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CHRISTMAS SEASON

F. J. HUBBARD, Treas., Plainfield, N. J.

# The Sabbath Recorder

THE nations must form themselves into a league, a family, a society, wherein all are pledged to settle all questions arising between them by amicable and peaceful methods, and all are pledged unitedly to permit no criminal or unchristian nation to break the peace of the world.

We must insist that all nations, weak and strong, enjoy all privilege and opportunity to live their own lives and achieve their own destiny, unhampered by tyrannical kings or nations, that democracy have everywhere a chance to realize itself, that all nations have voice in the ordering of the world's affairs.

We have a right to insist that the relationships of nations in the future be lifted up onto that same high Christian plane where all gentlemen live, and that the same standards of right and wrong be applied to nations that are applied to individuals, and that nations order their lives by the same ethical principles as those which obtain among individuals.

The Church must also insist that in all the various problems of reconstruction that lie outside the scope of the Peace Conference the two great fundamental truths of the gospel receive recognition at every step; one, the worth of every man as a child of God; the other, the fact that men are brothers and meant for brotherhood and co-operation. There can be no Christian civilization, no happy society, no lasting peace except they are based on these things.

—Rev. Frederick Lynch, in Christian Work.

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Next Session will be held at Battle Creek, Mich., August 19-24, 1919.  
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 The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests for these denominational colleges.

# The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 85, No. 26

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DEC. 30, 1918

WHOLE NO. 3,852

**Memories of Bethlehem** Yesterday I listened to a Christmas cantata in the morning, and in the afternoon enjoyed a Sabbath-school service in which the story of the divine birth at Bethlehem was told and an offering was taken for Armenian children. It was a delightful day for every one in the Plainfield church, and especially so for one who had enjoyed a visit to the ancient town of Bethlehem.

As I listened to the story of the Christ Child, memory pictures recalled the impressions of a beautiful sunny day in spring-time and a walk among the historic places made dear to men by the coming of the Prince of Peace. As the years go by, these memories become more and more separated into two distinct classes. In one class are the scenes inside the ancient Church of the Nativity, which is supposed to stand over the grotto in which Christ was born; and in the other the scenes among the hills and fields and vineyards that surround the town.

Probably the great rambling ancient-looking structure—believed to be the oldest church in the world—stands over the real cavern-stable in which Christ was born, and it may be that the star in the floor gives the true location of the manger-bed in which the Christ Child was laid. And one might think that no spot in all the Holy Land could fill the soul with more precious memories. This might be true if in connection with that sacred spot one did not have to recall the shadows cast upon it by misguided, fanatical, quarreling men, who, although calling themselves Christians, were kept from fighting only by Turkish soldiers standing by with bayonets! I have often regretted that the scenes of that day at Bethlehem must ever bring to mind the presence of pompous, dictatorial priests of rival sects, looking askance at each other with jealous eyes and ready to quarrel at the slightest provocation. I wish the mem-

ory pictures of that hour in the Church of the Nativity did not always have to contain Turkish soldiers with guns, placed on guard to keep the peace!

There are however other memories of the land of David and David's greater Son that leave no such sad impressions. Out from the old church we went into God's open country, and there everything brought some sweet message. The spirit of superstition could not so overshadow sacred places in the country, and there the hand of man has never been able to work many changes. Turning our backs upon the windowless limestone houses that still shelter both man and beast as of old, we looked out upon the same landscape that was known to Joseph and Mary, David and Samuel, Ruth and Naomi, Jacob and Rachel—a landscape over which human hands have built no dome, and around which greedy men, anxious only for gain, have been able to build no walls.

We know that the terraced hills with vineyards and olive orchards, and wheat and barley fields stretching down toward the jagged mountains of the wilderness were there when David tended his flocks and when Ruth gleaned in the field of Boaz; and over these the angel chorus sang peace on earth and good will toward men. In some of those very pastures where one sees shepherds today, the shepherds of old beheld the glory and turned to see the newborn King.

To one who looked on these, there were no signs of discord among nature's witnesses for Christ, and the uplift of soul that came on that beautiful day at Bethlehem from the sight of field, vineyard and pasture, hill and vale, shepherd and flock, all so closely associated with the story of the Christ, returns with each memory of the visit to Bethlehem, and gives added meaning to the song or story at Christmas time.

**"Bide a Wee And Dinna Fret"** The portals of a new year are about to open. We know not what awaits us and can only trust God and go forward. My wife has just handed me a brief clipping that contains the words at the head of this editorial; and I can but feel that in these days of stress and anxiety—days of sorrow in many a home—days of discouragement for many a worker; and in times when the outlook for the future seems uncertain, the words, "Bide a wee and dinna fret," simple though they are, contain a most fitting admonition.

First of all, they suggest the faith of one who is willing to trust where the way seems dark—one who firmly believes in the guiding hand of him who doeth all things well.

When Paul mentioned his many afflictions, which were sore indeed, he did not overlook the sufficient grace by which he was enabled to endure them. He said: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed. . . . Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

To the man of faith whose vision reaches beyond the temporal to the eternal, who recognizes the spiritual as the real life for which things of earth are preparing him, this simple Scotch saying is full of meaning. Rightly interpreted it says when trouble comes, "Wait a little while and do not worry. Trust God and all will be well."

Why not try to enter upon the work of 1919 in the spirit of restful trust in our heavenly Father, whose love for his children can never be measured? Facing whatever tasks or duties or sorrows may come we may hear the Father's voice saying: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

**"But for a Moment"** When the great apostle spoke of "our light affliction which is but for a moment," he must have regarded this life as no more than a handbreadth when compared with the eternal life toward which we are hastening. How short this brief span of years must seem to those who have gone on before and are enabled to view it from the vantage ground of the eternal home. Illumined by the light of heaven, the vicissitudes of earth, the troubles that seemed almost unbearable, must indeed seem like light afflictions enduring "but for a moment."

Every passing year makes us realize more and more that our days are "swifter than a weaver's shuttle." But the one who believes that angel hands beckon to a home where all tears are wiped away forever will be enabled to say with Paul, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

**Bethlehem to Overthrow Berlin** In one of the most stirring speeches of Rev. Arthur T. Guttery, of the Free Church Council of England, made in Washington while on his visit to this country, we find these words: "We seek to break Berlin and then enthrone Bethlehem." Mr. Guttery thrilled his audiences wherever he went. He said, "Unless this is a war for which we can pray, in God's name let us get out of it."

It is a good omen that throughout the war the great Christian leaders of the Allied lands have recognized the spiritual implications of the conflict. The moral imperative made it "a war for the soul of Europe," rather than for worldly gain. One man said, "We are at war to win for the soul of mankind an atmosphere in which it can breathe."

It has been a struggle for the spiritual rights of men. The seal of the Christ has been upon it and made it a war for peace on earth. For this our boys have died. For this England and France have given their sons. It will never do for a peace conference to compromise in any such way with the foe who caused the bloodshed as to make it appear that millions of our boys have died in vain.

If seeking to establish world freedom, the rights of the feeble, the sanctity of international obligations, and a brotherhood of nations that will make wars impossible is an evidence that Christianity has not failed, then it must be that the spirit of Bethlehem is to supplant the spirit of Berlin.

Everything cherished in the line of materialism has failed. Kultur, worldly ambition, politics, science, imperialism are of no avail in building up the kingdom of God on earth. Nothing but the principles of God's kingdom can make the world a safe place in which to live. Christianity now has the best chance in all the centuries to enthrone the Christ of Bethlehem and to dethrone forever the ruinous fallacy that might makes right.

**Gains for Christ Through the War** Does any one ask for the evidences that Christ is gaining supremacy over the powers of evil and becoming more perfectly enthroned in the hearts of men through this terrible war? Is it true that even the wrath of man is being overruled to work for the good of the kingdom of God?

Yes, there are enough evidences to fill the people of God with hope. Jehovah has not abandoned his world, but he has been speaking in unmistakable language—the language of immeasurable suffering—teaching lessons which could be learned in no other way. And more men among the nations are thinking of God and listening for his voice than ever before. The war has opened people's eyes to the fact that the Almighty has been calling the nations to judgment for their sins; and men have come to see the causes of the strife and to long for peace as never before. In the wonderful victory which has come, after defeat seemed all but inevitable, the nations have been made to realize that God still reigns in the affairs of men.

In many lands the Christ spirit has come to be the motive power prompting millions to benevolent work and sacrificial service for the good of their fellow-men. The war has done much toward developing this spirit. For generations the determination of national affairs had been left to greedy and selfish men. The people lifted their voices but feebly, if at all, against injustice and burning wrongs. The principles of right-

eousness, justice and good will had been too much neglected by the most enlightened nations; but the war has brought a great change in this respect. Evils that had been winked at through the years have now come to be regarded as intolerable and the nations are resolving to put them away forever.

The Church is awakening to its high duty as the exponent of Christ and his rule of right. Those nations that have known most of the Man of Nazareth are uniting to make war impossible; and it is where the Church has made its influence most effectual that the best work for human suffering is being done. The war has filled the world with the spirit of Christian service. Men and women everywhere are confessing with sorrow and shame their past failures in holding up the light of life as they should have done. They see that they have neglected to teach the moral obligations of citizens to their country and to instruct the young in matters concerning the hand of God in history; and the war has brought a reaction in all these things. Even the Government is making great efforts in these days to exalt the principles of human brotherhood and of true freedom. Men are coming to believe that humanity is higher than any nation, that nations are neighbors and should be treated in a neighborly manner, that they are accountable to God as certainly as are individuals, and that only by principles of righteousness can national honor be established.

Best of all, it now begins to look as though the war would result in establishing a league of nations, rooted in the gospel of peace on earth, that will make another war impossible.

**The Fleet Is Welcomed Home** The day after Christmas was a great day in New York. The arrival of the war fleet which for more than eighteen months had kept the long watch in the submarine belt of European waters had been announced for that morning, and thousands upon thousands hastened to give the heroes on ten dreadnoughts and many destroyers a royal welcome.

The morning was dark and cold, with a driving snowstorm and thick ocean fog obscuring the scenes. Nevertheless vast crowds of people stood, some of them for

hours, waiting for the ships to appear. Special request had been made that the usual blowing of whistles and shrieking of sirens be omitted, and so the expressions of welcome were less noisy than usual. The fleet is called the "Victory fleet." When the guns of the dreadnaughts began to boom their salutes, as each ship passed the Mayflower, on which Secretary Daniels was reviewing the fleet, the people were deeply stirred, and as the great sea fighters loomed up through the fog enthusiasm was unbounded. The wet, disagreeable storm was almost forgotten and for forty-five minutes the ships of the line filed by with bands playing and people cheering.

Standing on Ninety-sixth Street we saw shipload after shipload of the navy boys come ashore, fall into line and march up the street toward the center of the city, and we could but thank God for America's brave boys. They were a clean ruddy-looking lot, and we felt sure that they were as proud of their native land as the nation is of them.

**Successfully "Passing The Hat"** One of the pastors who took upon himself the work of a personal canvass for the RECORDER sends in the names of three new subscribers and hopes to get more. Renewals, also, were properly attended to. Aside from this RECORDER money he sent \$53.00 for the Tract Society, "the result," as he writes, "of my passing the hat at the homes."

This man's church is among the smallest of our churches that support a pastor—a little country church. It really is surprising to see how much some loyal leader can do for the causes that lack assistance, by tactful effort among the people. "Passing the hat" among the homes certainly worked well in this case.

**The Building Fund Grows** These holiday times are bringing a few Liberty Bonds for the Denominational Building. Our readers will be glad to know that Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard has received something over three thousand six hundred dollars for this purpose.

Will there ever be a time when our people can provide for this much needed Denominational Building more easily than now? Liberty Bonds have already been

paid for, and if devoted to this purpose they will be doing double duty. Our country received the first help, and if these bonds are now given for the building, our denomination will receive the second help, and that, too, at a yearly extra cost of only 4¼ per cent of the value of the bond.

### REV. HERBERT C. VAN HORN IN FRANCE

DEAR DR. GARDINER: Through the kindness of Mrs. Van Horn I have received interesting news from Pastor H. C. Van Horn, who is doing Y. M. C. A. work in France, and the thought has occurred to me that the RECORDER readers would enjoy sharing it with me.

In the early part of August Mr. Van Horn received notice of his appointment and was told to be ready to report to the War Personnel Board in New York City on short notice. Upon the receipt of this word the church at Dodge Center, Minn., granted him a year's leave of absence. At a reception held in his honor on the lawn of one of his parishioners his friends, including many of the townspeople outside his congregation, made him the recipient of some valuable presents to be used in his work.

The telegram calling him to service was received on the afternoon of August 31, and within five hours he entrained. Notwithstanding the short notice a crowd assembled at the station to bid him farewell and the band played as the train bore him away.

He arrived in New York on the morning of September 3, the fifteenth anniversary of the day he claimed the youngest daughter of Rev. S. H. Babcock as his bride. While there he was so fully occupied with the necessary preparations for his trip and a week's attendance upon a training conference at Columbia University that he scarcely had time for meals. On September 10, in company with three hundred Y. M. C. A. men, he embarked on a special train bound for Montreal and probably sailed from Quebec. After reaching Paris he was prostrated with influenza. Immediately upon his recovery he was sent to the front to the most advanced Y. M. C. A. post of that sector to relieve a man who was nearly sick although he had been on

duty but a week. Two men were greatly needed for the work but it was not possible to have them, and in Mr. Van Horn's opinion ten days would be the limit of any man's endurance at that point.

The first night after he reached this post they were heavily shelled but owing probably to exhaustion he slept through it all and knew nothing of the danger to which he was exposed.

October 10, at the close of his first day's work, he wrote Mrs. Van Horn from "Somewhere in northern hell," saying, "That is about as near as I can locate myself," and no wonder, for the Huns were on three sides of them trying to wipe them off the face of the earth. He had written money orders that day, given out all the stationery at his command, distributed papers, and sold twelve hundred francs' worth of articles to the soldiers.

On his way to this post he picked up some relics but forgot to take them out of the truck. "However," he adds, "I shall not care personally for many reminders of this place when I get home; but I'm glad I'm here. You know how we both felt and I wouldn't be a slacker for all the world."

The last letter I read was dated November 1, from "Somewhere on the march." He had again been somewhat indisposed but had been tenderly cared for by a soldier boy. "The boys," says he, "will do anything for a 'Y' man."

Mr. Van Horn speaks in the highest terms of the soldiers and tells of a southern boy who carried his stuff on a three days' march with little nourishment save the chocolate received from his hands; coughing at night, fever and chills, yet neither a murmur nor a whine had escaped his lips. "That's the stuff these southern boys are made of and we can all be proud of our army north and south."

I have read similar words of commendation for our soldiers in papers and magazines and heard them from the lips of Private Peat and Daniel Poling but the joy in my heart is greater as I read them in the familiar handwriting of one of our own pastors.

Mr. Van Horn says in this letter, "I wish I could describe the air battle and barrage I witnessed not long ago. It is very interesting to watch the barrage put up by anti-aircraft guns. A Hun machine starts

out to get over our lines and at once the French and I suppose some American guns begin to bark. Here is Fritz's machine and there are the exploding shells all around him that drive him in a hurry back to his own lines. . . . Imagine a fly crawling on a pane of glass and some one with an ink-dropper putting out a spattering drop of ink about every inch ahead of him and on his flanks, and you have a picture of what happens.

"But the barrage when the boys went over the top I can't describe. It was terrific. I suppose we were very foolish to stand out on the hillside back of our shack and watch it with no thought of danger.

"That night I distributed papers during shell fire. The colonel said, 'Well, I hand it to the 'Y' men to be doing business under the bursting shells.' I replied, 'Colonel, we are so scared we don't know which way to run, so we just as well keep on the job.' . . . A little later I was about to enter a place and its windowpanes were knocked clean out by an explosion. I turned and fled and shot into a dugout."

December 1 Mrs. Van Horn received a cablegram consisting of two words, "Am well," but those words were a lever powerful enough to lift a heavy burden from her heart and they came at a most opportune time, for her three children were all sick in bed with the influenza.

Which one of the two, Pastor or Mrs. Van Horn, has shown the greater faith and courage in this matter is still an unsettled question with me. As I write these words my mind reverts to their college days when I became acquainted with them and interested myself in their welfare. What have the years revealed? Does it pay to interest one's self in young people who are struggling upward? Yes, a thousand fold.

MARTHA H. WARDNER.

The American Red Cross canteen at "a center in France" runs so efficiently that it is possible to serve 600 men in fifteen minutes! Adjoining is a rest room with twenty baths and showers.—*Red Cross Bulletin*.

"Conscience grows more sensitive and clear as it is honored and obeyed. If it is habitually dishonored and disobeyed it loses its power."

## MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

REV. EDWIN SHAW, PLAINFIELD, N. J.  
Contributing Editor

### TRACT AND MISSIONARY SOCIETY NOTES

Can you guess from what pastor the following comes, on the back of the blank that was sent out to the churches concerning evangelistic work? "I am on a house to house canvass the past week, and not quite through. Have to date most \$40.00 offering direct, for Tract Society and two new names for RECORDER and some renewal money and about 20 places for your missionary book, "The Call of a World Task." Yours, etc., M. G. S." Good for him.

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., announces that \$164,000.00 "additional will be needed for this year on account of the still further rise in China exchange since the beginning of the year." Twenty-five thousand dollars is also asked for "small increases in salaries in India and Japan." The total amount needed to meet the obligations of the board is \$2,647,639.00, of which for the first seven months of the year only \$476,805.00 had been received, and a special Christmas Gift was asked of the people of the Presbyterian Church. Their year begins April 1.

We have had the pleasure of calls from several Seventh Day Baptist men who are in military service recently. Among these are Frank Cartwright, of New Auburn and Milton, Wis., who is in the navy on a merchant vessel. On landing in New York from a return trip he found in his mail a paper which stated that Mrs. Ann Cartwright (his mother) had gone to Plainfield, N. J., to care for some one who was ill with influenza. The statement was partially true but the place was Minneapolis, Minn., not Plainfield. Naturally Frank lost no time in getting a day pass and came to Plainfield. While he was disappointed in not seeing his mother, we had the pleasure of a good visit with him. Then Fred I. Babcock, of Albion, Wis., and Fouke, Ark., was a caller. He had been sent from Kansas, just before the signing of the armistice, to a camp at

Lakehurst, N. J., and he secured a twenty-four hour leave of absence and came up to Plainfield. He has since been sent to Camp Grant and by the time he sees this in print expects to be back on his task at Fouke. Then the most recent call was from Lester Osborn, of Riverside, Cal. We knew Lester ten years ago as a schoolboy in Milton, Wis. He is in the navy and made a trip down the west coast from Los Angeles to South America for a cargo of nitrate for ammunition making. The return trip was by the Panama Canal, and the cargo was discharged at Philadelphia (except what was thrown into the sea to lighten the boat when it ran on a reef in the Gulf of Mexico). Just as his ship was about to sail for Europe he was taken to a hospital ashore for a siege of the influenza, and so is yet located at Philadelphia at the navy yard. We are glad to welcome these and other men, and bid them Godspeed in the service for their country, and in their service for God and for humanity as they go back to the pursuits of civil life. As a denomination we expect and need their loyal help in our work for Christ and the Sabbath.

### FROM DR. PALMBORG

DEAR HOME FRIENDS:

For a long time I have been trying to get my wits and the moments together to write for the RECORDER. but have not succeeded.

At last I have captured some moments, but don't know about the wits! Just now our minds are full of the one subject—Germany has surrendered! The news reached Shanghai on November 12, and Miss Burdick kindly sped it on to us by telegram. And now one wonders "what next?" Will Germany have a repetition of Russia's experience? How will the world readjust itself? Hosts of questions arise in the mind. One can only trust God and wait.

The Spanish influenza is paying a prolonged and unwelcome visit to these parts. Many have died of it, though not so many as we read of in Southern Africa. One of our church members has been taken, leaving a wife and several children. A daughter was sick with it at the time of the funeral but Dr. Sinclair saw and treated her and she recovered.

Our evangelist had a family of six children at home and all of them had it, the last one, a little girl, dying from it. I had treated the others, but was sick at the time this little one was taken sick. They thought she was no worse than the others and did not send for us till the child was dying, or nearly so. It had the pneumonic form—was already in a stupor. It was very sad for the parents, as they seemed not to have considered the possibility of one of their children dying. I think, and hope, that the affliction will be blessed to them.

The second oldest daughter is helping us in the dispensary and hospital. She and our oldest assistant, and the day school teacher were all quite seriously ill with it at the same time, but have all recovered now, for which we are very grateful.

We have not many patients these days, partly on account of the cold rainy weather, and we have few in the hospital, but those we have had, have been serious cases, taking up much time, needing care day and night. We have had several cases of light insanity, a man with a broken leg, whom Dr. Sinclair cared for, and who has just gone out well. Today a man went out who came in eleven days ago with a terrible form of eye disease. One eye was much better, but he will lose his sight in the other, if not the whole eye. He got homesick and impatient and thought as he could see to get about he was well enough to go home, so home he went, against our advice, and that of his relative who came to see him.

We have now a little child in, whose life we almost despair of as she has gangrene of the nose and mouth after a long debilitating illness. She did not come in till she was in very bad shape, three day ago. She needs much care of course, but if she will recover we will feel repaid. Her father is a teacher of one of the new government schools, a bright and seemingly very nice young man.

Another patient is a little slave girl who was terribly burned on both knees by being made to kneel on a hot foot stove, held down on it by her master, because she had been out of call when wanted. There were deep burns on both knees, three by two and one-half inches in size, with thick gangrenous sloughs. Her legs were red and swollen, and she seemed poisoned all

through when she came. They lied about the way she was burned, but I had suspicions that they were lying, and later the truth came out. She is now walking all about, though not quite well; says she doesn't want to get well too quick! I am glad she is having a little happy time, though it came through such suffering.

I don't remember mentioning in my last letter the little babe I took to care for till she should be able to eat ordinary food. She belongs to one of our church members. She is a twin, the other one being a boy. The mother is not a Christian and of course preferred the boy. So she always fed him first, and the little girl got almost nothing to eat. The last day of July, I went to see them and the little girl was such a little starveling, I was afraid she would die, so I offered to take care of her, feeding her on goat's milk till she could eat ordinary food. She came to us on August 1. She has prospered wonderfully and would not be recognized as the little famine babe she was. Now she is fat and happy and so good that we all love her. She has a little bed in my room. All the hospital girls helped to care for her as well as Eling, but since they have been sick Eling has taken most of the care of her and continues to do so. Eling is now fully recovered from her illness, for which I am daily thankful.

Some one may wonder at our having men in the hospital. We have many more applications for men to come in, than for women, and at last we decided to convert the room over the old dispensary (now the meeting room) into a men's ward, by building another stairway and changing a window into a door. We can shut it off entirely from the rest of the hospital in that way. Of course our girls do not take care of them. We have to do it ourselves with the help of one of our servants, or some attendant friend. We have also reroofed the servants' quarters and fuel house, so have had workmen on the place for a month past. It seems good to be without them again. And now I will stop. Oh, I do want to say I was glad of the good Conference we read about.

Your friend,

ROSA PALMBORG.

*Lieu-oo, China,*  
Nov. 14, 1918.

**HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT IT?**

About what? Raising the money to support the work of our denomination in a larger Forward Movement.

People say "It can't be done." The only circle in which people are saying "It can't be done" are religious circles. They are not saying it in the Army or Navy or Red Cross; but one hears it frequently in the Church and in mission boards. It is a tragedy. Why are they saying it? The reasons given why we are facing the impossible in mission circles, in reference to our schools, concerning a denominational building, etc., are two:

1. Because there is no money.
2. Because people are all buying Liberty Bonds.

These reasons are mutually inconsistent and contradictory.

No money, but every one buying Liberty Bonds!

A large jewelry firm told me they were selling more high-class jewelry than for years past. A furrier told me they were selling more furs. Many stores are doing a larger business than ever before. Hotels, theaters and stores are crowded. Money is pouring out for all these things.

It took all night to count the checks and pledges which were received at a Liberty Loan concert in Carnegie Hall the other evening—over \$4,000,000! The treasurers of our denominational interests would be willing to sit up all night and count checks which are sent in for the work of the Lord.

Buy a Liberty Bond to bring a Bond of Liberty to the world, and then give it to the Missionary Society, or the Tract Society, or the Education Society, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, to establish a denominational building, to educate the youth, to prepare men for the ministry.

Do not believe people when they tell you there is no money. The way we start out this year is the way we are going to end. If you say "It can't be done," it won't be done. If you say, "We will go over the top," you will go over the top. You will get just what you set out for.

At Camp Mills the other day a man said to a colored soldier, "Well, I suppose you will soon be going to France." He replied, "Oh, no, I am going to Berlin. I may stop in France for a few days but I am going to

Berlin." We will get out of our work this year just what we put into it.

The only order that is known in the Army or Navy is "Forward." It is the only order that the Church should know. If any one says "stop" or "go back" he deserves to be in the German army.

Trenches are all right for safety, but the soldier who stays in the trench does not win the war.

Signals are all right to guide to the place where the fighting will tell the most, but if the signals are disregarded they are of no use.

Ammunition is all right to kill and put out of the way the obstacle to freedom, but if the man behind the gun does not use the ammunition it is of no avail.

Friends, we shall get out of our work just about what we put into it in enthusiasm, gifts, prayers and inspiration for ourselves and others. How many are willing to erase the "t" in this sentence, "It can't be done" and let it stand "It can be done"? How many are willing to pledge to themselves and their God, their allegiance and their determination to go "over the top" this year in their zeal for this other war which shall bring peace to all the world, a lasting peace, and spell "progress" and "success" for the cause of Christ and the Sabbath in which we are enlisted?

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**NEEDS IN THE NEAR EAST**

**T**HE "American Committee for Relief in the Near East," formerly the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee, has done magnificent service in the past three years in relieving suffering caused by the ravages of war in the Near East. The missionaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions have been the distributors in Persia of the bounty of this committee during that period. The committee and the missionary work in most perfect harmony. The board has naught but words of praise for the splendid response made by the committee to every appeal of the board for the suffering thousands of Persia. Great as has been the task accomplished, a still greater task confronts the committee at the beginning of the year 1919. A careful survey of the field by the committee reveals the number of accessible refugees to whom

this philanthropic ministry must be rendered.

In Asia Minor	Refugees	Accessible
Armenians . . . . .	350,000	180,000
Greeks . . . . .	800,000	160,000
Caucasus . . . . .	300,000	140,000
Syria and Mesopotamia		
Syrians . . . . .	1,250,000	1,200,000
Armenians . . . . .	50,000	25,000
Damascus . . . . .	100,000	
Palestine and Egypt . . . . .	100,000	100,000
Persia . . . . .	1,000,000	130,000
	<u>3,950,000</u>	<u>1,935,000</u>

These figures show a destitute refugee body of nearly four millions within the field of operation of this committee, of whom at least 1,935,000 are within reach of our funds.

All of the above 1,935,000 accessible refugees will not require free relief but can live upon partial assistance, while some must have more than the five dollars a month. Assuming that an average of \$5 a month or 17 cents a day will meet the immediate needs of this procession of hunger, destitution and death, we have an immediate call for \$9,675,000 a month or \$116,000,000 a year. At least 400,000 of the accessible destitute are children without fathers and many of them without mothers. These will need support for several years before they can become independent, amounting to at least \$24,000,000 at the rate of \$60 a year for each child.

When the time comes for returning these exiles to their ruined, ravished homes, vastly larger sums will be required, which will demand special consideration at the time and as rapidly as our agents can get to refugees now inaccessible the amount needed for relief will increase.

There is every reason to believe that political, military and other changes will within the twelve months render accessible the larger portion of all of the three millions that are just now inaccessible but whose need is not less critical than the need of those for whom immediate relief is asked. To provide for the larger number will require proportionately increased funds.—*The Assembly Herald for December, 1918.*

"In that day shall the Lord defend the inhabitants of Jerusalem. And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall seek to destroy all the nations that come against Jerusalem"—God. Zech. 12: 8, 9.

**THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

REV. A. J. C. BOND

"It is a great thing to have a history." These are the words of Dr. Worth M. Tippy, associate secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and executive secretary of its Commission on Social Service. We had known each other slightly in meetings of the council, and had come together at a meeting of our state convention of Charities and Correction at Fairmont. Dr. Tippy knew I was a Seventh Day Baptist, and asked concerning the origin of our denomination. It is always a pleasure to answer a question like that, and so I gave him some account of our early history.

When I had finished he replied in the words quoted above. I have no doubt Dr. Tippy is proud of the origin and history of his own denomination, the great Methodist denomination, founded by the Wesleys. He would be a poor Methodist if he were not. And yet Seventh Day Baptists were making history in England a hundred years before John Wesley preached in her fields, and Joseph Stennett published a volume of hymns before Charles Wesley, the Methodist hymn writer, was born.

It is a great thing to have a history, and a worthy thing, therefore, to preserve it, and make it accessible to future generations. This is the work of the Historical Society, whose efforts should be encouraged and whose work should be supported by all our people. Our interest in the past is for the sake of the future.

We look over the ocean of life and are able to discern the wake of our denominational barque which stretches away for three hundred years, where it appears out of the horizon of the Reformation and the beginning of the new day of modern evangelical Christianity. And then we lift our eyes from the wake of the vessel and looking ahead, we know we are going somewhere because we have come somewhere. It helps us to get our bearings, and gives us courage for the voyage ahead. We are convinced that we have taken passage on a seaworthy craft, one that has withstood the storms of doubt and of criticism, and even of persecution. Hope is re-

vived and enthusiasm quickened as we set our sails for the haven ahead and the harbor bright.

## MORAL

Send a contribution to the Historical Society. *Do it now.*

*Salem, W. Va.*

## LESTER C. RANDOLPH—A FEW SKETCHES

F. E. PETERSON

The first time that I was thrown into intimate contact with Lester C. Randolph was during a three-weeks' fishing and camping trip in northern Wisconsin.

Some one has remarked that nothing will more quickly and surely reveal a man's real character than an outing expedition. The selfish person is bent only and supremely on his own pleasure, ease, and comfort; while he that is unselfish has numerous opportunities to prove his kindness and thoughtfulness toward his fellows. On this occasion, in the summer of 1886, I came to know him as a thoroughly "good fellow," companionable, cheerful under all conditions, thoughtful of others, willing to bear his full part—and then some—and ever able and bound to win his way into the hearts and lives of all with whom he was thrown into contact. None of the four men who boated and fished with him, who sat about camp fires and listened to his stories and songs, could ever forget him, or think of him without a glow of friendly feeling, or be other than better men for their remembrance of those three weeks in his company.

My next intimate acquaintance with Lester C. Randolph was during the three years of our association in and out of the classrooms of the Morgan Park Theological Seminary. In the various classes of from 50 to 75 students each, it did not take the learned professors long to single out the dozen or so men who were giving intelligent attention to the subject in hand, and Lester was always among its dozen. In this school of about 250 men who were preparing for the ministry, Lester came to be recognized as one of the very brightest; indeed, so generally was his ability as a student and speaker apparent, that the highest honor of his graduating class was given him, in his being chosen by the faculty to rep-

resent the seminary at the banquet of the Baptist Social Union.

At this gathering of several hundred leading Baptists, Lester was given a place on the program along with Dr. Henson and other men of note, and performed his part with credit to himself and to the seminary which he represented.

The third, and last of my intimate associations with Lester C. Randolph was during the Student Evangelistic Campaign of the summer of 1893, when the "original" six young men went out from Morgan Park to conduct revival services at New Canton, Bany, and other points.

These meetings were in some respects unique and experimental more especially that the emphasis was placed upon the power of song and personal work rather than upon preaching, for none of us six had yet learned how to preach. However, there was one thing determined upon, and that was that our endeavor should be made to succeed—and succeed it did—though perhaps not brilliantly.

It would not be possible or desirable to make distinctions, and say to which belonged the more credit for what was accomplished. However, I can not but think that we may well have failed had it not been for Lester. His preaching was attractive and convincing. He very soon learned how to handle an "after meeting" so that all the people felt it was *their* meeting; socially, and in personal work, he was most effective. In a word, he was a host. He could turn near-failures into success, was never cast down, and never wanting in knowing what to do next. Versatility was his great quality of mind. He could command to his service all that he knew, and marshal all his forces of mind and heart when supreme effort was needed.

These, and other elements of promise, in his early days, grew and ripened with the years far beyond what was dreamed by many. He never stopped growing mentally and his soul enlarged from year to year with each hard bit of road he was called upon to travel.

It can not be that a spirit so indomitable, so free and aspiring, so loving and lovable, has been quenched with his bodily death. God has chosen him for some wider field, a higher service, a larger and nobler usefulness in a world that has need of such as he:

## THE COMMISSION'S PAGE

## READ, PONDER, GET BUSY

Last week it was announced that the Commission had appointed a War-Reconstruction Board (Seventh Day Baptist). All the members have been notified, and thus far no one has declined. The membership is as follows, and it is expected that each member will be in his own district an active agent, a real live wire, in the promotion and accomplishment of the purposes for which the board has been established:

*President*—Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Salem, W. Va.; M. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va.; Lucian D. Lowther, Salem, W. Va.; Samuel H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.; Dr. A. L. Burdick, Janesville, Wis.; Claude L. Hill, North Loup, Neb.; Dr. Wm. B. Wells, Riverside, Cal.; Wm. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.; Fred B. Maris, Nortonville, Kan.; Rev. H. N. Jordan, Battle Creek, Mich.; Rev. Wm. M. Simpson, Alfred Station, N. Y.; Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins, Brookfield, N. Y.; Rev. Erlo E. Sutton, Shiloh, N. J.

## A PLAN TO ENCOURAGE OUR MINISTERS

And now for a second "one thing at a time." The Commission spent many hours considering the recommendation of the General Conference for a campaign to give information in reference to the cost of an education in preparation for the ministry, the cost of a minister's library, the increased cost of living, the meagerness of the salaries now paid to our pastors, and the need for a better appreciation by the people of the work that our pastors do and have done. The discussions resulted in the adoption by the Commission of the following report as presented by Allen B. West:

Your committee to lay plans for putting across the recommendations of the Nortonville Conference looking towards the encouragement of young people to enter the ministry would recommend

1. That the secretary be authorized to bring to the attention of young people through the SABBATH RECORDER, through the meetings of the Associations, through annual, semiannual, quarterly, and other joint meetings held during the year, and in other ways, the best religious work that is actually being done by our pastors and churches.

2. That the secretary secure the data called for in the Conference recommendation, and put it in shape for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER, and for use by the program committees of the meetings mentioned above.

3. That he make it his business to see that these committees make use of the material furnished.

4. That all field workers be requested to assist, both in observation of good work done by our pastors, and in creating enthusiasm for good work and better appreciation of work now being done.

5. That the secretary send the material mentioned in paragraph 2 to every church treasurer for use of the Finance Committee.

6. WHEREAS, Our pastors are now underpaid, and many are not now receiving a living wage, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the Commission of the Executive Committee urge every church immediately to take steps to put the salary of its pastor on a living basis; and be it further

*Resolved*, That this Commission agrees to duplicate for the year 1919 the increased amounts so paid to any pastor now receiving less than \$700.00, said amount of guarantee not to exceed 10 per cent of the present salary; and be it further

*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this Commission that at a very early date the minimum salary of a pastor should not be less than \$1,000.00.

The Commission made Mr. West a special committee to promote the plan as suggested in this report. The first step in promoting a plan is to have it well understood. Is there anything in the above report that is not clear? Mr. West has set the secretary at work on the task of gathering information, and of getting it before the people. Will you who read this page please talk about it and call the attention of others to it?

Something else next week, but do not forget about this and keep in mind also the work of the War-Reconstruction Board.

"X"

## PINS AND NEEDLES

Pins and needles had a party,  
But they quarreled so  
That they all went home a-crying  
'Fore 'twas time to go.

"What a creature!" groaned the needle  
"Hasn't any eye!"  
"What's a dozen eyes worth, stupid?"  
Heads come twice as high!"

When they met, pins tossed their heads up,  
Needles shut their eyes.  
'Tis in little bits of quarrels  
That the danger lies.

—St. Nicholas.

**"ELLESSKA"**

W. H. MORSE, M. D.

She came to the mission desk.

"I was here before you came," she said. I knew it. I had found her in the reading room when I came in.

"I was putting things in order on the desk," she continued.

"Thank you," I replied. "Doubtless it was needed."

"And I—" she hesitated as she continued, "I saw a letter there. Please do not blame me, but it was open."

Her cheeks reddened with confusion.

"It is a printed letter," she said, "and—I read it. I know I had no fair right to do it, but you see it struck me. It is mean in me to do such a thing, but—"

She evidently expected that I would be displeased. It is not a rule of the mission reading room that the papers on the desk shall not be interfered with, but all understand that my secretary and I prefer to have the care of it. At the same time we have to admit that there are times when it looks as if it needed to be put to rights. And at different times I have found that it has been attended to, and it was my opinion that the young women had done this. They are all foreigners, factory girls, and this one who stood in front of me, hesitating, is Italian. A parenthesis is rhetorically out of place, but by way of introducing her, let me say that her name is Maria Malato, and that she is a telephone operator in one of the big factories, and a regular attendant at the mission service. She was the last one I would have expected to read my letters, and she knew I had all confidence in her.

"That is it," she said, indicating a letter that was neatly folded.

I took it up, and opened it. As she had said, it was printed. It was the "Message to Lone Sabbath Keepers" from Mrs. Angeline Abbey, New Auburn, Minn.

"I read that," Maria said, and still her voice was hesitating. "She who wrote it must be realfully a signora eletta, as we say,—that, you know, means an elect lady, as St. John says. Do you care, sir, that I read it?"

"Certainly not. It is all right," I said.

"Of course I wouldn't have read a written letter," she continued. "But that one,

the printed one, would you mind if I might copy it, and make it read in Italian?"

"Why, certainly," I said, handing it to her.

Her face shone with delight as she took it.

"You a lone Sabbath-keeper?" I asked.

"No, sir," she replied.

I knew that she was a member of the Baptist Church.

"My sister-in-law," she went on, "is one. I want to make that into Italian and send it to her."

"Where does she live?" I asked.

"Villaggio, in the Abruzzi," she replied, then added, "She is one Sabbath-keeper, and she is solitario."

I asked how it happend. It seemed that the sister-in-law, some time after coming to America, resided at Bound Brook, N. J., where she was converted through the efforts of Rev. J. B. Cleaver, who was formerly pastor of the Disciples Church on Grove Street, Plainfield. He gave her a Bible and a motto: "If you continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed." On leaving domestic service at Bound Brook, she went to Plainfield, and at once looked up the Disciples Church. But it had been abandoned. With true Italian grit she inquired for "some church not like any other" (the description given the Disciples by Mr. Cleaver), and was told that the Seventh Day Baptist must be the one. So she worshiped there. Several months later she returned to Italy, there to marry Vito Malato, Maria's brother. There she has done a great deal of good by colportage, giving out Italian Scriptures among the people. And there she has observed the Sabbath.

"You see," Maria said, "she is a Sabbath-keeper-alone. She sticks to that. And, see!"

She produced the photograph of an infant.

"That is their baby. When she wrote to me she wrote that she has named her Ellesska."

"Ellesska,—L. S. K!" I said.

Maria had not "caught on" before. In an instant she saw it, and laughed.

She went to one of the tables and copied the Message, and with it the "Noonday Meditation" card, to send to "Ellesska's" mother.

*Rose Memorial Mission,  
Hartford, Conn.*

**WOMAN'S WORK**

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

**BACKWARD—FORWARD**

I stand upon the threshold of two years,  
And backward look, and forward strain my eyes;  
Upon the blotted record fall my tears,  
While, brushing them aside, a sweet surprise  
Breaks like a day-dawn on my upturned face,  
As I remember all Thy daily grace.

Thou hast been good to me; the burdened past  
Thou hast borne with me, and the future days  
Are in Thy hands; I tremble not, but cast  
My care upon Thee, and in prayer and praise  
Prepare to make the coming year the best,  
Because of nobler work and sweeter rest.  
—Record of Christian Work.

**PATCHWORK**

THE little old lady displayed the quilt proudly.

"It was the very first I ever made," she told me, "and I've made a great many quilts in my time. This looks extremely simple beside some of them—but I was so small when I made it that it seemed a great task."

I duly admired the quilt, and then—"How old were you when you made it?" I questioned. "It's so wonderfully well done that you couldn't have been very small!"

The little old lady laughed, and the laughter of her was curiously young laughter.

"The year that I was eight," she told me, "my mother decided that I should be taught to do plain sewing, and one day she called me in from the garden where I was playing and gave me a tiny silver thimble and a wickerwork basket and a great box of varicolored calico cut into squares. And she told me that every girl child should know how to piece quilts—and that she wanted me to spend half an hour sewing every day.

"I looked regretfully out into the sunny garden. And then I looked curiously down at the box of calico squares.

"I'll make a quilt!" I told my mother, "if you will give me a whole length of goods

to make it out of. But I can't make it out of these little scraps!"

"I'll never forget how my mother laughed.

"My dear," she told me, "a patchwork quilt is always made out of little scraps just like the ones that I've given to you. That's why folk call it a patchwork quilt. You must sew the patches into squares of four, and then you must sew the squares of four into other larger squares."

"I looked out again into my sunny garden. Every flower in that garden seemed beckoning to me.

"But," I objected, "the patches don't match. They're all different colors. I can't make a quilt out of so many different colors!"

"My mother drew me down beside her, and began to count the calico squares in the big box. She talked as she counted them.

"My dear," she said, "the art of making a patchwork quilt is the art of putting any number of colors together so that the effect will be pleasing. Patchwork quilts are never made of only one color. If they were it would be easier, as you suggested, to make the quilt out of one length of goods." And then she put the silver thimble on my middle finger and showed me how to set the small stitches evenly."

The little old lady smoothed the quilt with loving, wrinkled fingers.

"At first it was very hard work," she told me. "My hand grew cramped and my eyes grew tired. Often I pierced my finger with the sharp needle, and when the blood came, I cried. But every day it grew easier. At first I hated the tiny stitches that I had to take; at first I didn't like picking out the different squares that were to be sewed together. But after a while it grew to be a sort of a game with me, and I enjoyed the color effects that I was able to get by putting patches of cloth together. When the quilt was all finished, I was sorry. And I was quite ready to begin on a new one."

I looked at the quilt that lay spread out before me. It seemed a very large and complicated quilt, indeed. And I pictured a tiny girl stitching evenly, regularly on it.

As if she read my thoughts the little lady spoke.

"Of course," she told me, "I didn't do the hardest work. It required more experi-



enced hands than mine to really make something of my patches. After I had finished the piecing my mother quilted it. . . ."

I HAD a letter yesterday from a girl in Georgia.

"I would love to talk with you," she wrote. "I am so troubled about so many things. I can't seem to understand—to get my life straightened out. I am like a little child with a patchwork quilt, and my pieces don't match, and I can't get them fitted together."

Sometimes, friends of mine, life is like a patchwork quilt. We can't see any sense or any color scheme in the scraps that are laid before us, and we wish vainly for a whole and unbroken length of cloth to cut our destiny out of. We can't understand why we should be given patches to work with, why we must match shades, why we must fit pieces together. *We can't understand!*

And yet, if we put on the thimble of Self-Reliance, if we take the thread of Willingness and the needle of Purpose into our hands, we shall find that the piecing of them can be made into a delightful and fascinating game. And as the scraps grow into a thing of usefulness and beauty, as the patches fit themselves into something strong and *worth while*, the fascination and the delight of the game will grow. And when we have sewed all the pieces firmly together we can sit back and smile, knowing that other hands can be trusted to add to our work those finishing touches that it is beyond our power to supply.

Life is like a patchwork quilt. But that doesn't mean that life can not be enjoyed, can not be shaped into what we want it to be. That doesn't mean that we can't make of life what we will.

If the little girl of long ago had sat down by her box of calico squares and sobbed because she couldn't go out to play in the garden, she wouldn't have had a very beautiful bit of work to show to me many years later. And if we, who have discovered that our lives are like patchwork, sit down to cry, we will not, at the end of our task, have a beautiful bit of work to show, either.

Oh, friends of mine, take up the patches that are given you and sew them carefully together, and if you prick your finger until it bleeds, be able to laugh. And if the gar-

dens of the world beckon irresistibly, try, by matching your fragments, to put some of their flower colors into your work. And if you grow tired, sing a bit of song to keep the heart of you sweet.

Because it's the spirit back of the patchwork that makes the multi-colored pieces into a perfect whole.—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Christian Herald.*

### PASSING THE HAT—AT LOST CREEK

M. G. S.

Passing the hat at the homes has been an encouraging service. As might be expected, the best lifters are some that read the RECORDER. We hoped to make up what might have been expected at our October offering when we had no churchgoing after the first Sabbath, but we have probably gone three times the amount.

If you really have no better way for good results, why, of course, pass the hats at the homes. Pastors may need to enrich service, or fill out their activities by taking the offering at the homes occasionally. It gives special opportunities for new names. I have a few new subscribers on this round. You can adapt words, and say to A., Why not sell a hen and try the RECORDER a half year? You might get the dollar right down. I did. As you come to another you might vary the approach to good result. Then it is up to pastors to hold the membership to teamwork. We want the church to pull together. There may be some places where there is not good teamwork and some one sends to Tract Society personal offering, but every good Christian belongs to a church somewhere. Let him boost his own body first and if he is strong he will take with him strength in the home church. There is all too much of every man for himself, playing his own solo for good reason it may be but it takes more than one part to make a harmony, and the music is more music with harmony.

To sum up this little speech, pass the hat at the homes occasionally, for better results. Get some new readers for the RECORDER, and help the home church make up its budget.

On my round with the hat, twenty-five places are found for that excellent book, "The Call of a World Task." This should edify for the Missionary Society.

### TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN

Suggestions for Mothers issued by the United States Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., and the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York.

Educational Material Can Be Bought Much More Easily Than Mothers Realize

ARTICLE XXII

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

IN EVEN the thriftiest and most economical family more money is spent foolishly on meaningless flimsy toys for children than parents realize. The familiar five-cent bag of candy which many country children expect on a trip to town would buy a box of colored crayons which would be a well-spring of joy and profit to them for days and days. The cheap twenty-five-cent gaudily dressed doll which goes to pieces after a day or so of vigorous play, costs as much as five pounds of potter's clay which would make innumerable toy dishes, and be the source of incalculable educational advancement. If the mother, away on a shopping trip, can resist the temptation to "take the children something" in the shape of a poorly constructed woolly lamb which loses its legs in the first half-hour's play; if she can persuade the visiting aunt to let her spend the money which was to have bought candy, very bad for little teeth; if she can head off the bachelor friend from bestowing a mechanical top which becomes uninteresting after the second day; she will soon have money enough to buy a treasure store of profitable educational playthings which will last through the children's early years.

Colored crayons cost five cents a box; for another nickel a good supply of wrapping paper can be bought from the grocer, which, cut into large, square sheets, furnishes the background for much "drawing" and coloring by artists of three and four years. They can be shown how to draw around a drinking glass or a small plate, to make circles; around a block to make a square; around a salt cellar to make an oblong, and they delight in coloring the designs thus formed. This is fine preparatory training for writing. These colored designs can afterwards be cut out by the children with blunt-pointed scissors (which can be bought for ten cents a pair) and this furnishes another exercise for the hand. The general opinion is that children under

five are not able to use scissors, but there are many exceptions to this rule.

As the children grow older they like to change from colored crayons to water colors, a box of which can be bought for ten cents. Such a box is, next to modeling clay, the most lasting satisfaction to children, and the uses to which it can be put are not to be counted. The spools which they have been playing with can be colored brightly and made into necklaces. All the designs they have made and colored with colored crayons can be colored with water color with fresh pleasure. Old magazines with large-size pictures can be colored, and the children, if a bit encouraged, are very apt to make large drawings on the big sheets of wrapping paper and color those. Paper dolls cut out of fashion magazines and colored by the children not only cost nothing, but give excellent practice to hand and eye. The mother should remember that any child who has had much practice in handling pencils and brushes has an immense advantage over others when he goes to school and begins to learn to read and write. After the child passes his fourth birthday, his mother should take special pains to encourage him to use his fingers in drawing and coloring, although never in small designs, which might tire his eyes.

On the whole, perhaps the very best use that the country mother can make of money saved by economies on candy and flimsy toys is to buy herself a few good books which will give her valuable hints on her new profession of motherhood. She does not dream of trying to get along without a good cook-book; why should she think she can manage all the details of another new business without any instruction. Let her, as a matter of course, put on the kitchen shelf beside the cook-book one or two good mother books which she can take down and dip into at odd minutes as she waits for the water to boil or the oven to heat. One of these books will cost her but a two-cent stamp, and if she reads it carefully will give her innumerable suggestions. This is the catalog of any firm handling kindergarten material such as the Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass., and E. Steiger & Co., 49 Murray Street, New York. Most of the country mothers know nothing of the material sold by such firms and will be surprised to find that valuable educational

material is offered at prices which make it far cheaper than common toys, bought at the stores, and that she will need no training to make excellent use of much that is intended for class use. At the back of such a catalog is a list of very inexpensive books for mothers which will give her suggestions for paper-cutting, clay-modelling and drawing.

But the great, great beauty and value of country life for the child is too big a theme to do more than touch upon in so condensed a sketch. This is, of course, his closeness to nature and all sorts of natural processes which go on about him. But even here he needs his mother's help, for without it he must lose much time in mis-directed effort. When he is so tiny that he can only look on, his mother, if she is wise, will see to it that he has a chance to look on, that he sees the horses watered, the cows milked, the chickens fed, the garden planted, the butter made, the washing done and the hay cut. As fast as he can understand she will give him a simple explanation of all these vital events, and as soon as he is strong enough to take part in these activities she will use her ingenuity to devise ways for him to take a genuine part in the family life. Of course he will bother more than he helps at first, and nobody but his mother will have the patience to respect his bungling attempts to join the work done about him. But to her they will be inestimably precious and necessary for his development and she will take the greatest pains not to discourage him. If, in addition to the hand-work mentioned above, the country mother will see that her children are not cheated out of their birthright of a share in the processes of country life she need have small fear for their health, happiness and moral development.

A few maxims to hang up over the kitchen sink and read over while the dishes are being washed:

1. Little children wish and need to be doing something with their bodies and hands every minute they are awake.
2. They need a frequent change of occupation.
3. If I provide them with interesting things to do, they will not have time to be fretful or to do naughty things.
4. When I see my children harmlessly occupied and using their hands or bodies,

I may be sure that they are educating themselves even if I can not understand the pleasure they take in their occupation.

5. When a child has a great desire to do something inconvenient, let me ask myself, "Why does he want to do it?" and try to understand and meet the real need which is apt to underly his unreasonable request.

Books which every mother should own: "Mottoes and Commentaries of Froebel's Mother Play" and "Songs and Games of Froebel's Mother Play," translated by Susan E. Blow. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City; \$1.60 each.

"As the Twig is Bent," by Susan Chenery. Published by Houghton, Mifflin Company, New York City, \$1.00.

"Fundamentals of Child Study," by E. A. Kirkpatrick. Published by MacMillan Company, New York City; \$1.25.

"In the Child's World," by Emilie Poulson. Published by Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass., \$2.00.

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

### RENEWED LESSON IN HUMAN RIGHTS

The world is receiving a renewed lesson of human rights and justice. They are equal without regard to race or sex. Their bases are in divine law, the chief elements of which are righteousness and mercy and not militarism and aggressive might without regard to right. They are the Ten Commandments translated into the Beatitudes. Men are not great by their power to overcome weaker men, to assert arbitrary rule over them. They are great in a common bond of helpfulness to all men, in civil rights, education and religion. Men are henceforth not to be great by conquest of territory, but by conquest of manhood. The greatest are those who think the greatest humane thoughts and apply to government, commerce, civilization those mighty principles of the New Testament which come not by observation and force, but by the Spirit of him who brought peace into the world by teaching that right is the greatest might—the power of man is not in his heel, but in his heart.—*Christian Advocate.*

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### PRACTICE OF KINDNESS

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
January 11, 1918

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—A kindly deed (Acts 9: 26-28)

Monday—Big-hearted Joseph (Gen. 50: 15-21)

Tuesday—Gallant Moses (Exod. 2: 15-22)

Wednesday—Generous memories (2 Sam. 9: 1-13)

Thursday—Kind-hearted Jesus (Matt. 26: 47-56)

Friday—Kindly service (Luke 5: 18-26)

Sabbath Day—Topic, The practice of kindness (Gen. 45: 1-15)

Few people there are who do not appreciate kindness and respond to it. How often a little act of kindness warms our hearts, cheers us, and encourages us. And it costs so little to be kind. A little act of helpfulness here, a little word of appreciation and encouragement now and then is so easy to give and often means so much to the one who receives. A few people there are who always see an opportunity to be helpful and kind, but so many of us are so thoughtless. We let the chance to be kind go unnoticed and miss the blessing that might come to us, while others are deprived of the encouragement that might come from some word spoken by us, or some other act of friendliness.

Kindliness is something that may be practiced, cultivated. As we practice kindness, watch for opportunities to do a good turn, to help others, how often we find the chance to do so. There are so many little ways in which we can help each other, in which we can show our interest in others.

Not many weeks ago there was printed in the Young People's Department an article in appreciation of two of our splendid young men—both Christian Endeavorers—who had given to the utmost when their country called. Of one of these young men, "Cal" West, I have already written. Though both were so young the record of their lives has left a deep impression on many. Of the other one, Clinton Lewis, the writer of the article referred to said: "While on my visit to Dodge Center, Minn., last spring, I met Clinton Lewis. Our ac-

quaintance though brief was long enough for me to discover some of the sterling and kindly traits of his character. He seemed to fill so many places in the work of the church. At one of the Sabbath services when, to the best of my ability, I gave an account of the work of the Winona Bible Conference, he was one of a quartet who aided me by singing some of the Winona hymns. The pastor was called away unexpectedly for a few days, leaving work that needed immediate attention, and Clinton assumed its responsibility; his calls at the parsonage to ascertain if his assistance was needed there disclosed the trait of *thoughtful kindness*. So many of us who have really kind hearts fail in *thoughtful kindness*."

That is just it. We have kind hearts many of us, but we fail to practice kindness. Let us practice thoughtful kindness for the sake of others and for the sake of ourselves. To practice kindness will bring cheer to others and happiness to ourselves.

#### YOUR THOUGHT

What are some of the opportunities you have missed to practice thoughtful kindness?

Why do we miss these opportunities?

What would you include in thoughtful kindness?

### LETTER FROM JAVA

MY DEAR FAITHFUL FRIENDS:

I am almost afraid to write to you, as there are so many sad things to tell; but I must take the opportunity now that I can spare an hour for writing letters. There is no school today for want of workers, and my own body is aching all over; so I think the best thing I can do for the present is to sit and write to you, as I still owe you a letter for this month.

There is sickness all around me; fever and influenza are raging fearfully. The day before yesterday, Sabbath, one old woman died; yesterday a man, only just come; this morning again a woman, one of our Christians. I prayed with her when she was almost dying, and with fainting voice she prayed, too. I am sure the dear Savior has brought her Home after her sufferings, poor, dear soul! But so many deaths following each other make me quite perplexed. I can not think what I can do for these poor people. A few weeks ago a boy died

from cholera; and I thank our heavenly Father this awful sickness has not spread here although in the neighboring villages more people have died from it. We have also a case of smallpox; but, thank God, the little one is getting better already.

Yes, there is always much to give thanks for. Our dear Lord sustains me, although I have to work so very hard. The heat and the drought have been almost unbearable these last months; we have no water in our well, and I have to send for it rather far away. Now, we ought to be thankful that we still can get it after all; and oh, I do thank God, the men can still find grass for the cows and horses, although with great difficulty. Last night we got a little shower of rain,—oh, it sounded like music, when I listened to the falling drops, lying in my bed. I believe our Lord will help us through; and he will reveal his mercy and his might in his own way and in his time.

There is another thing to tell, and that is far more sad than sickness and death. You will remember that boy, Nasimna, who once stole my postoffice orders. A few weeks ago he ran away again and this time he took one of my dear girls with him. She is about fourteen years old. He asked me sometime ago if I would allow him to marry her. I consented, only I said she was too young, and he had to wait a little. (Javanese always marry very young; but in decent cases they wait till the girl is fifteen). She was such a nice, dear girl, always willing to do anything and very diligent indeed. Her old father is quite broken-hearted. I got the police to go after them; but they have not yet found them. The old father himself went to seek them, but also in vain. He came back ill.

Oh, you see how I need your prayers, dear friends. Sometimes I think that you perhaps forget to pray for us. It may be through your own difficulties and perplexities on account of the dreadful war. But I hope you will not quite forget me and my poor people.

Last Sabbath I was rereading the poems made by the late Miss Grace E. Babcock, a little booklet which her sister so kindly sent to me. Oh, they gave me again such a great blessing. What beautiful truth and faith she had! I pray our Lord to give me the same, although the difficulties and disappointments keep

crowding on my way, although perhaps my work may seem to be a failure in human eyes, and although I may die and there be nobody to carry it on. I will think of what the dear suffering saint said:

That night in Gethsemane's garden,  
Seemed to end in gloomy defeat,  
Yet the annals of time record not  
A triumph so grand and complete.

So our mighty Savior and King will work here in his own way and work out another triumph over all Satan's power that is fighting against me. I believe his name will be glorified by this work here; and this is my only aim.

May his tender love be with you all in every need and every trial.

Yours in his love,

M. JANSZ.

*Pangoengsen, p. o. Tajoë, Java,  
October 28, 1918.*

#### MINISTERIAL MANNERISMS

**M**ANY ministers have discovered, after their ministry has been sadly crippled, that they have fallen into some pulpit mannerism, sometimes of a seemingly insignificant nature, which was a serious offense to their hearers and to that extent a hindrance to the effectiveness of their sermons. One of the kindest things ever done for me was in the twelfth year of my ministry when one of my parishioners called my attention to a set of gestures I had adopted. They were often varied by others, but these four were used in almost regular succession, so that when one was observed, the other three were sure to follow, usually in the same order. Of course I recognized the fault as soon as my attention was called to it and proceeded to correct it. I was led also to careful watchfulness so as to guard against other similar mannerism. A few examples will illustrate the evil to which I call attention.

I listened occasionally to a man who bent his elbows at right angles, brought his hands together till the tips of his fingers and thumbs touched, and for several minutes his gestures would consist of a pump handle motion of his forearms. The fault of another probably originated in the habit of moistening his lips with his tongue while speaking. From this it had grown into thrusting the tip of his tongue out at

the right side of his mouth, doing it at times even in the midst of sentences. By actual count that tongue came out twenty-six times inside of five minutes and three times in the midst of a sentence of not more than ten words. He was the pastor of a good church in one of our middle western states. On one occasion he was called as a candidate to a much larger church and was most cordially welcomed. I doubt if he knows to this day why he never heard again from the church.

Another example is furnished by the pastor of a large church in a western city of 25,000 inhabitants. The platform was wider than many. He would rush to one end, lift his hands high above his head, clinch them as if for a blow, bend his knees to about forty-five degrees, and bring his fists down violently, at the same time shouting the concluding words of a sentence often begun at the pulpit. This would occur about every three to five minutes after he once "warmed up." Not long ago I listened to an address of an hour by one who is just now attracting a good deal of attention in this country. When he stepped to the front after being introduced, he began to sway from side to side, like an eighth grade boy declaiming "Spartacus to the Gladiators." Soon his feet began to move and as his weight was shifted from one to the other the foot would be lifted with a jerk clear off the floor, and this continued to the end. Another speaker had a habit of rolling his eyes upward till the pupils were nearly lost in the upturned lids. Still another began many of his sentences with "Now then," even though there was no logical sequence to what had gone before.

No public speaker has a right to inflict upon his hearers offensive mannerisms, and the minister, of all men, needs to be free from them. A man could hardly spend a more profitable afternoon than in consultation with some of his more intelligent men on this subject. Let him make it plain he is not trying to evoke compliments and it will not be long till he will find some man who will prove himself a friend by pointing out an unsuspected fault.

It may be difficult, though not impossible, for a man of forty years or more to correct his fault, but he owes it to himself and to his people to do it at whatever cost. Young men, who have received little instruction

and probably no drill in their preparatory course, are in especial danger, and the sooner they learn of a bad habit into which they have fallen the better it will be for their entire ministry.—*W. H. Ilsey, from the Continent, by permission.*

#### THE FUTURE LIFE

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, "I have finished my day's work." But I can not say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn.—*Victor Hugo.*

It is recorded in the Bible which we revere that the God of Israel found people to whom no appeal could be made except by the sword. By this means only could they be restrained from desolating and devastating the world. We are in such a conflict and our God of mercy and love will help us defend mankind and restore the homes and the vintages of the poor and bring peace to pass that shall never again be broken by a war of godless ambitious conquest. The time of conquest of territory, of the absorption of weaker peoples by war has passed and must not be permitted to return.—*Chancellor James R. Day.*

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### THE SERMON FOR CHILDREN: THE DOOR OF THE YEAR

THE Romans called the first month of the year January after the name of their god Janus. His name comes from a word *janua*, meaning a door. Janus was the great janitor who opened the door of the year, and the door of every human life. The people and priests prayed to Janus at the beginning of every day and when they began any work. They also had a great festival for him on the first day of January and finally they reckoned the beginning of the year from his festival. He had a temple in Rome. The gates of this temple were closed when there was peace in the land and they were open during war. A strange thing about this god who opened the door of the new year was that he had two faces. There was an old face looking backward, and a young, bright, eager, face looking forward into the future. Those Romans were right in thinking that some one did open for them the door to let in the new year. They were right, too, in seeking his blessing when they began any new work or entered upon the duties of every new day. They did not know as well as we do that the real name of him who opens the door of the year is Jesus. It is—"he that openeth and no man shutteth, and he shutteth and no man openeth." Jesus it is who stands guarding the doors and gates of life. It is his love that has opened for us the doors of the new year. And you, dear children, are looking forward wondering what Jesus has put of blessing into this new year for you.

One thing it will bring us will be opportunities to do good and to get good. The Greeks thought that that big word opportunity was a goddess. Some day you will see their picture of it. Notice that it is bald behind and has just a little tuft of hair in front. Once opportunity goes past any one not even Jupiter himself could catch her. To use opportunity we must take hold of her as she comes to us. I hope that every child reading this will look out every morning to see the bright, shining face of opportunity, and as she comes use her, use her in

school, use her at home helping mother, use her when you play with your companions, and remember that it is Jesus who sends opportunity to us, making a door for us each day through which we can go out to do good and get good.—*Rev. Lloyd Morris, in Christian Work.*

### CHARLEY ARTHUR OLESON

Charley Arthur Oleson was born at Winthrop, Minn., January 26, 1893, and was killed in action in France, September 15, 1918, having enlisted June 30, 1917.

When our country entered the war Arthur felt that he must go. He was assigned to duty on this side, while his brother Willie, who enlisted at the same time, was to go across. He could not bear the thought of his younger brother going to the front without him, so he went to the officer and protested, saying: "Let me go, too; it will never do for Willie to go over there without me." So he was allowed to go, too.

About a week before the news of his death came, his mother received a bright, cheery letter from Arthur indicating that he was well and happy.

Arthur was the second son of Olie G. and Matilda Hanson Oleson. His father died when Arthur was a small boy. He was of great help to his mother during the years of her widowhood. His second father Robert Hall, says of him: "He was truthful and obedient, and always to be trusted." Arthur is survived by three full brothers, Edward, of Minneapolis; Willie, at the front in France, who has been wounded and is expected to return home soon, and Robert, of New Auburn, Minn., and two half sisters and two half brothers, Florence, Myrtle, Ralph and Melver Hall, of New Auburn, besides his mother and other more distant relatives. Robert Hall and family are Sabbath-keepers living on a farm near New Auburn. They attend services and help in the work of the Seventh Day Baptist church of that place.

Memorial services for Arthur were held at the church on October 13, 1918. The church was more than filled by friends from New Auburn and vicinity, Winthrop, Glencoe and Minneapolis. There were decorations of flags and greens and flowers. On a table in front of the pulpit stood a large picture of Arthur in uniform draped

with two silk flags and surrounded by flowers.

A religious-patriotic discourse was delivered by Mrs. Angeline Abbey from the text, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." Music was beautifully and tenderly rendered by a quartet consisting of Clarence Richey, David Lawton, Miss Aslakson and Mrs. Myra Bailey Dresser.

A. A.

### AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, December 8, 1918, at 2 o'clock p. m., Vice President William C. Hubbard in the chair.

Members present: William C. Hubbard, Clarence W. Spicer, Edwin Shaw, Asa F. Randolph, Frank J. Hubbard, William M. Stillman, Theodore L. Gardiner, Jesse G. Burdick, Irving A. Hunting, George B. Shaw, James L. Skaggs, Willard D. Burdick, Arthur L. Titsworth and Business Manager Lucius P. Burch.

The meeting was opened by engaging in the Lord's Prayer in concert.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Advisory Committee reported having had no meeting, but Sabbath Evangelist George B. Shaw on behalf of the committee, presented an interesting account of his recent visit and labors at Brookfield, Leonardville and West Edmeston, N. Y., which will be published in the SABBATH RECORDER in the issue of December 16, 1918.

On motion, it was voted that Evangelists Willard D. Burdick and George B. Shaw present quarterly statistical reports, and monthly verbal or written statements of their work in detail.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported the distribution of 285 tracts and a net gain of four new subscribers to the SABBATH RECORDER.

The Committee on Italian Mission reported an average attendance during November of 8 at New York and 21 at New Era, and 220 tracts sent out during the month.

The Committee on devising plans for securing additional subscribers to the SABBATH RECORDER, outlined some tentative

plans, and presented a copy of a letter to be sent to the pastors of the various churches, eliciting their co-operation.

The report was received as a report of progress. The question of continuing or discontinuing our present plan of SABBATH RECORDER Agents, was left with this committee and the Supervising Committee with power.

Secretary Shaw recommended that Editor Gardiner be requested to attend the annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America to be held in Atlantic City, N. J., December 10-12, 1918, as the representative and at the expense of this society.

Recommendation adopted.

Secretary Shaw reported that as Joint Secretary of the Missionary and Tract Societies, he sent a letter to the church at Milton, Wis., embodying a message of love and sympathy upon the death of their late pastor, Rev. Lester C. Randolph, and read a copy of such letter.

He also reported correspondence from E. S. Maxson, Dean Arthur E. Main and Rev. A. J. C. Bond, and stated that he had had much other correspondence, but none requiring official action by the Board.

The matter of publishing in tract form the address by Rev. A. J. C. Bond made at the late General Conference entitled, "Seventh Day Baptists and the New World Order," was referred to Editor Gardiner and Secretary Shaw with power.

Secretary Shaw reported having sent to some of our pastors and others 100 copies of a pamphlet entitled, "Missionary Ammunition No. 5," and 50 copies each of a pamphlet entitled, "Christian America," and other literature on Home Missions, and of a book entitled, "The Call of a World Task," by J. Lovell Murray, and 250 copies of a special message prepared by himself and entitled, "The Price of Victory."

The question of publishing in attractive form, "In Flanders Field," by Colonel John McCrea, and answer by C. B. Galbraith, was referred to Editor Gardiner with power.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,  
Recording Secretary,

ASA F. RANDOLPH,  
Assistant Recording Secretary.

## SABBATH SCHOOL

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

### HOME DEPARTMENTS

A newly elected Sabbath-school superintendent was once asked if he had a Home Department in his school. His answer was, "Yes, and a big one, too." He referred to the eighty per cent of parents who do not attend the school, also fifty per cent of young people between the ages of twenty and thirty years who could come to Sabbath school if they would. Perhaps other superintendents have that kind of a home department, but that is not the Home Department of the church and Sabbath school, although there might be found material for one of the right sort.

How to organize this helpful department of the Sabbath school is not the purpose of this message.

No doubt you all know about it, if you have not had a practical experience in its important work.

It is not our purpose at this time to tell what the Home Department can do, but rather what influential workers testify that it has done. Here are some of the things we may mention.

"It has set Christian heads to thinking, Christian hearts to praying, Christian tongues to talking, Christian feet to walking.

"It has opened the Bible in many homes, it has set up many a broken-down family altar, reclaimed backsliders, quickened Christians, and brought many into the church and the Kingdom of Christ through the Sabbath school."

The local department reaches the at-home-shut-ins, and brings comfort to them, and encourages them to come to the school as soon as they are physically able.

The correspondence department is composed of non-resident and absent church members, although it is not necessarily confined to church membership. Letters take the place of visits, reports and supplies being sent by mail. As will be seen this department is of special interest to Lone Sabbath Keepers.

A young lady was going from home to study music. Her mother feared that her ambition would crowd out the spiritual traits of her character, but a young lady, a friend of hers, corresponded with her regularly, urging her to spend a small part of each day in the study of the Sabbath-school lesson, and the letters that passed between them were the factors that held her to the Bible and things eternal.

A young man joined the army and was sent to the Philippines. The superintendent of the Home Department wrote to him every month, a good letter with news from home such as boys like, and added some thought in connection with the Sabbath-school lesson. After an absence of six months he wrote home, "I am glad that I have had something to help keep me straight." During the past year and more, while our own boys were giving their lives for our country, many cheery, homey letters have been sent them from our Home departments, and they have been most heartily welcomed. One young officer wrote from camp, "I am glad you consider me a member of your church and Sabbath school. I feel that is where I belong." Instances of this kind might be multiplied. Even little tots of three and four years of age are learning the Bible-story lessons of the Beginners' Series taught by the mother in the home, making the Sabbath a *different* day from week days and a day of pleasure and profit to both mother and child.

For the benefit of any who have had doubts about their duty in engaging in this work, and for the encouragement of all who may have become discouraged in it, allow me to add the words of one who has had much experience in Christian work. She says: "There is no higher office to which one can be called than that of the Home Department superintendent."

To all members and workers in this important field of our Seventh Day Baptist Denomination I send greetings at this glad Christmas time. Armed with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, may the coming year be to you a happy and successful one.

"The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

Yours in service,

METTA P. BABCOCK.

Milton, Wis., December 19, 1918.

Don't let the influenza epidemic dampen your enthusiasm for the Sabbath-school. Your child's life, as well as your own, will be lopsided if the secular education and training speeds ahead and the religious is neglected.

No doubt your score cards for November look rather unsatisfactory. Fill them out and mail them to Dr. Burdick anyhow. The more information the board can get from the schools the better they can serve you.

The February score card will be coming to your superintendent soon. Remind him to make us of it.

### Sabbath School. Lesson III—Jan. 18, 1919

THE PASSOVER. Exod. II: 1-12: 36.

Golden Text.—"Our passover also hath been sacrificed, even Christ." I Cor. 5: 7.

#### DAILY READINGS

Jan. 12—Exod. 12: 1-14. The Passover.  
Jan. 13—Exod. 12: 21-28. "What Mean Ye?"  
Jan. 14—I Peter 1: 13-23. The Lamb Without Blemish.  
Jan. 15—Ps. 116: 1-13. The Cup of Salvation.  
Jan. 16—2 Chron. 30: 13-22. A Great Passover.  
Jan. 17—Deut. 8: 11-20. Lest We Forget.  
Jan. 18—Matt. 26: 20-29. Do This in Remembrance.

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

### THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER XXXI

(Continued)

IT would be impossible to record the instructive and interesting letters that went back and forth between Kon and the "old folks at home." How they counted the weeks when Kon would be back again, and then—what then? Where would he go and what would he do? These were anxious thoughts for the father, mother and grandfather.

Kon had just received one of the paternal missives.

"We would not rush time, my son, for we know that it goes fast enough for your mother and me. But we shall be so glad when you come back having completed the required college course. We sent you there with ideas that we hope are up to date. You remember, when home last, the sermon by a visiting clergyman\* who said that 'the object of all education should be to develop the individual.' Speaking on the subject of a denominational school, he said, 'There can be no call for a denominational school that does not by precept and example teach the tenets of that denomination.' On athletics he said that they 'should be allowed

\*Rev. J. T. Davis.

for the development of the physical manhood and womanhood, but never allowed to descend to the level of strife, contention and the development of selfishness. Denominational loyalty demands the patronage of our own schools in so far as they furnish the means of the best development, but if they do not, or if the student desires to go farther, then by all means let him go where best results can be obtained.' I consider that these are timely words for our people to hear.

"We were greatly pleased with your report of the college president's chapel talks. Send us more."

There will have to be omitted a great deal of college life, games, social functions, and interesting matters pertaining to Kon's stay this last year in school. Susie Mead was to have another year at Alfred.

There were great changes taking place all about old Markum, but the scenery was the same and ever will be until this old earth is remade. To Kon Old Markum was wonderfully linked with his present situation and prospects, for the "far look" of his grandfather and father from its little top, and the meeting of Susie there on a vacation day, decided many things in which his own life was to have a part.

"I get inspiration every time I look at the painting of that big hill and the scenery about," he wrote to the "folks at home." "Wherever I go and whatever I may do, I want that scene before me as a reminder of your high hopes and the sacrifices you have made to place me where I am and where I hope to be. I have been reading Kathrina, by Holland, and where she says to Paul, her husband:

"'You have some plan?'

... 'I have,' I said.

'Else you were dead,' responded she. 'To live, Men must have some plans. When these die out of men They crumble into chaos, or relapse Into inanity.'

"My plans are not as yet fully matured and I may need a little of your advice, and I know that, coupled with that, you will say I must take God into partnership and consult him. This I am seeking to do every day, and already I feel his presence and leading hand.

"Leaving this sublime thought, you will want another report of the latest chapel talk by our president. His talk was on "Social Manners." He said it would be superfluous if not an insult to speak upon the value of good social conduct on the part of faculty and students. But 'it goes without saying that vulgarity, coarseness and ill-breeding are inconsistent with the culture and refinement which it is one of the objects of education to realize.'

"His purpose was to suggest some fundamental principles which underlie agreeable and courteous social conduct. He was able to entertain only 'profound contempt for all notions of formal politeness which exalt the outward above the inward. Servile imitation in all its forms is beneath the dignity of true manhood and womanhood. Substitution or teaching of outward show for genuine good manners falls little short of criminal conduct.' 'All true man-

ners grow out of personal communication which is at once frank, unlabored and overflowing, through absence of all assumption and pretense, and is at the same time characterized by delicacy, neatness, ease and deference to others' feelings. Forms of themselves are not bad. Proper form has its place. Genuine outward form is but the symbol or sign. Mere politeness is but the observance of the external forms; good manners are the generous expression of the self in friendly deference to others. Politeness may be studied, an artificial product put on for the occasion. Good manners are never cast aside. The foundation of good manners is the same, and consists in a certain attitude of mind. This I would emphasize. Through sympathetic touch we get onto common ground. . . . I call to mind one of our students who has been with us three years; he has been as much or more in social life than many others, yet he is lamentably uncouth. You may put on all the external polish which all the books on etiquette contain, yet he will still be impolite, for he can not be otherwise in his present mental attitude. It is impossible that those who are self-centered, lacking sympathetic touch with human life should be otherwise than inconsiderate and correspondingly wanting in genuine, true decorum. What he and others need is, perhaps, not less of external culture, but more of warmth and inner correspondence with humanity. Jesus was undoubtedly a model of true politeness in social conduct. Courtesy was so much a constitutional part of his character that even his enemies were the recipients and recognizers of his considerate relations. He was utterly incapable of repulsive conduct or of wounding the humblest and simplest.' The president said that many students come here as raw recruits, but they are human beings and carry unlimited possibilities. As far as possible, it is the business of the college to see to it that these latent possessions are converted into working realities. There must be an awakening—an enlarged sense of the oneness of human interests. One may get a superficial veneering which may in some circles answer to polish, but which like poor paint will soon peel off. He said that in larger universities there is more or less of reserve between faculty and students. Intercourse is quite formal. He was glad to enjoy a close contact between students and faculty, made possible perhaps by comparatively smaller numbers.' 'At the same time,' he said, 'all our intercourse must be on a high plane and must never allow itself to degenerate into familiarity.'

"We certainly enjoy these chapel talks by Prexy and also other members of the faculty. It is possible that we might get library books that teach the same things, but the teacher's personality and earnestness make such truths doubly impressive.

"Did I tell you in my last letter that Hazel, the student whom I once told you about, had left college suddenly and, according to rumor, has been married at Clarksburg to Don Carlton by his father? Don is mum as can be. I figure it out that he was afraid Sabbath influences here would wean her from him and so urged her to marry him now, promising that after his graduation here he would take her to

some state university where he would take special studies and she could finish her course. She has been in a state of concern about something and has not been to church or mingled with our own people in some time. I think she has decided to risk the giving up of her professed principles and is lost to us from henceforth. Too bad. Gaining Evelyn Troy as a faithful and talented convert to our faith, we lose Hazel, manor-born. Thus it goes and the causes are not hard to guess. Some parents do not take the 'far look.' Consequently the children do not, even when going to college.

"Write me a gossipy letter soon.

"Lovingly,

"KONRAD."

Mailing this letter home he received from the postmaster his mail and among the epistles was one in a strange handwriting. It was post-marked Cincinnati, Ohio. Opening it as soon as he reached his room he read:

"DEAR KON: You will be greatly surprised to hear from me. I am your old school-teacher in the district where you went years ago. I am sure you have not forgotten Miss Lura Hakes who took such an interest in you then. I have often inquired after you and have been proud to learn that one of my boys is succeeding so well and making the most of college. I did have one letter from you when you first went to Salem, telling me how you appreciated my efforts in your behalf. That letter did me more good than I can tell you. You had not dropped out of my memory, but probably you would never have heard from me again had I not happened this week to make the acquaintance of a once dear friend of yours and college mate from Clarksburg, W. Va., Miss Evelyn Troy. I was at the Art School with a friend who introduced me to her and at once, somehow, I became her friend and fell in love with her. She is a noble character. Though crippled she will make her mark in the world. I saw some of her work and it was beautiful. It was on Friday, and I asked her to be brought to my room the next day, and with a sweet smile she modestly and courageously said, 'It is the Sabbath of the Christ, and I make it a rule not to go calling unless it is an act of mercy or necessity.' I admired her moral courage and asked her where she learned that doctrine, though I knew you were of the same faith. She told me then of her college days and of you and your devotion to the truth and how her father was a First-day minister; of how she was crippled and of your great kindness to her at the time. Then I told her I had once been your school-teacher, and that made us great friends at once. It was such a surprise. She loaned me a book to read and I have been greatly interested in it; the heroine especially was so tender of her parents and kind even when under great trial. But of course I have not been able to grasp the real meaning of the subject. But I will not take time to discuss religious matters with you for I am sure I'd not succeed in defending my side.

"Well, what are you fitting yourself for? A writer, or some artist? Old school-teachers have a habit of giving advice and making suggestions, so let me warn you that

"The world is selfish; and it never gives Due credit to a motive which it knows To be above its own. If a man write, It takes for granted that he writes for fame, And judges him accordingly. It holds Of no account all other aims and ends; And visits with contempt the man who bears A mission to his kind.\*"

I knew you to be quite original, or at least to entertain opinions of your own when you were my pupil, and I need not say—

"Every man

Has special gift of power and end of life. No man is great who lives by other law Than that which wrapped his genius at his birth. The Lind is great because she is the Lind, And not the Malabran.\*"

In talking with Miss Troy about her art I remarked that she ought to be proud of her attainments and what seemed the fulfilment of her ambitions, when she quoted this:

'Art is an instrument, and not an end— A servant, not a master, nor a God To be bowed down to.

'And what is ambition for glory and power, But desire to be reckoned the uppermost foot Of a million fools.\*"

Both of us must have been reading the same books.

"But I must not be taking your time. I just wanted to write you of my 'find' here and how grateful I am to come into fellowship with such a pure character as Miss Troy and all because of your life and purpose. Also to congratulate you on your success and the answer to my prayers, for I offered many a prayer for my scholars, having you in mind with others. If you ever find opportunity, give me a few words about yourself and plans.

"Your sincere friend and teacher,  
"LUCY HAKES."

"Well, that is beautiful," said Kon's sister as he read the letter to her. "You must answer it soon. Remind her of the sleighride she and I had in old Plainfield years ago and of the picnic on Old Markum when she was teaching in our district."

"Poor Evelyn," remarked Kon with sadness.

"Don't say 'poor Evelyn.' I feel that her so-called misfortune was a wonderful blessing in disguise and she is being led to greatness that she might not have attained had she been in health and perfect in stature. The world calls all our bodily injuries and misfortunes sad events, and in a way they are, but God brings out of them great good and on our fancied misfortunes we ride to victories great," said his sister.

"But I hope my success will not have to come that way."

"Maybe not. We do not know. Keep away from danger, but when misfortune comes in spite of you, meet it bravely and trust God to afflict you for his great glory and your great good."

"You do not really mean that God would pur-

\*J. G. Holland.

posely send such a thing on his creature?" asked Kon.

"I will not say that, but he permits them in the course of nature and then makes all things work together for our good if we trust him. I guess that is scriptural. But get to your studies. Commencement will be here soon. Good night."

(To be continued)

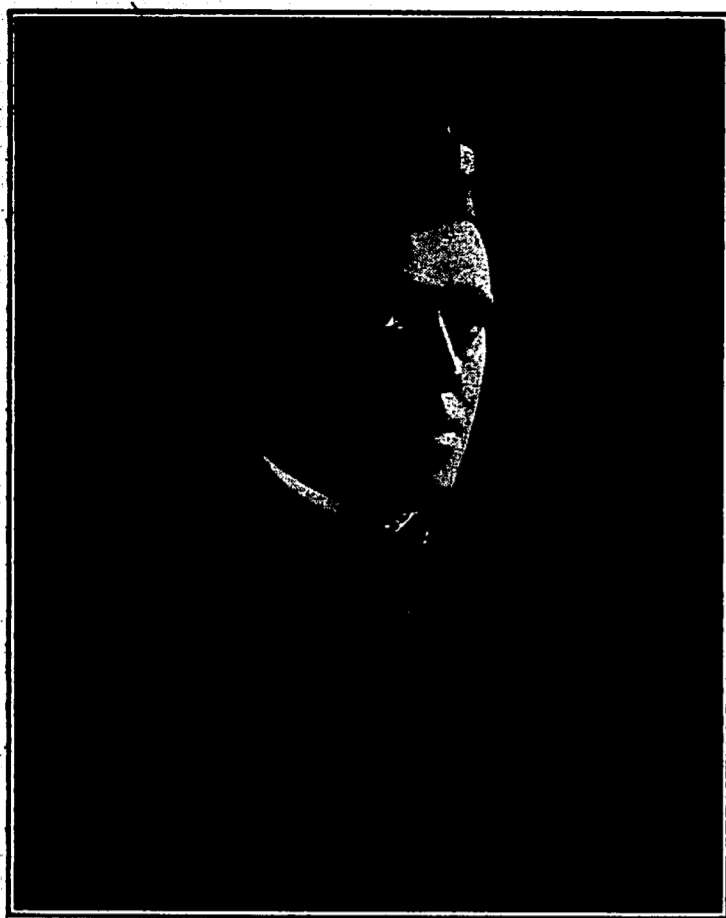
### CAPTAIN ARTHUR M. COTTRELL

Captain Arthur M. Cottrell was the son of Rev. Ira Lee and Mrs. Angelia Dye Cottrell and was born in Ashaway, R. I., January 8, 1885. His death occurred October 12, 1918, at Mitchel Field, Garden City, Long Island, where he was stationed in the service of the United States, and resulted from pneumonia following an attack of influenza.

He commenced his education in Shiloh, N. J. Later he attended the South Jersey Institute at Bridgeton, N. J., and the high school at Hornell. Following this he was a student at Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y., for several years and completed his college course at Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y., graduating with the class of 1907. During the years he was pursuing his studies he served one year in the United States Regular Army.

Following his graduation he taught athletics in the States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland and then engaged in business till after the United States entered the war raging in Europe. In the summer of 1917, he entered the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Niagara, N. Y., and at the end of the course he was awarded a captain's commission; doubtless the fact that he had had one year's training in the regular army during his school days made the capture of this prize the easier. After being commissioned he was located at Camp Dix, in New Jersey, Waco, in Texas, Greene, in North Carolina, and Mitchel Field, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y. It was at this last-named place that he met his death, a victim of the scourge that has taken so many men in the training camps.

He was well liked by his men and fellow officers. It had been the custom of the officers at one of the stations to which he was appointed to call on the men under them to black their (the officers') shoes and to do other menial tasks for their superiors.



When Captain Cottrell took command at this station, the men supposed that this snobbery was to be continued, but he stopped it, saying, "Second lieutenants have their shoes shined, captains can shine their own."

The following from a letter written to Mrs. Cottrell after his death shows the esteem in which he was held:

Headquarters  
Aeronautica! General Supply Depot and Concentration Camp,  
Garden City, L. I., N. Y.

Mrs. A. M. Cottrell,  
Alfred, N. Y.

MY DEAR MRS. COTTRELL,—

On behalf of the officers of this command, I wish to express to you our deep sense of loss at the death of your husband. He was a man known and respected, by all; he was an officer of the finest type, devoted to the service of his country and always striving to make himself more valuable to his country.

Yours truly,

H. W. GREGG,  
Lieutenant Colonel, Signal Corps,  
Commanding.

July 8, 1912, Captain Cottrell and Miss Helen Almy were united in holy wedlock. They soon began housekeeping in Alfred, N. Y., and Alfred was their home till his death. To them was born one son, Arthur Montrose Cottrell. Besides his wife, son and father he is survived by three brothers, —John B. Cottrell, of Plainfield, N. J., Royal L. Cottrell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and

Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell, of New Auburn, Wis.

After his death Captain Cottrell's body, accompanied by Lieutenant M. S. Lindgrave, who was a close friend of Captain Cottrell, was brought for burial to Alfred. Tuesday afternoon, October 15, a brief farewell service, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, was held at the grave in Alfred Rural Cemetery in the presence of the officers of the Students' Army Training Corps located at Alfred and a company of neighbors and friends.

WILLIAM L. BURDICK.

In this age of science we have heaped up great intellectual riches of the purely scientific kind. Our mental coffers are fairly bursting with our stores of the knowledge of material things. But, "What will it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls?" Must our finer spiritual faculties, whence come our love, our reverence, our humility, and our appreciation of the beauty of the world, atrophy? "Where there is no vision the people perish"—perish for a clear perception of the higher values of life. Where there is no vision, no intuitive perception of the great fundamental truths of the spiritual world, science will not save us. In such a case our civilization is like an engine running without a headlight.—*John Burroughs.*

#### BELGIUM

She is not dead! Although the spoiler's hand  
Lies heavy as death upon her; though the smart

Of his accursed steel is at her heart,  
And scarred upon her breast his shameful brand;

Though yet the torches of the Vandal band  
Smoke on her ruined fields, her trampled lanes,  
Her ravaged homes and desolated fanes,  
She is not dead but sleeping, that wronged land.

O little nation, valorous and free,  
Thou shalt o'erlive the terror and the pain;  
Call back thy scattered children unto thee,  
Strong with the memory of their brothers slain,

And rise from out thy charnel-house, to be  
Thine own immortal, radiant Self again.  
—*Sidney Low, in "King Albert's Book."*

Religion is, always has been, and always will be the great conservative element of national life. Take away all religion and you leave only barbarism.—*Superior Court of Cincinnati.*

## OUR WEEKLY SERMON

### GODLINESS IS PROFITABLE

REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK

Text: *Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.* I Timothy 4: 8.

We are making investments in life with a view of obtaining good returns on the investments. Paul, in writing to Timothy, makes the best proposition as to investments that any man has ever considered. If you wish to put this statement to the test substitute for the word "godliness" of the text some other word, and test the truthfulness of the new proposition. Use the word riches, and let the declaration be, "Riches is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." If this is true the great majority of the human race has little chance to realize the profits of the proposition, for most of us are, and always will be, poor. But is riches *profitable unto all things?* Experience teaches that there are many good things that can be obtained without riches, and that man can not even take his riches with him to the life which is to come.

Substitute the word *education* for the word "godliness"; and we acknowledge that the statement is too strong. Education in itself is not sufficient to meet the needs of the human heart and to fit men and women to live together peacefully and helpfully.

Substitute the word *pleasure*, or the *profligacy*,—and there comes to the mind the picture of some Prodigal Son as he comes to himself on the brink of the grave and looks back on a squandered life, and forward to an awful future.

Place the names of heathen religions where the great Christian missionary wrote "godliness", and go with the declaration to men, women, and children and say to them, "Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Mohamadanism are profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." But the degradation of women in lands where the people are given up to these religions; the unfa-

vorable condition of their children; the failure to properly care for their sick, and blind, and insane, and lepers; the frightful atrocities of the Turks, these, and many other undersirable fruits of heathen religions, prove that they do not even satisfy the present needs of humanity.

And let him who is inclined to belittle *godliness* consider whether or not *ungodliness* is profitable unto all things.

Experience proves that it is *ungodliness* that produces ignorance, degeneracy, sickness, immorality, crime, strife, wars, death, and makes one fit for the place "prepared for the devil and his angels."

The revelations of the past four years are convincing proof that the nations of the earth are not living out the principles of godliness as taught in the Bible.

Is ungodliness profitable unto all things? Listen to Josiah Strong: "No Christian nation has yet grown up to the Ten Commandments, not to mention the Sermon on the Mount. Though the principles of conduct that Christ laid down were social, our religion has been individualistic. The majority of people still think the Sermon on the Mount is not practicable. World conditions, however, are fast becoming such that its principles will be the only ones that are practicable. Men are going to be compelled to live together in harmony or they will not be able to live at all. . . . Possibly only such a cataclysm as that of the present could demonstrate to the world that the old individualistic ideals are no longer workable."

But now let us take the text and think of the meaning of its words and clauses, that we may the better understand the declaration that Paul makes to Timothy.

What is "godliness"? It is the state of being filled with reverence and love to God, and conforming one's life to God's laws.

In these days of large and generous giving, when our hearts are full of sympathy for the sick and suffering and needy and oppressed, is there not danger of thinking that this state of life is godliness? One can not be godly without having God in his heart; without loving and reverencing God; without conforming his life to God's laws.

When Paul says "Godliness is profitable," he means that it results in gain to the possessor, and when he adds that it is profit-

able "unto all things" his statement becomes all-inclusive,—there are no losses in godliness.

But Paul defies his proposition more clearly by adding that it has "promise of the life that now is."

Let us inquire into the truthfulness of the proposition as it relates to our present life. Is godliness profitable for our health? Yes, for it causes one to care for the body; it keeps one from forming habits that are injurious to the health, and helps to form good habits. It encourages one to take precautions against disease and danger. It gives one a cheerful, hopeful, industrious spirit, profitable for the health of the individual. It builds hospitals and asylums; encourages the physician and surgeon to tenderly, sympathetically, and skilfully treat the sick and suffering; and the nurse to watch over and minister to the afflicted.

What effect has godliness on the mind? Godliness makes possible the normal development of the individual along all lines. When one is in right relation to God he is in the best possible state to render obedience to the laws of his life. The Christian not only keeps the things out of his mind that injure it, but he also occupies the mind with the things that strengthen and develop it. It is not mere accident that the Christian Church has stood for higher education and built up institutions of learning, it could not have been otherwise. The nature of godliness is such that it must be profitable to mind culture.

What effect has godliness on the disposition, character, the very life of the person? The fundamental need of man as taught in the Bible is that he became a new creation by the power of God. "Ye must be born again." And the Bible is equally plain in its teachings that man needs to know the laws of his being, and it calls upon him to keep these laws, promising the guidance and help of God to this end.

Does not the race need to invest in that which enables one to control temper, jealousy, hatred, passion, uncleanness, revelings, drunkenness and such?

Not only does godliness keep one from suffering the penalties of broken laws; not only does obedience to laws bring great rewards, but godliness makes it possible for the Holy Spirit to do his blessed work of bringing forth in our lives, the fruit of the

Spirit, "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

And godliness makes possible right relations between individuals,—between husband and wife, parents and children, between neighbors, between nations. Godliness closes jails, penitentiaries, and reformatories. It makes the world safe to live in.

A business man once called his confidential clerk into his private office and said to him: "I have put your name in my will, and you will get ten thousand dollars when I die. Now, I am in good health, and don't intend to die soon, and so I will help in the meantime by paying you legal interest on the amount. Here is a check for six hundred dollars, to pay the first year's interest." Present and future reward for faithful service! And so God promises to reward his faithful servants both in this life and in the life to come. The wise man so invests that he may gain rewards here and hereafter.

Some years ago a mayor of New York City was at the height of his popularity. He had finished the first year of his administration with such success that all acknowledged his success. Then a crazy man attempted to kill him, but he lived, having the sympathy of his fellow citizens.

It was then that certain leaders of one of the political parties wrote to him offering him the nomination for governor of the State. He declined the nomination. One of the men then wrote him saying that he surely did not realize what he was declining. He told him that he was certain of the nomination, and that everything indicated that he would be elected by an unusually large majority in the fall; that such an election would make him the leading candidate of his party for the presidential nomination, and that was no question in their minds but that their nominee would be the next President of the United States.

The mayor replied: "After one has gone down into the valley of the shadow of death as I have, and there faced the great realities, all these things seem mighty small."

We need to make such investments as will be profitable for the life to come. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

## MARRIAGES

**JOHNSTON-LANPHERE.**—At the home of the officiating clergyman, Rev. Henry N. Jordan, Battle Creek, Mich., on November 16, 1918, Private Harry J. Johnston and Miss Vira E. Lanphere, of Milton, Wis.

**LAWTON-HEATH.**—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Woolley, at Whitney, Tex., December 1, 1918, by Rev. Mr. Pelton, David Lawton, of New Auburn, Minn., and Mrs. Mina Heath, of Whitney, Tex.

## DEATHS

**OLESON.**—Charley Arthur Oleson, killed in action in France on September 15, 1918. Obituary elsewhere.

**BURDICK.**—Louis Harold was born February 22, 1887, at Little Genesee, N. Y., and died at East Lansing, Mich., November 2, 1918. Complete obituary will be found in RECORDER of December 9. E. F. L.

**BURDICK.**—Guy M. Burdick was born in Little Genesee, N. Y., February 22, 1885, and died at the same place November 29, 1918.

His boyhood days were spent on a farm near the village. He was employed as a grocery clerk for several years. After this he purchased the stock of one of his employers, and conducted a very successful business. He has had the local postoffice for some time, holding the appointment at the time of his death. For two years he has been interested in farming and stock buying. His genial disposition and happy manner won him a host of friends.

On December 22, 1910, he was united in marriage to Miss Lou Smith. They lived very happily together. Their home was one of sunshine and good cheer for many who were welcomed in it.

In early life Guy accepted Jesus Christ as his Savior, was baptized and united with the church, and remained a faithful member. For some years he has taught the boys class and this year was the successful chorister of the Booster choir in the Sabbath school, and a member of the Finance Committee of the church. We reluctantly give him up, for his life was so helpful to many. His words were few but kind. Much that he could not express in words he expressed in laughter. He leaves in deep sorrow his wife, father and mother, and three brothers,—Frank, Fred, and Herman. E. F. L.

**HUGHES.**—At her home in Jackson Center, Ohio, "passed over," December 14, 1918, Clara May Wiford-Hughes, at the age of 30 years, 2 months, and 5 days.

On October 27, 1908, she was married to Willard Hughes. To this union was born on September 26, 1912, a dear little girl, who with her father remains to mourn the loss of a loving wife and mother.

At the age of 15 years she heard her Savior's call, "Follow me," and with a number of others was baptized and took her stand with the Jackson Center Seventh Day Baptist Church, in which she was faithful to the end. Only those who knew her best can appreciate her worth. She was faithful in health or sickness, wherever she was needed, winning a host of friends. She is not dead, but "asleep in Jesus." J. T. B.

## PRIME ELEMENTS OF NOBLE CIVILIZATION

The peoples of this earth are to be great by the interchange of the common blessings of a noble civilization, the prime elements of which are the religion of the Beatitudes and the Golden Rule, sacred and reverent learning, unflinching and abundant charity, fraternal co-operation in industries and commerce, the universal peace that spurns the force of armies and navies for no more than a common police service, the world by land and sea open to every man and woman under all flags and instant protection everywhere. This is the inheritance of the earth promised to the meek and not to the militarists, this the sun not to blazon our bayonet hosts, but that sun rising from on high by which the earth shall be filled with the glory of our triumphant Lord and Redeemer.—*Chancellor James R. Day.*

"Camouflage babies" is the way American fighting men here on furlough refer to the 100 babies that are being cared for every day at a day nursery just established by the American Red Cross at an American army camouflage factory "somewhere in France." They say the artists engaged in making American equipment "look like what it ain't" have converted the nursery into the most interesting place of its kind in existence.—*Red-Cross Bulletin.*

What can be done with a people who are their own masters, if they are not submissive to Deity? Despotism may govern without faith, but liberty can not.—*De Tocqueville.*

"Christ took the old symbol of degradation, the yoke, and made of it a symbol of honor—of co-operation with the divine."



## LAFAYETTE, THE AMERICAN

THERE is no time equal to this time for a look at the young Frenchman. We celebrated his birthday September 6, which was also the anniversary of the battle of the Marne, when Joffre stopped the onward rush of the Germans. Born in 1757, a few weeks after the death of his father, a colonel of the Grenadiers of France, Lafayette's nobility put upon him a handful of names: Marie-Paul-Joseph-Roché-Yves-Gilbert de Motier, Marquis de Lafayette. Marrying at sixteen a beautiful girl of fourteen and a half years, the Comtesse de Noailles, daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, with combined income of \$37,500, he came into a family high in nobility, pure, wholesome and brave, fearing God in a godless court; an officer of the Musketeers of the King; no courtier, he found a way to snub a prince to keep from preferment. Handsome fellow he was, tall and thin in youth, of commanding presence and pleasing features, with deep red hair; his forehead, though receding, was fine; his mouth and chin were delicately formed, showing beauty rather than strength; the whole countenance marking a generous and gallant spirit. Like Chaucer's knight, "he loved chivalry, truth and honor, freedom and courtesy."

"FROM the moment that I first heard the name of America, I loved her," said Lafayette. It was in the summer of 1776, . . . that he heard of the stand for their rights by the Americans—peasants, as they were called—how they drove the British soldiers out of Boston, and he . . . determined to cast in his lot with these men of independence.

The romance of his coming to America is well known: the interviews with Silas Deane; the secret found out; the opposition of his family and the prohibition of the King; the trip to England and talk with Bancroft; the adoption for his coat of arms "Cur non?" the "why not" for his enterprise; the purchase of a ship; the ingenuity of the youth and the escape as a courier—he stood at last with Baron de Kalb on the deck of "The Victory," and on the 20th of April, 1777, gave the order to set sail.

He landed near Charleston, S. C., June 14, 1777, coming at midnight to the home of Major Huger, where the hero-worship of the little son proved itself later in the attempt to rescue the marquis from the Austrian prison Olmutz. The long 900 miles' journey by carriage and horseback to Philadelphia ended with a cold reception by Congress. French adventurers seeking high places had worn out the patience even of Washington. The next morning Lafayette, seizing a pen, wrote to Congress a brief, immortal note: "After the sacrifices I have made, I have a right to exact two favors: one is to serve at my own expense; the other, to serve as a volunteer." This brought immediate acceptance of his services by Congress, and the complimentary commission as Major-General. Better still, a day later, at a dinner, he won the attention of General Washington, who asked him to make the headquarters of the commander-in-chief his home. Then began a lifelong friendship unsurpassed in American history.

WHEN Lafayette reached the camp, Washington was reviewing his 11,000 poorly armed and worse clad men. The soldiers lacked knowledge of military tactics, but their courage inspired discipline, and General Washington observed, "We should feel some embarrassment in showing ourselves to an officer who has just left French troops." "It is to learn, and not to teach, I am here," answered Lafayette. In a few weeks came the baptism of fire, and in the battle at Brandywine, September 11, the brave marquis received a musket ball in his leg, but did not know of the wound until the blood flowed out of his boot. He was cared for in the hospital at Bethlehem by the Moravians, Washington having given instructions to his surgeon to take charge of him "as if he were my son." Before the wound was fully healed Lafayette made such bold attack and skilful retreat at Gloucester that Congress appointed him to the command of a division and Washington put him at the head of the Virginia militia. He took upon himself the sufferings of Valley Forge, cheerfully sharing privations with the soldiers, having no better fare, and firmly cementing the bond of friendship with the commander-in-chief. The conspiracies against Washington, the

plan to send Lafayette to Canada, gave to the loyal marquis a chance to knock out the "Conway Cabal." And better still, his brilliant efforts, through flinty opposition, had set on fire the powerful sentiments which resulted in the French alliance.

Brandywine and Gloucester showed Lafayette to be a fighting man of coolness and judgment. Washington sent him with 2,000 picked men to Barren Hill. Sir William Howe, commanding the British troops, planned May 19, 1778, to give the Tory ladies of Philadelphia a delightful surprise by entrapping the young nobleman and exhibiting him at a banquet which he had ordered; but the youth of twenty slipped out the trap with great daring, and General Howe himself arrived too late for supper, without his promised guest.

War threatening between France and England, Lafayette sought a "soldier's leave of absence" that he might serve his country, and Washington approved the request to Congress, "in spite of the pain which it costs me to separate from an officer who possesses all the military fire of youth, with a rare maturity of judgment." Congress voted him a handsome sword.

During the year spent in France, with no war, an elegant sword was presented Lafayette in the name of the United States, and he was also blessed with the gift of a worthy son whom he named George Washington. So strenuous were the efforts of Lafayette to help America that the prime minister exclaimed, "He would unfurnish the palace of Versailles to clothe the American army!" to which the marquis responded, "I would!" in fact, he pledged his entire fortune to the cause of the Republic, and the King sent him to the United States with a glad "secret."

THE day Lafayette arrived in Boston, April, 1780, was given to rejoicing; bells were rung, cannon boomed, and the shouts of the multitude acclaimed America's adopted son. By swift messenger he announced his arrival to Washington: "Here I am, my dear General, in the midst of the joy I feel in finding myself again one of your loving soldiers"—holding the secret of the King's gift, soon to come: six vessels of the line and 6,000 regular troops of infantry. In the day of peril to France, with the joy of return greetings, our Per-

shing at the tomb of the great marquis has cried aloud: "Lafayette, here we are!"

Congress was unable to help the suffering army, but Lafayette presented the ladies of Philadelphia toward a relief fund one hundred guineas in the name of Madame de Lafayette. The defense of Virginia was placed in his hands, but the soldiers were without pay; their shoes and clothing were worn out; and desertions were frequent. Borrowing \$10,000 from the merchants of Baltimore on his personal security, he enlisted the ladies of Baltimore in making shirts for the soldiers. He then boldly issued an order to the troops, sympathized with their hardships, and expressed confidence that his northern soldiers would join in the hazardous enterprise, but assured all who wished to return home that they would be granted permits. Not a man left the heroic band in the march to Richmond.

Like General Howe at Barren Hill, Lord Cornwallis, seeing the weak foe commanded by Lafayette, wrote with confidence, "The boy can not escape me"; but the boy played the strategic game and escaped, in time forcing Cornwallis into his critical position at Yorktown. The French fleet entered the Chesapeake, and the day when Lafayette commanded the allied troops before Yorktown, September 6, was his twenty-fourth birthday. He held the enemy until Washington and Rochambeau arrived, and on October 19, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered to Washington.

With his face in the light of home, Lafayette arrived in Paris January 21, 1782, and spent more than a year of ideal life with his family. When the final treaty of peace was signed he sent the message to Congress on a fast-sailing ship, appropriately named the Triumph, which arrived in Philadelphia March 23, 1783, bringing the first intelligence concerning the treaty. To Washington he wrote, "What must be the feelings of your good and virtuous heart in this happy moment! The eternal honor in which my descendants will glory will be to have had an ancestor among your soldiers, to know that he had the good fortune of being a friend of your heart; and I bequeath to the eldest among them, as long as my posterity shall endure, the favor that you have conferred upon my son George by allowing him to bear your name." A graceful bow of nobility to democracy!

Into the new land of liberty came Lafayette in the summer of 1784, touring the States with wonderful reception, leaving Christmas Eve and returning to France an *American*, for the General Assembly of Maryland (and also Virginia) had passed an act declaring the "Marquis de Lafayette and his heirs male forever to be natural-born citizens of the State."

ONE of the bright pages in American history recounts the return of Lafayette in 1824 as the guest of the United States. The marquis was then sixty-seven years old, with ten more years to live. He declined the national ship, preferring a more private conveyance and bringing with him his son George Washington. There were twelve months of glorious progress through the twenty-four States. Congress voted the soldier who had served at his own expense the sum of \$200,000. He visited the tomb of Washington and came forth with his face bathed with tears.

This paper can not close without Lafayette's two "toasts" that dipped into the future and are alive in the present. At the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, responding to the eulogy of Webster, Lafayette gave the toast: "Bunker Hill, and the holy resistance to oppression, which has already enfranchised the American hemisphere—the next toast shall be, *To enfranchised Europe!*" Before returning to France on the new frigate Brandywine, at a dinner given in his honor by members of both houses of Congress, Lafayette, "l'homme des deux mondes"—more today than ever before, "the man of two worlds"—gave this prophetic toast: "Perpetual union among the United States—it has saved us in our time of danger—it will save the world!"—*Frank C. Porter, D. D., in Christian Advocate.*

Our plea is not America for America's sake, but America for the world's sake. If this generation is faithful to its trust, America is to become God's right arm in his battle with the world's ignorance and oppression and sin.—*Josiah Strong.*

However mean or inconsiderable the act, there is something in the well doing of it which has fellowship with the noblest forms of manly virtue.—*Ruskin.*

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