they spend the time? I told you it was customary to give day scholars their dinner or its equivalent in cash; but mine were only evening scholars, and to simplify matters, and fire their zeal, I promised a dollar to each one as soon as they could read fluently the first chapter of St. Luke's gospel. It proved a capital idea, for the dollars were soon earned. On our departure for this country, in 1858, I promised the dollar just the same, if earned in our absence, and another to the one who should act as teacher in my stead. So you see there were pledges to be redeemed on our return a year and a half later, and they were redeemed with such feelings of rejoicings as to fully settle the principle with me, had it been needed, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

From Mrs. Carpenter's journal:

January 3, 1866. In the evening a long talk between our two selves about our future prospects. Are we to return to China or to live on here at home, in this plodding way? If only my own health was concerned, how soon would we be again on our way to that loved scene of our long labors. My prayer is that God will direct us and save us from all fatal mistakes in our course.

January 5. This is the ever memorable anniversary of the day nineteen years ago when we first left our native land to go to the heathen. I can never forget it! I bless the Lord I ever saw that day, and would gladly repeat its experiences if it was the Lord's will.

January 8. Thermometer 20 below zero. We have not seen the like for a long time. Far pleasanter seems to us the winters of Shanghai, but those seem not for us henceforth. Mr. Carpenter thinks it will not do for him again to

try that severe and in some respects unhealthy climate. The decision for our future course must come soon.

February 6. There was a meeting of the church, and a call extended to Mr. Carpenter to supply the desk another year, but he declines for certain reasons, which seems to be a grief to all, as the vote to call him was so entirely unanimous. He also feels this deeply but thinks he can not do otherwise while his sense of duty remains the same.

March 6. Received letters from Shanghai from several of the friends, and likenesses of Chau Chang Lan, Erlow, and Chang Yung Tailor with his little son Johnny on his lap. A real feast of best things all this is to us.

March 14. Considering seriously the question of returning to China. My sincere and earnest prayer is that God will guide us to a right decision, and leave us not to our own wisdom.

March 16. My dear husband's birthday—58 years old. Thanks to our heavenly Father for sparing him so long. Oh, bless him with long life and many days and years of usefulness still. And, oh, point out duty to us at all times, and most specially now with reference to our decisions for the future. Leave us not to be mistaken in a matter of so much importance.

April 10. Received letters from . . . and Mr. Freeman. He thinks we ought not to return to China and probably we shall not,—but the thought is a trying one to me—I do long to go—and feel the bitterness of being denied. Still I would say of this as all my trials, "Not my will."

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter left Berlin, N. Y., April 1, 1866, stopping to spend a day, April 17, with a sister in Penn Yan, with whom the two girls brought from China were finding a home, and arriving on April 20 at Walworth, Wis., where Mr. Carpenter acted as pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church. Throughout the remainder of the year Mrs. Carpenter records much suffering:

September 22, Sabbath. Not able to attend the meeting. It makes me sad that I am so disabled, and have been so much of the summer. I do not remember ever to have been so much from meeting for so long a time. Yet I must be patient and hope it may yet turn to my spiritual good. But I am weak and sinful. Lord have mercy upon me and revive thy work in my soul.

October 2. Had a bad night and feel miserably enough today. Mr. Carpenter bought, or bargained for, Deacon Bond's place [in Milton], so we may look upon this as our future home. A very pretty place indeed.

October 7. Feel sad and yet trying to be happy in the thought that a change has come over my prospects for this life. With my poor health what can I do now but patiently wait and quietly hope for that which is yet before me.

October 20. Another bad spell last night gives me increased fears for the result. Yet why say fears? Has it not been *this* for which I have

ever prayed, that the will of the Lord might be done in me? And shall I now shrink if he choose in this way to show me my weakness, to turn away my hopes from earthly things and fasten them on himself? Then to die—is that a calamity? to go home, to rest forever in the bosom of the Beloved? Oh, let me rather feel it a joy to go.

December 28. Mr. Carpenter had a full letter, all Chinese, from our dear flock, and one for me from Kiang Quang. They will feel it so if we do not go back. Lord have mercy on them and us.

December 31. And now good-by, Old Year. We have met—we part—yes, part to meet again when the accounts of the great judgment are made out. Lord, look upon me in pity, for the Redeemer's sake.

January 1, 1867. A new date! How often do they occur. Yet once it will be the last perhaps this very one. O that I might indeed "so number my days that I might apply my heart unto wisdom."

January 5. What makes this a most interesting day is, that it is the anniversary of that blessed day, twenty years ago, that bore us from our native shore, to dwell for a season in heathen China. Oh, if we were again young and strong and could once more undertake the blessed work! We have had our day and the blessing of God has been upon our labors.

March 31. We started early [from Walworth]. A good seat was prepared for me in the wagon and I enjoyed the ride very much. . . . We did not arrive at Deacon Bond's, our home [Milton], until after dark in the evening and found them all here hardly expecting us as the roads are so bad, but we longed so to be once more at home that we chose not to stop on the way to visit with any one.

May 15.—We received our three expected boys from China, all safe. We are thankful for the favor. Yet how much happier, could we have gone there instead of bringing them to us.

July 2. A long time has elapsed since I have written on these pages. The week succeeding my last date [May 16] was one of utter prostration and extreme illness. I seemed to stand face to face with death. Oh, how unworthy did my poor life seem and how I longed to be divested of everything, that Christ might be all in all. He seemed so very near to me, and I longed to reach out my hand, and grasp his, as I walked through the dark valley which seemed just before me. It is good for me that I have been thus low. Life seems very sweet to me; and our new home is very pleasant. My poor dear husband, too, would miss me so much. When at the worst, my dear sister Esther came. She is with me still, a ministering angel. What could I do without her? Then, my dear husband whose labors and cares for me before she came were so abundant and onerous has been relieved and his health mercifully preserved. God grant to continue it.

August 3. Attended meeting for the first time in months.

August 13. The mail brought us a Chinese letter from our children. They are still longing

for us to come back to them. Tailor has another son.

October 1. This has been a bright and joyous day to me,—one to make me recount the tender mercies of our heavenly Father to us, inasmuch as it has seen us released from debt and able to call this goodly heritage *ours*, so that we are now indeed able to follow the injunction, "Owe no man anything but love."

October 29. Just four whole weeks have elapsed since the last note in this journal written on that happy day when we could call this goodly heritage ours. That very evening stern sickness came upon me, but, thank God, I am much better. O God, my God, how good hast thou been unto me. Surely as a father pitieth his children so hast thou had thoughts of compassion towards me. My poor husband has again been taxed—oh, so severely—to attend my sickbed. Yet the goodness of God has been wonderfully extended to him, in preserving his health, in giving him strength equal to his day. . . . We have received letters from our dear flock in China. Tailor has lost his youngest child but seems to feel that God took it.

November 3. This evening a long call from Cousin William C. Whitford, minister, president of Milton College, and now expecting soon to be a member of the state legislature which convenes at Madison.

November 7. We have long felt that our farm buggy was too hard for me. The doctor wants me to ride out. I know I need it, but it has seemed worse than nothing with my present convenience. So my indulgent husband, learning that poor Cousin Joseph's nice low, easy, covered carriage could be bought, has actually gone to the expense of \$80.00 to purchase it—a luxury I never dared hope for, but it is mine! And we had a nice ride today and returned home feeling much less weary than yesterday although my ride has been three times as long.

November 30. Enjoyed the Sabbath in my loneliness very much. I am not lonely—I hardly know what the feeling is—and when my friends have sympathized with me, as I lay here day after day, on my sick couch, unable to read, or to converse much, and much of the time necessarily alone, I have wondered as much at their expressions of sympathy as they at my disclaiming all need of them. "I am never less alone than when alone" has been long among the excellent sayings extant, and I thank God, I have often found it so, still find it so, and have from my childhood up. Yes, even in childhood did I love to steal away from even the dearest of my little companions and as I seem to remember (it may be because my blessed mother so often told me of it) I would climb upon a large chest and sit there alone in my infantile quietude, wishing only to be left to the peaceful enjoyment of my own imaginings. Happy days, precious mother, all lovingly enshrined with the enduring.

December 24. The startling news this morning was that two stores at the Junction had been destroyed by fire since midnight,—the large store of Mr. Cassels and the smaller one of Mr. Bliss.

December 31. The review of this year is unlike any that has preceded it, for we have settled ourselves in a home as if it were our future

habitation and as if we had given up our dear ones in China. But with me it is not so. My heart goes out after them—I long to see them once again. Gladly would I even now exchange this home for that, and these dear Christian friends and privileges for the dear circle of beloved ones there, missionaries and disciples, those who have turned from their idols to serve the living and true God. But it seems unlikely now that we can return, and I try to school my heart in all things to say, "Thy will, O God, not mine, be done."

January 5, 1868. This is the 21st anniversary of our sailing for China. O if we could fly, we would once more see that ever dear land, with our beloved ones. But we must be content to grow old, to give up being useful, at least in that way, yet my prayer still is, Show me my duty, and help me to do it. There is always something to do.

January 6. Received a letter from Sister Polly. She reports an earthquake in Brookfield. This is something new and wonderful. A year of wonders the last seems to have been the world over.

February 25. Today Mr. Carpenter has preached the funeral sermon of a child at the meeting house. The parents are Norwegians of the name of Bee. The father has been a soldier and is the man who captured Jeff Davis. He it was who first cried "Halt!" when close upon him in hot pursuit.

February 27. As Mr. Carpenter was preparing a letter for Chau Chung Lan I also wrote one to Mrs. Farnham to go in the same envelope. It is so nice to have the postage reduced from forty-eight to ten cents.

March 9. Did more than a usual amount of exercising at home, and yet feel only fatigued, not ill. Oh, how thankful I am for so much health as I enjoy.

March 28. Elder Maxson gave us one of his excellent sermons upon "Believing" and at its close we repaired to Clear Lake to witness the baptism. Five more were added to the original number of fifteen. The Rock River Church also came with a candidate, making twenty-one in all. It was most lovely, the day so glorious and the roads so fine. Then we had the choir, and all together it was most inspiring,—greatly was it so to us, who have not witnessed a baptism of European faces, for twenty-two years. Oh, may it prove to all as indeed a burying with Christ and a rising with him to a new life, a life forever more.

April 30. Another long China letter, all in Chinese. Our children remember us and write often, begging us ever to return. They seem to need us, I think, more and more. They are but children. Tailor is more a man than any other, yet he is always complaining that he is weak and ignorant, needs light and knowledge, and an overseer, a shepherd, one who loves and will care for the sheep. This he seems to think is the work of his old pastor, his teacher. Oh, if it could only be so that we could once more go and assist them, teach and comfort them! But I fear of late I am too anxious. The prayer of my heart is that I may be resigned to the will of God.

November 14. Received a letter from Chau

Chung Lan, mailed at Shanghai on October 1 and at San Francisco October 21, only three weeks. This is wonderful, to think of such a passage to China, we who have twice spent almost four months in going and once about the same in returning. To think now of going in less than a month all the way from here.

December 31. So this day closes the year 1868. A new date opens for us. So year after year passes along. How much have I to be thankful for in the past. First and foremost, health such as I have seldom enjoyed, then the common blessings of life, still more friends, and greatest of all for Jesus' love which has not been withheld.

January 4, 1869. I think Mr. Carpenter feels less and less a duty to go [to China]. There is so much that looks discouraging in the undertaking. For me, I would not hesitate—I long to go. There is no object here sufficiently attractive to detain us, while there we are needed so much and now we are in such good health. Yet I will believe that God will order our course and lead us on.

January 10. Elder Cottrell came and in talking about our going to China expressed himself decidedly that we should go. This is unusual, most people opposing the idea so that I have sometimes wondered whether we ought not to believe with the proverb, "The voice of the people is the voice of God," and act accordingly. My earnest prayer is that God would show us clearly our duty, that he would in a manner "hedge up our way" to the course he designs us.

January 24. Attended the funeral of Elder O. P. Hull. Elder Maxson preached one of his best and longest sermons—an hour and twenty minutes.

February 1. Afternoon, went by previous arrangement to Mrs. Clarke's to visit . . . and after many delays and cross-purposes we were called home to find our house full of friends amusing themselves by giving us a surprise party! But it was a pleasant surprise, sixty in all present. It was a success in every sense of the word.

September 4. My poor husband feeling so ill I remained at home with him which is a wonderful thing to do—we are always so punctual at church. I think he is fully convinced that he must give up all thought of returning to China. He sent this word to the board yesterday. It has caused me great sorrow of heart, and more tears already than I have shed for a long time. Yet I mean to strive, with God's help, to curb my rebellious spirit. He knows what is best for me. I do desire to "trust in the Lord with all my heart and lean not unto mine own understanding." "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

September 26, at midnight they started upon an eastern trip, going by way of Wheeling, W. Va., and reaching Shiloh, N. J., September 30, to attend the sessions of the General Conference. This is the church of which Mr. Carpenter was pastor for two years, previous to their first departure for China. She writes, "We re-

ceived many kind welcomes." Conference closed its sessions Sunday evening, October 3. October 6, they went to Philadelphia and the next day to New York. An intended visit at Stephentown and Berlin was abandoned because the "new railroad was broken up my the freshet," so they continued their journey to Brookfield where they arrived October 9 and "called at Brother Dexter's, greatly to their surprise and our own relief." Only about a week was spent here visiting brothers and sisters and many other relatives and friends. They renewed their journey, October 19, accompanied by "Brother Willett's eldest daughter Eleanor, to return home with us to attend school at Milton." The next day (Tuesday) they reached Buffalo "and were soon at Sister Fannie's" where they remained until Thursday. Sabbath and Sunday were spent with friends in Chicago. Sunday they attended "a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Moody is the dominant spirit it seems." They reached their home on Monday, October 25, when she writes, "Our past month has been one of varied incidents. We have seen many long loved, doubtless now for the last time."

December 22. I have this evening completed the reading of the Bible for 1869. Oh, how precious are its truths to me, new every year although so often read. This year I have learned to prize the Prophet Jeremiah as never before although so long partially known.

December 31. So ends the strange eventful decade of 1860-1870, the most important in our Natural history as perhaps in our own. To many the next will be still more so, perhaps to us. We are drawing toward the close—we are nearing the River Jordan. O for a light on the other shore to draw us onward that we miss not the way.

The Bureau of Education of the Department of the Interior is organizing a nationwide movement to teach English to the 5,000,000 persons of foreign birth in the United States who do not now use our common tongue, and to secure their devoted and intelligent loyalty to this land of their adoption. The timeliness of this movement is only too apparent.

Foreigners are coming into many of the country districts in surprising numbers. Let the country church be alert to meet its opportunity here.—*Federal Council.*

THOUGHTS ON SO-CALLED HIGHER CRITICISM

LOIS R. FAY

This article was commenced several years ago, when—after a number of years' study of Old Testament Hebrew and New Testament Greek—the writer discovered that the so-called higher criticism expressed curiously disagreeing ideas. Some critics expressed ideas utterly absurd and unsupported by the text of the Scriptures. Others expressed ideas that are supported by the original tongues of the Bible; ideas that the general public has been ignorant of in recent years, because the oldest existing languages of the Scriptures, and the wonderful lessons contained therein, have not had the degree of attention they merit.

There has been considerable delay in the appearance of these thoughts in print, because of the immensity of the subject and the care with which it should be discussed. Of all subjects, this seems to be the one selected at the present time, by the adversary of men's souls to pervert Christian faith. Whoever attempts to mark out, for the assistance of others, the way to life eternal in the confusion of the present labyrinthian maze; whoever attempts to rightly divide the word of truth, as Paul enjoined upon Timothy, is impressed with the serious responsibility. For careless discussion of the matter is certain to throw obstacles in the pathway of some conscientious seeker after truth.

These few paragraphs on this extensive subject are penned with a desire to remove difficulties and to encourage truth-seekers to seek Divine assistance—which is given to all liberally—for the overcoming of whatever hindrances are met with in the heavenly way.

Every day, every era, has its blessed opportunities and new revelations. There are two powers working with these opportunities and revelations. One seeks to always bless and benefit humanity. God and his ministers are at this work transforming the most dreadful curses into blessings. The other power seeks to always curse and harm humanity. The old destroying dragon, known as Satan, Apollyon, Diabolus, etc., and his demons are at this work, perverting blessings into curses wherever the saving power of God does not prevent.

The Bible is a magnificent, monumental blessing, a blessing which the prince of demons is trying to pervert in a curse. Every new revelation connected with the Bible, which is sent out by God, is surrounded by the flood of perverse ideas poured out by the dragon.

One marvelous feature of the Bible appears in every crisis like this. After every conflict the Word of God emerges unharmed by the destructive attacks of its enemies. But its enemies are continually appearing and reappearing, with an ability to change the form of their appearance so as to deceive the unwary in every succeeding generation.

The Bible survived gloriously the attacks of the infidels and atheists of a generation past, and seemed only barely settled for a universal acceptance by the people of the world, when so-called higher criticism appeared. Therefrom the arch-enemy made countless varieties of ammunition which were aimed at the Bible and at good old-fashioned faith therein.

The Book will pass through the struggle unharmed and will be more gloriously radiant than ever, but will the people? Will both classes, the critics and the people influenced by them, be unscarred, their faith more polished and radiant? Or will they both permit the blessings of God's present revelations to be perverted into curses to them?

The answer of the future depends upon the faithfulness and enlightenment of the individual whether critic or not. Both classes are on dangerous ground in the present contest, yet both will pass through gloriously, if equipped with Divine armor. The critic should be fortified against becoming destructive instead of constructive. The Tempter is hoping to down every constructive revelation of the Most High, with a flood of destructive criticisms, suggestions and questionings. These destructive criticisms, suggestions and questionings, the so-called critic must guard against, if he is to be a blessing to humanity. The secular press speaks plainly against the habits some have acquired, of continually tearing down, but never building up. A recent Boston *Transcript* objects to such destructive work, and says those who have been so occupied should have some other sign besides "buildings torn down" if they want

thinking individuals to listen to them. The paragraph quoted continues as follows:

This tearing down, with no thought, or even dream, of replacement is rather sorry business for a grown man's job. And the worst of it is that so many of these depreciators and destroyers go at it as if they thought they were doing you a favor. In the end that joy in overturning is only too likely to pass over into the mere delight of "lifting up axes upon the thick trees"—of training guns upon the works of ancient beauty and religion for which the German language only, so far as I know, has found expression in a single word which we can only express with three as "love of harm."

It does seem as if some critics of the bulwarks of Christian faith are actuated by a "love of harm." Such critics deserve severe criticism, but they are no more worthy of censure than ignorant critics of those ministers of the Most High who are bringing to the world messages of blessed revelation. Women are perhaps as guilty in this respect as men. In apostolic times women apparently devout stirred up persecution against men preaching God's revelations of that day. Would that it were a lost art of women today! For God is continually renewing the old paths and both the so-called critic and the devout individual should avoid every German-like propensity toward love of harm to the Divine revivals of forgotten religious truths. Instead of love of harm expressed by adverse criticism, there should be a love of every revelation that leads toward restoration and edification.

When critics tear down fundamentals of spiritual edification, and people ignorantly criticize divinely inspired ministers, the cause of Christ suffers greatly. Both these classes will be much more wisely occupied in individual investigation of Divine things, which will make them repairers of the broken, and restorers of neglected paths toward life eternal. These meetingsless Sabbaths are opportunities for the exercise of individual study. Too many men and women are content with second-hand spiritual information, instead of laying a firm foundation of first-hand enlightenment. In secular professions, the successful doctor, lawyer, farmer or mechanic is one who continually searches the original sources of information, and concentrates all the power of the expanding mind upon the scrutiny of the worth of things. So every one should do about religious

matters and this is what the Sabbath was given to mankind for—not for dress and attendance on diverting recreations. People should neither blindly follow the so-called higher critics, nor as blindly retard religious growth in themselves and others by stirring up adverse criticism of religious revelation. They should search the Scriptures to see if the things expounded are so. There is a great field here for feminine mental energy which has often hindered spiritual progress by careless and ignorant gossip. The Scriptures contain far more material for edification and constructive spiritual work, than for criticism and destruction, or for agitating persecution against divinely ordained apostles.

As for the expression "higher criticism," it is misleading and misappropriately applied. It should be banished to innocuous desuetude, for it belongs to neither new revelations of Divine inspiration, nor to the vapid, evanescent criticisms inspired by the arch-enemy. God's revelations are indeed high, being sent out by the Most High, who makes all things new, and they should be made high by every minister of his. The term criticisms is absurd when applied to these revelations. Equally absurd, actually almost blasphemous, is the application of any attribute of highness to the flood of destructive, perverting criticisms directed against everything good. Both now and when the war is over, let us hope and work for a cessation of spiritual as well as national misunderstandings and hostilities. Let us enter the new era with a determined inspiration to follow more closely him who came not to condemn nor destroy, but to save.

HOW UNCLE SAM SAVES

Sometimes one gets discouraged and feels that one's own little bit of saving counts for very little. It helps them to take a look at some of the places where effective methods are used, and where it is easier to see that many a mickle makes a muckle. Visit one of Uncle Sam's army camps. There the saving is really effective, not the mistaken economy of the housewife who cuts down on necessities. Uncle Sam uses all he needs but wastes nothing.

At Camp Dodge, Iowa, writes Joseph McDermott in Leslie's, reclamation has advanced to such a science that nothing goes

to waste but the snores of the doughboys and the buttonholes on ruined garments.

"Garbage, long considered waste matter, is now one of the most precious articles in an army camp. It can be translated into high explosives to hurl shells at Germans. Garbage produces glycerine, ammonia and potash—three of the most important ingredients in explosives. Even sticky coffee grounds are carefully hoarded. They have a considerable cash value as the body for sweeping compounds.

"Once each week all organizations in the 88th Division send in unserviceable clothing and shoes for examination, diagnosis and treatment. If a blouse or a pair of leggings or a shoe has served its country so well as to be of no further value, it is dissected and the material used for patching. Scraps too small for use are sold.

"Strange feats are daily performed by these workmen, who vie with one another in the accomplishment of new operations in clothing and shoe surgery. The sleeve of one blouse often serves another enlistment period on a blouse that lacks only a sleeve to make it well. Buttons are hoarded as avidly as coppers in a miser's garret.

"Tons and tons of flour are required to remedy the vacant feeling common to soldier's stomachs, and thousands of bags are necessary to get the flour to camp. These bags have suddenly taken on especial value. Some genius figured they could be washed and turned into cooks' aprons and caps, the muslin for which had been a large item of expenditure."—*The Continent*.

Sin is not immaturity, to be cured by growth. Growth makes little tares to be large ones, small upas trees to be vast centers of deadliness. Providing the mind and heart are right, there can not be too much growth or culture. Then sin is not incapacity, nor inheritance, for that would mean that there was no hope whatsoever, since a child can not go back and be born anew. But sin is lawlessness. A sinner is to God's law what a criminal is to society's law.—*N. Dwight Hillis*.

"If death is treated as an incident—separation as an episode—reunion as a prospect—grief can be borne as a momentary interruption to an eternal joy."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

AN APPRECIATION

Two incidents, intimately connected with war, have occurred recently which have fallen upon my spirit with shocking force. They had to do with "Our Boys" in the training camp and at the front. The one was the seemingly untimely death of Forrest Randolph, of New Market, N. J.; the other the death of Sergeant Carroll B. West, who made the supreme gift October 2.

Both were loyal Christian Endeavorers with the society's principles operative in their daily life. These are the main reasons for this article.

Forrest was one of those chummy sort of boys that any pastor who has any appreciation of a close touch with his people likes to have around him. The many happy moments we spent together at his father's farm home, or in the church sociables or outings are very choice portions of memory now. His cheery pleasant spirit still remains as a benediction to those who knew him best.

Along with the ordinary personal companionship with Carroll there were several activities that enabled me to enter into the recesses of his inner life where I could understand and appreciate his ambitions, his ideals and his conception of the worthwhile man. When I entered upon the pastorate of the Milton Junction Church the Christian Endeavor society was in a transitional state, its membership was small and its interest was maintained by a few loyal workers. To help increase its interest and efficiency was a problem. A solution was soon at hand. There was the state Christian Endeavor convention at Madison, Wis., which Beulah Greenman, Laura Maxwell, Wayland Coon and Carroll West attended. While there they were filled with wholesome enthusiasm, they caught a vision of the possibilities of young people at work. The vision was an inspiration to them and the whole society. The entire membership became enthused, the interest

deepened and the society entered upon a new era of splendid achievement. "Cal," as he was familiarly called, was the natural leader of that group, his stirring genial spirit was infectious. Often he would say, "Let's be doing something and something definite." It was largely due to his foresight and skilful planning that the Junction society became the first 300 per cent society in the State of Wisconsin and the sixth in the United States.

Carroll was particularly successful in his work with boys. All the boys of the Junction swore by "Cal" and any stunt without him in it lost a deal of its edge. Whether it was among his class of boys in the Junior Christian Endeavor, his class of county "Y" boys, on the baseball diamond, or as director of religious work at "Y" Hut 605 as Camp Custer, he always put his whole soul into "playing the game." "Make your life count for the most" was eternally his motto and he lived it and we that know him best know that principle was with him when he fell.

When he found that he could not go into the Y. M. C. A. in France because of his age he determined to enlist. One day while we were talking over the future of his work he said, "There are three possible openings for service for me. One is the 'Y' work but I can't get to the front. Another is the gas defense service but they are likely to put me into some musty old plant on this side. I have decided to enlist in the National Guard which will get me into service."

His conception of a verile, Christlike Christian was splendidly illustrated by the resolution which he and his brother Robert made when they went into the ranks. If called into action against the enemy, they would do their full duty but would carry no hatred toward the Hun, but would ever be on the watch to do a good turn to the foe. A magnificent testimony that the same principles learned and practiced in the little community and church are as forceful and eternal as God himself in the din of the battlefield.

Christian Endeavors, has the mantle of these two devoted young men fallen upon worthy shoulders? "They have labored, and ye are entered into their labors."

H. N. J.

OUR PLEASURES FOR CHRIST

REV. T. L. M. SPENCER

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
November 30, 1918

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Christ invited (John 2: 1-11)
Monday—Social life (Luke 3: 27-32)
Tuesday—Dancing to death (Exod. 32: 1-6, 28)
Wednesday—Idle pleasures (Amos 6: 1-6)
Thursday—Rest-time (Mark 7: 30-32)
Friday—Joys of song (Rev. 5: 7-14)
Sabbath Day—All for Christ. Our pleasures
(1 Cor. 10: 23-24, 31-33; 11: 1) (Consecration meeting)

The apostolic admonition for every Christian is, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Therefore the Christian should not engage in any pleasure which can not bring glory to God. The Christian life is one of real happiness and pleasure, for the Psalmist says, "In thy presence is fulness of joy; in thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore" (Ps. 16:11). "They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fulness of thy house, and thou will make them drink of the river of thy pleasures" (Ps. 36: 8).

The pleasures of the ballroom, the theater, the billiard room, cards and smoking are counterfeit. They ruin and make slaves of men. But the Christian life is one of true joy and pleasure. To the ungodly this will appear as foolishness, but the follower of Christ knows the fulness of joy in the Lord's service.

When tempted to engage in any pleasure the question you should ask yourself is, Can I glorify God in this? This question will settle the matter easily and prevent many disasters. For there are some pleasures that appear innocent while they are dangerous.

There are many allurements to draw away people from following the Lord, but these when compared with the pleasures of the Christian life are emptiness. Even in persecution and distresses there will still be experienced joy. For the apostle Paul testified, "I take pleasure in weakness, in injuries, in necessities, in persecutions, in distress, for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong" (2 Cor. 12: 10).

I read some time ago of a Christian business man who was talking with a friend about how to obtain victory in Christ. Their conversation lasted for some

time without any definite result until the business man mentioned that though he had lost his love for tobacco a few months before, yet he had occasionally returned to cigars in emergencies. His friend then asked him, "Do you suppose that if the Lord Jesus were all to you that he wants to be, you would need a cigar on such occasions?" The business man quickly saw the point and sought the Lord on his knees for the fulness of joy which is able to satisfy at all times.

There are pleasures in reading to the sick and visiting the discouraged. In our spare time we can find joy in engaging in some pleasureable duty that will bring glory to God.

TO THINK ABOUT

What pleasures do I engage in?
What can I do to make my pleasures a power for good?
How are my pleasures enslaving me?

A CLUSTER OF QUOTATIONS

Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things—in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself.—Wesley.

Our pleasures should make the soul bright and beautiful as the face of Moses was transformed by the vision of God.—J. G. Pilkington.

The pleasures of sense will surfeit, and not satisfy; the pleasures of religion will satisfy, but not surfeit.—Henry.

Cleopatra's asp was introduced in a basket of flowers; so are our sins often brought to us in the flowers of our pleasures.—Spurgeon.

The near future of the church depends upon what it does for the soldiers, for their families, and for the nation during the war; and upon the intelligent and Christ-minded leadership which it is able to offer in the rebuilding of society after the war. But no ordinary work at peace time strength will suffice; nothing but service for God and humanity like that described in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews will answer the need of the hour.—Committee on War-time Work.

THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER XXV

(Continued)

KON WAS maturing fast these days. Life always meant more to him than to the average boy and young man, owing to the environment at home, and now the helpful association with his sister and her husband; and with his teachers in the college, was doing much for him. Added to that was the society of Don and Evelyn, who, coming from refined and cultured homes, had a wholesome influence upon him, while their differences in religious belief did a great deal to stimulate him to be as clear in thought as possible and to seek for reasons for the hope within him. He was much impressed with the words of the apostle Peter (1 Peter 3: 15): "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." This led him to be more than ordinarily earnest and sincere in the study of religious questions. Not for the sake of controversy, as that was distasteful to him, although sometimes necessary, as when he was asked "the reason" for his practices, and others presented what to him seemed unscriptural and unreasonable arguments for what he believed to be errors. It happened on the first visit of Don's father at his room, that, after a very pleasant time talking about college affairs, the family being present, the matter of their differences came up and Mr. Carlton "jollied" Kon about trying to proselyte his son to the "Sabbatarian faith."

"No, I have not tried to do that, but when Don has mentioned it I have thought it well to discuss the matter. Of course if my faith is worth anything, and the Sabbath of the Christ and the law is as vital as we Seventh Day Baptists believe it to be, then we want the whole world to know it and to have an intelligent understanding of it," replied Kon.

"Did it ever occur to you that your premises might be incorrect and therefore your conclusions also? This must be the case with one or the other of us," said Mr. Carlton.

"A United States senator said that he who was most positive was likely to be most mistaken. But I hardly think that a necessary conclusion," answered Kon. "Now if I say 'Thou shalt not steal' and that God commanded that, may I not be most positive about it? And is a man a clear thinker who says that it means something else? This Sabbath question is not a juggler's proposition. When God gives a command, he does not couch it in language so mysterious and so capable of double or different meanings that the wayfaring man need always be in a quandary. All national histories, all business enterprises, all religious matters, all your calendars recognize a definite seventh day and first day of the week. Some have tried to quibble over lost time and circumnavigation of the globe when it came to a discussion of this question, but such things have never disturbed men when they wanted to keep Sunday definitely. Now when God says definitely that 'the seventh day is the sabbath,' and has never said that of any other

day, nor have the apostles ever hinted of any change in the law, nor has anything been recorded in the New Testament that might lead one to believe that such a change had been made, what must we think of the reasoning by which you and others would bolster up Sunday observance—what must we say to your methods of thinking?" asked Kon.

"But are not men honest in so thinking?" asked Mr. Carlton.

"The honesty of men is all right but honesty does not establish a matter under discussion. A pagan may be honest, a Catholic may be honest, your Congregational brother with whom you do not agree may be honest, but you do not accept their honesty as establishing a religious faith or as a correct interpretation of a, to you, plain command of God. I fear that many men do not really think, they jump to conclusions without thinking. Why, Mr. Carlton, you know better than I do, with your abilities and experiences, that real thinking in order to reach just and right conclusions, is the ordering of some subject matter with reference to the discovery of what it means or indicates. You can't think apart from a logical arrangement of subject matter any more than you can digest food without assimilating it. Whatever you may call it, it is not thinking. Men have heard over and over again that Paul meant this and that, and that the apostles did or said this and that, and for ages have accepted it *without* thinking. Even the clergy do that too much. Pardon me, but I'm quite in earnest about this, even with a man my superior. There is no thinking without an acquaintance with real facts. Now what are facts in regard to Paul's preaching, as you say, on Sunday, just once as far as the Bible shows, and about the breaking of bread and all that? What are the facts as they may, or may not, be related to the Sabbath question? Why, when a man *thinks* without prejudices and preconceived opinions he quickly sees that the Seventh Day Sabbath is not in the least involved in those matters. I see every time I hear a discussion of this question a false and exaggerated use of language. Men are *not* thinking. They are just trying to juggle with words to sustain a point. It is enough to drive us young men to infidelity, and many are being driven to reject the Word of God by the great differences between you good people on these questions."

"Really, Kon, you are getting to be a debater and are quite polemic. Let me ask you before we go farther, What is thought?"

"You are asking to draw me out while you, a clergyman, know what it is. But I will try to answer as far as I know. Of course I am young and have much to learn and I want to learn, that is what I am here for. The best definition I know as to what thinking is, is that it involves a consideration of the basis and consequences of our beliefs. The thoughts I have, resulting in my belief, must be important to me, leading to reflection, to conscious inquiry into the bearings and nature and conditions of my belief. Suppose I think of fish as in clouds or whales on mountains, that is mere fancy, it leads me to no particular belief. Centuries ago men were honest in believing the world flat and Co-

lumbus was almost condemned for asserting otherwise. Those good men were honest in the opinion that the Bible sustained their theories. Such belief in the flatness of the earth committed those who held it to thinking in specific ways of other objects, and that was what made them condemn Columbus' theories of navigation. There is a grave consequence of a belief upon other beliefs. Many men have not energy enough to question the theories of others who assume knowledge and authority. Columbus' thinking had a *'reasoned conclusion.'* He studied facts. There was a close scrutiny and revision of evidences. He would not accept the traditional theories (as men do today in regard to the Sabbath question); he doubted them and so he inquired, he *thought*, and he went on thinking as few men do. Let me ask you a question, Did John on Patmos in vision mean Sunday when he said 'Lord's day'?" asked Kon.

"I think so," replied Mr. Carlton.

"Now for you to simply say, 'I think so,' means that you do *not* really know. That is inferential belief. You must later on confirm it. Now it is a supposition, not proven. You can't prove it from any Scripture evidences. What you rely upon is that many, many years after that men called it the 'Lord's day' and you assume from that, that John so intended it to be understood. Still it remains a supposition, not a fact. No statement of Scripture gives it that meaning. Now is it not true that thousands of men find it the easiest way to accept these suggestions or assumptions, because to them they seem plausible and in that way they end any condition of mental uneasiness. Reflective thinking is quite troublesome when men do not wish to be disturbed by possible truth. True thinking means to me a willingness to endure any possible condition of mental unrest or disturbance, if I may thereby come to the truth as God wants me to see it. And when men are ready for the unity they preach about they must have this disturbance and suspense and make painful inquiry into facts and historical proofs and all that. Your son and Mr. Troy's daughter said one day that they kept Sunday because their parents had taught them to do so. Now parents must teach children what they believe, but most parents teach that because they in turn have only that evidence for it. Such people have as yet not reasoned at all. You may say I keep the Seventh Day because my parents do. I grant that now, a college student, and able to do my own thinking, if that is the *only* reason, I can not call it a *reason* and I have not done any thinking. That being so, Don, Evelyn and myself have thought according to the example of others who most influenced us. Your congregation is thinking as a rule according to the example of their minister. It is not thinking in reality, it is the acceptance of an assumption and that is why the masses accept the Sunday as far as they do. Others put *passion* in the place of some reason or fact. Passion, humor, material interests, party affiliations, govern their acts and arguments. See? This petty traffic in some little brooks keeps them from venturing onto the ocean of real knowledge. Prejudices and inclinations greatly impose upon men themselves and they remain narrow and ig-

norant of truth and that is the stronghold of error. Too many minds are *closed*, their understandings are in a mold, cast-iron, and they will not investigate. I have known men I thought capable of sound reasoning and of studying the Bible, who relied solely upon what they called "authorities." Some scholar that quite pleased them said this and that and it was 'from the authorities.' That can prove anything under the sun. It keeps more people in error than anything else probably, this giving up to the 'commonly received opinions' of friends. Mr. Carlton, excuse this long harangue, if you please so to call it. You drew me into it. Now I want the truth. So does Don and others of us young people, but we must now go to God's Word direct for religious truths; and while you and other ministers have a right to instruct us, we have a right to *demand* that you, too, shall do real thinking and give a reason for the hope or the belief you want us to receive. The world is now ready to know facts of history and revelation, and if you men of high standing and teachers of the people do not get better acquainted *with* history and facts of revelation you will soon find yourselves without congregations. And the world will still more rush on to lawlessness and irreligion and no-Sabbathism. I really need your pardon, I did not know I was talking so long to a man at whose feet I ought to sit for instruction. I ought to have started for class ten minutes ago. I'll hear your side of the question later and sit an humble listener. Come over oftener and see Don; he is a fine fellow, I assure you, and we love him."

"That brother of yours, Mrs. Barber, is an exceptional young man. He would make a grand lawyer," said Mr. Carlton.

"I hope he will not choose that profession, however," replied Ethel. "But he might do worse. I am sure I do not know what he will choose. I'm leaving that to the Lord. If he is submissive to the divine leadings, as every young man and woman should be, he will find no difficulty in his selection."

Mr. Carlton went home astonished at the wisdom of a "boy" as he termed Kon. Had he himself really thought when he preached to his people? Had he really the facts when he asserted this and that without going down deep into the truth? Here were young people whom he must assume to instruct in great religious doctrines and they were going to be thinking young people. He had to secretly acknowledge to himself that in many things he had taken his beliefs for granted because they were the tenets of his church. Truly he must *think*.

And others must think. Traditions can not uphold much longer the errors of men. "To the law and the testimony." Yes, though men sneer at it, there must be a "Thus saith the Lord."

(To be continued)

"Next to the memorizing of Scripture for spiritual culture is the memorizing of the great hymns. Some of our best devotional literature is found in the great hymns of the church."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A 6 BY 9 RHYME

A queer little boy who had been to school
And was up to all sorts of tricks,
Discovered that 9, when upside down,
Would pass for the figure six.

So when asked his age by a good old dame,
The comical youngster said,
"I'm 9 when I stand on my feet like this,
And 6 when I stand on my head!"

—Exchange.

ON DUTY

Harold sat in the biggest office chair. Usually he was running errands around the shipyard, but this afternoon was a special occasion; he had put on his new white suit and was waiting for the French corporal who had promised to be at the launching of the new ship's hull which was to take place at high tide this afternoon. The corporal was not expected to arrive for more than an hour, but Harold had been so impatient he had made ready and was sure the office clock didn't go fast enough to mark the time properly.

His father was talking busily through the telephone. Mr. Belcher of the saw mill up Norton way had ready some planks needed for the ship work.

"I'll send Harold up for them in the morning. I've promised him this afternoon for a holiday and there is no one on hand to send now," said father.

"Would you like those spruce planks today?" asked Harold after his father hung up the receiver.

"Yes, lad. The men are ready to work with them."

Harold stood up. Ever since school had closed for the summer vacation he had been working at the shipyard to do his bit for his country. To be sure he was only a nine-year-old boy, but he could run errands faithfully, and drive old Ned kindly, and keep his tongue from repeating what he overheard. These things seemed very small to Harold and yet even going for these spruce planks might help to finish one of the ships a few hours earlier. He could offer to use an hour of his half holiday for that.

"Let me go on duty," he said.

"All right! You'll be back in time for the launching," said father. "I want you to hear what Corporal Longle has to tell us."

So Harold hurried home and, putting on his clean over-all suit, harnessed old Ned to the light wagon. Usually Harold counted a trip to Belcher's mill as a treat, but this afternoon he was more interested in returning to the shipyard as soon as possible. Old Ned trotted along the hard road, and at the mill Mr. Belcher came out to see that the choice timber was properly covered and tied.

"I'm glad to see you on duty! These days we can't let pleasure get ahead of work," said Mr. Belcher. "I want to see the corporal myself, but there are more boards to get out so you must remember to tell me what he says."

"I will," promised Harold.

Old Ned picked up his ears and pulled briskly as if he understood how it was. Soon they came to an auto by the roadside. Two men were peering under the lifted hood of it. One of the men was in business clothes, but the other wore a beautiful pale blue uniform. Harold had never seen a uniform like it and did not guess what kind of a soldier the man was.

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked.

"Tell us how far it is to the Wayne shipyard!" said the man in business clothes.

"Almost two miles."

"Then I will walk now," said the man in blue. "The auto, she may not stir until late."

Harold hesitated. Probably these men were going to the launching. Men in uniform often came to the shipyard.

"I'll be glad to give you a lift there, sir! I'm Harold Wayne!" he said.

"You invite me to ride? Surely it will be a pleasure. Myself, I am Corporal Longle who is expected!"

Side by side on the high seat the corporal and Harold rode along the country road. Harold told him about going for the boards and what he was trying to do for his country and how small a place he seemed to fill.

"But with every one on duty it makes one big, grand whole! Me, I serve as but one among many and seem small to my

own self, but altogether we are a giant!" said the corporal.

How the men cheered when Harold drove into the shipyard! And they cheered again when the hull slid down the ways into the blue, blue water.—*The Child's Hour.*

TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN

Suggestions by mothers who have been kindergarten. Issued by The United States Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., and The National Kindergarten Association, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

ARTICLE XVIII

MRS. JOHN HENRY HAMMOND

The other day I was reciting to my little five-year-old son the old nursery rhyme:

"Here am I, little Jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me, I'm always alone."

"What does that mean?" asked the child.

"Why, when nobody's with you, aren't you always alone?" I questioned.

"No," he replied, "because God is always with me."

How shall we measure the significance of this early realization of our Father's presence everywhere? For with the knowledge that God is present to help at all times our children lose the sense of fear—and there is no greater lesson that we can impart to them. From earliest infancy we can begin to awaken in our children the sense of the all-presence of God.

Froebel, in his "Mother Play," a series of songs and games which he devised as illustrative of how a mother should play with her children, always seeks to make her look from the things which are seen and temporal to the things which are unseen and eternal; the father is to manifest so much patience and love towards his little ones as to make the transition of idea from the earthly to the heavenly Father simple and natural. The child is to be trained to look upon himself as a necessary and responsible part of a great whole, and to be taught that the whole can only be as strong as the weakest link. This is the basic thought of all true community consciousness. And from his earliest infancy he is to be taught to show gratitude to all who aid in ministering to his needs.

In these days, when so much is written about sense testimony, and so much is done to meet the physical and mental needs of our

children both in the home and at school, there is a tendency to forget the teachings of Froebel and to give our children only a partial education, an education which stops short of their spiritual needs.

A momentous question, and one which all parents must answer individually is, "Do we want our children to be merely healthy little animals with a certain amount of superficial learning, or do we wish to develop their deeper natures so that one day they may be able to take their place in the world, and through their spiritual insight into things, become powers for good in the community?" For parents can not turn over their own responsibilities to the teachers and expect them to lay the foundations of character. The home is the place where this must be done and it is for us to prove to our children that it is only as we are good ourselves that we help those around us. Then, imitation being one of the earliest and strongest instincts of childhood, our little ones, taking knowledge of us, begin practicing in their own lives what they see in ours. And living in an atmosphere of love and harmony, they come early to understand that love is the greatest power in the world.

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

If we are convinced that Christianity is the best religion and the only religion that can save the soul, we will waste no valuable time in attempting to find or construct a better religion than that of Jesus Christ. If we are convinced of the divine warrant of Christianity, we will rejoice that we have the true religion, and the best. A profound conviction respecting Christianity, such a conviction, for example, as Paul had, will stimulate us to use our energies in spreading the gospel.—*David G. Wylie.*

There is no work in this world so full of discouragements as the work of trying to make the world better. There is no work so disheartening as trying to save men's souls, while they stand on the curb and grin. But there is no work so full of encouragement as that, so full of the assurance of victory.—*Rev. George E. Jackson.*

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

THE VISION OF ENCOURAGEMENT

REV. EDWIN SHAW

Preached at Plainfield, N. J., July 26, 1913

Text: *Be of good cheer; for as thou hast testified concerning me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome.* Acts 23: 11.

This is the vision of encouragement; and if ever a man needed encouragement Paul needed it just now. You know the need of encouragement depends very largely upon the conditions and circumstances. I knew a man once who lost a horse, a nice young horse, worth possibly at that time \$150.00. It became entangled in some way in its halter and broke its neck. But it was the only horse the man had, and he had no money with which to buy another, and he was depending upon this horse to do the work on his little farm. I knew another man who also lost a horse, just as valuable as the horse owned by this man. But it was one horse out of a drove of more than twenty good horses. Now in their loss, or misfortune, which of the two men needed the more encouragement so far as the loss was concerned? The man with only one horse of course. And why? Because it meant so much more to him. Any man who is in danger of his life, who is being guarded by the police, needs encouragement. But notice Paul's surroundings.

He was in Jerusalem. He had come here to attend the great annual feast of the Jewish religion, the Passover. He had come reporting how the gospel of Jesus Christ had been received in many places, in Syria, Asia, Macedonia, Greece, and other provinces, by the Jews, and by the Greeks, or Gentiles, as well. And he was bringing a message from these little scattered congregations of Christians back to what should be the mother church of them all at Jerusalem. He had gathered the leaders together, had spoken to them, had related the wonderful things that the Lord had done to him and for him, and how the truth was being accepted.

But the Jews at Jerusalem were as bitter against him as they had been bitter against

his Master, Jesus Christ, years before. The leaders among the Christians seem to have misunderstood Paul; and the report had gone out that he was preaching against Moses and the customs of the fathers, so sacred, and so dear to the hearts of Jews. Paul protested that he was not seeking to destroy Moses and the law at all, he was simply giving the spiritual interpretation to it. The spirit of narrow intolerance and religious bigotry has been the cause of a great deal of sorrow and bitterness in the world. I am glad to say that it seems as though the Christian spirit of love and patience were spreading and working its way, like leaven, in the hearts of the people. And yet there are examples even in our day of abuse heaped upon those who, like Paul, preach a large, wide, Christlike gospel.

Four of the leaders among the Christians were willing, by taking a formal vow, to give testimony in favor of Paul; but even before the several days required by the Jewish customs for making the vow in due form were quite expired, the people almost mobbed Paul, and the Roman soldiers had to interfere to quiet the tumult, and to save Paul from harm. And even then when securely guarded by the soldiers, forty men took a deliberate and awful oath that in some way they would slay Paul. This knowledge came by a lad to the ears of Paul there in the castle.

No wonder Paul was discouraged. For many years he had been preaching and teaching, and the cause in the provinces had indeed made some progress. But here at Jerusalem, where he had so hoped to accomplish something, his efforts met with apparently complete failure. To be sure he was being treated as his Master was treated. He and his message were being rejected just as Jesus and his message had been rejected, and largely for the same reasons, because they preached a world-wide gospel, and not the exclusiveness of the Jews. Did it ever occur to you why it was that the Christians in Jerusalem seemed to have been undisturbed by the Jews, while men like Stephen, years before, and like Paul at the time of the events of our text, were stoned, and mobbed, and plotted against? The answer seems to be apparent, that the Christians there in all their conduct conformed carefully to all the customs and ceremonies of the most religious

Jews. This they were perfectly justified in doing if they so desired. But the Jews could not tolerate the preaching of Paul. In their narrowness they could not see how he was loyal to Moses and the law, when he preached Christ and him crucified.

And so it seemed to Paul that the cause he loved so well would after all never be accepted by his own countrymen.

It was the great desire of his life, the thing so dear to him, that which he loved so dearly, and for which he had sacrificed so much, turning out a failure. I think not that the personal physical danger counted very much with Paul, but the great worth of the cause, the priceless value of the cause which seemed doomed to failure, did count in large numbers with him, and he was discouraged, disheartened, and he needed help and assurance. And it came in that vision, "Be of good cheer; for as thou hast testified concerning me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."

Now I want to call your attention to the nature and character of this vision of encouragement.

It was, first of all, an assurance of the favor and sympathy of God. And this is a great thing. It is like the fuel that keeps the fire burning; and courage is truly like a fire, for it needs a supply of fuel constantly being furnished. There is no fuel for the fire of Christian courage like the assurance of the favor and sympathy of God. I read a lecture this week printed in a little pamphlet on the results of Christian Science, sent me by a former member of this church now living in Massachusetts. This lecture served to emphasize, what I knew before, that the power which this particular branch of the disciples of Jesus Christ has over the lives of so many people is due to the constant assurance of the favor and sympathy of God; it insures a quietness and calmness of life which drives away fear, and while the absence of fear is by no means the same as courage, yet after all, the absence of fear makes courage very much easier to maintain. And so, I say, this vision which brought the assurance of the favor and sympathy of God, was like fuel in the fire of encouragement.

In the next place, this vision brought the approval of the Lord to what Paul had done, to this testimony concerning his Mas-

ter at Jerusalem. This again is a great means of encouragement, and surely there is a lesson in it for us. Wherever you can honestly give your approval to what some one has been laboring to accomplish, whenever you do give that approval, it is an exceeding great source of encouragement. Your own heart tells you that, as you recall moments in your past life when you were a little disheartened, and a little blue; some one happened to meet you and expressed a hearty approval of what you had been doing; how the day brightened, how the birds sang, how encouraged you were!

But in the third place, and this is the thought that I chiefly have in mind this morning.

When the vision said to Paul, "Be of good cheer; for as thou hast testified concerning me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome," it was a call to a larger field, to heavier burdens, to increased peril, to greater sacrifice, to a more extended service. His vision of encouragement was not to a condition without care, free from burdens, not to a life of ease and physical comforts. His duties and responsibilities were added and multiplied, not subtracted and divided. And every real vision of real encouragement to the real Christian is a similar vision, a call to larger usefulness, to weightier burdens, to wider opportunities, a call to meet greater opposition, to solve more difficult problems, to meet severer tasks. Did you ever think of it in that way before? The Lord said to Paul, "Be of good cheer; you have been testifying of me here in Jerusalem; that's all right, but you must bear witness of me also in Rome." Paul was encouraged by being told that he was to go on, enduring as he had been enduring, struggling as he had been struggling, single-handed almost at times, to carry on the work, to teach and to preach the gospel even in Rome, lordly, careless, riotous Rome.

Now I fancy that sometimes we miss our heaven-sent visions of encouragement simply because we fail to recognize them. We may be looking for comfort and good cheer in a life free from the burdens we are bearing, free from the opposition that besets us, free from disappointments and seeming failures, free from criticism and censure; but that is not the way the Lord

revealed his vision of encouragement to Paul. Look for encouragement in additions of burdens and not in removals; "to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath" is true even of the work and toil of life. And mark you, it is a cause for encouragement, it is a vision of good cheer, for you, if the Lord has found you worthy and faithful and adds to your burdens.

"Oh, well," you may say, "that may be all right to talk and preach, but when it comes to life, to actual experience, it is quite a different thing; for it is hard to believe that more trouble, more toil, and heavy burdens are matters for encouragement; that can hardly be reasonable." Very well, I answer. In some matters it is clearly recognized. Every promotion in business and civil life, every advance in the profession of teaching, every step towards the top in any line of endeavor, always means greater responsibility, more important duties, exposure to more violent criticism, more risks and dangers, harder battles, heavier burdens. The same is true in God's dealings with his children. James caught the spirit of it when he says in the opening sentence of his epistle, "Count it all joy, my brethren, when ye fall into manifold temptations," or trials, or testings.

And so friends, when we think about this vision of Paul and apply it to ourselves, as we have the privilege of doing, when we hear the Lord say to him, and hear him say to us, "Be of good cheer," let us not forget the rest of the vision, "for as thou hast testified concerning me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome," as thou hast been true and brave in the midst of criticism and opposition, here, so must thou also be even yet braver and more loyal in a much larger field. As thou hast labored and toiled and suffered in the past, so must thou also endure, like the good soldier, even greater hardships in the future. For this vision of encouragement let us daily pray; let us cultivate a disposition, a fixed habit, of seeing in our work, toilsome and perplexing and disappointing as it often is, the approval and favor of our Master and to hear his message of comfort and encouragement, "Be of good cheer," which may God grant in Jesus' name. Amen.

MOTHERS AND SONS

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." An old adage, but it voices a truth which can not be wisely ignored. Family history from the days of Sarah and Rebekah to the present has proved and proved again that the mightiest factor in human destiny is the influence of a mother upon her child.

Oh, if mothers could realize, in the press and fret and worry of the days when their boys are small, and their wants and needs are large, unfulfilling, and seemingly endless, how very soon the clear, shrill voices will take on the deeper notes of maturity, frankness and faith will give way to reserve and questioning, the clay will harden in the mold, the boy will merge into the man! For the days of babyhood and boyhood and youth go so fleetingly—and when they go, they are passed forever! Only memories remain—in the mother's the vision of the little lad she has cared for and caressed and comforted; in the boy's, if his mother has fulfilled her high trust aright, a love and reverence that can not be put into words. One may glimpse a faint understanding of it by reading the reports of nurses who minister to those severely wounded in battle. "Mother!" is the last cry on this lips, their last realized longing in the hour of death. "Mother!"

How careful should mothers be to lead consistent lives before the sons whose ideals will always be gauged by what the mothers *are* rather than by what they *say*. In his book, "When Home Is Heaven," Mr. J. Wilbur Chapman relates two incidents showing the influence of two mothers at a vital time in the experience of two young men.

The first was of a mother in Philadelphia. A young man attended a revival meeting and was deeply moved. He decided to be a Christian, and left the meeting firm in that resolve, and anxious to tell his mother of the step he had taken. "He found her interested in bridge whist, and much absorbed in the game, and when he leaned forward and whispered to her telling what he had done, she brushed him aside saying, 'Run away, my boy, I will talk with you about that again,' and the boy came back to our meeting to say that he had decided not to be a Christian; for, said he, 'if Christ is real, then I am quite sure my

mother is not a Christian, or she would not have treated me with such indifference.'"

The other story has to do with a hospital ward in the Civil War. "After one of the hard-fought battles of the war, a chaplain in the Southern army was called to see a dying soldier. Taking his hand, he said, 'Well, my boy, what can I do for you?' He supposed, of course, that the young man would want to cry to God for help in his extremity, but it was not so. 'Chaplain,' he said, 'I want you to cut off a lock of my hair for my mother; and then, chaplain, I want you to kneel down and return thanks to God for me.'

"For what?" asked the chaplain, and the dying soldier boy said, 'For giving me such a mother. Her teachings are my comfort now. And then, chaplain, thank God that by his grace I am a Christian. What would I do now if I were not a Christian?'

"And so," said the chaplain, 'I kneeled down by his bed with not a petition to utter; only praises and thanksgiving for a good mother, a Christian's hope, and dying grace.'

Such illustrations have no need of comment; they point their own moral.

It is trite to repeat that early influences are most lasting, and that the impressions and memories of childhood are "last to go." The aged man may forget what happened yesterday, may fail even to remember the names and faces of his daily companions; and yet be able to retell with great vividness and detail incidents that occurred when he was a little child. All this proves again the importance of controlling these early impressions, and making them exactly what they should be.

Our boys—our own dear boys—are no different, though we may fondly think so, from other sons. Whether they are weak or strong, earnest or purposeless, wavering or loyal, is determined by their heredity, their environment, and their training. And so much of this rests primarily and fundamentally with the mother!

Mothers stamp their own personality in a peculiar sense upon their sons; they implant and exemplify the principles that shall endure through life. No nation is greater or better than its mothers, no cause can flourish that does not have the support and devotion of the women in its

ranks, whose ideals are personified in the lives of their sons.

This is a solemn thought, and it comes home to our mothers in a peculiar way. What shall be their attitude, in view of these facts, toward their sons in regard to the finishing of this work? Will they rise to the fulness of their opportunity, and mold their sons for service in God's cause? A far weightier responsibility rests upon them than they can ever know. Whole families have been uplifted and made strong by the purpose and power and godly life of a devoted mother when the father gave no help.

Long ago there lived in a Michigan village a family of believers in the advent message. The father had no interest in religious things, but the mother was a devoted and earnest Christian, and of a strong and winsome personality. She took her sons to Sabbath school and to church, often in the face of outspoken opposition from her husband. With an aching heart she kept on in the face of difficulties that would have daunted one who depended alone on earthly strength. Those sons are honorable and honored men today, holding positions of responsibility in this message. One of them is a teacher in one of our leading schools.

Mothers, you have a direct and unshirkable responsibility toward this cause today. Is it yours to supply the recruits for the work at home and in distant lands. Your sons must step into the thinning ranks of the older workers, and carry the standard forward to victory.

How will you meet this responsibility? Remember this: Your son must not be left uneducated for God's service if you have any desire to see him a worker in this message. He must not only be dedicated but trained for service; he must be taught that God has a place for him, and that it is his duty to get ready to fill it, to lift heavy burdens, to bear weighty responsibilities, to suffer and if need be to lay down his life for his Master.

When the solemn question is asked of the mothers of the church, "Where is thy flock, thy beautiful flock?" God grant it may be their happy privilege to answer: "Here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me."—Mrs. I. H. Evans, in *Advent Review and Sabbath Herald*.

DEATHS

TAYLOR.—In Potter Hill, R. I., September 30, 1918, Mrs. Hannah C. Taylor, in the 68th year of her age.

Hannah Cundall Taylor, daughter of John and Harriet Babcock Cundall, was born in Greenmanville, Mystic, Conn., July 29, 1851. Out of a family of five children, two boys and three girls, she was the last but one to pass on. One sister, Mrs. Charles I. Taylor, of Louisville, Ky., survives her. Mrs. Taylor had been in failing health for some time but would not yield to her weakness until a few weeks before her death. In her last days she was blessed by the presence of sister and friends of other days who tenderly cared for her.

November 15, 1880, she was married to Daniel A. Taylor, who was superintendent of the Potter Hill woolen mills for many years. Mr. Taylor died January 1, 1900.

Besides her sister, Mrs. Taylor leaves an uncle, John J. Babcock; a cousin, Miss Clara Babcock, who from a child has had a home and a mother's care with Mrs. Taylor and who is now in France in war work; a nephew, Byron Taylor, now in an officers' training camp, and others more distantly related.

Mrs. Taylor united early in life with the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she has been an earnest and devoted member. She was always interested in her church, as well as in other organizations for benevolent labor.

The funeral services were held at the home in Potter Hill, October 3, 1918, and were conducted by a former pastor, Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, of Westerly, assisted by Rev. D. B. Coon, pastor of the First Hopkinton Church. C. A. B.

BURDICK.—Nina Myrtle Coon was born at Utica, Wis., September 22, 1889, and died from Spanish influenza, on October 10, 1918.

She was the fourth child of George W. and Adelle Whitford Coon. The family moved to Milton Junction, where she attended high school, graduating in 1910. In the fall of 1911, she entered on a nurse's training course at Hahnemann Hospital, Chicago, receiving her diploma in 1914. For over three years she had a busy life in her chosen work, as her services were much in demand.

October 2, 1917, she was married to Fred C. Burdick, of Chicago, and was thus called home after only a year of happy wedded life.

With several girl friends, she was baptized in early life by Elder George Crandall, and joined the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist Church. She was an earnest Christian and her service for others was an expression of her faith and love. Her mingling of the ministry of healing with spiritual fellowship reminds us of her Master. For ten weeks during each of the last two summers she was on the staff of the *Daily News* Sanatorium, caring for the sick babies of the poor.

Funeral services were conducted at the home of her parents, Milton Junction, October 14, by Rev. L. C. Randolph. Text, John 3: 16.

L. C. R.

WEED.—Frank J. Weed, the son of Dr. Frank J. and Harriet A. Weed, was born in Painsville, near Cleveland, Ohio, August 3, 1883, and died in Alfred, N. Y., October 13, 1918.

His boyhood days were spent in Cleveland. Although his father died when he was quite young, his mother maintained a beautiful home life so that he and his sister Lucia enjoyed every blessing. His early education was obtained in the University School for Boys in Cleveland and at Ashville, N. C. He graduated in the preparatory course for college from Bethel Academy, Bethel, Me., in 1903. Naturally he chose Bowdoin College as his alma mater, from which he later graduated in 1907 with the degree of A. B. *cum laude*. He had chosen while still in college to make music his profession, so that immediately upon graduation he entered the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, from which he graduated and afterwards took post-graduate work in pianoforte and organ.

He came directly from Boston to Alfred in 1913, to accept an instructorship in pianoforte in the music department of Alfred University. The following year he was made professor of instrumental music in the university. His standards of excellence and his success were recognized by the college, his pupils and the citizens of Alfred. In 1916, he resigned his position in the university to take care of a rapidly growing class of private pupils here and in Hornell.

Frank was always a gentleman, kind and courteous. His character is best portrayed by his devotion to his mother and his passionate love for music which he both understood and interpreted with feeling. Some of his original compositions were played by the Boston Opera Company and other artists of that city. As a teacher and friend he was both loved and respected. His was a retiring disposition so that he had few very intimate friends, but to those who knew him best he was both affectionate and loyal. He loved his home and his home life, and was always happy just to be there. He was an intellectual as well as a mechanical genius. While a sophomore in college he took the Sewall Latin prize and was chosen one of twenty-two out of a class of sixty-three to write graduation essays. On the other hand he has shown since boyhood an unusual interest in, and understanding of, machinery. This mechanical sense gave him a deep understanding of the technique of music.

His untimely death of double pneumonia one day later than that of his sister, Mrs. Clawson, was a shock to the community and he is mourned by a wide circle of friends.—*Alfred Sun*.

CLAWSON.—Lucia Weed Clawson, daughter of Dr. Frank J. and Harriet A. Weed, and wife of Professor Cortez R. Clawson, died at their home in Alfred, N. Y., October 12, 1918, in the 34th year of her age.

Mrs. Clawson came to Alfred with her mother and brother in the fall of 1913 and was recognized as a talented reader and an interpreter

of dramatic art. She was soon in demand as a reader and for staging plays. It was very natural that in the fall of 1915 she should be appointed instructor in public speaking in Alfred University, which position she continued to hold up to the present time.

Lucia S. Weed was born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 22, 1885, into a beautiful and prosperous home. Her father was dean of the medical department of Wooster University, professor of clinical surgery, and one of the recognized surgeons of the State of Ohio. She received her first education in the Hathaway Brown School for Girls in Cleveland and later attended for one year the Prospect Hill School in Greenfield, Mass. Her artistic temperament next led her to attend the Eric Pape School of Art where she showed much ability, having three compositions in the exhibition at the end of the first year. She found her profession, however, in the Leland Powers' School of Expression in Boston, from which, after two years of most successful study, she graduated in 1909. While in the Powers' School she was a pupil of the late George Riddle, the famous interpreter of, and authority on, the works of Shakespeare, and he was a great inspiration to her in her later work.

The following three years she was teacher of expression and supervisor of reading in the public schools of Batavia, N. Y., where she had more than thirty teachers under her supervision. While there, as always, she was untiringly devoted to her work and the success of her pupils.

Since coming to Alfred Mrs. Clawson has always been in demand for entertainments and plays and was generous in her services and untiring in her efforts. Those who have seen the many successful plays she has been responsible for in Alfred have but a small idea of the enormous amount of effort and time which they demanded of her.

On the twentieth of last December she was married to Professor Cortez R. Clawson, librarian of the college, and the last ten months have been months of extreme happiness for them both. Her true self seemed to develop in her home life which she cherished as few do. To her husband and mother the sympathy of the whole community goes out. Her sweet Christian character and high ideals have been an inspiration to her many friends.

Her mother and brother have always been very near to her and it seems not unfitting that the two so closely associated in life should be called higher so nearly together.

The farewell services, held at the house on Tuesday afternoon, October 15, were simple and beautiful. She and her brother were laid away side by side on a beautiful fall morning, in the Alfred Rural Cemetery.—*Alfred Sun*.

MAXON.—Claire Maxon, eldest of the eight children of N. Dwight and Minnie MacLearn Maxon, was born in Walworth, Wis., January 19, 1885, and died from Spanish influenza, October 22, 1918.

He graduated from the Walworth High School in 1904. By independent study and practical experience he became an expert electrician. He was regarded as an authority in his line and

was called into consultation on difficult pieces of work. He was a man of business honor, kind spirit, and thoughtful usefulness.

After the war broke out, he tried to get into the service of his country, but was unable on account of a physical defect. A few weeks ago he entered upon the ship building work at Hog Island, near Philadelphia, expecting to support the plans of the Government in this way. While here he was taken with the dread disease from which he died. In spirit and purpose he gave his life for his country's cause as truly as if he had fallen upon the field of battle.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. L. C. Randolph at the home of the parents in Walworth, October 29. Text, John 3: 16. The creed we are judged by is not the creed we profess, but the creed we live. L. C. R.

STRAIN.—Mrs. Ollie E. Lewis Strain was born in Allegany County, New York, March 23, 1888, and died at her home in Los Angeles, Cal., October 25, 1918, of Spanish influenza.

Her mother died when she was but eight months old. She was taken to live with an aunt, Mrs. J. D. Washburn, of Earlville, N. Y., where she received careful Christian training. That was her home until early in 1908, when she came to spend some months with her father, A. B. Lewis, of Los Angeles. On October 8, 1908, she was married to Lester Strain, of that city, which has since been her home.

In early life she became a Christian and joined the Seventh Day Baptist church. On making her home in Los Angeles, she removed her membership to the church of her faith in that city, where it was held at the time of her death. In church activities she was a willing and efficient worker, and had been chorister for several years.

Her husband, father, a sister, Mrs. Jackson, of Rubert, Idaho, two brothers, Florin M. Lewis, of Los Angeles, and Otto, a lieutenant in the fire department at San Pedro, and many other relatives, both East and West, and a wide circle of friends are left in bereavement.

Her farewell services were conducted by her pastor. Interment was in the Forest Lawn Cemetery at the north edge of the city in the foothills. G. W. H.

Sabbath School. Lesson X.—December 7, 1918

JOSEPH MADE RULER OF EGYPT. Gen. 41: 33-44.

Golden Text.—"He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much." Luke 16: 10.

DAILY READINGS

Dec. 1—Gen. 41: 33-44. Joseph Made Ruler of Egypt.

Dec. 2—Gen. 41: 1-13. Joseph's Wisdom Revealed.

Dec. 3—Gen. 41: 14-24. Joseph Called to the Court.

Dec. 4—Gen. 41: 25-32. Joseph Interprets Dreams.

Dec. 5—Matt. 25: 14-30. The Parable of the Talents.

Dec. 6—Luke 19: 11-27. The Parable of the Pounds.

Dec. 7—Neh. 5: 1-13. A Righteous Ruler.

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

HOME NEWS

DERUYTER, N. Y.—Our church has many reasons for thankfulness and causes for regret. If a church has nothing in it, or within its influence, that is regretful, it certainly has that one additional cause for thankfulness. In either case the church has much to inspire faith and hope.

Our Sabbath congregations are well kept up and are certainly an interested company.

Our church prayer meetings are not largely attended, partly because they are held Tuesday eve, as the Christian Endeavorers hold their meetings, which are very interesting, on Sabbath eve, and partly because the people are so scattered. Removals and sickness have their influence also. Our social natures find enjoyment in our evening gatherings occasionally.

Pastor Hurley went for needed rest, accompanied by his wife, for a visit among their Iowa friends in the summer, and the church voted for him to remain and attend Conference in Nortonville. Now as the board calls him to enter evangelistic work the first of December we know we ought not to be selfish about it, but we can not help feeling rather reluctant to have them go. The prayers of this people will be earnestly offered for him and the work.

E. C. BURDICK, *Correspondent.*

The world's greatest benefactors are its dreamers. There is nothing so practical as a vision. The imagination is man's creative faculty without which his splendid creation which we call civilization would never have been called into being. Man would have remained forever groveling on the dust-heaps were it not for this godlike faculty by which he "bodies forth the forms of things unknown" and fuses the crude elements around him into glorious shapes and forms.—*W. B. Millard.*

The *Literary Digest*, after a careful poll of the state legislatures, gave a long review of the prospects for adoption of the Federal Prohibition Amendment, which indicated that ratification will follow, next year.

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

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He who has battled, were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the provision-wagons, or even rest unwatchfully abiding by the stuff.—*Carlyle.*

In a long and elaborate article the *Detroit Journal* shows how "Detroit has benefited, morally, industrially, physically and spiritually, since prohibition became effective in Michigan May 1." It is an exhaustive presentation of facts.

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—Henry Scott Holland.

—CONTENTS—

Editorial.—Dr. F. F. Johnson Gone to His Reward.—Sunday Closing Law Defeated in Los Angeles.—Sherwood Eddy in Plainfield.—Keep Watch of the Back Cover.—A Great Time in Which to Be Living.—"I Am Wondering"—Do You Care?—"Food Will Win the World."—Rev. Lester C. Randolph Passes Away 641-644
A Scripture Reading 644
Missionary and Tract Society Notes . 645
Over the Top by Thanksgiving With Ministerial Relief Fund—Why Not? 646
Missions.—Monthly Statement 647
Message to Lone Sabbath Keepers .. 647
Claude Curtis Coon 649
Woman's Work.—A Regular Mother.—From the Life and Letters of

Mrs. Lucy Clarke Carpenter.—Minutes of Woman's Board Meeting .650-652
Carroll B. West 652
Young People's Work.—A Deserved Tribute.—Begin Now.—A New Plan of Mission Study.—Minutes of Young People's Board Meeting.—Minutes of Meeting of Young People's Board 656-659
Thanksgiving (poetry) 659
Rev. F. F. Johnson, M. D. 660
Children's Page.—Polly Critcherson's Chance 661-663
The Far Look, or "Kon of Salem" .. 663
Men in the Service 666
Our Weekly Sermon.—The True Peace 668-671
Sabbath School Lesson for December 14, 1918 671