

*The United War Work
Campaign just closed found
you most willing to*

GIVE

*It is a good habit to acquire
Why not
GIVE
for the Denominational
Building*

F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

The Sabbath Recorder



REV. LESTER CHARLES RANDOLPH, D. D.
1864-1918

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 The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests for these denominational colleges.

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., DEC. 2, 1918

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The Entire Denomination Is in Deep Sorrow

All the families of our people are in deep sorrow over the loss of Dr. Lester C. Randolph, whose sudden death was mentioned in the last RECORDER. Everybody loved him. For years we have all read with pleasure and profit the bright, racy articles from his pen, and there is scarcely a church of our faith where his stirring sermons have not aroused the people, old and young, to higher ideals of the Christian life.

How can we make the pen express the emotion of hearts that have been stunned by the sad news? How can we make our sympathy for the family, thrice bereaved within a few weeks, fully known? When troubles multiply until God's people can but say, "Death has come up into our windows," and when the only feeling must be, "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow," then we realize the inadequacy of all human words of comfort, and can only pray that the Man of sorrows will speak to the hearts of his children who, like himself, have become "acquainted with grief."

A brief note from Milton, Wis., says:

The church here is in deep sorrow for the loss of our much loved pastor. Funeral services will be held Sabbath afternoon, at the time he had arranged for a memorial service for Kenneth and Paul, and the memorial services will be held in connection with the funeral for their father. The body will lie in the church from one o'clock until two-fifteen with the service commencing at two-thirty. President Daland has the service in charge.

These words also reveal the threefold bereavement of the loved ones in the pastor's home. Even while they were preparing memorial services for the two sons who had but a little while before made the supreme sacrifice for their country, the husband and father was called to join them in the spirit land. May the everlasting arms of the God he loved and served sustain and comfort them all.

Another note from Milton says that Brother Randolph had preached twice at

Whitewater, Wis., on Sunday, returning to his home in the evening. After looking over his mail and conversing with his family until about ten-thirty he retired, seeming in good spirits, but somewhat tired. About one o'clock he awoke with a severe headache, and two hours later became delirious. This continued until sometime in the forenoon of Monday, when he sank into a state of coma, in which he continued until death came, Thursday morning at ten o'clock. Seven physicians did their best to save him, but all in vain.

It is hard to realize that our friend and brother is gone. No man among us has been more active for a quarter of a century than Brother Lester C. Randolph, and it is hard to see how we can get along without him.

Brother Randolph's Connection With the Sabbath Recorder

It is not my purpose to give here an extended sketch of Brother Randolph's active and successful life. This will probably come in due time from the pen of some friend who has been in close touch with him through the years of his young manhood as well as in the days of his active service in pulpit and lecture field.

Therefore I leave the story of his pioneer work in our Christian Endeavor movement; his student missionary service in Wisconsin; his volunteer quartet work with other students of Morgan Park in the early nineties, and his pastoral care of the Chicago Church; his successful efforts as general evangelist one year under the direction of the Missionary Board; his canvass with a quartet for Alfred Theological Seminary; his ten years as pastor at Alfred and as helper in the school there; his nearly eight years in the Milton pastorate and as financial agent for the college; his able work for prohibition and his success as a popular lecturer,—I leave the story of all these years of strenuous labor to be told by another.

But I can not let this day pass without giving some personal experiences and paying a slight tribute to Brother Randolph's work in the SABBATH RECORDER.

In the RECORDER of December 3, 1891, Brother Randolph's name appears for the first time as "Contributing Editor." This was while he was pastor at Chicago. He was known for years as our "Western Editor." In the issue of January 15, 1900, when he began his pastoral work in Alfred and the question was raised as to the future "Western Editor," Brother Randolph wrote:

The cause takes precedence of personal interests; and if it seems best that some one else take the pen from our hand, Godspeed and our prayers go with him. Our tender love and gratitude be to the men of the Tract Board, who have been so kind, patient and brotherly these many years.

Dr. Lewis as editor, however, did not desire to lose the splendid services of Brother Randolph, and asked him to continue writing, which, under the general head of "Contributed Articles," he consented to do for a time. Finally in the RECORDER of April 23, 1900, appears Brother Randolph's "Good-By." It is sweet-spirited, just as all who knew him would expect it to be. He reviews his work, writes of his early aspirations, expresses thanks for kindness and forbearance, and for words of appreciation that have come to him during the years. He expresses the wish that he could even now write words of such wisdom and value and spiritual power as would atone for any defects of the past.

Here let me give a few sentences in his own words:

So we linger by the doorway of exit, prolonging the conversation, reluctant to say good night.

Simply and briefly shall it be said. If any words of ours have brightened the pathway, have eased the heartache, or relieved the discontent, have brought God nearer and made Christ dearer, have widened the horizon, promoted faith, hope and love in the heart, awakened longings for a nobler life, or pointed the way to higher achievements, to him be the glory whose likeness we bear and from whom every good and perfect gift comes. Good-by! God bless you!

Then Brother Randolph refers to the student evangelistic work which began about the time he took up his pen as Western Editor, and which we know he had

much to do with promoting. He referred to it as beginning with one quartet that went out with fear and trembling in 1892, and as having grown to at least seven quartets planning for work in the campaign of 1900.

In the closing paragraphs he wrote:

Love and Christian greetings to Dr. Lewis, our hearty wishes for his continued success in the editorial chair, our grateful thanks to him, his predecessors and the men of the Tract Board for the unbroken stream of kindness and brotherliness shown to a younger brother in the work. . . . We hope all the people will cooperate to make our denominational paper better than ever. . . . Long life to the RECORDER. Strength to its arm, and steadiness to its aim.

In the same issue with these words by Brother Randolph Dr. Lewis had the following:

Some farewell expressions from our Western Editor will be found on another page. The RECORDER appreciates his words, and reciprocates the sentiments of regard with which they glow. We expect our readers will have the pleasure of meeting L. C. Randolph in these columns frequently, although the Western Editor may no longer appear. Nevertheless, they will realize that a rose, though bearing some other name, loses neither its fragrance nor its beauty.

Dr. Lewis was right in thinking RECORDER readers would have the pleasure of meeting Brother Randolph again in these columns; for in less than a year Rev. Lester C. Randolph's name stood at the head of the Young People's Work as editor, where it stood from May 13, 1901, to August 27, 1906.

Again, in October, 1914, he accepted the editorship of the Sabbath School page, which he held until the day of his death. In his editorials at that time he said:

The Sabbath School Board has asked me to take charge of this page. It is hard to refuse such a fine, brotherly lot of men. They have promised to help. Will you give a lift too? This page should bristle with suggestive paragraphs—items—pen-points on which to impale the attention of the wayfaring reader.

One of the first secrets of a successful class is good cheer. Get rid of the sour people by sweetening them up. Kill bad germs by liberal doses of sunshine. Smile. Be glad about something. Rejoice that you have the Bible, that an all-sufficient Savior has you, and that you march under the banner of the King of kings.

Thus for more than a quarter of a century has this versatile Christian writer served our people almost constantly in

some department of the SABBATH RECORDER. His pen always brought good cheer. He looked on the bright side, and presented the gospel in its most attractive form. His place will be hard to fill.

Two "Love Letters" For several years the names of Edwin Shaw and Lester C. Randolph stood at the head of departments in the SABBATH RECORDER. Edwin had charge of the Young People's Work and Lester was a contributing editor. As I was looking for data regarding Lester's work I noticed a paragraph in Edwin's department entitled, "A Love Letter," which ran as follows:

My wife called it a "love letter" as she passed it back to me across the table. It was from a college friend in the good old days when we were students at Milton, a friend then, and a friend now, although we seldom write to or see each other. This letter came like a sweet, rare, long-lost fragrance, that recalls other times and other scenes in the long ago. It had "no ax to grind," it was simply a letter, not type-written to be sure, but all the better for that. . . . It breathed a spirit of true, loyal, interested friendship. The object of this paragraph is to encourage the writing of such letters. Here is a friend of ten years ago. Hunt up the postoffice address and send the almost forgotten friend a "love letter." You can not realize the pleasure such a letter gives until some one sends one to you.

In the very next issue Lester, in his department of the RECORDER, published a paragraph also entitled "A Love Letter." In it he wrote: "You may be interested to know that the 'love letter' which Brother Shaw mentioned in the last RECORDER came in answer to a beautiful one of his own." This one Brother Randolph published and we reprint, it here.

DEAR FRIEND: How the years go by! It seems but the other day that we were almost inseparable chums in college, and now you may stop several times in Milton and I know nothing of it until I see a notice of the visit in the local papers. Such is life. I think as much of you as I ever did, and I presume you do of me, but we are both so busy. . . . I wanted to send you a message, not alone of congratulation for the good you have already done, but a message bearing my earnest prayer for God's blessing upon you in all your work in the future. God has seen good to smile upon your labors already in bringing out many visible, tangible results of your efforts, to say nothing of that which can be revealed only in eternity. May you continue to be, in his hands, an instrument of great power in bringing up the kingdom of heaven, on earth.

Then Brother Randolph made beautiful reference to the blessings from letters written just "because I love you." He said, "One such, from a friend of bygone days, is like the refrain of a song old and unused, but familiar as ever when some one starts to hum the air, and wondrous sweet it is to the ear."

How Shall the Ranks Be Filled? Whenever the sad news comes that one

of our ministers has been called from earth, almost the first question is, "Who can take his place—how shall the ranks be filled?" Every loyal Seventh Day Baptist must be anxious for our future when his attention is called to the scarcity of ministers, and he begins to look about for young men who are inclined to enter the ministry as a life work.

What can be done to make the outlook better? Upon whom rests the responsibility for turning the hearts of our boys toward the ministry? The simple asking of the question ought to set fathers and mothers and pastors to thinking as to their attitude toward this vital question. And if they do think seriously, some answers will surely come. On thing is certain, unless something practical is done we shall soon become a denomination without pastors.

If our young men are to become ministers of the gospel we must help them to see that the ministry offers the very best opportunity to make the most of themselves as leaders and helpers of men. I believe that in the heart of every truly Christian young man there is a strong desire to become useful and helpful to others. Young men as a rule long for something that will bring out the very best that is in them, and, to many, the profession that calls for a heroic life is most attractive. Indeed the heroic element is strong in our boys, and if appealed to at the right time, no fear of privations or of hardships, or of cross-bearings, or even of poverty, will turn them from the course that leads to heroic and noble service. If, then, we would cease to speak slightingly of the ministry, and begin to regard it in its true light; if we would appeal to the heroic in our boys as they look toward their life work; if in our home conversation we would place the true ambassador for Christ at the head among all leaders of men, and cease to exalt

mere worldly businesses and professions, I am sure we have enough devoted, heroic young men among us who would gladly choose the life of a minister. Indeed, the one who would turn away from so great opportunities for service because there are hardships, or because his ambitions lead him to more selfish callings, would not be fit for the ministry. But I believe that such men are few and that there are many among us who would respond to the call if properly made.

There was never a time when the work of the minister meant more to the world than it does today. Never were men and women more heart-hungry for trust-filled words of help amid the manifold mysteries of life. Never were men more anxious for the assurances of a Father God ready to help in every time of need. Never were there so many bereaved ones needing assistance to see the light that shines beyond the clouds. The whole world was never in more need of aid to become trustful where the night is dark and the way is hedged up.

The one who can lead his fellows in times like these until they realize the presence of a Savior and are enabled to trust in him, will hold a place second to none as a benefactor and as a respected and highly honored man. The church of the new world that is just at hand requires the strongest young men—men of high attainments and with the best preparation—men of broad vision, filled with the Spirit—if our world is in very deed to become a world of righteousness, justice, brotherhood and good will.

The new interest in all forms of social service is opening doors of opportunity for pastors who are anxious to follow their Master in ministering to the needy. The church, too, is awakening to its glorious work and will follow the lead of its pastors in their efforts to bring the world to God. If there was ever a time when the gospel ministry appealed to the best that is in our boys, it is now. Why can we not add our own influence to that of an appealing world and so help to turn the hearts of young men to the noblest calling on earth?

As we look at the useful life of Dr. Lester C. Randolph, can we think of a profession in the entire list of callings in which he could have done more for his fellow-men? Such a life of cheerful service in the gos-

pel ministry should be an inspiration to any young man who longs for opportunity to perform heroic service for the good of the world.

"The Laborer Is Worthy Of His Hire"

On another page we publish an article from the *Literary Digest*, which every church member in America should read. Under the heading, "The Laborer Is Worthy of His Hire," this unsectarian paper discusses the problem of pastoral support, showing what churches must do if they are to secure efficient ministers in these times of reconstruction. It also states clearly the kind of man a minister should be in order to meet the needs of the church today.

From a Chinese Student

We publish in this RECORDER a communication from Chang Tong Ming, a student in Milton College. In his letter to the editor, Mr. Chang, after speaking of the probable errors in his English, adds, "If you please, I wish to ask you to correct them." But considering how difficult it would be for an American to write a letter in Chinese, the proficiency of our young friend seems so remarkable that, with a very few exceptions, we prefer to print what he sends just as it is written.

When you take a large conception of what the possibility of manhood is, as sketched in the word of God, there is not one part of a man's nature which is not stained. There is not a single faculty in which he does not sin every day. There is not a feeling in him which is not flawed and enfeebled; which is not irregular and inconstant; and which is not used for selfishness more than for benevolence; for lust more than for purity; for the animal more than for the spiritual.

This is not confined to one part of the mind. It extends all through it. And if a man thinks of himself as lying under the eye of God, the Supreme, I do not marvel that his soul heaves with a sense of its own worthlessness and unworthiness before God. There is no more manly experience in this world than the laying of the hand upon the mouth, and the mouth in the dust, and the crying out, "Unclean! unclean! God be merciful!"—*Beecher*.

FROM A CHINESE STUDENT IN MILTON COLLEGE

SIR:

Yesterday I received a letter from the alumni of Grace High School, Shanghai, China, saying that they wish me to write an information to the readers of your RECORDER of the forward movement of that school. Hence I write one and enclose it here. But probably you may see that my knowledge of the English is so limited and I believe that there may be many grammatical errors in this letter.

With the best regards,

Truly yours,

CHANG TONG MING.

TO THE RECORDER READERS:

Probably it would be better that before beginning to write this letter, I wish you will let me have the privilege to introduce myself to you first.

I am a Chinese student, whose name may be found in the end of this letter. For the six years past, I have been a pupil in the Grace High School, the missionary school of our Seventh Day Baptists, Shanghai, China. With the help and kind introduction of Messrs. H. E. Davis and J. W. Crofoot, I came over to this country in September, and now am a student in the Milton College.

It seems unnecessary for me to write this letter, as the regular mails from the missionaries in China may be found in this RECORDER often, and I believe you may easily grasp something concerning the mission and school far away on the other side of the world. Again, being limited in my experience and knowledge, the things that I know and wish to say may be proved trivial and not worth while. But as a pupil of the school abroad, which you have hitherto so enthusiastically maintained, I, a student, come from China, wish to tell you something of my school life, and however trivial and insignificant it may be, but I still do hope that you will kindly give ear unto what I am about to say.

First of all, the system or method of teaching in our school is wonderful and unique. All the students take their seats in the "main classroom," and receive their lectures in the others. It is in this "main classroom" the lectures on the Chinese classics are being given, and those of the

English, mathematics, physics, and so on in several other rooms, which are comparatively a little smaller than the so-called "main classroom." In another word, the pupils use the "main classroom" as their home, and get their business in others. By using that method of teaching, the teachers are usually kept very busy; from morning till sunset, they have to teach class after class successively. Sometimes some of the students and visitors would likely criticize with one accord that such method of teaching is not the best and up to date, but as far as I know, I believe it is just as well as the other methods commonly used now.

Two or three years ago, since Mr. H. E. Davis has gone there, the athletics has been improved pretty well, and especially the indoor baseball, which forms one of the striking features of that school. We are proud of this baseball team, because during the two or more years past, it has beat repeatedly the teams of other schools, which are organized by the boys noted as veterans in the indoor baseball, and more than once has won the highest honor for our school. It seemed successful and victorious everywhere it went, that some one ventured to say it is the strongest indoor baseball team ever organized by the high school boys in China, and deserves the name, "The Invincible Indoor Baseball Team."

We have school Y. M. C. A. in our school, conducted wholly by the students with the teachers as their advisers. The regular meeting is being held on every Sabbath evening during the school year. It's also obliged greatly to Mr. H. E. Davis for the fact that since he went there he advised our Y. M. C. A. to divide all its members into three subdivisions or groups, and in this way it has become more active and prosperous than ever before. This scheme of grouping has been met with a great favor, and as an example, I was told, some of the other school "Y" have followed in its step. Besides those activities mentioned above, there are also a Glee Club and a Personal Work Class, but the majority of the students seems not so interested in them as they do in the athletic teams and the "Y."

By the spring of the year 1914, Mr. J. W. Crofoot, the principal, suggested to or-

ganize an Alumni Association, so that all the graduates and the undergraduates, former and later, of this school may get acquainted and be brought into more frequent communication with one another. His plan was accepted and carried out promptly by a special student committee organized by some of both the former and later students, and after a few weeks of discussing, our Alumni Association for the first time has come into existence.

As an ex-secretary of this association, I think I can tell many things to you about the history of this organization, and it perhaps requires a volume to tell them in detail. But for the sake of saving time and paper, I rather tell you two things only, which have been done by this association in helping its Alma Mater during the past few years. First, it has bought a bit of ground for the school. Formerly, our campus was indented at one corner, and this caused much discomfort. But since this little bit of ground has been bought, the fence has been extended, and the whole campus is now of a rectangular size without any indenting. Second, our Alumni Association has also been in cooperation with the school and Mrs. D. H. Davis in repairing the reception room of the school, which ought to have been repaired a long time ago.

Surely I wish you would not admit any of such conceptions into your mind of what I have been saying as that I am only boasting, or exaggerating in favor of the Alumni Association, but still I would be more glad if it seems to you that this students' association has done its part.

Through the kind conduct of its faculty, I trust that all the students love this school well. But the school building is too small, accommodating only fifty persons, and again, it is also too old and waiting for rebuilding momentarily. I always wonder how long will it still stand before crumbling!

Before I came to this country, I was told that our alumni is going to have the thirtieth year great celebration, of the school, and a committee in charge of preparing the whole thing has been appointed already. The day before yesterday, I received a letter from Mr. Chin, an active member of this said committee, telling me that besides planning all the things required for the

celebration, which has been decided to be held on the sixteenth of the First Chinese Month—some day in February—the committee has also been discussing the question of rebuilding the old school building, and has already passed a motion of *School Enlargement Campaign*, desiring to take up the cross. They have resolved to raise \$10,000.00 (Chinese money) in the time of celebrating, and, as Mr. Chin said in his letter, some most ardent members of our Alumni Association do believe that they perhaps can "go over the top." It is a good news, not only to me, but to you all, because if this plan is actually successful when the time comes, as they believe now, then the future of this missionary school would no doubt be prosperous, and through which the Gospel may be spread wider.

Mr. Chin went on and said that the association would be very glad to have the kind help of you American brethren in the work of developing and enlarging the missionary school, and this I suppose Mr. Crofoot will tell you more clearly later.

I presume that you may easily see that everything in market today is rising up, no matter whether in the East or the West, though it is equally true that there is no "war time" in China. In this point, our Alumni Association deems that the quota to be raised will hardly suffice to meet the expenses which are required to do such a task, consequently your contributions and endowments are absolutely needed and your favor will be highly appreciated.

Before concluding my letter, I wish to ask you to accept my cordial thanks, for in fact I have personally got so much help from Messrs. H. E. Davis and J. W. Crofoot, both are your missionaries, and especially the latter who rendered me a great service before I left Shanghai.

Let every one of you, my American gentlemen and ladies, get ready now to hear the further information of your mission in China, which probably will come pretty soon from Mr. Crofoot, and take a share in the great work of winning the world for Christianity. God's blessing be upon you. I am

Sincerely yours,
CHANG TONG MING.

Milton, Wis.,
Nov. 13, 1918.

MISSIONS

LETTER FROM JAVA

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

A few weeks ago I received the RECORDER I asked for with our photo in it. Yes, I understand it is on account of the war, I have to wait a little bit longer than usual, and I promise you I will not be impatient under the present circumstances. I suppose it is Editor Gardiner who sent me that copy, and I thank him very heartily. Now I have shown the photo to my Javanese people, who were so anxious to see it. It is a pity the original was not very well made,—so all looks so black, and some people you can not discern at all. I wish I could send you a better one.

Yes, dear friends, I thank you for every RECORDER you sent me. I want to know about all your work and all that concerns you. I want to feel for you, and to pray for you in all your circumstances. Sometimes I get mixed up with the different people that are mentioned; but by and by I shall get to know you better. I enjoyed the reading of Mrs. Wardner's letter in the RECORDER of July 15. It is so true what she says about the Sabbath. I also feel it is a great privilege God has granted us to find out that the Seventh Day is his holy day, chosen by him, and blessed by him; and I do pity our dear brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus, who can not see that truth, and therefore miss its blessing. I believe with dear Sister Wardner that the day will dawn "when the Sabbath in all of its pristine beauty and force, together with all that is right, shall triumph gloriously over all that is wrong." And I do pray, that the Lord will teach me more and more to proclaim his Sabbath truth "with joyful tongue," and to show that it is possible under all circumstances to keep true to his commandments,—not as a heavy burden, but as a blessed privilege.

Things are not very easy among us just now. The heat is terrible, and all over Java people complain about lack of rain. The rice fields produced only half of the usual crop, and some still less than that. Everywhere food is very dear, so the poor

people keep coming to me for help. We have 258 now, including the little babies. A dear old woman died lately. She had been here only a few months, but she would never miss the meetings, although she was so weak and old. The last night I held the meeting, before her death, she was there, too; and I said: "Well, grandmother, how faithful you are to come to the meeting!" "Oh," she answered, "I must, since I have yielded myself to you!" "Well," I said, "you must not yield yourself to me,—I am only a weak creature just like you,—but to our Savior, the Lord Jesus. He loves you, and he is mighty; he will bless you and make you happy here on earth and forever in eternity."

"Yes, yes!" she answered. And only two days later she died very suddenly, without having been ill. Very early in the morning the people whom she lived with heard her saying: "O Lord Jesus, help me!" They came to look at her, and found her dying; softly she passed away. Oh, I do miss that dear old, smiling face; and most keenly I regret, that I never did anything special for her. I don't know how it came, I never thought of giving her a new cloth or something nice, as she was so diligent and faithful in her work. It never came to my mind, although I liked her so much, I think it came through all the work and the difficulties, which kept my mind busy. Still my heart feels very, very sad, because I neglected that dear old soul, and I asked our Lord to forgive me, and to ask her forgiveness for me, too; and oh, I do want to be filled with our Lord's Holy Spirit, so that I may constantly think what he thinks, and do what he wants me to do. Please, dear friends, help me with your prayers!

I do thank you all for your sympathy and your faithful generosity. May our Father reward you with his choicest blessings!

Yours to do our Master's Work,

M. JANSZ.

Pangoengsen, p. o. Tajoe, Java,
October 2, 1918.

Some people take their pleasures, as if God begrudged them. But look at the apple trees, with a hundred blossoms to one possible apple! How extravagantly fond is God of all sweet and beautiful things!—
William E. Barton.

THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE

IN EVERY CRISIS of national life the clergymen of America have stood in the forefront of patriotic endeavor; in every human crisis they have brought support, and guidance, and comfort to souls in desperate need. Now it is time to measure the work and the needs of the preacher and pastor as men in other departments of work today are being measured, that their value may be rightly appraised and their needs fairly met.

The cost of living has greatly increased. Clothing, food, fuel, and all the daily incidentals that go to make up American life have gone up from thirty to a hundred per cent. And the loans and taxes for Freedom's war are ever making deeper drives into the purse. Wage-earners in every department of the nation's work have been demanding more income, and their demands have been recognized as just and necessary. Railroad men and miners, lumberjacks, and ship-builders, munition-workers, telegraph-operators, automobile-makers, and all the multitudes of skilled and unskilled laborers have been counted "worthy of their hire," and of higher hire. The United States Government, very recently, has raised the wages of two million railroad workers alone, giving the poorest paid men an increase of 43 per cent. Corporations and individual employers without number throughout the United States have taken similar action. Trade-unions are standing back of their men and using pressure when necessary to gain for them the means to live their lives and do their work as Americans should.

Who stands back of the clergymen of America in these days of pressure? What great organization or compelling authority, what generous heart or spirit of fair play is winning for your minister, or pastor, or priest, or rabbi the salary increase that will give him strength, courage, efficiency, and success in his vital and exalted work for the welfare of the nation, and the Kingdom of God?

Your pastor is not a cheap man nor an unskilled laborer. He has brought long, careful training to his task. He was chosen with scrutinizing care as to his qualifications, and he is being measured today by high and exacting requirements in the per-

formance of his work. Carry that measurement to its just conclusion. What salary would you expect to pay to the trained man in business of whom such important work and expert ability were required? Set down on paper some of the qualities and duties you demand of your pastor, and then judge their value.

He must be a man among men, a man of force, tact, and agreeable personality, a good mixer, a man of knowledge, wisdom, and authority, whose presence commands respect and whose word carries conviction. He must be able to influence men and women, win their confidence, kindle their enthusiasm, direct their energies, and organize their working powers. He must be full of sympathy, ready with consolation, a strength in weakness, a bright light in times of darkness, and a never-failing source of inspiration to the souls of his people. You expect all this of him.

Your pastor, also, must be the successful head and center of your organized church activities, business, social, and spiritual. On occasion, or as a regular part of his task, he must be an expert money-raiser. You engage him as your chief and leader, the general manager of your church, if not its actual creator, or savior from its difficulties. You put upon him a burden and a responsibility you would never dream of entrusting to any cheap man in business.

Nor are those his greatest tasks. He must read, and study, and meditate, and commune with the Infinite. He must understand men, and know their work, their trials, their problems, their temptations, their deep inner feelings and aspirations, and the avenues of helpful approach to their sympathies and convictions. He must know something of history, science, literature. He must be familiar with all social needs, and institutions, and methods. He must be able to interpret the Word of God with true spiritual insight, and practical human application. He must stand before you in the pulpit, on the Sabbath and deliver messages that search the soul, feed the mind, bring courage to the heart, make plain the path of daily life, and lift you nearer to heaven, or bring heaven nearer to earth.

In these days, also, your preacher must

proclaim the ideals and principles of America. He must stir the patriotism of his young men and send them with strong hearts and noble vision into the service of their country. He must pastor them in the camps and follow them with his letters and prayers as they go across the sea to fight. The Government values him so highly that it has already called thousands of American clergymen into active service to shepherd the fighting men and help them win the war. At home the Government calls him to be its mouthpiece in its appeals to its citizens for every form of patriotic service or economy prescribed as needful for victory. You expect your pastor to be equal to such demands and to do your church credit when called upon for public addresses or community action.

When you have listed all the qualities and services you ask of your pastor, *make out the bill* for the amount your church ought to pay for such a man, and then *move things to see that the church pays that bill*. Never mind what *has been* done in the past, nor what long habit has accustomed the church to believe can be done. The standing record of clergymen's salaries throughout this great rich nation is a pitiful shame, and belies the real heart and fairness of the American people. The average salary of clergymen in ten of the largest denominations is only \$793 a year. What trade or business would tolerate such a condition?

The minister of your church is a human being like the rest of us, and he is feeling the pressure of increased cost of living just as we do. But no Government decree has raised his salary. No corporation or trade-union stands back of him. He does not go on strike. He simply trusts his people, and works faithfully for them seven days a week and many nights, and struggles to look respectable, and pay his bills, and perform the miracles expected of him, often for less than the salary of the young girl stenographer who teaches a class in his Bible school or the wages of the man who lays the sidewalk in front of his church.

Among the more than two million readers of the *Literary Digest* are active and substantial members of thousands of churches throughout the United States. To them this frank appeal is made, in keeping with the urgent needs of the day, and

the American spirit of justice and generosity. Give your minister a lift. Take the initiative now and have his salary increased to an amount which will come nearer to the real value of his services, and enable him to meet the increased cost of living. He is not demanding it, but he needs it none the less, and your own sense of right demands it for him. If his salary is \$800, it ought to be made, at once, \$1,200. If it is \$1,000, it ought to be raised to \$1,500. There is scarcely a church, large or small, anywhere in America that can not increase its pastor's salary at least 50 per cent. Money never was so plentiful. More actual cash—gold, silver, and paper currency—is in circulation today than at any time in the nation's history, and there is a bigger share for every man, woman, and child. See that your pastor gets his fair share of *your* profits and those of every member in your church.

Back up the soldiers of America who follow the flag to France. Billions for them! Nothing is too much nor too good for our soldiers of liberty. But now remember that your minister is one of the bravest, worthiest soldiers of all. He is fighting for America, for the righteousness that "exalteth a nation." He is fighting for America, as he puts his clean, valiant, patriotic spirit into the youth and into the men and women of his congregation and sends them out into the tasks of the week better fitted to answer America's call. He is fighting for the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, to help win its victories over the arch-enemy of the human race, the destroyer of bodies and souls. He is the soldier of mercy to those in distress, the ever-ready soldier of service to those who need help. Back him up with whole-hearted support and a quick, generous increase in salary.

We have taken this page to speak for the clergymen of America in this supreme crisis of the nation's readjustment, because we know that they are the one great devoted, indispensable body of faithful workers who have no spokesman. Only in this way has it seemed possible to reach the individual consciences and hearts of millions of men and women who, in all our experience, have never failed to respond to any just call.—*Literary Digest*.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MISSIONARY COMMITTEE OF THE WOMAN'S SOCIETY FOR CHRISTIAN WORK, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

First of all, this committee wishes to express its appreciation of one of its members who, during the year, has been transferred to her heavenly home. We who have known of the loving service and untiring devotion of Mrs. Thaddeus C. Smith during her many years of membership with us, surely feel that it can be said of her as of one of old—"Well done, good and faithful servant."

Last autumn, a very generous response was made to our request for clothing for home missions, which resulted in the sending of two barrels and a large parcel post package to Mrs. T. J. Van Horn in Gentry, Ark. Her request for bedding brought loads of material from our piece boxes at home which quickly shaped themselves into two nice comforters—one of cotton and one of wool, which were sent to Mrs. Van Horn.

Still there were loads of pieces left which later fell into the hands of some of our members who, in other days, were among our most efficient leaders, but who, owing to the infirmities of age, must now do their work in the seclusion of their own homes. In this way, two more quilts have been pieced and set together ready for the quilting, and a third is being pieced, all of which we hope may be finished and find their way into some needy home before the biting cold of the coming winter.

If this society were accustomed to awarding prizes, we should unhesitatingly suggest the names of our two senior members in age and service; first prize to Mrs. Jane L. Dunham, aged ninety-two this month; second prize to Mrs. Belle Hubbard. Honorable mention—Mrs. Alfred Randolph, who has cut and pieced many of the blocks.

Two large boxes of books were sent to the school at Fouke, Ark., as the building and its contents were totally destroyed by

fire. There were approximately three hundred books, many of them new and very attractive.

Christmas letters were sent to our foreign missionaries, as is our usual custom.

"The old order changeth" and, with the new, much of our time and thought has been given to some line of war work which might seem to have a place in this report. We mention, however, only that which has come under the direction of this committee. Fifteen khaki comfort kits, filled with useful articles, were made for the soldiers. Two found their way into the possession of Elmer Hunting and Lawrence Randolph, seven were sent to Seventh Day Baptist boys in various camps, three were sold and three given to Mr. W. D. Murray, Y. M. C. A. worker, together with eight contributed knitted articles for distribution at Camp Dix. Boxes of 'goodies' were packed and sent to some of our boys in camp, thus giving them a little taste from home. Thirty-five had the pleasure of contributing to these boxes.

This has been a year for bags, of all sorts and sizes and for various purposes. Ninety-five for soldiers' personal belongings were sent to our Red Cross Headquarters. One hundred seventy-eight bags for holding dominoes found their way to the Y. M. C. A. buildings in various camps, making a total of two hundred seventy-three bags. Twenty-three cretonne pillow covers were made to be filled with straw for the soldiers' use at Camp Dix. Fourteen pillows-filled with snippings were sent to the Red Cross Headquarters.

Did you ever cut snippings for one small pillow? We think of that as a pastime for children but long before you have enough for one you find that it is real work. Various children have contributed their efforts, from the very youngest to the very oldest. Two came from the home of Mrs. Jane Dunham, three from Mrs. Amanda Tomlinson, one from Constance Shaw. The other five have largely been the work of one who has rarely missed a Wednesday at the church during these months—from 14 degrees below zero weather to nearly 100 degrees in the shade. To faithful Katherine Champlin we would award the snipping prize.

A birthday postal card shower has been

gathering and has already fallen on two of our soldier boys, Ensign Earl Barker, and Elmer Hunting. The names and dates for sending these will appear in the church calendar. Please do not fail to show them that you think of them especially at that time—they are doing so much for us.

Respectfully submitted,

NETTIE POTTER TITSWORTH,
Chairman.

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 VIII

Again in China—Last Days

Throughout her residence in this country it might be said of Mrs. Carpenter that her heart was in China. There was the chosen field of her labor. There was the little church of affectionate members, longing for, praying for, the day of their missionaries' return. There, not here, was home, and it seems most fitting that there, not here, should be her last resting place. The record of her last sojourn in China is very incomplete. From her letters we choose the following brief extracts:

July 8, 1873. Those readers of the RECORDER who recollect an abstract of an address by Rev. Mr. Farnham, missionary from this place, in November last, and especially our Milton friends, whose privilege it was to listen to the address and to the affectionate and affecting allusion to Kiang Quang, one of the native elders, to his noble Christian character and his sadly declining health, will be interested in learning of the sequel to that heartfelt tribute in behalf of our now departed brother. How our hearts have gone out in gratitude to God, who did not summon him home until we had seen his face once more in the flesh. He came to visit us as early after our arrival as his health would allow, his own home being in the country, thirty miles away. This was on the 30th of May. He appeared stronger than we expected. . . . We heard nothing more from him until last Sabbath, when a letter was handed us from his wife, Rebecca, informing us of his attack of illness. Two days later came messengers announcing his death. His reason had continued to the last, and his end was peace.

November 25, 1873. We are enjoying our old and new home to the utmost, and we feel increased gratitude that we are permitted to be here, where we really were so much needed. It is our field, our place to be. Here are the children God has given us. Here is the work which we feel that he marked out for us, and he causes us continually to say, "It is good to be here." . . . I should love to tell you, perhaps

I did, how cordially we were welcomed back and how naturally all things seemed to settle down and to arrange themselves in their own channels. Our neighbors come to us as familiarly as if we had only been gone a year, asking favors, or telling their grievances in the old-fashioned way, and begging advice or help as in days gone by. It is all so natural; and all helps to make us feel so thoroughly at home. We have also had our chapter of horrors. First came the execution, by decapitation, of a murderer, by the native authorities. A young Chinaman, for killing his companion, was beheaded, and the head put in a basket and suspended in a cage from the top of a long pole, near the spot where the murder was committed, as a terror to evildoers. It so happened that the fatal spot was on the canal a little west of our house. . . . So the suspended cage remains to this day and will doubtless continue to do so, until brought down by the power of time or the elements. . . . Next came the killing of a Chinese laborer. . . . Next an American ship, the "Mary Whitridge," had a killing on board. Later still a colored man killed his wife. . . . Then we have a surfeit of bankruptcies, defalcations, etc., all of which goes to prove that our good Shanghai is fast attaining a right to be ranked among the most civilized nations of the world, yes, even the most enlightened.

We feel very thankful on reading the reports of the anniversaries, to find that this dear mission field seems to be so much in the hearts of our friends at home, and that they are hoping to reinforce it soon. But will they do it is the question. . . . Let me end as I began, with gratitude to God, and next to our brethren, that this great privilege is ours, of occupying again these outposts of our beloved Zion.

The following extracts are from letters written by Mr. Carpenter:

November 26, 1873. Since the weather has become cooler, we enjoy returning strength, so as to be able to labor at something as many hours in a day as ever; and we find no lack of something to do. We have two short discourses each Sabbath, with a general attendance of the members of the church who are located conveniently, besides always some from the street. Chung-lah is still an elder in the church and preaches every alternate Sabbath; that is, he delivers one of the two short discourses, generally from 20 to 30 minutes in length, and good ones. Erlow continues to read and explain the Book to individuals and families at their houses, and to strangers and acquaintances in tea shops, stores, market places, and in the street. . . . It would be pleasant to give more decided results, but it requires time for seed to show itself on good ground. But our sowing seems to be for the most part by the wayside, on stony places and among thorns.

No further record of Mrs. Carpenter's work in China is available. The following notice, which appeared in the SABBATH RECORDER, cast a deep shadow of gloom over the entire denomination, extending

also to the hearts of many other loving friends:

SICKNESS OF MRS. L. M. CARPENTER

A letter received today from Elder S. Carpenter, by Mrs. H. S. Green, a sister of Mrs. Carpenter, dated at Shanghai, September 19, and mailed the next day, brings the sad news that Mrs. Carpenter was very sick, and had been given up by both of the attending physicians, and Brother Carpenter adds that in his opinion she probably would not stay more than two or three days or a week at the longest. Her mind is all peaceful and calm, and her mouth filled with praise in view of the "bright home over there." I write this that you may inform our brethren and sisters of the facts in the case. Another mail steamer does not leave Shanghai under two weeks from the date of Brother Carpenter's letter. We may well be filled with sadness in view of what may be expected by it, and yet be joyful that another of Christ's weary ones has reached the "shining shore."

J. M. TODD.

Brookfield N. Y.,
Oct. 29, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SABBATH RECORDER:

I take my pen to inform you, and through you our friends generally, that my companion has been taken from my side and borne to that clime where there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. On the second day of June my beloved wife was stricken down with cholera which nearly carried her off. But, partially recovering, a chronic diarrhea set in, which, proving uncontrollable, gradually wasted away her flesh, and on the 21st of September she sweetly fell asleep. During all these months of physical prostration her mind has been clear and her faith unflinching. Her expressions, slowly and with difficulty uttered toward the last, will live in the memory of those who heard them while memory remains. A brief visit by her bedside was spoken of by an eminent clergyman as standing at the gate of heaven. When asked by another if she enjoyed the presence of her Savior in her sickness, "All the time, all the time," was her prompt reply. Two days previous to her departure the mail brought an invitation from a loved sister to come home lest she be overcome by this climate again. She dictated this prompt reply: "Tell them we shall all soon be together at home." Her friends here have been very kind to her during these long hot months of languishing. Among those who deserve special mention are Mrs. Lambuth, of the Methodist Mission, and Mrs. Twombly and Mrs. Webb, of the firm of H. Fogg & Co. I know not what her own sisters could have done for her, both living and when dead, that these have not done, and done too from pure affection for her as a very dear friend. The next day after her decease we had funeral exercises at the house, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Lambuth in the Chinese language for the benefit of our own and other converts and Chinese friends. Text, Revelation 14: 13—"And I heard a voice from

heaven, saying, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." At the mortuary chapel the services were conducted in English, by Rev. Mr. Farnham. My loss I will not attempt to describe. It can be best understood only by those who have had similar experience. Into the everlasting arms I fall, and there I find consolation.

Yours in the hope of the gospel,
S. CARPENTER.

Shanghai, Sept. 25, 1874.

The next mail steamer brought the following from Mr. Carpenter:

Shanghai, Feb. 1, 1875.

DEAR BROTHER TOMLINSON,—Your two letters, dated respectively Sept. 21st, the day of Mrs. C's decease, and Dec. 6th, are before me. The latter came but a few days ago. We had been without a mail from home a whole month. The last, conveying the full sympathies of the Board to my afflicted heart, and the assurance of their prayers in my behalf, is highly appreciated by me, . . . manifesting the kind feeling of the Board toward me, and their appreciation of the greatness of my loss, regarding it as also their own, I feel very grateful. . . . The new cemetery is owned by a company who bought the land, had it raised up two or three feet, built a large gate house with an arch for passage way, and a good sized chapel. I bought two lots, each for a single grave. After Mrs. C's burial, I surrounded them with curb stones, planted a row of small box trees around inside the stones, leveled and turfed the ground, had a monument of white marble set in a granite pedestal, with the following words engraved on the marble headstone: "In memory of Mrs. L. M. Carpenter, who died Sept. 21, 1874, aged 63 years. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." The same, with the exception of the age is engraved in Chinese on the lower part of the slab, the lines running perpendicularly. This was at the instance of the native members, who offered to pay for the engraving of this part; but it cost nothing extra. The grave is situated in a conspicuous place, visible on first entering the yard, some 100 feet from the entrance. . . . In conclusion, allow me to thank the Board most heartily for its just appreciation of my present position, and for its true estimate of the character of my companion, who has finished her work on earth and gone to her reward in heaven.

Yours in the patience of hope, and in submission to the divine will,
S. CARPENTER.

To this incomplete life story no more fitting closing can be penned than the following extracts from the Thirty-third Annual Report of the Executive Board of the Missionary Society:

Lucy Murphy Clarke, daughter of David and Lydia Clarke, was born in the town of Brookfield, Madison Co., N. Y., June 25, 1817;

she died peacefully and triumphantly at noonday, September 21, 1874, at Shanghai, China, in the sixty-fourth year of her age.

The influence of her life will long be felt, and gratefully cherished.

She was most assiduous in caring for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the female members of the church, both by private ministrations and by assembling them for prayer and religious conversation. But her labors were not confined to the membership of the church. As opportunity offered, she cared for and sympathized with the suffering, teaching all whom she could win by kindness, or reach by help.

In the ripeness of her experience, in the full career of her usefulness, she passed away, leaving her husband lonely in a strange land—the Chinese converts who looked upon her almost as upon a mother, well nigh disconsolate—her friends here saddened under the sense of a personal bereavement, and of the loss to the mission—but leaving to all the legacy of exalted worth and lofty example.

She had her Bible marked so as to read it through regularly once each year.

A useful life has closed on earth. A Christian has gone to the heaven that is as near to one clime as another. The life work of Lucy M. Carpenter is completed; eternity alone can disclose its full results.

(The end)

CONDITIONS AND OPPORTUNITIES IN FRANCE AS REPORTED TO THE FEDERAL COUNCIL

DR. CHARLES S. MACFARLAND

Dr. Macfarland reports a wide visitation to all of the Protestant organizations and institutions in France, in connection with which large public meetings were held in cities and towns over the entire country. He held conferences with all of the religious bodies.

His visit aroused wide civic interest, expressed through receptions by mayors, prefects and councils, and especially in several towns by school children.

The public meetings were generally community gatherings. These included an outdoor gathering in the old Huguenot Desert, at which Dr. Macfarland spoke from one of the ancient portable pulpits which the persecuted Huguenots used to carry out there in sections.

National interest was expressed widely through the press. One of the leading papers said of the Messages from the Federal Council: "These sheets of paper in black and white are worth many guns and rifles and many young men coming to reinforce our lines. The material mobilization

of this immense people is moved by a high ideal which the barbarians can not understand but have to acknowledge. Against the enemy's desperate blows we ought to hold on during these weeks which will decide our superiority over them."

Dinners and luncheons by members of the House of Deputies, mayors and industrial leaders were given in honor of Dr. Macfarland. In some cases the audiences consisted entirely of workmen.

Dr. Macfarland spent considerable time serving as a volunteer chaplain with the French Army, meeting M. Clemenceau, Marshal Foch, and many others of the French generals. Religious services were held all along the front, including a signally



Dr. Macfarland With Belgian Chaplains

impressive one in the citadel of Verdun.

The French Government indicated its interest by making the Federal Council Commissioner its guest, providing him with full facilities and sending its representatives to the various public meetings.

The visit with the Belgium Army is interestingly set forth. He had a visit with King Albert and met with several of the Belgian chaplains.

Conferences were held with the Boy Scout organizations in France and the report recommends several important movements looking toward the internationalization of the Scout Movement.

The French Protestant Federation sent back a dignified and beautifully expressed message to the American churches.

Considerable space in the report is given to the American Army in France. Of General Pershing, Dr. Macfarland says: "His

character and personality, his simple and genuine religious life, his example and words, have set great moral and spiritual ideals before our officers and army. While it is true that our men are exposed to the unusual and severe temptations and the moral perils incident to life away from their homes, there is such alliance between the military forces and the associated agencies for their moral and religious help that the moral character of the men is higher than in our ordinary civic life at

the Salvation Army workers are highly praised for their unselfishness, bravery and modest, quiet efficiency.

The army chaplains are said to do us credit, to stand infinitely higher in the army than ever before, with their influence constantly increasing. The very greatest care is, however, urged on the Council's and the denominational committees in selecting the men. The chaplains are working under great difficulties through lack of adequate equipment and of transportation facilities



Dr. Macfarland at Verdun

home and, I believe, may be said to be constantly improving."

The chief difficulties are reported as encountered at certain ports of embarkation and in camps in the larger cities and towns, in many of these cases the situation being deplorable. The opinion is expressed that it should be taken up jointly by the military and civil authorities in the place.

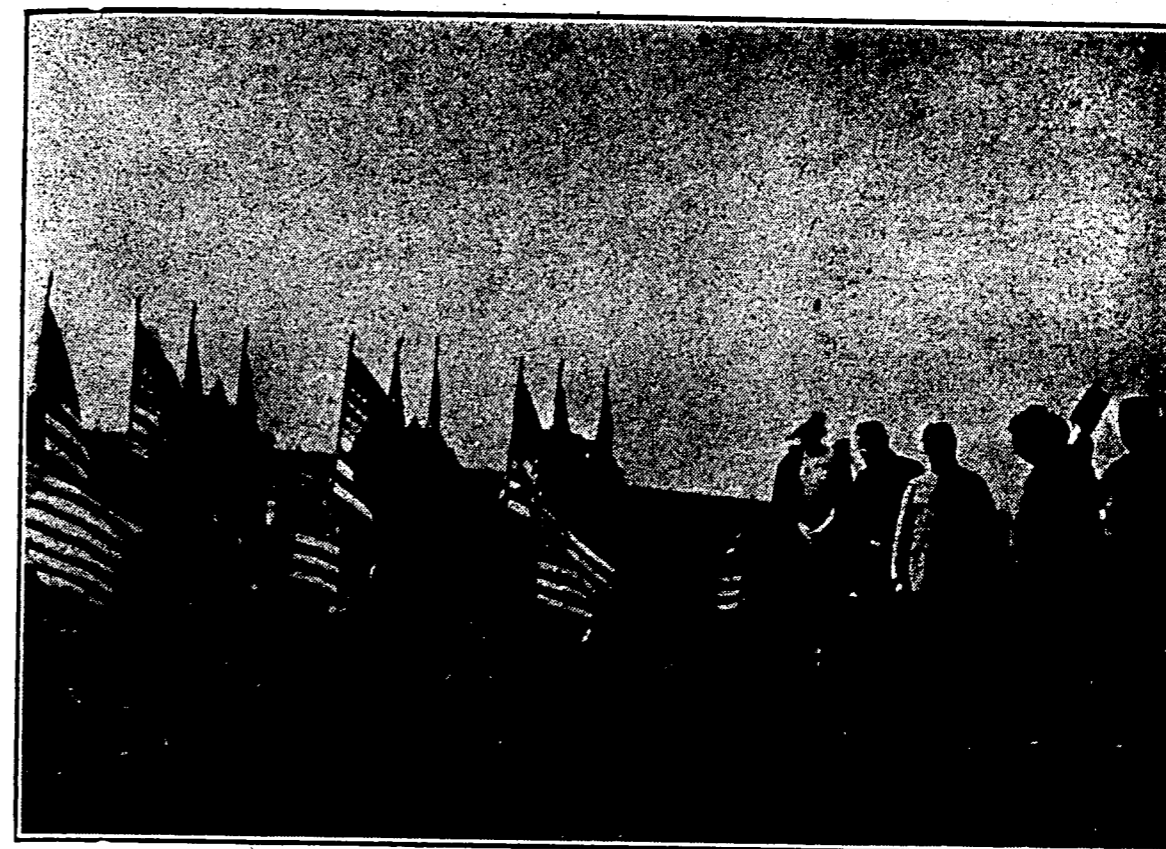
The Y. M. C. A. is described as a marvel of administration; the Y. W. C. A. as doing its army work with wisdom and effectiveness; the Red Cross as ministering to our boys in the very spirit of Jesus; and

and they are said to be entirely inadequate in number.

Senior Chaplain Brent sent a message to the Wartime Commission in which he says: "We beg of you to think only of one thing—the choicest manhood of our nation is in France or headed toward France under the domination of the spirit of self-sacrifice."

The report suggests that church commissioners, to be very limited in number, be appointed to visit the chaplains and other religious workers, such commissioners to be appointed by the Federal Council.

Perhaps the most important part of the



In Prayer at the First Six American Graves

report deals with the future of religion in France. Dr. Macfarland is confident that the national leaders, publicists and the government itself, instead of continuing a neutral attitude which forbids the expression of sympathy for any form of religion, will take the very different course of expressing sympathy towards all forms of religion. There are in France three elements: a large body of Roman Catholics, a small body of Protestants and a very large third party, which is seeking light.

The Protestants are few in number, but exercise a tremendous influence. They are ready for a great revitalization.

This lays a great opportunity before American Christians and involves a profound obligation. France should be as open and free in her religious life as America. "To assume that a mere matter of numerical proportion should determine the religious life of a whole people is no more sensible in relation to France than it would be in relation to America."

The approach to France by the various denominations in America must be in some form of unified action.

With regard to the proposals for the International Church Conference, emanating from Sweden, the judgment is expressed that no such conference is possible at this moment. Cogent reasons are given show-

ing the impossibility of such a meeting at this time.

The report concludes with definite recommendations, which have since been adopted by the Administrative Committee, calling a conference of all the denominational bodies having related work in France, which is to be held during the present month.

It closes with these words: "God has set before America an open door in France and Belgium. Oth-

er agencies, including interests social, educational and philanthropic, are seizing the opportunity for service to these nations and are already on the field. They are preparing the way for the churches. We have, on the part of the churches, an opportunity for consecrated Christian statesmanship and service, calling for our earnest prayer, our deepest thought, our wisest and most effective action."

The French churches have petitioned the Council to appoint Dr. Macfarland as permanent commissioner, to assist in their work of reconstruction and evangelization.

The big thing in life is character. If a man preach any other gospel, he preaches falsehood. If a man practise any other precept, he makes a shipwreck of his life. If he aims at something else, he finds at least that what he has secured is not worth the having. It is not what a man knows, nor is it what a man has, that counts, but what a man actually is.—S. B. McCormick.

I would advise no man to study for the ministry, unless he can not help it. By that I mean, unless he has a decided call to enter the ministry with the highest, purest, and most unworldly motive. If one is actuated by these motives, it is the noblest work in the world.—Bishop Greer.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

BEGIN NOW

REV. T. L. M. SPENCER

It is always pleasant to look back on decisions that have brought happiness. But we frequently hesitate in making such decisions and allow procrastination to play a very important part in our lives. Some decisions can be made easily, while others take great courage. Much suffering could be prevented if people would begin at once, to do right and put away the thousand excuses and reasons often made.

Make your decision for Christ now. You need not wait for a special time nor place to do it. Any time and anywhere will do. "Behold now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation." Jacob received the changed name at a common place at Bethel, and the Samaritan woman found Jesus at the well. Begin now to be a follower of Christ. Some would follow Christ if it could be done without others knowing, but this lack of courage brings the awful cry, "Too late." "Begin now" is an excellent motto in all plans both temporal and spiritual. Delay is dangerous. You do not know the length of your days. Your bright anticipations may fail.

Begin to work for Christ. The opportunity is today. Perhaps you have waited to feel better prepared before beginning and years have passed away and find you still in the same position. The harvest passed and summer ended and your decisions still unfulfilled. You have never felt what you would like to be. Begin now and ask God to show you what is your work so that at last you may be able to exclaim like the apostle, "I have fought the good fight."

Begin to give now to the cause of God. People make a great amount of delay in giving to God's work and are very anxious to contribute to the Devil's. They give reluctantly to missions as if they were giving to something useless. Pastors have frequently to make stirring appeals to arouse them to immediate action. And this lack of

interest in giving to missions is hindering the progress of God's work in the earth. As Seventh Day Baptists let us begin to give now so that the work of Sabbath reform and the Gospel of Jesus Christ may go into neglected fields. Read the conclusion of Secretary Shaw's Missionary Report to Conference and begin to give now to swell the missionary funds so that the work may be permanently established in the regions beyond.

A CLUSTER OF QUOTATIONS FROM THE C. E. DAILY COMPANION

Being asked how he conquered the world, Alexander answered, "By not delaying."—*Anon.*

The souls of men of feeble purpose are the graveyards of good intentions.—*Wallace.*

Cultivate forbearance until the heart yields a fine crop of it. Pray for a short memory as to all unkindness.—*Spurgeon.*

Decision and promptitude, even though sometimes a man may err for want of due deliberation, will in the long run more often conduce to success than a slow judgment that comes too late.—*Anon.*

THE CROSS IN THE PHILIPPINES

REV. T. L. M. SPENCER

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
December 14, 1918

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Light to the people (Isa. 9: 1-7)
Monday—People to the light (Rev. 21: 20-27)
Tuesday—Natural kindness (Acts 28: 1-10)
Wednesday—Ready for light (Ps. 43: 1-5)
Thursday—Loving the stranger (Deut. 10: 12-22)
Friday—Strangers brought near (Eph. 2: 11-22)
Sabbath Day—Topic, The power of the Cross in the Philippines (Ps. 72: 1-19)

The Cross of Christ brings a reformation wherever it is lifted up. It dissipates darkness, abolishes ignorance and emancipates the captives of Satan.

The Philippine Islands in the East Indian Archipelago became a possession of the United States of America in 1898 after the Spanish American War. Since then the gateway of spiritual light and religious liberty has been opened. Roman Catholicism had long held the people in ignorance but Protestantism went in and gave them the open Bible. The result of this has been missionary progress. The missionary reports from that field speak of great

MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

He was my college chum. Together we traveled, with Virgil, Homer, Xenophon, Horace, and many others, all around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, visiting those places made memorable by the art, the literature, the achievements of those great peoples, the Greeks and the Romans. Together we solved problems in trigonometry and surveying and mathematical astronomy. Together we devised problems for "Elder" Whitford, the president of the college. We studied together, we recited together, we slept together. We were college chums. No other relationship in life is quite like that of chums during that wonderful period in men's lives when they are in college.

Others have known Lester C. Randolph since the time of graduation far more intimately than I have known him. Others knew him in his boyhood years at Walworth with a closer friendship than I knew him then. But for those four years, 1884-1888, he and I were chums. We builded castles in the air, ambitious dreams of achievement, some of which have been in part realized, for it was his wish even then to become worthy and fitted for the pastorate of the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Let others give expressions of appreciation in respect to him as a pastor, or as an evangelist, or as a lecturer, or as a writer, or as a teacher, or as an organizer, or as a classmate, or as a friend. There are many who can rightly claim the privilege of relationships with him in all these ways. But, in this one thing at least, let me stand first; in college, dear old Milton College, we were chums. I can hear his boyish voice in simple fervent prayer in the Davis Room on Friday evenings. I can see the merry twinkle in his eyes as he set forth his arguments in debate for pen or sword in the Philo's room. I well remember his enthusiasm when the first lawn tennis club was formed, for he was fond of sports and played many games with skill. I can hear him singing in glee club, chapel choir, and chorus class. In college pranks and picnics, all these things, he was my chum, my other half.

achievements for God. The Filipinos are ambitious for education and religion and the way is rapidly opening for evangelism. Rev. Mr. McFarland says, "We are teaching Filipino children the Bible in English, and reporting progress. 'Papa,' said a little girl, 'I sprained a cerebral tendon trying to keep up with my teacher.'"

"We Brothers of 99" is the name of a class of Filipino students attending the University of Manila. Thirty students under the leadership of Mr. C. E. Calkins banded themselves together to become brothers of 99. This was a high goal to reach unto, but by perseverance and enthusiasm they attained it. Then they went forward reaching unto higher achievements until 717 were present after four months from the first goal. At a recent consecration a large number of the men confessed Christ.

"In 1900, Paulius Tanora began preaching in Malibay. By Christmas Day of 1901 the local community had come into the church. Since then the church has grown greatly. The people are hungry for God's bread."

The rapid progress of Protestantism in the Philippines was demonstrated last year when 5,000 Sunday-school workers met and laid plans for the furtherance of their work.

A CLUSTER OF QUOTATIONS FROM THE C. E. DAILY COMPANION

In Manila Mr. McLaughlin has seen the members grow from 200 to 2,000 in eleven chapels built by the people themselves.—*Montgomery.*

Men and women walk every week fifteen miles in a hot sun, and spend two nights on a hard floor to attend a Protestant service. There is more than curiosity in their hearts.—*Dr. Arthur J. Brown.*

The Filipinos are ambitious. They want to be a nation. Millions are waiting to learn what we have to teach them, and one of their most vital needs is the Gospel of Jesus.—*Anon.*

Such ripeness for evangelism has never been seen in any Roman Catholic field. The people are restless, discontented and ready to listen.—*Brown.*

"Habit is a cable; you weave a thread every day, and at last you can not break it."

After college days we came east together, he to Cornell for post-graduate work, I to try my hand at teaching school at Leonardsville. And so as college chums we said "good-by." But that relationship has been a constant bond linking us together in our common work for thirty years as nothing else could do. And death itself can not break the tie. He yet is mine. He was, he is, and always will be, my college chum.

FIELD WORK IN WISCONSIN

REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK

During the past four years I have visited Exeland, Wis., three times, and have always been attracted by the possibilities of that section. On my recent visit, September 18-23, I noticed great improvements in farms, buildings, roads, and the village,—in the town we now have a convenient church building. The Methodists as well as our people use the church for worship.

It was pleasant indeed to visit our families and some of the Sunday people in their homes, and talk with them about hunting deer, clearing the land, gathering in their splendid potatoes, and the many things that relate to the educational and religious welfare of the community. On Friday night we met for worship in the Windfall Lake schoolhouse, and on Sabbath night I listened to a good program given by the school children at the Community Club at the schoolhouse.

Our Sabbath institute was held Sabbath morning and afternoon and Sunday afternoon. Pastor C. W. Thorngate, Gordon Fowler, and Frank Maryatt added to the interest of the meetings by discussing questions appropriate to the institute. More Sunday people attended this institute than any of the others that I conducted on this trip.

On the invitation of Pastor Dale of the Methodist church I spoke to a fine congregation on Sunday night on "The Choice Life."

As RECORDER readers already know, Pastor Thorngate went onto this missionary field last spring. As his financial support is not enough to live on he has to work at his trade during the week. I saw a fine large barn and a good house that he has built since he went there. But his church work has not been neglected, and he and

his family have become helpful factors in the church and community life. Their home in the village is a welcome place to stop when our people go to town. *There are calls for preaching in places around Exeland*, and it is to be regretted that Brother Thorngate can not reach out as he would like and occupy these inviting fields.

Some have left Exeland, others are moving there. While the summers are short, the soil is good, and prices of land are reasonable. Those who stay there a few years are going to prosper financially, I think. Such certainly can help in building up the religious life of the people.

On the morning of September 24 Pastor H. L. Cottrell met me with horse and buggy at the station at New Auburn, and soon we were driving into the country to make calls. It was a busy week for the people, most of whom were digging and marketing their potatoes. Little did the people of the lumber town of Cartwright dream in the eighties that farmers in 1918 would be delivering hundreds of loads of potatoes in a day to the five potato-buying houses of this same town. I think that the banks claimed that from \$8,000.00 to \$10,000.00 was paid for potatoes each day while I was there.

On Wednesday night we had a meeting at the church, and on Friday night at the home of Brother Jo Ling. On Sabbath Day we had sessions of the Sabbath institute in the forenoon, afternoon, and evening. Here, too, the interest in the institute was increased by the help given by others. Pastor Cottrell, Mrs. Rosa Williams, Mrs. Alton G. Churchward, and Brother Jo Ling gave helpful addresses. All of these services were well attended, more than one hundred being present at the morning service.

Last March I spent a few days in the home of Pastor and Mrs. Cottrell just before they left Berlin, N. Y. Six months later I find them nicely located in the parsonage at New Auburn, and filling a large place in the affections of our people. It looks as though they are beginning a splendid work with this people. Soon they will have to build or enlarge their church, for the twenty-nine babies on the Cradle Roll will soon require more room at church,—many of them are now coming to church.

The people and pastor were talking of painting the parsonage and the church when I was there.

A letter from Secretary Shaw caused me to stop for a part of two days at Grand Marsh after leaving New Auburn. On the train I met Brother Myron Green, who was returning from the District Christian Endeavor Convention. He is the president of the union Christian Endeavor at Grand Marsh. At Adams we were met by Mrs. Tickner, and I spent that night at Dr. Tickner's. The following day was spent in calling and visiting. It always does me good to meet and talk with these people about Christian work in that section and throughout our denomination. The Congregationalists have secured and moved the old schoolhouse near to the spot where we had the tent two years ago last summer. Their pastor gets discouraged because of the lack of interest in religious work in the church, scarcely no men attending the meetings. He publicly commends the spiritual meetings of our little church, and frequently attends them.

On invitation of Pastor Randolph I spoke at the prayer meeting at Milton on Friday night, and had the pleasure of singing with the other members of the male quartet that was with the tent at Augusta, Mich., a year ago last summer,—Brother Jesse Lippincott, Lieutenant Julius Nelson, and Professor Inglis.

Sabbath morning I went to Albion, but found that they were not holding services that day because of the influenza.

By the kindness of the church of which I am pastor I was given another week from home that I might see my son when visiting Milton on a short furlough after completing his course at Camp Taylor. This gave me some time to make calls and visits that I had long wished to make at Milton. All the way from Nortonville through South Dakota, Minnesota, and Wisconsin I saw splendid crops. While I was in Minnesota so much wheat was shipped to Minneapolis that they could not get help to unload the cars, and with thousands of loaded cars on the tracks they had an embargo on wheat for several days.

In many places I saw women working in the fields with men, and evidently they were doing just as much work, and were doing it as well as were the men,—in fact

I passed a man and woman digging potatoes, and the man was smoking, perhaps to keep up steam in order to keep up with his wife.

As a field worker I was welcomed by the L. S. K's and in the churches that I visited. While there are some things to discourage on the field, there are many things that should encourage us as a denomination in our work. I believe that in each of the churches there will be good work done this year, for the people have upon their hearts a burden for the salvation of souls, the building up of the churches, and the making known of the truths of the kingdom of God.

MOVE TO VERONA, N. Y.

"How glad I would be," said Pat, "if I knew where I was to die!" "And how would that make you glad?" said Mike. "Shure," replied Pat, "and I'd niver go theré." If you are a Seventh Day Baptist desiring to locate in a good farming community, move to Verona and stay there as long as you live. The soil there varies from muck for gardening to light sandy for dairying. The land is level, the Erie Canal and the new Barge Canal coming within a mile of our church. There are good markets at Rome on the east and Oneida on the west. These towns are connected by two "state roads," between which our church is located in the open country.

Our society is congenial, and the Sabbath school and auxiliary societies are progressive. Our church is often a convention church. We are in the midst of the churches of the Central Seventh Day Baptist Association. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON.

Men talk about orthodoxy, heresy, and schism. There is only one kind of schism, that by which a man cuts his own soul or his neighbor's soul off from Christ. There is only one kind of heresy, that which denies the mission of Christ to seek and to save the lost. And there is only one kind of orthodoxy, that in which Christ leads man into fellowship with the living God.—Henry van Dyke.

Life is a school, work offers the arena, happiness is the graduating point, but joy and suffering toil together as teachers.—Hillis.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THANKSGIVING IN HIGH LIFE

High within the tree top,
Upon Thanksgiving Day,
The folk of fur and feather
Came hurrying together
To banquet at the tables
Where many dainties lay.

Harvest time was ended
And chilling days were near,
But in that jolly party
All hands were hale and hearty,
And never threat of winter
Could drive away the cheer.

High within the tree top,
Their spirits light as air,
The soaring cost of living
That marred the same Thanksgiving
For many fretting people
Could never reach them there!
—Clara Pinckney, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE SERMON FOR CHILDREN: GOD'S GIFT OF A NEW START

WHAT do you think, boys and girls, of a man that spends his time studying beetles, cockroaches, ants, flies, spiders, and small creatures of every description? There are a great many people that think such a man is wasting his time, but I am sure no boy or girl thinks so, for you all like to watch some of God's small creatures at work or play. The Bible, too, has a great many things to say about them. You remember that the writer of the Proverbs says to the lazy man: "Go to the ant, thou slug-gard, consider her ways," and in that wonderful love song of Solomon's we find him saying: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines," and Job in another place likens the trust of a godless man to the spider's web. So you see that God intended that we should find a great many helpful lessons in the small creatures that are often despised. Some of these lessons help us to see how truly wonderful some of these creatures are, while others show us very clearly how much greater even a boy or girl is than any other creature that God has made.

Now I want to tell you about the man that has learned more of these lessons per-haps than any other man that ever lived.

His name is Jean Fabre, and he has written many books on the wonderful things that he has discovered about the lives of insects. One of the most interesting discoveries that he made was that in connection with the burrow spider, called by the scientists *narbonne lycosa*. This great student found that this particular spider if it was removed from its house could not build for itself a home again. When it was taken from its burrow by the naturalist and placed near to another burrow that had been made for it, the spider accepted the new home and changed it around to suit itself. If no burrow was started, however, it was not able to begin another home, but instead it refused to eat and slowly wasted away and died. To make sure that this was really true, the naturalist continued his investigations with the young spiders of the same species. He took a number of these young ones that were just building their homes by burrowing in the ground, and this is what he found. Some of these young spiders he placed on ground where burrows had been started for them; they were about as far along as those they were building when they were captured. These spiders went ahead and finished the homes begun for them. The other spiders were placed where there was no sign of a burrow, on similar soil of course, and where we would naturally think they would get a hustle on and begin over again. But no, these young spiders, too, like the old one, gave up completely and lay down and died. And so the scientist proved that these spiders are not able to do over again what has already been done. God has denied to them the ability to make a fresh start in life. How sad this is for the spider seemingly! But how much sadder it would be if it were true of human life, and especially of boys and girls. Let us be grateful to God that when we fail we are able to begin over again and live as though we had not known failure. This is the message of Jesus to the whole world, "Whenever you fail begin again with me." I like to think of God's gift of eternal life as a gift of a new start. We can make a fresh start whenever we get ready; we are better off than the poor spider that does not know how to begin over again. As long as life lasts we have this great privilege that God has given to us of beginning

over again, and beside all this we have one to help us who can make the new start a success. Do you know who he is? It is Jesus. When we have to begin over again let us be sure to ask him to help us.—Rev. T. E. Hoakley, in *Christian Work*.

WASHING DISHES

When Dolly washes dishes,
She's almost sure to fret.
She splashes water everywhere,
And gets her apron wet.

"Oh, dear!" she says, with clash and pout,
"If I could have my wish,
I'd have a house my very own,
Without a single dish!"

When Betty washes dishes,
A smile is on her lips.
She calls the soapsuds fairy seas,
The dishes, little ships.

"Ah, me!" she says, "if fairy folk
Could give us all our wishes,
What lovely journeys we should make—
I and my pretty dishes!"
—The Mayflower.

TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN

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

Sharing the Children's Work and Pleasures and Letting Them Share Ours

ARTICLE XIX

MRS. PRINCESS B. TROWBRIDGE

"COME, let us live with our children!" What more fitting advice to mothers than this old motto of Froebel's? To live with our children not only makes for their best development, but also develops the best motherhood in us. There would be more happy mothers if all could know the joy and satisfaction there is in living with the children, in sharing their work and pleasure and letting them share ours.

Let the child be with you while you work; let him help you ever if he does "hinder" a little. Let him take walks with you. Tell him about the birds, squirrels, rabbits, trees, flowers and all you see. Encourage him to see even things that you do not see, or if he is not inclined to observe readily, call his attention to the objects of nature, and gradually explain their life to him. He will soon begin to ask questions. Answer every sensible question

truthfully—I want to emphasize this point. I have made it a rule to give information when it is asked for, and almost at no other time—at least not until the child shows by some word or act that he is ready for it. The best way to teach a child is to give him truthful answers to his question. Some one has said, "It makes a vast difference whether the soul of the child is regarded as a piece of blank paper to be written upon, or as a living power to be quickened by sympathy, to be educated by truth."

I remember when my oldest child was about two years old, that in watching the sunset he said, "Mother, where does the sun go when it sets?" I explained to him as well as I could, and then, taking an apple to represent the earth, showed him how the little Chinese children had sunlight when it was dark on our side of the earth. Whenever he talked about it afterward he always said, "After dark the sun is down with the little Chinese children." One day, about three years later, he came running home from kindergarten and exclaimed, "O mother, now I know what you mean by the sun setting!" Then he repeated for me the little song, "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine," by Eleanor Smith.

Good morning, Merry Sunshine,
How did you wake so soon?
You've scared the little stars away,
And driven away the moon.

I saw you go to sleep last night,
Before I ceased my playing;
How did you get 'way over there,
And where have you been staying?

I never go to sleep, dear child,
I just go round to see
My little children of the East,
Who rise and watch for me.

I waken all the birds and bees
And flowers on my way,
And last of all the little child,
Who stayed out late to play.

Another time my boy asked the question, "How are the mountains made?" To explain to him I took two apples, setting one in the window and letting it shrivel up, and baking the other at the first suitable opportunity. In showing the baked apple to the children, I pointed out that heat had made it burst out of the skin and that in just this same way the earth, which was hot at the center, erupted into

mountains. With the other apple I showed how the drying of the skin had made ridges, like those on the crust of the earth. Some months later the boy went to visit his uncle, who is a geologist, and when the conversation turned upon mountains, he remembered all I had said, was interested and talked most intelligently on this subject.

On our walks through the woods, I do not say, "There is a beautiful tree," but rather, "There is an oak or an elm tree." When they were four and five years old, my children knew all the trees in our suburb, not only by their leaves but by their bark. In the same way they have learned about the flowers. Even the baby knows a "robber" (robin). Treat children as intelligent beings, not as playthings or little animals.

In simple little ways that will occur to every mother, we can explain the facts of life to our children. My family is fortunate in living in a semi-rural district, and we have a cow; the question soon arose, "Where did the baby calf come from?" We told the children truthfully as much as was necessary for them to know at that time. Later we shall tell them more.

A little training in child culture would be most helpful to any mother. My training as a kindergartner has made my work with the children much easier, more pleasant, and, of course, more intelligent. I would advise women with children to attend all the mothers' classes and parents' clubs they can and to read as many good books on child culture as possible. But these things are not absolutely necessary to the making of a good mother. She needs first to have an open mind, a full heart, and a love for her child which plans for its healthful and symmetrical growth, physically, mentally and spiritually.

One of the most helpful books I have found on the management and understanding of the child is Miss Elizabeth Harrison's "A Study of Child Nature."

Other good books are "Poems Children Love," by Coussens (Dodge Publishing Co., N. Y., \$1.25); "Mother Stories" and "More Mother Stories," by Maud Lindsay (Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass., \$1.00 each); Emilie Poulsson's "Finger Plays" (Lothrop Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, \$1.25), and books illustrated by Leslie Brooke. Some of these are "The Tailor

and the Crow," \$1.00; "The Truth About Old King Cole," by G. F. Hill, \$1.00; "Johnny Crow's Garden," \$1.00; "Johnny Crow's Party," \$1.00; "The Golden Goose Book," \$2.00; "The Nursery Rhyme Picture Book," \$1.00. These are all published by F. Warne & Co., N. Y.

If the mother can play or sing, I suggest that she purchase a few good song books. These will afford both the children and herself much pleasure and profit. Songs not only increase the musical sense but also enlarge the child's vocabulary and imagination, and develop community feeling. Emilie Poulsson's book, "Songs of a Little Child's Day," with music by Eleanor Smith (Milton Bradley Co., \$1.50), is good for children four years old and over. The children would also like "Children's Singing Games, Old and New," by Mari Hofer (A. Flanagan Co., 50c.).

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

FUNERAL SERVICES OF PASTOR RANDOLPH

One week before the death of Pastor Randolph he made definite plans for the conduct of two special services to be held in the Milton church, Sabbath Day, November 23. The regular morning service was to be of a patriotic nature, including an address by Dean Edwin H. Lewis, and the later service was to be one in memory of Pastor Randolph's two sons, Kenneth and Paul.

These two services were duly held as planned, even to the musical selections chosen by the pastor. But the service on that Sabbath afternoon was destined to be also the funeral of the beloved and lamented pastor himself.

Both services on that day of solemn grief were conducted by President Daland, who sought to express both the sincere and unaffected sorrow of the whole community and also the triumphant joy of the Christian victor over the last of foes.

The morning service was largely attended and Doctor Lewis chose as his theme, "The earth is the Lord's," Psalm 24: 1. He referred to the pastor's death in a tender and pathetic manner, saying that he was present to do as his departed

friend asked him; but that he felt inadequate to the task in view of the change caused by the death of one whose life was full of meaning for him. Dr. Lewis then told the life story of the earth and showed how in its development from the lower to the higher forms of life there had been a constant triumph of feeling, emotion, mind, soul and spirit over inert rock and earth and those forms of life that exhibit mere brute force. The closing portion of his address was an exhortation to young people today to follow the example of noble and self-sacrificing men and women—of our Savior himself—rather than to be imitators of selfish tyrants who preach that might makes right.

In the afternoon the body of the pastor was escorted to the church at one o'clock by the Students' Army Training Corps. There it lay in state till the opening of the memorial service at a little after two. At that time so many people were present that many were unable to find standing room.

Eight men sang the opening musical selection, "Nearer to Thee," after which President Daland expressed the feelings of the assembled throng as they all were deeply conscious of the absence of the dear man whom they had expected to lead them in the service and whose body lay before them. President Daland at this time read the biographical sketch that is printed at the end of this account of the exercises.

Tributes to the pastor's character and worth and to his influence upon young men were given by Pastor E. D. Van Horn, Pastor Charles S. Sayre, and Pastor C. B. Loofbourrow, all of whom bore testimony of their personal debt to the departed minister of Christ. Pastor W. L. Burdick, of Alfred, N. Y., representing the church of which Dr. Randolph was pastor for ten years before coming to Milton, spoke of the great work that he did in that community, in Alfred University, and in reform movements in New York State. Mr. Hosea W. Rood, of Madison, gave a patriotic address, touching especially upon the death of Pastor Randolph's two sons, Kenneth and Paul, who had given their lives for their country, and whose sacrifice he likened to the legendary gift of Quintus Curtius to the Roman state. Professor A. E. Whitford, of Milton College, and Mr. Allison L. Burdick, of the University

of Wisconsin, spoke of the lives and characters of Kenneth and Paul as they had known them, after which Mr. Leslie Bennett sang with marked effectiveness "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

Professor George C. Shutts, of the State Normal School at Whitewater, brought a tribute from the Congregational church of that city, where Dr. Randolph had served as acting pastor for the past six months. Professor H. M. Barbour, of the faculty of Milton College, spoke in behalf of the college, and Dean Edwin H. Lewis gave the closing address.

After Dr. Lewis finished his address the octet sang "Keep Rank, Make Jesus King." Then President Daland closed the service with prayer and the benediction.

Interment was made in the Milton village cemetery, and the body was escorted to the grave by the Boy Scouts, the S. A. T. C., and the deacons of the church. At the grave the committal service was recited by President Daland and prayer was offered by the Rev. W. L. Burdick.

Biographical sketches of Kenneth and Paul will appear in later issues of the SABBATH RECORDER, and perhaps remarks of some of those who spoke may then be given more fully.

LESTER CHARLES RANDOLPH

The Rev. Lester Charles Randolph, son of Howell W., and Hannah (Bowen) Randolph, was born at Walworth, Wis., August 16, 1864, and died in Milton, Wis., November 21, 1918, in the 55th year of his age.

His childhood and youth were spent in or near Walworth. In early life he gave his heart to Christ, was baptized and united with the Seventh Day Baptist church at Walworth. He attended the Walworth district school and what was known as the "Big Foot Academy," and in 1884 he entered Milton College, from which he was graduated in 1888.

The year following his graduation he spent in advanced studies in Cornell University, in the department of philosophy under President (then Professor) Schurman. Then he entered the Baptist Union Theological Seminary at Morgan Park, Ill. In this seminary were other young men with whom he was closely associated. They engaged in evangelistic work as quar-

tets, and their labors together laid the foundation of Doctor Randolph's later successful work as an evangelist and worker in the field of temperance and other reforms.

During his seminary course he was made pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church in Chicago, and this relationship continued till 1899. He then served the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society as evangelist for one year. In 1900, he became pastor of the church at Alfred, N. Y. During this pastorate he engaged in active work in temperance and his labors were attended with distinct success. In 1904, by the kindness of the people of his congregation he went on the "World's Sunday School Cruise" to Palestine, being chairman, on shipboard, of the delegation from the State of New York. After taking that trip he engaged to a considerable extent in lecture work in which he continued more or less throughout his life.

In 1910, he resigned his charge at Alfred and became pastor of the church in Milton, where he lived in active work as minister till his untimely death. In Milton he associated himself closely with the college from which he was graduated. He was always a close friend and adviser of the students and all young people. He was for many years a trustee of the college and more recently served as vice president of the board. He labored earnestly for the advancement of the college in every respect, particularly the increase of its endowment funds.

During the last few years he won distinction as a popular lecturer and as a speaker in the temperance work. His most popular lectures have been: "That Delightful Fellow, The American Boy," "The Bright Side of Life on Four Continents," and "The Reign of the School Ma'am."

In addition to the degree of Bachelor of Arts he received the degree of Master of Arts from Milton College, that of Bachelor of Divinity from the theological department of the University of Chicago, and the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Alfred University. He was always influential in the counsels of Seventh Day Baptist churches, and in 1915 was president of the General Conference, held that year in Milton.

He was married in Chicago, December 25, 1890, to Susan Caroline Strong, of Hebron, Conn., later of Owego, N. Y. To Doctor and Mrs. Randolph were born six children, three of whom are now living. Hannah B., the oldest child, died at four years of age; Victor S., the second, is now in the S. A. T. C. at the University of California, Berkeley, Cal.; Kenneth B., the third, died on October 9, 1918, of the influenza, at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.; Paul P., the fourth, was lost at sea on the ill-fated "Herman Frasch," October 4, 1918; Howell S., the fifth, is in the S. A. T. C. at Milton College, and Doris, the youngest, is a high school student at Milton.

The sudden loss of the two sons, Kenneth and Paul, and overwork in carrying on his pastoral labors and outside activities which have endeared him to people in many parts of this State, particularly in the vicinity of Milton, and at Whitewater, where he recently preached for the Congregational church, temporarily without a pastor, so wore upon his physical frame, robust as it has always been, that he succumbed to the influence of an infection which resulted in his death after less than a week of illness. On Sunday evening, November 17, he returned home from Whitewater, was taken ill in the night, became delirious, and after a few days of semi-consciousness passed away Thursday morning, November 21.

He was a noble and generous-hearted man, a devoted husband and father, a patriotic citizen, a faithful pastor, and an eloquent preacher. His happy, genial disposition made him a welcome guest in every home which he entered. Multitudes join his afflicted family in mourning his sudden death.

W. C. D.

The forces which are at work today are throbbing with the thrust and drive of the spirit of Jesus. In all the changes of the passing centuries that spirit has captained the hosts which strove for progress and enlightenment and the common good.—*E. F. Sanderson.*

You can not cherish an impure thought without damage to your better self.

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

THE GREAT OFFENSIVE

DR. GRACE I. CRANDALL

Text: *O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up to the high mountain! O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!* Isaiah 40: 9.

These words of Isaiah were spoken in war time when his nation was living under conditions similar to those which we are experiencing now. It was during the reign of Hezekiah, king of Judah. His people had just passed through a great peril and had been wonderfully delivered. The hosts of Assyria had come up against him, boasting of their might, and defying the God of Abraham to oppose them. Hezekiah, encouraged by Isaiah, had humbled himself before God and trusting in him had gone out to conquer. It was then that Isaiah spoke these exalted words of exhortation.

We also have been facing a foe who has come boasting in his own strength and spurning the teaching of the lowly Jesus as too weak to lead a nation to power. Our men have gone out to fight this foe believing in the righteousness of their cause and trusting in this same lowly Jesus. The spirit of our boys, the efficiency of the young, unwarlike nation has amazed the world. Now as victory is coming people everywhere are praising us and giving us much of the credit.

It is a time of danger to our country. We should at this time look back in our history and see whence has come this unexpected power. Nations like buildings have foundations and their stability depends much upon the kind of foundation upon which they rest. The founders of this nation did not take passage upon the Mayflower with any spirit of adventure. They were not seeking wealth. They had but one desire—to find a land where they could worship the Father as they felt they should. Hardship and privation did not matter. Duty was first in their thoughts. With this ideal they built churches. Under the guidance of the church, they established schools.

The truth of God was the corner stone about which everything centered. Worship, prayer, faith, and Christian education, cemented firmly in place, supported and held immovable this corner stone. With such a foundation it is not strange that the young republic stood unshaken through all the storms that assailed it.

Through all the years of growth since, inferior material has frequently found a place in the wall. This has had to be torn out. It has looked sometimes as though the whole structure were doomed, but that foundation was still unmoved and each time upon it a better wall has risen.

In every severe crisis, prayer and faith, righteousness and justice have come forward as the national ideal, the aspiration of our highest public conscience. We idolize men like Lincoln because they have interpreted our best thoughts. We honor the Christ and Christlike characters although we often fail to emulate them.

In our international relations we have tried to maintain the same standard of truth and justice. Our treatment of Cuba and the Philippines, our return of the Boxer indemnity to China—these and many other things have led the world to begin to believe in our sincerity and to trust us. In times of great disaster our purses have quickly opened. The American Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., our thousands of missionaries in many lands, and our other philanthropic organizations have all added to this trust and confidence. Now when President Wilson declares that the American people are fighting not for supremacy, not for national aggrandizement, but only for the good of humanity, deeds as well as words are speaking and other people can not but believe. Today the eyes of all the oppressed are turning to us with hope. China, Russia, Turkey, the Balkins and even our enemies are saying, "America will surely help us. The Americans will see that we have justice."

But, you say, you are boasting. No, I am not. We have nothing to boast of. We are what we are because of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. His teachings in our education have brought all this about. We had no thought that our policy would bring us such position and influence. It is God's hand that has led us. Every people is the

product of education. We have been blessed in having a history and national ideal which was Christian. Then shall we take the credit of all this achievement to ourselves and plume ourselves as supermen?

In Chronicles we read that Hezekiah rendered not again according to the benefits done unto him, for his heart was lifted up. Shall we let our hearts be lifted up and so fail in the work which God has prepared us to do? Isaiah exhorted his people, "O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up to the high mountain! O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!" If Israel had heeded that call she never would have been carried away captive.

Today that call is being repeated. It is coming to us. Our battle cry during the war has been, "Make the world safe for democracy." But is democracy safe for the world as the world is today? I think that any one who is familiar with the inside history of China and Russia since their revolutions will be convinced that it is not. Russia is the prey of unscrupulous leaders and China's sovereignty is being rapidly undermined by those who should be strengthening her. Bolshevism, socialism, workmen's leagues, none of them are any better than absolutism or militarism as long as their leaders are seeking only selfish gain.

Some one will say, "But what they need is education." Yes, but the worst plunderers are the best educated. Germany has long been the seat of the finest education, the scientific center of the world. Education did not help Germany. It only brought her to ruin. The truth of the matter is that those of us who are advising education are thinking of education as it has been in the past in America, the education which has made our republic so successful. That education was built up by the church and under the church and has always been founded upon the truth of God and the ethics of Christ. Our religion has been so terwoven in our educational ideals that the warp of our civilization is Christian. Often we cover this warp with so much shoddy filling that one can scarcely see the warp, but when there comes a time of wear and strain like the present war the shoddy is

torn away and we realize what it is that gives the fabric strength. God has given us this strength that we may use it for him. He has given us this great world influence, not that we may glory in our greatness, but that we may teach others whence cometh our strength. We must purify our Christianity, deepen our own faith that we may lead others. Then will democracy become safe for the world and the world safe for democracy.

This great Christian offensive is the profoundest need of the world today. It is the only thing which will bring permanent peace. It alone will save us as a nation from being carried away captive—captive, if not of our physical enemies, most certainly of our own conceit and spiritual lethargy. Than such captivity nothing could lead more surely to national decay and ruin.

How launch such an offensive? *Pray.* Pray for the advancement of God's kingdom as you have prayed for the victory of our armies. Pray in private, each one of you. Fathers and mothers, do not be afraid to pray before your children at the family altar. Take a little of the rubbish of pride, custom, and indifference off of the national foundation. Let your children see that you still have faith in God, belief in prayer, and confidence in your Bible.

Read and study your Bible. See there what made nations strong in former times. The laws of God have not changed. The fundamental truths of the Gospel remain the same. The world is suffering because it does not know or does not heed these truths. Freely ye have received, freely give. Do not think that when you have paid a few cents into the church you have done all that is required of you. God wants you, your heart, your interest, your life. He wants your sons and daughters. His army must have recruits. Are you willing that they should go? *Do* you feel proud and glad when your son renounces splendid worldly chances and accepts a meager salary as an officer in God's army? If we were only each of us eager to be in the front rank! If we would only fight for the Master as our boys have fought in France! This world would then not be long in finding God.

As our hearts are full of thanksgiving

for the way God has blessed us all through the ages and the way in which he has delivered us from most of the suffering which has come to others in this war, may we realize our responsibility and our duty. Realizing it may we reconsecrate our lives and go forward to spread the glad tidings which are ours. May God help us.

THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER XXVII

(Continued)

KON HAD been thinking of Susie and Evelyn one day and he was troubled, for he had become conscious through his sister's late warning that he was gaining the affections of both and that both were now young women of talent, modesty and Christian integrity, and worthy the love of any man. What should he do? He had not knowingly given either one encouragement to believe he was seeking her affections. And yet he was on dangerous ground. He despised flirtation and double dealing. It was a crime. But he knew the young women did care for him. This must go on no further. And yet he could not "cut them," as it was called. He must be a Christian gentleman and retain them as friends. That afternoon, on the campus, he met Evelyn coming from a class. She looked sad and was a trifle pale as she greeted him in response to his cheerful salutation.

"Sit down here by this tree," said Kon to her. "I have something to say to you just a minute."

"Oh, I can't today," she replied, "I must go to my studies."

"Don't hurry. You usually have all your lessons and our little talk will not affect your class work, I am sure. But what makes you look so queer," said he as she sat down at his request. "Have you lost a rich uncle?"

"Don't, Kon, I was not feeling just myself. But I forgot, here is a letter belonging to you. I did not steal it. You know that last week you said you had a letter you wished me to read, from an old school-teacher, back in York State, who had had much influence over your life. You made a mistake and gave me the wrong letter. You probably did not observe it as you took it from your pocket and handed it to me and I did not discover the mistake until I had read it nearly through. I thought as I read on and on that it was a queer letter for a teacher to write you. I see you have a very dear girl friend in a university up north. 'Susie,' she signs herself." Evelyn gave him back the letter. Kon flushed and for a moment did not know what to say.

"It is all right, Kon, if that is your choice. Now what—what was it you wanted to say to me?"

"First, Evelyn, I'll now explain this letter.

Susie is a neighbor and old playmate at home. Our correspondence has been only of a friendly nature. It was through our associations together that she finally came to go to college. You did not see any love affair in it, did you?"

"Why, not exactly. But you are a dullard if you can't see what a girl means or how she regards you from some expressions she makes. She may not know it herself but between the lines it can be read. The girl loves you, Kon, and I will bid you Godspeed." Evelyn's voice broke a little as she finished.

"Why, Evelyn, you surprise me. I have not told Susie that I loved her or that I was seeking her heart and life. There is nothing in the letter that indicates it, I am sure. In fact, I—I—well, Evelyn, I can't say it now. I hope you will not feel hurt. Aren't we friends?" asked Kon.

"Surely, Kon, I hope so. Have I given you any occasion to feel I was not a friend?" she asked.

"Evelyn, I have enjoyed your friendship very much and appreciate it. We have been unusually good classmates, as Susie and I were in the old district school. Have you felt that I was more than a friend? Tell me truly."

"Never mind, Kon, we will be friends always, I hope. But let me ask you that question also. Have you considered me more than a friend at any time?"

"Let me answer that some other time, Evelyn. You have upset me by this mistake I made in giving you the wrong letter, though I see nothing in it to disturb you," said Kon.

"I did not say I was disturbed. I have not said the letter was wrong. It is what any good girl might write to you under the circumstances. Only—well, let's drop it. I must surely go now."

Evelyn was off quickly and Kon was deeply concerned. The fact was that he thought very much of Evelyn and was almost ready to gradually close the correspondence with Susie if he could do so with honor.

When he reached home his sister saw he looked troubled.

"What is the matter, Kon, you look concerned about something."

"I feel just ashamed of myself," he replied.

"Ashamed of what? Have you stolen some chickens? But shame is a blessed thing sometimes—when you don't have too much of it. Shame gives a boy a boost toward decency. Excepting conceit, pain and even sin may be the gate to heaven," remarked Ethel.

"That is strange philosophy," replied Kon, "but if you say so I may not doubt it. I'll study that a little. I did not know there was any virtue in sin."

"I did not say there was. But there is no virtue where there has been no temptation. Virtue is temptation overcome. If you have overcome sin and temptation, you are virtuous," said his sister.

"But suppose a case: here is a most amiable, refined person, in whom you see no flaw from outward appearances. He does not show that he was ever tempted to do wrong. Is he not virtuous?"

"True virtue becomes good character—is

character. Character is made from the struggles of man to overcome and be godlike. Amiability, engaging manners, great refinement, as the word goes, fastidious tastes, are not corner stones of character. The devil can be amiable to serve his purpose. And yet it is well to be amiable. Satan can be refined and his greatest temptations come to us under the guise of refinement and culture and even with something of religion. Paganism has survived in the Christian Church because of this satanic deception. And yet one ought to be refined. We were talking recently, you remember, about the Clemmens family leaving the Sabbath and how refined and cultured they were and so amiable. How came it about that, with all their home influences and education, they turned out as they did?"

"That does bother me, sister. Do not these 'apostates,' as some call them, and others who never had any religious faith to all appearances, seem to the world as good as others who profess religion? And wherein are we better as Seventh Day Baptists than other professed Christians? Are we superior, spiritually, to them? Don asked that question the other day. His father told him to observe and report and he said he could see no difference."

"I am glad you raise the question, brother. There is where many make a great and even fatal mistake. I am not bold enough to tell my Sunday neighbors of the Baptist Church or other churches that we excel them in consecration and spiritual life. God alone knows that. But that does not decide the matter with us. It is true, I am sorry to say, that the spirit of worldliness is too much seen in our own people. We do not seem to have any great burden for the salvation of other souls. We ought to manifest it greatly. But while we may be too worldly we at the same time are trying to be overcomers and the light of Sabbath truth dawns on us as it does not seem to on others. We must strive to 'walk in the light as he (Jesus) is in the light.' So with our light we can be none other than Sabbath-keepers and be obedient to God. If we ask, 'Lord, what shall this other man do?' we have the answer, 'What is that to thee? Follow thou me.' It is for us to observe the Sabbath of the Christ and leave judgment to God in the case of the rest of the world."

"But so many leave it," said Kon.

"Yes. And so many others leave truth; men of all religious faiths. In our case as a rule it is not our ignorance. Without any unfair judgment we well know that Seventh Day Baptists forsake their day because they lack conviction as to its real sacredness and as to how essential it is to obey God in both letter and spirit. There is no spiritual obedience where plain instructions are set aside. Too many of us have so much of the compromising and condescending spirit. The world has first place. Convenience is god. The many different reasons given for such conduct are really foolish and show a lack of faith in God's Word. I am sure you have laid a foundation for stability," said the sister.

"I have been reading some history that sets

me thinking," said Kon. "Don's father has expressed his opinion that we ought to be made to observe Sunday, and has much to say now about the 'great men' who have these convictions. I know that many different minds have a sense of responsibility to God and feel that their views are upheld by him, and that may be the element or rather secret of their greatness, so-called. But I see such a possibility of mistake in what they conceive to be God's will. Great crimes have been committed in the name of religion, both by Catholics and Protestants; and many have been imprisoned or burned at the stake by just such men, who thought they were doing God service. Paul thought that when he consented to the death of Christians. English churchmen so thought when they murdered John James and dragged his mangled body through the streets because he was a Seventh Day Baptist. Those churchmen no doubt thought that when for sixteen long years they kept the refined, educated and consecrated Mrs. Trask in prison, until she died for this faith. This sense of responsibility may make one a persecutor. I told Don that all such Sunday laws were demands by overzealous men who thought their responsibility called for it. The responsibility-persecution-spirit is still abroad in the land. It has no regard for equal rights and freedom of worship. If it must, it tolerates, but does not accord equal rights. Men with this spirit think their Sunday must be saved, even if it takes homes away from neighbors and the property of needy men as conscientious as themselves or more so. It must be saved if they have to imprison and fine the hard-toiling citizen who would die for his country as quickly as others, but who can not recognize the rival of God's holy day, the Sabbath of Christ. I do not know what all this is coming to. Evelyn says her father does not favor these Sunday laws and he would respect every right of our people. But the mention of Evelyn reminds me that we have wandered from my first utterance, that I am ashamed of myself. I'll confide in you, sister—"

"Kon, Kon, come quickly," cried Don, who rushed to the door at that moment.

"What is it, Don?" said Kon rushing out with him.

"Evelyn is run over by the cars. Oh, I fear she is killed. Run, Kon, to the crossing while I get the doctor."

Kon ran to the crossing and there a dreadful sight met him. A crowd was gathering. Evelyn lay on the ground unconscious, with a woman holding her head. The girl had to cross the track on her way to her rooms, and today, just as she reached it, she had fainted, and though the incoming passenger was slowing down, the engineer could not stop in time to avoid the accident. She was thrown about ten feet from the track, her face badly cut and her hip and one limb nearly crushed.

"O God, save her, save her," cried Kon as he rushed up and knelt by her side. The doctor came quickly. The train waited. In a few moments the girl opened her eyes and saw only Kon. "O Kon, this is awful, take me home."

(Continued on page 703)

MARRIAGES

STILLMAN-GREEN.—At the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage, Albion, Wis., at 6.30 p. m., November 16, 1918, by Pastor C. S. Sayre, Mr. Willis S. Stillman, of Madison, Wis., and Miss Adalene Green, of Albion.

DEATHS

WEST.—Carroll B. West, youngest son of Allen B. and Hattie E. West, of Milton Junction, Wis., died in France, October 2, 1918, from wounds received in battle. Extended obituary on another page. E. D. V. H.

ELWELL.—At her home near Shiloh, N. J., on October 11, 1918, Mrs. Blanche Crosby Elwell departed this life at the age of 30 years, 6 months, and 25 days.

Blanche Crosby was the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Crosby and was born at Pulaski, Ill., but was raised in New Auburn, Minn. For some years she had spent the most of her time in the vicinity of Shiloh.

She was married to J. Freeman Elwell, November 26, 1914. After spending a few weeks in the West with her people they settled on a farm near Shiloh and later bought a farm near the old "Seventh Day Mill."

On March 12, 1909, she united with the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church and when able has been a loyal supporter of its work.

Besides her foster parents, she leaves a husband and two small children to cherish her memory. Services were conducted in the home by her pastor, Erlo E. Sutton, and the body was laid to rest in Overlook Cemetery, Bridgeton, N. J. E. E. S.

TOMLINSON.—Emma Bowen Tomlinson was born near Shiloh, N. J., May 8, 1885, and died of pneumonia at the home of her parents, where she was taken sick, October 15, 1918.

Of a family of four she was the eldest child and only daughter. She was the daughter of Charles E. and Belle Mitchell Bowen, who, with two brothers, Harry L., of Shiloh, and Paul M., of Perth Amboy, N. J., are left of her family to mourn her loss.

She was married to Joseph M. Tomlinson, February 11, 1917, who so soon has been called upon to part with his loved one.

Mrs. Tomlinson was a member of the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church, having been received into membership, February 17, 1905. She was a member, at the time of her death, of the church choir and had been the church organist. She was also a member of the Ladies' Benevolent Society and was interested in all the work of the church and community.

Services were held in her late home, conducted

by her pastor, and the body was laid to rest in the Shiloh Cemetery. E. E. S.

KELLY.—Bernard Palmiter Kelly was born in Janesville, Wis., April 8, 1913, and died of pneumonia October 15, 1918, aged 5 years, 6 months, and 7 days.

He was the only child of Lester and Bernice Palmiter Kelly. His mother died at his birth and he was taken to the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Palmiter, Albion, Wis., where he was cared for with as much love as though he were their son.

Always a frail child he had several severe illnesses, and weakened by a siege of whooping cough, he was unable to withstand the ravages of pneumonia.

He was a bright child and loved to go to Sabbath school and learn his little verses, and was always ready to take his part in any of the children's exercises. His father and step-mother, grandfather and grandmother, and a host of friends mourn little Bernard's loss.

Funeral services were held at the home of his grandparents, October 17, conducted by Pastor C. S. Sayre, and the remains were laid to rest in Evergreen Cemetery. C. S. S.

DATES.—Leon Hibbard Dates, son of James and Josephine Dates, was born at Dancey, Wis., May 14, 1886, and passed away at Boulder, Colo., October 25, 1918.

He leaves to mourn his loss, the wife and infant son, Leon Ralph, his father and step-mother and two half sisters,—Mrs. Margaret Kruckenburg and Katherine Dates.

Most of his life was spent in and about Albion, Wis. About two years ago he, with his wife, moved to Boulder, Colo., for his health and to all appearances he had obtained it, having passed as perfectly sound before the war examining board. But an attack of influenza, followed by pneumonia, was more than he could endure, and after a brave fight of about one week, he passed quietly away.

Leon was a bright young man, of a cheery disposition, making friends wherever he went. He was baptized and joined the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church, March 29, 1902. He was united in marriage to Wilma Trettin, February 22, 1911.

His remains were brought to Albion, Wis., by his father, and funeral services were held at the home, conducted by Pastor Sayre. C. S. S.

WILLIAMS.—In the town of Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y., October 25, 1918, Miss Cora J. Williams, in her 59th year.

Cora J. Williams, the daughter of Orrin P. Williams and Rhoda A. (Joslin) Williams, was born near New London, town of Verona, N. Y., and made her home her entire lifetime in the house in which she was born. She was baptized at Verona Mills in August, 1875, by Rev. David H. Davis. In the church and its auxiliary societies she was an earnest worker until, on account of a sister's feeble health, she was compelled to remain much at home. In recent years she herself has suffered much from ill health, and the manner in which she bore her suffering has been a lesson to her acquaintances.

She hoped to be able again to take her place in church work, but had to give that up. She is survived by the sister and two brothers,—Mr. Frank Williams, of Plainfield, N. J., and Dr. Daver Williams, of Glen Gardner, N. J.

Funeral services were held at her late home Tuesday afternoon, October 29, and burial took place in Verona Mills Cemetery. W. M. S.

COON.—Claude Curtis Coon, son of Derwood and Nettie Hall Coon, was born at New Auburn, Minn., October 31, 1895, and died at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., November 6, 1918. More extended notice elsewhere. H. L. C.

TOMLINSON.—Amanda Titsworth, daughter of Jacob and Susan Woodruff Titsworth, was born at Bridgeton, N. J., December 5, 1834. She died at Plainfield, N. J., November 11, 1918.

When a child she moved with her parents to Metuchen, N. J., and later to New Market, N. J. Early in life she became a Christian and was received by baptism into the Piscataway Seventh Day Baptist Church.

She was married August 10, 1858, to Mr. George E. Tomlinson. Mr. Tomlinson will be remembered by many of the older people of our churches, as he became a prominent, influential minister of the gospel. He died in 1876, at the age of thirty-nine years. To them were born five children,—Everett T., Lena, Cora, George E. and Harold. Everett is a Baptist minister, Elizabeth, N. J., and George lives in California. The other children have preceded their mother in death. In addition to her sons and grandchildren she is survived by one brother, Woodruff Titsworth, and one sister, Mrs. James Clawson, both of Plainfield.

Mrs. Tomlinson, having come to Plainfield to live, changed her church membership to the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1891.

Her life was quiet, but heroic. The oldest of their children was seventeen when her husband died, and she took up alone the responsibility of their care and training. She will be remembered as a devoted mother, a faithful friend, and a devout Christian.

A brief funeral service was conducted at her home by her pastor. The body was taken to Westerly, R. I., for burial in the family lot.

J. L. S.

LEWIS.—Clinton E. Lewis was born at North Loup, Neb., June 20, 1892, and died at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga., October 24, 1918, aged 26 years, 4 months, and 4 days.

When Clinton was about nine years of age his parents, Walter H. and Liniel E. Lewis, removed to New Auburn, Minn., and Clinton accompanied them. While living at New Auburn, he became a devoted Christian and was baptized by Rev. M. Harry into the fellowship of the Seventh Day Baptist church of that place and remained a most worthy member until the time of his death. Eight years ago, he with his father's family removed to Dodge Center, Minn., where he has been well and favorably known. He recently spent two years in Milton College

and was contemplating further study in college had he not been called into the service of his country.

July 18, 1918, in response to the call of his country, he entered the army and was at once located at Camp Hancock, where he was a faithful soldier and enjoyed serving his country. From the time of his baptism, he was a consecrated Christian and was fully prepared to meet his Savior who was so dear to him. While in the line of duty, he was stricken with the dreaded influenza which terminated in pneumonia and resulted in his death. His silent remains, accompanied by a comrade from his company, were sent home to Dodge Center for burial.

Brief services were conducted by Rev. E. H. Socwell, a former pastor, at the open grave in Riverside Cemetery and were attended by sympathizing friends and relatives. Clinton leaves to mourn their loss his father, mother, two sisters, a brother, many relatives, and a wide circle of friends. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community, who also honor the family for having truly given their loved one for the cause of liberty. E. H. S.

WHITFORD.—James Richard, the little son of Dr. and Mrs. O. B. Whitford, of Plainfield, N. J., was born April 26, 1918, and died November 16, 1918.

With a brief prayer by the pastor the little body was laid away in the family lot at Hillside Cemetery.

"As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away."

J. L. S.

ARMSBY.—John D. Armsby, son of Clark L. and Mary Tilly Armsby, was born in the town of Petersburg, N. Y., April 5, 1868, and died at his home in the town of Berlin, N. Y., November 17, 1918, aged 50 years, 7 months, and 12 days.

Mr. Armsby was married to Miss Eva J. Bentley, daughter of Deacon Caleb and Emma Whitford Bentley, November 15, 1892, and has been blessed with a pleasant home and happy companionship for a little more than twenty-five years—a very precious blessing.

In these years Mr. and Mrs. Armsby have been cheered and comforted in a family of four children, who live to mourn a tender father and to console their bereaved mother. These children are Mrs. Belle Greene, wife of Carlton Greene, the Misses Gladys and Pearl Armsby, and Master Leland. They are all at home with their mother except Mrs. Greene, who lives near.

Mr. Armsby had not made a public profession of faith in Jesus, but from conversation during his illness he leaves a gleam of hope with his loved on earth that All is well. G. H. F. R.

"An infallible way to make a child miserable is to satisfy all his wants."

GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA

The Seventh Day Baptist Mission has been removed from 115 Upper Regent Street to 70 Bent Street. Our services are well attended and the Christian Endeavor society is going ahead. At our last consecration meeting three members were enrolled.

Our fifth anniversary will be held on Sabbath, November 9, and the Sunday following. The Lord's Supper will be administered on Sabbath, the 9th.

We are still on the Building Fund campaign and we appeal to our friends to help us in this matter. We need a *church building* at Georgetown. Who will help? —*Gospel Herald*.

(Continued from page 700)

"But, dear girl, you can't be taken home yet. Let us take you to my home now. Doctor, can't she be taken to my house?" cried Kon.

"She ought to be rushed to a hospital at once," replied the doctor. "And there is none nearer than Clarksburg."

"O doctor, take me there near mother. I can stand it."

The conductor said they would take her in the baggage car and leave the rest of the train, it being a local. A cot was quickly brought and she was tenderly lifted onto it by Kon and Don and two others and they went with the doctor and a woman who volunteered to go with them to Clarksburg. The station agent telegraphed to the hospital for the ambulance to meet them and also to her parents. When they arrived at the hospital, an examination was made and the surgeon said they might possibly save her limb and her life if the shock was not too great for her nerves, but she would be a helpless cripple for life. Kon nearly fainted away as he heard that. The poor mother was hardly controllable. Kon seized her father's hands and said, "Oh, I am to blame for all this, I have killed her! O God, what shall I do. I have killed her." He was just beside himself. Evelyn called for Kon and he was led into her room after she had been made as comfortable as possible.

"Mother," she said, "I want you and Kon with me alone just a few moments, please."

"O Evelyn, can you ever forgive me? I did not know what I was doing. I was innocent. Can you, will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Kon? Why, you are not to blame. I fainted as the train came. But, Kon, this ends it. You are my dearest friend now, and always will be and it can not be otherwise. Mother, Kon is not to blame. Don't let him say it. No one is to blame. Tell the rest to go. You and Kon stay with me tonight with the nurse."

It was a fearful night for Kon. Evelyn was given something to quiet her and relieve the

pain. In the morning she put out her hands, one to her mother and one to Kon.

"I must say it now. Mother, you know what I have said to you about Kon. Yes, Kon, I loved you, I did not know how much until I saw that letter. I could not help it. You were not to blame, you have been so good and kind. But it is the Lord's will. I am now through college. O Kon, don't, please don't. Promise me you will not blame yourself. No one was to blame. I was not, for some reason, feeling well yesterday and I fainted. That's all. If I live, and I think I shall, God will have something for me to do. Let's trust him. All things work together for good to those who love him, you know. It will be all right. Write me a friendly letter, Kon, but don't think of this any more. Yes, I long to know just a little of how you cared for me—just a little, and then we will drop it. Did you actually care for me, Kon? You said so in your looks."

"O Evelyn, I did, so much, too. Get well quickly and I will make it right," cried Kon sobbing.

"No, Kon, you have made it all right now. It will be all right. It shall be all right. Go home now and give my love to all our classmates and teachers. Leave me alone with mother now. Good-by, Kon, it is all right. Go now."

We can not tell the anguish of Kon as he went back to Salem and to his studies. He was silent for weeks and could not talk of the matter further than to give Evelyn's message to all.

(To be continued)

Sabbath School. Lesson XII, Dec. 21, 1918

JOSEPH CARES FOR HIS KINDRED. Gen. 47: 1-2.

Golden Text—"Honor thy father and thy mother." Eph. 6: 2.

DAILY READINGS

Dec. 15—Gen. 47: 1-12. Joseph Cares for his Kindred.

Dec. 16—Gen. 45: 16-28. Joseph Sends for his Father.

Dec. 17—Gen. 46: 28-34. Joseph Meets his Father.

Dec. 18—Gen. 50: 1-13. Joseph Mourns for his Father.

Dec. 19—Gen. 50: 14-21. Joseph Comforts his Brothers.

Dec. 20—Luke 15: 18-24. Returning to the Father's House.

Dec. 21—Ruth 2: 18-23. Caring for her Mother-in-law.

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

"Is sacrifice so hard a thing?

We give a useless seed
To God's kind care, and lo! we reap
A harvest for our need.

"We give a scanty draught to one
Who faints beside the way;
There flows a fountain for our thirst
Some weary, woesome day."

THE VOLUNTEER'S MOTHER

He was so beautiful—my baby son!
His sun-kissed curls clung close around his head,
His deep blue eyes looked trustingly in mine.
I did my best to keep his beauty fair
And fresh and clean and dainty, for I knew
I never could be satisfied with less.

He was so strong and well, my little son!
I gave my days and nights to keep him so—
Called in fresh air and sunlight to my aid,
Good food and play, all healthful things of life.
I wanted physical perfection, for
I never could be satisfied with less.

He was so bright and clever, my big son!
I sent him to the very best of schools,
Denying self that he might know no lack
Of opportunity to do his best,
Or feel no door of progress closed to him,
I never could be satisfied with less.

And yet—but now—my well-beloved son,
For your perfection can I pay the price?
Or would I have you play the coward's part,
With selfish, shriveled soul too small to dwell
Within so fair a frame? Is that my choice?
I sought the best! Shall I be satisfied with less?

Nay, I would have you honorable, my son—
Just, loyal, brave, and truthful, scorning fear
And lies and meanness—ready to defend
Your home, your mother, and your country's flag.
He's gone! Dear God! With bleeding heart
I know

I still could not be satisfied with less!
—Sarah Benton Dunn, in the New York Times.

A SEQUEL

As a sequel to the above poem, the New York Times printed later the following letter from one of its readers:

"Last summer my son was arguing for my consent to his volunteering in the Aviation Corps. Unconvinced on account of his extreme youth, I demurred. One day he brought me a copy of the Times and asked me to read a poem he had just discovered, entitled, 'The Volunteer's Mother.' It tells the whole story of our lives, mine and yours, mother. Now let me go," he said.

"I read the poem, I recognized that his desire was the result of his upbringing, so he is now 'Somewhere in France.'

"That I might daily receive the comfort and inspiration those printed lines had power to bring, I chose five cabinet photographs of my soldier boy at the ages of two, four, fifteen, nineteen and twenty years, had them set in one frame, and on the mat below each of the pictures I had a local artist engrave in exquisite Old English lettering a stanza of the poem. The initial letter of each has an appropriate illumination in color—first the baby's rattle, the drum of the boy grown older, the Hoboken Academy seal for the high school boy, the seal of Princeton for his college photograph, and beneath the one in khaki is a tiny, one-star service flag." He's gone! Dear God! With bleeding heart I know

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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We need a new definition of the nature of religion; we must come to see that all great religion finally resolves itself into character and the ideal forces that make character. The religious man gains nothing over the irreligious man unless his religion brings exaltation of being and greater moral efficiency in the courses of existence. The religion in a book, or in a confession, is of the nature of an introduction and nothing more. The religion that the human being needs is the transmutation of the ideal forces of his faith into the substances of his soul.—George A. Gordon.

The most valuable product of any generation is the new generation of men and women who succeed it. Our greatest gift to subsequent time is not the discoveries of science and the inventions of ingenuity that characterize our day, but the new human life which we leave behind us.—William T. McElveen.

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LIKE all the greatest spiritual teachers of mankind, Jesus realized a profound danger to the better self in the pursuit of wealth. Whoever will watch the development of a soul that has bent its energies to the task of becoming rich, can see how perilous the process is to the finer sense of justice, to the instinct of mercy and kindness and equality, and to the singleness of devotion to highest ends; in short, to all the humanity in us. It is a simple fact: "Ye can not serve God and mammon"; each requires the best of a man. . . . When a man lays up treasure, his heart almost inevitably is with his treasure. . . . Wealth is apt to grow stronger than the man who owns it. It owns him and he loses his moral and spiritual freedom. . . . It wedges society apart in horizontal strata between which real fellow-feeling is paralyzed. It lifts individuals out of the wholesome dependence on their fellows and equally out of the full sense of responsibility for them. That is the charm of riches and their curse. . . . If the kingdom of God is the true human society, it is a fellowship of justice, equality, and love. But it is hard to get riches with justice, to keep them with equality, and to spend them with love.

—Walter Rauschenbusch.

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