

Bonds Build Ships

And if they are forwarded to F. J. Hubbard, Treasurer of the American Sabbath Tract Society, to be held by him until the close of the war, they also will

Build the Denominational Building

that is so sorely needed, and without embarrassing the government and without working any hardship on Seventh Day Baptists. All agree that such a building is needed and that it is necessary if we are to grow as a denomination.

Put your shoulder to the wheel and if you want to buy bonds to assist in prosecuting the war turn them over to the treasurer with the understanding that they will not be used until the close of the war. *Do it now.*

War Savings Stamps

provide a very convenient means of contributing small sums in the same way. *Buy War Saving Stamps.* But do not forget to *send them to the Building Fund.*

Loyalty to your denomination goes hand in hand with *patriotism* to your country.

The Sabbath Recorder

ANY essential improvement in the religious condition of America must come, first, through improvement of personal religious experience, and secondly, through religious organization. The Sabbath question is and always must be a religious question pure and simple. Sunday laws, enforced idleness—these can not solve the problem. There can be no such thing as a "Civil Sabbath." If the history of Phariseism, Catholicism, and Puritanism does not prove this, then Schiller was wrong, the history of the world is not the judgment of the world, and men may go on forever repeating the follies of the past. It is easy to charge Seventh Day Baptists with being "legalists," but their legalism is innocent and innocuous compared with the legalism of those alleged "Sabbath Reformers" who rely on civil law. When the real spiritual reform comes it will come first within the churches, and especially within Protestant churches.

—Abram Herbert Lewis, D. D. LL. D.

—CONTENTS—

Editorial.—The Recorder's Policy.—Concerning a Petition Now Before the Churches.—An Unfortunate Feature	65-67	Christ	81
The Bible in the Home	67	Minutes of the Fourth Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund ..	81
Homesteading in the Seventies	69	Children's Page.—My Neighbor (poetry).—The Other Betty	83-86
Missions.—Letter From Lieu-oo, China.—Essays of a Chinese School-boy.—Monthly Statement	71-73	Man	86
Training Little Children	73	Sabbath School.—Little Genesee, N. Y.—Lesson for August 3, 1918	89
Woman's Work.—Home (poetry).—Women in the Home.—Workers' Exchange	74-77	Letter From Lieutenant Platts	89
The Far Look, or "Kon of Salem" ..	77	Our Weekly Sermon.—Love	91-93
Young People's Work.—Ambitions for		Men in the Service	94
		American Church Official Honored in Paris	95
		Marriages	96

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

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WHOLE NO. 3,829

The Recorder's Policy Those who have carefully and candidly read the pages of the SABBATH RECORDER will now need no statement as to its policy regarding all matters of denominational interest. Our files speak for themselves. They show, if they show anything, that while the RECORDER has stood loyal and true to the various interests of our people, faithfully supporting the policies, and loyally aiding in the execution of plans, which have been settled upon as wise and good after being carefully considered in Conference and by our boards, it has at the same time tried to be fair with those who differ from the majority and who desire to express their views in its columns. It has however insisted that articles must be free from unkind personal assaults on brethren and hard denunciations against Christians of other faiths.

The people of our churches have a right to expect their paper to be loyal to the General Conference, especially in matters that have for years been carefully considered, deliberately decided upon, and established as the fixed policy of the denomination.

Some years ago a few people protested strongly against Seventh Day Baptists co-operating with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union because the leaders in that body insisted upon Sunday laws. But we went ahead and no harm has come from it.

Again, there were those who thought we should not join the Young Men's Christian Association or co-operate with them in their field work and union gatherings. For years we have been identified with the Christian Endeavor Union, and with the International Sunday School Lesson Committee, being represented in this committee by the pastor of our largest church, and now, on similar grounds to those upon which we entered these other co-operative societies, we have had, for twelve years, representatives in the Federal Council.

As in all the other cases, so in this, a few

have protested; but the great majority feel that good is bound to come from our uniting in the wonderful work being done by that body.

Now as to all these matters, when I look upon the great victories for prohibition due largely to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League, another body composed of Christians of many faiths, I am glad that Seventh Day Baptists have had a part in such co-operative work.

When I see the grand world-wide service for mankind due to the Christian Endeavor Union, I rejoice that our own young people have done their part in so great a work. When I read of the mission of John R. Mott and his helpers, now with the army in France, and the Christlike ministries of Y. M. C. A. teachers and chaplains in every army camp at home or abroad, all made possible by the co-operation of Christians from every denomination, I am glad that the church to which I belong has taken some part in this great movement and that some of our own pastors and teachers have been willing to devote their time to serve under the auspices of such an association.

When Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, standing with General Pershing in the presence of the American Army in France, delivered his message of cheer from all the churches of the Council—a message that put new heart into the boys and caused General Pershing to say with much feeling that it was a wonderful source of strength to him and to the army—from the bottom of my heart I am glad that as Seventh Day Baptists we had some part, though small, in such a blessed mission. When I think of the army of men and women working night and day in office and field, under the various commissions of the Council doing effective work for soldiers and sailors, laboring to promote better health conditions and to furnish nurses for the sick, pushing forward the Strengthen America Campaign in a mighty prohibi-

tion fight, planning for international justice and good will, promoting Christian education, and interesting great Christian men in the welfare of the church and country life—when I think of all these lines of uplifting world work by the Council, and of many other undertakings dear to us, I am glad indeed that we as a people have some small part in it all.

We are not in the Council merely to propagate the Sabbath any more than Baptists are there to push the doctrine of baptism by immersion. But our being represented there enables us to keep the question of the true Sabbath before hundreds who would never think of it if Seventh Day Baptists were always absent. A more respectful hearing can thus be gained whenever the Sunday question is brought up than we could possibly have by standing aloof and denouncing those with whom we differ.

Concerning a Petition The RECORDER's policy has been **Now Before the Churches** to take no notice

of circular letters sent out by individuals in controversy regarding the Federal Council. But when an official document upon the same matter is sent by a church to the other churches, urging them to take official action before Conference convenes, with a petition for that body to reverse its decisions adhered to for some twelve years, the case is quite different; and the RECORDER would be blameworthy if it remained silent. "Silence gives consent" might well be said of a denominational paper that keeps still under such circumstances. Our only solicitude is for the welfare of our denomination, and our prayer is that we may be led by the Spirit to say the right things in the right way. We are sure that none of our churches will desire to act unadvisedly, but that they all will try to exercise Christian patience and to be sure of all the facts before acting at all.

One pastor is so anxious to make no mistake in this matter that he sought the counsel of one of his old pastors upon this "serious business" and received the following sweet-spirited and helpful reply:

I would vote in the negative on this request for the following reasons: It seems to me that a vote in the affirmative would be, necessarily, an indorsement of the preamble upon which the request was made; and some of the whereases,

notably the first, I could not indorse, because I believe good has resulted to the cause we represent, by being represented in that body. An unbiased study of the reports which have come to us of the different meetings of the Federal Council, it seemed to me, would sustain that view.

A second objection, it seemed to me, to signing the request, was the intimation in it that a "division" in the denomination was imminent, and such action was necessary to avoid it. I didn't think we ought to encourage such a sentiment for a moment, much less vote it; as that would be subversive of our policy of church government; and furthermore, I have too much confidence in the loyalty of our churches to believe that the idea of disruption could be regarded at all with favor.

I presume the communication by four of our representatives and presented to the Federal Council is the "action taken" to which you object. If so, I fully agree with you, and believe that much, if not all, the unpleasant controversy which has since arisen, would have been avoided had that been omitted. I think, however, that to be fair in our estimate of the real attitude of our representatives, we ought to consider the report of the Commission on Sunday Observance as revealed in the discussion and vote on the question. See 1917 Year Book, page 30, and Dean Main's open letter in the Recorder of May 27.

It is my opinion that much of the difference that has arisen over this matter is largely due to misunderstandings, and if as earnest and as persistent an effort had been made, in a humble and Christlike spirit, to see the matter from the other's viewpoint, and to reconcile differences, an amicable understanding might have been brought about (1 Pet. 4:8; 1 Cor. 13; Jas. 4:11; Heb. 12:14; 1 Pet. 3:11; Gal. 6:1-2; Jas. 5:13-20; Matt. 7:1; John 7:24; et al.

I have been heartsick over the matter, and over the harsh, unkind criticisms that have grown out of it, and out of differences for other real or supposed reasons.

You wish to know my present attitude toward our membership in the Federal Council. When the matter of joining the Council was presented to the churches for consideration, I doubted the propriety of such action and wrote a brief article, which was published in the Recorder, stating such doubts, and the reasons therefor; but after the majority of the Conference delegates voted to join the Council, it seemed to me that the thing to do was to quietly submit and, as far as we could, co-operate to carry out the ends claimed to be sought. I have always believed that we ought to co-operate just as far as we could with all others in every good work, and especially in whatever had for its object the extension and upbuilding of the Master's kingdom; and possibly this was one of his chosen means to that end. I do not now see either the advantage or the menace to the cause we represent by continuing our membership in that body that others seem to see, unless, perchance, it may effect the harmony among ourselves. To avoid that, and as the present unrest over the question suggests such a possibility, following

the example of Paul (1 Cor. 8:13), I would be in favor of petitioning the General Conference to request the Federal Council to release us from membership in that body. I think we should "endure suffering wrongfully" if need be rather than insist upon having our own way, especially where no vital principle is involved, as it seems to me is true in this case.

This excellent message should be a help to many others as well as to the pastor to whom it was written. There is no doubt that "much of the difference that has arisen over this matter is largely due to misunderstandings," which might easily be reconciled if considered "in a humble and Christlike spirit." Some of these misunderstandings are due to a mistake in printing the Council's minutes; others have been published elsewhere. These have been pointed out to the ones who published them, in the hope that corrections might be made.

For instance, it has been clearly shown that the words which have caused the greatest objection and which have been so frequently quoted, were *not passed* by the Council but were entirely struck out by vote of that body when offered for approval. These are the words: "and believing that, speaking for the great majority of American Christians, the first day of the week has divine sanction and approval." The correction has been made in the RECORDER of July 7, p. 16, and also in private correspondence with the leaders of the opposition.

The striking out of these words by the great Council body was a victory for Sabbath truth that would never have come if Seventh Day Baptists had not been represented in the various meetings of the Council for years. If our churches know the facts which have been misunderstood, they will hesitate some time before voting that every inch of the truth we hold in special has been given away.

If a careful candid rereading is given the report in the last Year Book, pp. 28-32, and to articles in RECORDERS of January 1, 1917, pp. 3, 5; January 8, 1917, p. 38; August 27, 1917, p. 266, together with Dean Main's "Message to the Two Boards," in the issue of May 27, 1918, p. 643, I am very sure our churches will think it far better to let the matter rest for a time rather than to push a vote adopting the preamble and resolution recently sent them.

An Unfortunate Feature Probably there are many who feel that, although they prefer to co-operate in the general work of the Council, still, rather than offend those who differ with them, they would be willing to "endure suffering wrongfully" if need be in order to have harmony. This thought is expressed in the last paragraph of the letter quoted above.

Unfortunately much of the discussion has involved the integrity of four or five brethren who for years have been loyal and true leaders among us, in whom our people have confidence. There is no need of repeating here the serious things said or the unmistakable implications impugning their motives. The simple question of whether it is wise to have representatives in the Council has become so involved with the question of the integrity of the men themselves that a church can not vote for that resolution without seeming to pass condemnation upon the character of the brethren.

For this reason, if for no other, great care is needed in taking any step at this time.

THE BIBLE IN THE HOME

ELIZABETH F. RANDOLPH

Read at the recent meeting of the Western Association, at Independence, N. Y., and published by request

This heading introduces a subject of vital importance to every one of us, because every home is deeply interested in the things the Bible has for its members, and every one of us has, or may have, a Bible, and we all belong to some home.

Many questions arise as we approach this vital subject. The Bible, what is it? How came we to have such a book? What is our personal attitude toward it? and with what eagerness or interest do we consult and study it! To us all the Bible is a precious and wonderful Book. It has had a very long and unique history, both in its composition and in its transmission to us. It has been miraculously preserved in its purity, as all admit. It is treated in our homes in as many different ways as there are types of homes.

In this Book we have given to us the only account of the Creation that is worthy of credence. Here is given a plain expression of the will of the Creator and of his

character. Here is revealed the way in which he cares for his children, and his patient, loving dealings with them when they are led to depart from him. It also tells of God's wonderful love in "sending his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The Bible sets before us the purest and noblest ideals the world has ever known and the fundamental principles upon which these ideals may be attained. It teaches us that our highest duty is to love God supremely and our fellows as ourselves.

This wonderful Book has come to us down through many centuries. It has been cherished by those who obey it, and railed upon by its enemies. But, notwithstanding all that its enemies have done or could do, its value remains unimpaired, its glory undimmed, and its character unsullied. It is not depreciated by analysis or criticism any more than gold suffers in the hands of those who transform and manipulate it. Criticism only serves to make it more lustrous. As the ring on the hand of the bride always testifies of the love of the giver, so does the precious Book always testify to the undying love of him who gave us all things.

THE HOME, WHAT IS IT!

How can we better express our feelings toward this question than in the words:

"The dearest spot on earth to me is home, sweet home."

And what makes home so dear to us? Is it wealth and luxury? Is it because here our wants are gratified? Or is it because here we feel that we can assert our own wills and have our own ways, act as we please, loaf or work, be surly or congenial just as the mood strikes us? Is it not rather because the spirit of love and mutual service prevails here? Here character is formed, and here the foundation principles that are to guide and control us in after life are laid deep in our souls. The higher the ideals of the home life the more we cherish its memories. The formation of a new home furnishes an opportunity for the exercise of mutual love and co-operation and for handing down to a new generation the heritage which the founders of the new have received in the old home, together with all that they may have gathered in wisdom and knowledge. All that is best and abiding in

the formation and maintenance of a home comes from the Bible, from the God it reveals and from the lives and teachings of those whose characters have been formed by the teachings of the precious Book.

Let us each earnestly consider this question: Do we, in our homes, love and cherish and reverence the Bible as we should? Do we read it and speak of it in a way that leads the members of our families to want to read it? We hardly need to be told that a knowledge of and reverence for, the Scripture is of the greatest value to a young man or young woman starting out in life. To have the Word of God deeply imbedded in the earliest memories of childhood and intimately associated with the home life is the very best endowment that our youth can have. It is a safeguard from the evils of the world. Should parents venture to send forth their children without such an ingrafting of the Word? They will surely make spiritual shipwreck, and be overwhelmed with the spirit of the world unless they love and honor the Scripture of truth.

No one can by any means measure the power and influence that will be exerted upon the minds of children who carry with them through life the precious memories of the family altar at which father and mother and children read the Word of God daily and knelt in fervent prayer to God. If the family altar is sustained throughout the growth and development of the child and the youth, and if it is given a foremost place in the daily program, not laid aside on a slight excuse, but adhered to faithfully, influence will thus be thrown about that child which will hold him safely true to the right, through all the temptations and stress of after life. Is it worth while thus to shield our children? Does it pay to take time to be holy and give God a chance to work for our loved ones? Ah, how can we who love our families continue to neglect the sacred counsels of God and leave our Bibles untouched and unread day after day?

Each member of the family should have his own Bible, and have the privilege of reading it with the other members of the family each day. Let us here recall the tribute paid by Charles M. Sheldon to the value of the family altar. He said that one of the most precious memories he retained

was that of the family worship in his early home each morning. No matter how pressing the duties of the day, the reading of the Scripture, singing of a hymn, and prayer by each member of the family was never neglected. One day in particular stood out clearly in his mind. It was haying time and a storm was threatening, and several loads of hay were waiting to be put into the barn. The boys were very anxious to omit family worship. But no, it was carried out just as usual, and that circumstance more than ever fastened this sacred influence upon their minds. They saw the importance of it illustrated in a way that could not be forgotten. The intimate relations of their heavenly Father were not to be set aside for a few loads of hay. It was a wise thing to do, for the production of such a man as he, was worth more than hay to that home.

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE IN THE HOME

Not only should family worship be maintained, but parents should take time to instruct the children in God's Word. The Sabbath-school lessons should be prepared in the home, and each child should be sent out prepared to recite the lessons intelligently. If the child can be thoroughly taught in the lesson by father and mother, then a half hour with a good teacher will make the lesson of very great value, but the half hour at the school will greatly fail to do for the child all that should be gained from the lessons unless the lesson is carefully studied at home. Surely the religious training of a child is of greater importance than a mathematical education, and yet many hours of home study are required to prepare for the recitation room in the public school. And the school should not be more than an auxiliary in the education of the child. The home is primarily the place where the foundations of intellectual culture should be laid.

But it is not only for the good of the children that the home should be thoroughly saturated with the teachings of the Bible; the world at large needs the influence of such teaching. The church of Christ needs to be more thoroughly actuated by the teachings of God's Word, which can be obtained only by an intimate acquaintance with the Word. Never before since the cruel days of Nero has the world needed the exhibition of the principles of human

brotherhood as it needs it now. Now the principles taught by the humble Nazarene are face to face with the awful doctrines of Kaiserism that are threatening the liberties of the world by material brute force, without consideration of sympathy, and with no other ideal than that might makes right.

However, we know that in the final decision nothing will stand except it has the stamp of God's approval; and we need daily to study to know what is the will and mind of God and to hold communion with him daily that we may be fully prepared for whatever may come to pass, and be found on the right side at last. God only can give us the courage and the peace of soul, the strength and the wisdom we need in these days of stress to enable us to go about our daily duties and act well our part in helping to solve this great world crisis that is upon us, and win the victory for him.

HOMESTEADING IN THE SEVENTIES

J. L. HULL

CHAPTER XVI

(Concluded)

Henry saw the directors of the school district where his uncle lived, and obtained the promise that Joe could have the school to teach. When Henry returned to Nebraska Joe hired the use of \$25. for thirty days and paid \$5 for the use of it, to pay his fare to Marshalltown, Iowa, to teach the school. He taught a four months' term and returned to his homestead as he must not be away from it six months at a time.

He took with him, from his uncle's, twenty-five hundredweight of seed grain to Marshalltown to ship to Henry and paid the freight to Hastings, Neb. When he paid the bill at the office he waited at the office window, thinking that the agent would give him a shipping bill; but the agent seemed to be very busy.

After waiting fully ten minutes Joe said, "Are you not going to give me a bill for that grain?"

"Yes, if you want it," said the agent.

"That is just what I am waiting for," said Joe.

His stay was but a few days at home for he was to teach the same school the summer term. Henry took Joe to Hastings supposing that the seed grain would be

there, but it was not. Returning home Henry waited six weeks and went again to Hastings for the grain; but still it had not arrived.

It was a good forty miles' drive from Hastings home and Henry wrote to Joe saying, "I have made three trips to Hastings for that grain and it has not come, and I guess it is lost."

Joe wrote back, "You have the shipping bill; go and present it to the agent at Hastings and tell him you must have that grain or the pay for it."

Henry did so and a searcher was sent and found the grain still at the depot in Marshalltown. The fifth time that Henry went for it he found the grain at the station.

The grasshopper famine of 1874 was very severe; there was lack of provisions of all kinds in Nebraska and Kansas. Aid was sent from other States but in many cases those who distributed it were partial if not dishonest in the distribution of it, sometimes causing unnecessary suffering.

Henry received no aid. At one time a party passed his dugout, going to the agent in charge of the aid provisions, and said to him, "We are going to Mr. H's for something to eat. You had best go with us."

"You can bring my part," said he.

He did not expect to get anything but the party asked for his share and Mr. H. answered, "If Henry Hull wants aid let him sell one of his horses and get it."

At Red Cloud one day there was a goodly number of men, all men of families, in need of food, when some wagons came from the railroad loaded with provisions. They saw them unloaded at the storehouse of the aid agent, and asked the agent if they could have some provisions.

He answered, "No, there are none for you."

"Boys, let us have some of those provisions for our families," said one man.

There was a shout from the company and they took possession of the building and helped themselves. Henry was not with the party, but some of his neighbors were. Hunger and the thought of a starving family sometimes make men desperate.

After teaching a summer school Joe returned to his homestead to make final proof of five years' residence on his claim. He told his friends that he was to be mar-

rier soon after his return to Iowa, and seventeen of his neighbors, all young people and the most of them married, said that if he would return to his homestead with his wife, they would keep the Sabbath with him; for they said they believed he and Henry were right in the keeping of the Seventh Day. But when, two years later, Joe did return to his home he learned to his sorrow that George White and his wife had moved to the Brazier River in Texas, six families had gone to Oregon, two of the three others had died, and the companion of the last one was not willing to keep the Sabbath. So the opportunity to have a Seventh Day Baptist church started there was gone for the lack of some one to enter the open door. There were Sabbath-keepers seven miles south of them in Kansas but of the Advent faith; and at Salem, Kan., was a Seventh Day Adventist church. Here, fourteen miles from their home, they went to Sabbath school, and it was a happy day for them when Rev. A. E. Main and Rev. S. R. Wheeler, secretary of the Missionary Society and missionary evangelist, came and made them a visit and established a church at Walnut Creek with Rev. H. E. Babcock as pastor, he being pastor also of a little church at Orleans, Neb. Walnut Creek was fourteen miles from the Hull home and Orleans was about seventy miles west.

Henry had married an estimable young lady and a Sabbath-keeper. The homes were made. There was no longer danger of the red men coming to drive the white man from their favorite hunting ground. The buffalo had disappeared, and the grasshoppers no longer devastated the country. Wheat, oats, rye, corn, and broom corn flourished, and Nebraska with northern Kansas was a beautiful and productive country. The trials and hardships of the frontier life on a homestead are over. The dugouts change to framed houses. We see Henry in a neat little cottage, 18 by 24, with a beautiful cellar wall of the white magnesia limestone and every stone sawed and perfect. Joe is living in a house, 16 by 20, and little children play around their doors. Fleas and rats do not trouble now, though they are still about the hogpen and in the timber. And so we will leave the two men and their families in prosperous Nebraska.

(The end)

MISSIONS

LETTER FROM LIEU-OO, CHINA

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME:

Dr. Palmborg says it's my week to write for the RECORDER, so I wish there was something interesting to tell you.

There have been seven calls from suicide cases in the last ten days; six of these calls were within three days of each other. I went to some of them, some were told to come to the hospital and one, a mild case, was sent medicine.

One case, to whose home I went, had taken half a cupful of opium,—\$6.50 worth! Of course no amount of work could save her.

You may imagine what a happy life these people live when so many try to destroy themselves. I may add that all the other cases of attempted suicide had eaten the ends of matches, and phosphorus poisoning is a violent and painful death; do not know whether any of these six have died.

My teacher tells me that great numbers of children are drowned as soon as they are born because their parents can not support them, the parents can not support themselves.

I had heard that infanticide had ceased. That slavery is common I know. I wish I had a fortune so I could adopt all these little children before they are drowned! What an army of them these would be! I have adopted two Chinese children and may adopt one or two more, but that will be about my limit I'm afraid.

Dr. Palmborg generously insists I must go to the mountains this summer. It's good of her, as she remains here all alone except for the Chinese help. My teacher will be in the mountains also, so my studies will continue.

The church services are about as usual. Dr. Palmborg's pupil, the new convert, comes regularly.

Two young Chinese gentlemen came from Shanghai and abode in the hospital several days. They said they belonged to the Independent Chinese Church and were selling Bibles, Testaments, etc., said they were going to every village to distribute

their literature. They joined us in family prayers each evening.

Rev. Mr. McCrae, of the Episcopal Mission, stopped and had lunch with us yesterday. He was visiting an old parishioner here and others in the country.

Rev. H. E. Davis plans to come out again and hold meetings for us soon. So much of real spiritual good was done by his last meetings, we are rejoiced to anticipate another such visit and revival.

We are so proud that a delegation of Chinese law students in Shanghai waited upon him with a request to teach them the Bible, promising to be prompt and regular because, as they themselves put it, "This is voluntary."

We learn that Dr. Crandall is in New York attending the Postgraduate Medical College and seems to like it and is very busy attending the clinics. We are looking forward to her coming next October.

About three weeks ago I visited the Episcopal Mission at Wusih. Three of the missionaries there are from my home town; I went to school with two of them. There is another missionary who attended the same school not so very far from them. I was delighted to see them because it's been a long time since I've seen my home town and it was like being there for a while.

There are three cases in the hospital, two cases of insanity.

With kind regards to all the RECORDER readers,

BESSIE BELLE SINCLAIR.

June 8, 1918.

P. S. Enclosed please find more "Essays of a Chinese Schoolboy." I expect to send you a few each time I write.

B. B. S.

ESSAYS OF A CHINESE SCHOOLBOY

(Copied from the composition book of a Chinese pupil)

V

Famous Men

Kwaung Foo and Negen-ts Ling were intimate friends. Kwaung Foo was descended from kings. His father was killed and he was reduced to a common person.

Negen-ts Ling was a poor and virtuous man who had been fishing to support his life. Kwaung Foo always followed him in his little boat. When they were fishing upon Way-oo they wrote poems and memoirs, looking very comfortable and happy.

After upward ten years Kwaung Foo was in-

vited to his throne again by his old courtiers. When he departed from Negen-ts Ling, he invited him to enter his palace with him. But at any rate he would not follow him because he hated the power and grandeur. If he really entered his palace he would get powerful from his associations. So he rather fished upon the river. For many years his friend continued to invite him for hundreds of times.

Then he visited him to his palace and wore very ragged clothes, carrying a pole with a hook and a bamboo basket.

Before he entered this palace there were many grand courtiers and the king himself come out to receive him beyond many miles from the capital.

When he entered the palace the guards and courtiers all envied him, though he was only a poor old man. But the king led him by his hands and took away his bamboo basket and the pole with hook.

VI

Weddings

The weddings of the rich Chinese are very luxurious. Before three or four days of the festivity, they prepare many things for the feast. They kill many fat pigs, sheep, fish and other things, which contain delicious taste.

On the walls they hang beautiful pictures, fine embroideries and pretty lamps of various colours.

When the guests come, the master stands in the doorway and bows to them. They are led into the halls and many servants take sweetmeats, peanuts, waterpipes and tea to them. When the tables are set the master calls the guests to take their respective seats. There are many courses, 16 to 24. Some bowls are put on the table and they shoot off several guns for honor. Then all the guests stand up and thank the master.

While they are feasting, there are many men singing and playing music, keeping melodious their sounds.

There are many ladies, young women and girls too, who wear beautiful fashionable clothing largely embellished with jewels. There are gems on their heads and bosoms, golden armlets on their arms, and diamond rings on their fingers. When all of them have finished their feasting, they play their loud music and shoot off many guns again. The luxurious wedding must continue four or five days.

VII

A Flood

The province of Thieu Tshu is in the northern part of China, where the people are bold and strong.

About two months ago this region was covered by water like an ancient deluge. Many hundred miles were only white waves, and all their houses were destroyed. The people had no shelter, food, nor clothes; thousands were cold and starving to death.

In these days, in the same places the water is not yet run off and the wild wind blows. The weather is so bleak and cold that hundreds of

them are frozen to death in the streets and in the country. They cannot stand these troubles. O! we are clothed in sheepskins and are cold. We imagine if we were they, how could we bear this trouble?

VIII

What I Intend to Do During Vacation

Now it is the Chinese Eleventh month and our year's vacation is near at hand. When the vacation has come we have no daily lesson. We do not waste our good time, because the time goes and does not come again, therefore we plan to do a very interesting thing during our vacation.

Every day we write several hundred big school words, review our old lessons and write an interesting essay and a poem. While we review the old lessons which we had studied, it is as if a great many famous and virtuous persons came to our study room and talked with me. Though they had died hundreds and thousands of years ago, they are considered our friends.

If we have time we study their talking, as we visit with them and invite them to tell us about things.

MONTHLY STATEMENT

June 1, 1918, to July 1, 1918

S. H. Davis	
In account with	
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society	
Dr.	
Bal. on hand June 1, 1918	\$1,038 43
Chicago Church	30 00
Hammond Church	2 80
Welton Church	17 30
London Church	20 84
London Church, for Tract Soc.	20 84
Mrs. Mary C. White	5 00
Plainfield Church	13 72
Los Angeles Church	12 84
Milo D. Green	11 00
Young People's Board, Dr. Palmberg's salary	50 00
G. W. Witter	10 00
Sabbath collection, Central Ass'n	11 54
Hattie Washburn	1 50
A Friend	12 00
Syracuse Church	1 74
Albion Church, Ark. Mission Field	6 00
Albion Church	5 90
Marie S. Stillman	25 00
Lucius Sanborn, L. S. K.	20 00
First Alfred Church	62 73
L. S. K., Wis., Marie Jansz	5 00
L. S. K., Tract Soc.	5 00
L. S. K.	5 00
L. S. K., Hungarian Mission	5 00
Delwin O. Hurley	2 50
Farina S. S.	7 02
Mrs. A. P. Hamilton, cred. to 2nd Alfred Church	5 00
Income from Permanent Funds	1,025 00
Ritchie Church	23 92
T. A. Saunders	5 00
Dodge Center, S. S.	2 41
Coudersport S. S.	3 19
J. D. Washburn	1 00
Mrs. J. T. Burdick	1 50
Iowan L. S. K.	3 00
Mrs. F. E. Tappan, bal. Life Membership	15 00
Rockville S. S.	10 00
Lost Creek Church	23 35
Nortonville Church	141 19
Hammond Church	10 70
Independence Church	45 92
Albion Church	6 30
Albion Church, Ark. Mission Field	3 00
H. D. Clarke	5 00
Milton Church	92 08
First New York Church	11 10
Friendship Church	25 68
Verona Church and S. S.	12 67

Greenbrier Church	2 75
Greenbrier Church for Tract Soc.	2 75
Shiloh Church	78 33
Second Alfred Church	44 81
Riverside Church	32 12
Little Genesee Church	87 28
E. M. Bennett	5 00
J. A. Inglis	12 50
Jesse F. Randolph	25 00
Alice A. Peckham, L. S. K.	5 00
Woman's Board:	
General Fund	55 32
China Mission	10 00
Debt Fund	10 00
Dr. Sinclair	71 00
Miss West's salary	75 00
Miss Burdick's salary	150 00
Marie Jansz	50 00
Evang. work in S. W. Ass'n	227 00
DeRuyter Church	51 48
Collection, last session Eastern Ass'n	13 01
Western Ass'n	13 00
Welton Church	25 00
Battle Creek Church	50 00
Int. on checking account	3 07
	<u>\$3,980 13</u>

Cr.

Rev. T. J. Van Horn, May sal. and trav. expenses	52 00
Rev. D. B. Coon, May sal. and trav. exp.	131 73
Mrs. J. W. Crofoot, June sal.	50 00
Dr. Grace I. Crandall, May sal.	33 34
Rev. Geo. W. Hills, May sal.	58 33
Rev. Luther A. Wing, May sal.	37 50
Jesse G. Burdick, Italian Mission	29 15
Rev. T. L. M. Spencer, June sal.	50 00
Stephen J. Davis, Fouke Church	25 00
Rev. J. J. Kovats, May sal.	20 00
Edwin Shaw, sal., rent and trav. exp.	90 00
Washington Trust Co., inst. on loans	45 47
Frank J. Hubbard, for Tract Soc. from London Church	20 84
Frank J. Hubbard, for Tract Soc. from L. S. K., Wis.	5 00
H. Eugene Davis, sal. and child allowance	241 12
Susie M. Burdick, sal. (less \$10)	140 00
Anna M. West, sal. (less \$10)	140 00
Dr. Rosa M. Palmborg	150 00
Dr. Bessie B. Sinclair	150 00
Girls' School	75 00
Incidental Account	125 00
J. W. Crofoot, sal.	97 80
Extra for war exchange	438 37
Rev. J. J. Kovats, Apr. sal.	20 00
Canadian & Pac. R. R. Co., deposit on berths	75 00
Treasurer's expenses	35 00
	<u>\$2,336 46</u>
Bal. on hand July 1, 1918	1,643 67
	<u>\$3,980 13</u>

Bills payable in July, about	\$1,000 00
Notes outstanding July 1, 1918	3,000 00
E. & O. E.	S. H. Davis,
	Treasurer.

TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN

Suggestions by mothers who have been kindergarteners. Issued by The United States Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., and The National Kindergarten Association, New York, N. Y.

ARTICLE X

Build Up Virtues and the Faults Will Disappear; Praise Will Do More Good Than a Dozen Scoldings

MRS. ELVIRA HYATT

IT pays to have high ideals for our children, and to respect their individuality. Much can be accomplished by expecting children to be good, and by showing them that we trust them.

We should never call a child "bad," never wound his self-respect. This does not mean that his naughty actions should be "glossed over," but, as one wise educator has expressed it, we should realize that every fault is simply the absence of some virtue and we should try to build up that quality in which the child is deficient rather than condemn him for that which he has not.

Build up the virtues, and the faults will disappear. If a child is selfish, we should dwell on unselfishness; if the child is untidy, on neatness; if slow, on quickness; and we should always remember to praise even the slightest signs of the virtue we are working to cultivate. A child will try to live up to the thing for which he is praised. "How quiet and helpful my little Peggy is today," will do more good than a dozen scoldings about noise and mischief.

Stories can be told to arouse and stimulate high ideals. Stories have a wonderful educational value and almost any lesson can be taught in story form. Tell stories about birds, trees, flowers, animals, great and good men, simple stories of home and family life, stories from history and from the Bible. The eager little minds are ready for anything you wish to give them, and if you are a natural story-teller great indeed is your opportunity. Ideals of right conduct, love of family and sympathy with every living thing can all be given through the right use of stories.

Much has been said and written about pre-natal influence, but volumes more are needed on post-natal influences. One of the first things a baby learns is to "smile back" at his mother, and in all his earliest years the child reflects the attitude of those around him. He imitates the things which he sees and hears, in order to understand them, and "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

A true mother leads a consecrated life. She will always be absolutely truthful and will keep every promise made to her child. She will recognize the good in all things and will never speak ill of any one in her child's presence. She will keep away all thoughts of fear, and will awaken a spirit of loving service toward others and a growing belief in the Power which is within himself, until at last, he grows into a recognition of the universal love and goodness which underlie the whole life.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

HOME

I crave, dear Lord,
No boundless hoard
Of gold and gear,
No jewels fine,
Nor lands, nor kine,
Nor treasure-heaps of anything—
Let but a little hut be mine,
Where at the hearthstone I may hear
The cricket sing,
And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to make,
For my poor sake,
Our simple home a place divine.

James Whitcomb Riley.

WOMAN IN THE HOME

MRS. FLORENCE CLARKE CAMENGA

Paper read in Woman's Hour, Central Association, Verona, N. Y., June 2, 1918

When I was first asked to write this paper, it seemed to me that the subject was one rather the worse for wear. Also it seemed to me that the writer of such a paper should be one who had achieved unusual success as a home-maker, and I do not lay claim to any such distinction. But for the past two years my work of nursing has taken me into various homes, and in that way I think I have seen and heard things which I never should have known in any other way.

Woman in the home has to act in three distinct capacities and I shall consider these three: (1) woman as a wife; (2) woman as a mother; (3) woman as a hostess or entertainer.

WOMAN AS A WIFE

How much the word "wife" means! How the young husband loves to use the precious new name for the chosen woman. How much more it means to the woman than the old familiar given name of Nellie or Polly or Peggy.

Should the man who is choosing a wife have in his mind certain qualifications which his wife should possess? Should the girl who is waiting for her future husband to say to her "Will you?" study herself to see if she is qualified to answer "Yes"?

The "Will you?" and the "Yes" mean so much—so much to others beside the ones particularly concerned.

We have rules to go by. Writers of the Scriptures present ideals. The writers of Proverbs must have known all kinds of women. Let us hear a few of the things he says of the desirable sort:

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." In Titus we are told that the aged women should teach the young ones to love their husbands, to love their children, and to be keepers at home.

I think we women need to look ourselves squarely in the face and ask ourselves, "Do we qualify?" Are we such wives that the hearts of our husbands "safely trust" in us? Do we do them good all the days of our lives, or does it get to be an old story, this always having a husband? Do we keep our best smiles and tidily arranged hair for our callers or for the good man of the house? Our fresh dresses, our words of appreciation, are they for those we meet occasionally, or for our own home folks? Surely I am sorry if there are wives like the one referred to in Proverbs: "It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

If our hands are too full always to have the home in the tidy order that every careful home-maker loves, I am certain none of us can be too busy for the smile or the word that will assure our men folks they "can safely trust" in us, and that means much more to the average man than some people seem to realize.

WOMAN AS A MOTHER

When the "Will you?" has been answered by a "Yes," does the thought of being a mother go with the thought of being a wife? It should, and if we mothers do not train our girls for motherhood, we have no right to expect them to be wives.

I know a mother and daughter who were everything to each other, the mother always thinking first of her daughter, and the daughter always thinking of mother next after her thought for herself. The

daughter, though rather spoiled, was a lovable girl. She grew to womanhood. She had a lover. After a time he asked the all-important question, and she was ready with her "Yes." On the evening of the daughter's marriage, notwithstanding the love they had for each other, the mother said in the hearing of her daughter, "I hope my girl won't have to be tied up to children."

Was that a right frame of mind? Was that right teaching for the young girl who was about to take a husband's name and become a wife?

Sometimes when I have been nursing, there has been a tiny baby whom with its mother I have cared for, and it is easy many times to tell what kind of a woman my patient is, particularly if there are older children in the family.

One dear mother could not seem to lay down her usual cares, even for the few days she must be in bed. She seemed to have decided positively that her husband should not have a burden on his shoulders outside those which came naturally with his chosen calling. She had dedicated him to his work. From her room was sent each day a list of things to be purchased, study place and play hours specified for four lively youngsters, orders that daddy must not be disturbed, and directions concerning many details that some one must look after. She was a quiet-spoken, frail-looking little body, but was really the head of the house at all times. Each night those four little children, the oldest eleven, came with daddy to mother's room, each repeating a verse or two of Scripture, then, after a short prayer by some member of the group, they were off to bed.

In decided contrast was another mother, as bright and attractive a young woman as one could wish to meet. Two little children had she beside the baby. The children were as sweet and lovable as any little ones I have seen anywhere. And their mother loved them, there is no doubt about that, but at times their presence annoyed her almost beyond endurance. On one occasion the mother absolutely refused to kiss the dear four-year-old good night because he had been guilty of some babyish wrongdoing during the afternoon, and the little chap went to bed with his feelings seriously hurt. On another occasion,

when the two of them came to tell what a lot of fun they were having in the leaves outside, mother exclaimed impatiently, "Yes, yes, you've told me that a thousand times already. Go on out and don't come to me again till I send for you." I have wondered sometimes if the time will ever come when that mother will remember and regret her lack of interest and sympathy; if she will long for her children's confidence and sympathy, and still be denied. For this is the mother's attitude at all times, in health as well as in sickness.

If we wish the confidence and sympathy of our grown-up sons and daughters, we must begin and continue that confidence and sympathy all through the years of early childhood. We must keep our grip on them during the growing-up time, for we can not get a grip on them all at once when they may need our help and support. Not much time for silly frivolous talk or idle wasting of time, if our boy when he reaches young manhood is going to know that Solomon meant *his* mother when he said, "My son, . . . forsake not the law of thy mother: bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee, and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee." Is it worth working for?

WOMAN AS A HOSTESS

Do we have guests? Do we enjoy having guests and do those who come to our homes enjoy coming? Long ago I gave up preparing for the expected guest as it seemed I should prepare. We are a large family, as families go nowadays. Four sons and one daughter have we, my mother, my husband and myself and a good portion of the year a man.

This means much work ordinarily, with little time for the frills and furbelows of housekeeping. I have sometimes had my feelings badly hurt when kindly intentioned friends have decidedly told me I had no business to have company, I had my hands full without. But to get ready with my children to go away, was much harder, and who wants to be deprived entirely of social intercourse?

One of our ministers set me thinking along this line, too. He was speaking of the good old times when an individual or a whole family might go a-visiting, spend the

day with neighbors or friends, partake of food, and feel that he was very welcome. It was the custom. But now, he declared it was different. "Why," said he, "I know women who seem to think they must clean house from top to bottom, even to washing garret and cellar windows, before they can have company."

I have thought much about this. Did my friend come to see me or my house? Did I go away for a good dinner or the stimulus that comes from contact with congenial friends? I decided it is the element of personal contact that counts. I came to believe that conditions and food right for my own dear home folks, must also be right for a guest, and guests should be welcome. Remember, the work in our home is done by the members of the home—no maid-servants, or man-servants. Sometimes, it is true. I have been slightly confused when I have taken stock of my provisions. Many times my home has not been in the order I love and admire but can not always attain. But the extra man, the unexpected guest, the friends of the children have always been really welcome if they would be as one of the family, which they have always cheerfully consented to be, and we have enjoyed their being with us.

I know a dear woman whose niece explained what kind of a woman she was when she said, "My aunt is not the best housekeeper I have ever known, but she is a lovely *home-maker*." I have come to feel if there must be a choice, if it is impossible to be both a model housekeeper and a model home-maker, let us be home-makers by all means.

We have always felt we would rather our children should have company than be much away and I have been gratified, and a few times slightly surprised, at the degree to which our children have practiced our teaching. Nothing serious has ever come of it, however, and on the whole I am still a believer in keeping open house.

But a slightly amusing thing did occur just recently. We were having a joint service of our three neighboring churches. It was "triannual meeting," and held with our church. Our three youngest children are boys, the oldest one being eleven. We all went to church. My husband opened the door for me to pass in ahead of him.

Service was just beginning. I went in, expecting my three boys and their father to follow me into the seat as usual. I was a little surprised when I glanced down our seat, to see, instead of three boys and their daddy, six small boys and no husband. Also I noticed the amused expression of the few people I could see, for we were well toward the front of the church.

It was easily explained. My husband had gone to assist in the ushering. There were those three boys and no mother to sit with. My boys knew their friends were welcome in our yard or at our table, why not in our pew? And they were.

After service there was a little good-natured joking among our friends at our expense, inquiries as to "how many more there were," etc., but we did not mind, and when the mother of the other boys told me she enquired for her boys when she reached the church, and learning where they were, said, "I knew that would be all right," I was really glad that they felt at home with me.

West Edmeston, N. Y.

WORKERS' EXCHANGE

Circle No. 3, Milton, Wis.

SECRETARY'S REPORT FOR 1917-1918

Circle No. 3 now has a membership of 54. Four of the resident members have become non-resident members during the year, so that we now have 46 resident and 8 non-resident members. We have gained 2 members and lost 3 during the year, the net loss being 1.

There have been 24 meetings held, with an average attendance of 16. We have had 27 visitors during the year. The work this year has been a little different from that of former years, as Red Cross work has been added to the usual work of making aprons and fancy articles for the sale, piecing comforter tops, etc.

We held our annual sale and cafeteria supper in November. From this sale and supper we cleared over \$100.

We have served two banquets during the year. The Oro banquet in November and the Tournament banquet in March, making well on both. We have enjoyed three social gatherings: one in March, at the church basement, when we entertained our husbands and friends; one in April,

THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER IX

(Continued)

WE are a little late," said Mr. Wells, "they are singing the opening hymn, one of Stennett's popular Sabbath hymns:

'Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.'

Stennett was a Sabbath-keeper in England and wrote many hymns that churches in several denominations use, though they do not know that the author was one of our people."

They entered the church and went to the old pew that Mr. Wells rented. They rented pews in those days as one way to meet church expenses. Sometimes the pews were sold at auction; sometimes appraised by a committee, and families bought whatever they thought they could afford. Some very oversensitive people who did not own a pew would stay away from church, thinking that they were not wanted in the family pew of some others. Then, too, some selfish Christians would frown if a stranger or friend happened to enter their pew. This system was the best they knew then, but gradually they came to see the injury it was doing to sensitive people. So of their church sheds: they were family sheds and if other horses were hitched in them the owners would sometimes feel hurt over it. It takes a long time to educate God's people up to the most unselfish and businesslike methods of managing church affairs.

The choir was up in the gallery in the back part of the church. It used to be at the other end when that was once the back part but elevated only about four steps above the main floor. Edwin Whitford was the chorister and a live one he was in his day. The dear man had every branch of the church at heart and was one of the most progressive men in town. Sometimes it was difficult to raise money for up-to-date things in the church and he was severely blamed for such "extravagance," as they called it, but he never flinched duty and service. He went ahead, and the money was raised, and the church prospered; and years after he was called

in honor of Prof and Mrs. Stringer; and one in June, for Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Burdick. We regret very much to lose Mrs. Stringer and Mrs. Burdick from the circle.

Since last July we have given a birthday tea each month. We have enjoyed them very much in a social way, and each one has added from \$4 to \$5 to the treasury. In July also the circle was divided into two groups, with a captain for each. Each group was given six months in which to raise some money. About \$50 was raised in this way.

Some of our money has been given for local work, some for missionary work and some to the Red Cross for buying yarn. Most of it however has been paid on the Endowment Scholarship note, \$250 having been paid during the year, so that one half of the scholarship has now been paid.

Respectfully submitted,

MAYME CRANDALL,
Secretary.

Milton, Wis.,
July 1, 1918.

Report of Treasurer

Balance on hand July 1, 1917.....	\$ 22 43
Received July 1, 1917-July 1, 1918:	
Dues	77 81
Gifts	6 90
Teas	53 26
Banquets	125 60
Work	1 00
Apron sale	57 73
First Division	25 25
Second Division	28 67
Total	\$398 65

Expenditures, July 1, 1917-July 1, 1918:	
Red Cross	\$ 10 00
Missions	50 00
Work Committee	23 00
Milton College Scholarship	250 00
Flower Committee	4 63
Church Endowment	7 50
Miscellaneous	33 10
Balance on hand July 1, 1918	20 42
Total	\$398 65

TACY INGLIS, Treasurer.

"I think I can truly say that I am never less lonely than sometimes when I am alone and when the choir invisible no longer seems invisible, when it seems to me as though I have only to push open the door and enter into the other room where they are, unseen by me, but not unable to see and minister to me."

blessed by his people. Eunice Tarbell sat at the organ. Twenty-five years of service she gave the church. There sat up near the pulpit the old deacon, George B. Clarke, a strong man in intellect, and his exhortations were like sermons. There was Deacon Babcock, and over there on the side was the faithful clerk, Asa M. West, with his notable bobtail coat. The boys used to laugh at it, but he was a godly man and true and honest as any Quaker that ever lived. It was a worshipful people, used to strong meat as Paul uses the word.

The teacher observed all these things, novelties to her, yet gave serious and reverent attention to the order of worship and the sermon. The usual notices were given and the pastor said:

"Next Sixth-day afternoon will be our next quarterly covenant meeting. I was pleased with our last one, so many from a distance were here. Let us lay aside our work, which will not suffer on account of these religious duties, and spend the two hours in renewing our covenants and testifying for our Lord."

"We have with us today a visitor who especially requests me to preach upon the Sabbath. I had prepared to talk to you on 'Justification by Faith,' but that will keep until after our communion Sabbath. I forgot to say that next Sabbath will be the time for celebrating the Lord's Supper. All our membership in good standing are requested to be present." (Open communion was not much in evidence in that church at that time, though there were a few who, though trying to observe the Sabbath, went to "The Forks" to the Free-will Baptist Church).

"I am glad to respond to this request and I wish you, my brethren, would take more pains to invite your friends and neighbors to our services. 'Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.' I have selected as my text these words: 'Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath' (Mark 2: 28). It is most common to select the fourth commandment or some passage from the Old Testament, but I have some more light on this question from the New Testament. It is not new light, but we often newly discover old light. I am finding the words and example of Jesus and the words and examples of the apostles as most convincing evidence of the continuation and per-

petuity of the law of the Sabbath. And historians are more and more revealing to us this fact in the practices of the early church. The Sunday has already begun to greatly weaken among its advocates, and theories are multiplying as to reasons for its observance. But it ever stands out plain in God's word that the Sabbath is the seventh day of the week. If a man were to come from heathenism converted to Christianity and he had not been informed as to any Sabbath controversy and had no prejudices to sustain, he would never from any passage in the New Testament think of such a thing as Sunday observance as a sacred observance. There has been so much 'Early Fathers' dust thrown into people's eyes, and so many traditions handed down and accepted by God's people without any investigation, that it is the most difficult thing to get men to look at just a few Scripture passages without their applying them to matters entirely foreign to their Biblical meaning. It is our mission to give to the people facts and explanations they have never heard. Men take too much for granted old threadbare statements on this question. Indifference and prejudice keep many in spiritual darkness. The Christian world has got into ruts. Our example and teachings are to awaken them, to lead them to give heed to Christ on these things, not to church tradition. I now invite you to look at the question from the New Testament standpoint and, like the Bereans, 'see if these things be so.'"

At the close of the service the pastor shook hands with the teacher and gave her a tract. "Glad to welcome you here. I trust you did not find me altogether dry today. Come again."

Mr. and Mrs. Wells did not engage in conversation on the way home, feeling that the sermon ought to have a chance to engage the thoughts of their visitor, as indeed it did. "Your pastor has a good voice and manner. He did not seem egotistical or dogmatic," said the teacher. "That much I admire, and I was struck with the worshipful manner of your congregation. But I am just puzzled with some things he said. I tried to put myself in the position of that converted heathen he used for illustration but it was difficult. Why, I have from youth been in many churches, contrary to the custom of Friends, and all

those arguments he mentioned as given for our Sunday, have been asserted without argument or explanation, and I have not questioned them at all—did not think the matter needed any study as it was an accepted thing with us. I confess to a little uneasiness. I must be a Berean if I am honest, and I think I am. When I came to this school I wanted to board with you instead of boarding around the district, but maybe I'd get into trouble on your Sabbath question and be unfitted to think of my school. Anyway I will look a bit into this sometime," said the teacher.

"Is that the way you want me to look into arithmetic when I get puzzled over a problem, teacher?" said Kon.

"You have got me, Kon. Every principle affecting our work or our lives ought to have immediate attention. But this is a big question and can not be settled like arithmetic and algebra. There are too many different textbooks on it," she said.

"But, teacher, all school textbooks agree on the principles of mathematics, but on this Sabbath question there is only one textbook, the Bible. Can't you let that alone settle it? I see no use of buying a barrel full of books written by a dozen conflicting authors. Did not the pastor quote, 'To the law and the testimony'? Did not Jesus say, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life'? If he is the 'truth' he can give us all we need on the Sabbath truth," said young Kon.

"Why, Kon, you will make a preacher. You well-brought-up Sabbatarian boys and girls can 'confound the mighty.' How do you learn so much?" she asked.

"We read the Bible in our home," he replied, "and that is light and knowledge for any one."

"Going to college, Kon?" asked the teacher to turn the subject. "Where will you go? to Hamilton or Madison University?"

"That is not decided yet. Time enough after I go to the academy somewhere, but I suppose papa will want me in a Seventh Day Baptist college," he replied.

"By the way," asked the teacher, "who were those two young men, one small and the other of large frame, who seemed so friendly over in the corner of the church after service? In some respects they resembled each other. They had the appearance of being scholars."

"They are Whitfords. They have been to college and are visiting their old homes. I showed you what we call "the Whitford farm" over across the brook when we were going up on Markum Mountain one day. Oscar Whitford's folks live there and the other man, William Whitford, came from a mile east of Leonardsville. His mother and Oscar's are sisters. Yes, and their fathers are also brothers. That makes them double cousins. They will be heard from one of these days. Smart and religious men. I think William has already commenced preaching and teaching somewhere. Our church is turning out some fine men and women, and many from this region have moved farther west to take up farms and to go into business or professions. I love to see these young men hungry for an education. Teacher, you who have had some experience along these lines and appreciate it, what do you consider the prime object of an education?" asked Walter Wells.

"I fear that the masses are not looking at that as they should," replied the teacher. "If you have observed closely you see that many farmers, and townspeople also, are thinking of an education as a means of getting an easier and better living. They want to get out of society all they can but are not thinking of what they owe to society. The prime object of education ought to be the development of a true moral and social sense in our children. You see the results of isolation in the Indians or savages. They can not make progress while thus alone in tribes. When man co-operates with and helps his fellows there is advancement. The obligation of all the families is to raise robust boys and girls having ethical character based on physiology and the Ten Commandments. In fact, men can not keep the laws of God until they attend to physiological conditions. The foundation of righteousness, especially civic righteousness, is good health. Do not misunderstand me, I am not discounting faith in Jesus Christ. A sick man can be a Christian, but if he waits until he is sick his religion will not be that healthy service God wants. Sickness may come as a discipline, teaching him his past follies and leading him to repentance. But health and the Holy Spirit walk hand in hand for true service. Education is for health of body

and mind and soul. The college that does not recognize this would better lose its charter. Education is for efficiency in service among men. And it is for an unselfish purpose: to make every other man a healthy man of God. The time will come when physicians can not properly treat the sick without first knowing the social and religious conditions under which patients live, because our lives have become so blended with those of others. School must train boys and girls to the higher conceptions of the sacredness of human life. When God said, 'Thou shalt not kill,' he wanted you and me to know that we can commit murder by compelling our children and of others to live in unsanitary conditions. Your cider-drinking, beer-drinking, tobacco-chewing and smoking men are committing murder. They need educating. Owners of factories and mines and tenements are committing murder. 'I am not sure but that one kind of murder is as bad as another, though the popular notion is that an ax or a gun or a knife is the necessary implement to violate that command. Why, Mr. Wells, what men cause to be put in the stomach, liquids or solids, and what men cause to be put into boys' and girls' minds may as wickedly end human life as a minie ball or sword. The object of education is to conserve life, make men unselfish, and cause them to take a far look for eternal service for God and humanity.'

"Say, teacher," said Kon, "I wish when I go to college that you were to be my teacher. You have no business in a little country school."

"That is just where a teacher with these views needs to be. All this about education should begin first in the home and continue prominent in the district school and then still more prominent in college. Stuffing with Greek and Latin and heathen classics and leaving out this fundamental idea is a crime. Why have not educators seen this ages ago? Some have, but others have not. When a boy comes out of college, he ought to be able to be a better farmer and mechanic and better in everything that calls for manual labor, as well as in the professions. Men think that the prime object of education is to be fitted to preach and teach and practice law. Not so! Your ditch-digger needs this education. Your cook in the kitchen needs it. Your stage-

driver needs it. In fact there is not a walk in life in which it is not needed. If all the boys and girls of this generation had it you would have better potatoes and better wheat and better beans, and you would have better sheep and wool and better cotton and better pigs and cows and hens; and greatest of all and above all, better men and homes. Yes, I am a crank. One of your neighbors said that last week when she heard what I was trying to tell the scholars," said the teacher.

"Do you hear all this, Kon? This is what your grandfather has preached all these years as far as he knew and is what he is dreaming that you will know far better after you have been in college, as he dreamed you would be, for years before you or I were born. Think of that, teacher! My father has been fifty years in advance of his neighbors and has planned Kon's education along these lines of race betterment. What you have said here is worth a term in school to any boy. I thank you."

And so the days passed. Years later, Kon still remembered this school-teacher, —who spent her days in the little district schoolhouse when she could have been in some college a successful teacher and with a good salary there as one with a mission. She was using her education with its prime object in view. Many were the secret prayers of that grandfather and father that Kon would have the same exalted view of life.

(To be continued)

DEAR NATIVE LAND

Dear native land, where in the years now gone
Our fathers fought for liberty and won;
Land where all men alike are glad and free,
Where are no castes of high or low degree;
Where every man can have his bit of earth,
Nor be ashamed because of humble birth,
Where aristocracy's a thing unknown,
Nor king nor emperor sits on a throne.
Oh, how we love thee in our inmost heart!
How glad each one of us to do his part!
So, in the days and years that lie before,
May our dear country prosper more and more,
Till all the world confess America to be
The land of plenty, peace and liberty;
Columbia, the fairest of the fair,
The object of our love beyond compare;
"Where the star-spangled banner forever shall
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave."

—Oscar Kuhns, in *Christian Advocate*.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

AMBITIONS FOR CHRIST

MARY DAVIS

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
August 3, 1918

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Effort to rise (Luke 13: 23-30)
Monday—To win the prize (1 Cor. 9: 24-27)
Tuesday—Wrong ambitions (Matt. 20: 20-28)
Wednesday—Ambitious to serve (Isa. 6: 1-8)
Thursday—Ambitious to build (2 Sam. 7: 1-17)
Friday—Ambitious to know God (Ps. 27: 1-14)
Sabbath Day—Topic, All for Christ. 2. Our ambitions (Phil. 3: 4-11) (Consecration meeting)

The topic for this week is the second in the series, "All for Christ." The first was "Our Abilities," and the second is "Our Ambitions." It seems to me there is a good connection between the two, for what abilities would we have to offer Christ, if we had no ambition to serve.

Oftentimes when we say a man is ambitious we mean that he has an inordinate desire for power and gain. But this is by no means the entire meaning of ambitions. Our ambitions and aims can be for higher things, to please God and make our lives count for something in his service.

In the army a commander often calls for volunteers for some extra duty and nearly every man will stand out, eager to serve in this special way. We are all soldiers for Christ and we should be just as eager, when our chance comes, to say, "Here am I; send me."

We are told often in the Bible that the path to heaven is straight and very narrow, and only those who strive hard will be able to follow it to the end. We will need to exert every energy, and act wisely if we would win the prize at the end of the road. In 1 Corinthians 9: 24-27 Paul says that while many run in a race, only one can receive a prize, although all try for it. He also says that all who strive for a mastery are "temperate in all things." And he urges us to be temperate that we may have wisdom in our efforts and be able to win.

A great ambition for power will often lead one too far. When the mother of James and John, sons of Zebedee, came to

Christ asking for positions of honor in the kingdom for her sons, she had apparently lost sight of one of Christ's teachings, that men should not seek personal greatness and advancement. Here on earth one man may have more power and authority than another, but in heaven it is not so. Those who humble themselves before their brethren will be raised up, but the others who seek to be lifted up, will on the other hand be brought down. Christ, to whom so much honor is given in the kingdom, came down from heaven to serve in any way those much lower than he.

One of our highest ambitions should be to know God and to understand what he asks of us. Only with this knowledge can we serve him faithfully and as he would wish. Knowing him in this way also strengthens and encourages us, until we can meet and overcome our temptations much more easily.

One of the greatest privileges that comes from a close friendship with Christ is the blessing of prayer and communion with him. When we are troubled over what we should do, we can always go to him for guidance, and we never go away without his blessing. What a wonderful Christ we have, and how sufficient for every need! Let us make it our chief ambition to serve him.

TO THINK ABOUT

What is your greatest aim in life?

Why should Christ be consulted about our aims?

Why should spiritual ambitions be supreme?

MINUTES OF THE FOURTH QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND

The fourth quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund was held in the parlors of the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., Sunday, July 14, 1918. There were present: William M. Stillman, Joseph A. Hubbard, Clarence W. Spicer, Frank J. Hubbard, William C. Hubbard, and Accountant Asa F. Randolph. Vice-President William M. Stillman presided.

The minutes of the April 14th meeting were read. Correspondence was read from Rev. S. R. Wheeler, Rev. Madison Harry,

Rev. J. Franklin Browne; and Mrs. Martha H. Wardner *re* properties on Harrison Street, Chicago, the income of which goes to Eva Wardner; this matter was referred to the Finance Committee. It was voted that the Treasurer be instructed to remit to Mrs. Wardner the income, July and January of each year, on \$3,297.01 at the rate of 6 per cent per annum.

The Finance Committee made their usual written and signed report—showing changes in securities during the past quarter—which was approved and placed on file.

The Treasurer's Fourth Quarterly and Annual reports were read and having been duly audited were by vote adopted and placed on file, the Annual Report to be printed and sent to Conference for distribution.

The Secretary's Annual Report was adopted and ordered printed with the Treasurer's report, as above.

FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

To the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference, assembled at Nortonville, Kan.

GREETING—Your Board of Trustees submit herewith a full, detailed report of their financial transactions as set out by the Treasurer, together with a complete list of securities, with descriptive information of each. The Treasurer's report has been carefully audited and fully approved. You are respectfully referred to the attached report for full information concerning the securities, income and expenditures for the year.

Total endowment funds in the hands of the Treasurer now, as of May 31, 1918, amount to \$530,235.85, an increase since the last Annual Report of \$4058.49.

It may be of interest to know that the Treasurer, Mr. Joseph A. Hubbard, completes his forty-first year as a Trustee of this Fund, over half of which time he has served as Treasurer and a member of the Finance Committee.

The terms of Trustees William M. Stillman and Orra S. Rogers, of Plainfield, N. J., and Holly W. Maxson, of West New York, N. J., expire this year.

The other Trustees are: Henry M. Maxson, President; Joseph A. Hubbard, Treasurer; William C. Hubbard, Secretary; Clarence W. Spicer, Edwin E. Whitford and Frank J. Hubbard.

The Act of Incorporation, By-Laws and blank form of bequest follow the report.

Respectfully submitted on behalf of the Board, and approved by them this 14th day of July, nineteen hundred and eighteen.

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD,
Secretary.

The various discretionary funds were reported upon vote of the Board divided as follows:

The George H. Babcock Fund of \$786.38,—\$150.00 to the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society for the Alfred Theological Seminary; the balance, \$636.38, to Salem College.

The Henry W. Stillman Fund of \$499.05,—\$400.00 to Milton College, the balance, \$99.05, to the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society.

The Delos C. Burdick Fund of \$535.13,—\$267.56 to the American Sabbath Tract Society, \$267.56 to the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society.

The Treasurer was instructed to have 100 copies of the Annual Reports of the Treasurer and Secretary printed and sent to Conference at Nortonville, Kan., to be distributed among the delegates.

Upon request of Clayton A. Coon, Executor of the Estate of Ellis J. Dunn, Mortgage No. 61, for \$2,050. was assigned to Clayton A. Coon and Luella C. Worden on payment of same, and the proper officers directed to execute proper transfer.

A list of delinquents in interest was read and plans for collecting same approved.

The minutes were read and approved, and the Board adjourned.

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD,
Secretary.

ADDITIONAL DISBURSEMENTS

Alfred University	\$3863 73
Milton College	2150 08
Salem College	150 97
American Sabbath Tract Society	1016 06
Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society	191 36
Seventh Day Baptist Education Society	61 76

WHERE LINCOLN STOOD

If Lincoln stood where Wilson stands
And stretching out his gnarled hands
He asked us to uphold the State,
Is there a man among us all
Who would not hasten to the call
And pledge his faith and fate

Well, Wilson stands where Lincoln stood,
His aim is just, his cause is good,
And who may stand if he shall fall?
Grant him our full-powered strength to win;
Stand fast! stand fast! through thick and thin,
For him; for us! for ALL!

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

Nothing else but character survives, and character is Christ formed.—Bishop Huntington.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

MY NEIGHBOR

MARY ANDREWS

My new neighbor is busy building his house,
He begins every morn ere 'tis light,
And works at his task all the happy spring day,
Till the gathering shadows of night.

He wears a blue suit trimmed with black and
with white,
Which is beautiful, useful and neat,
As he carries material day after day
For the house which is still incomplete.

He has an assistant, adviser and friend,
Who is always at hand while he works,
Who helps put together the building each day,
And who never is careless nor shirks.

They talk of their plans as they work day by
day,
And I hear them from dawn until night,
As they talk of their building, their hopes and
their joys,
While they labor and work with their might.

My window looks out on their house so close by,
And I watch as they skilfully form
Their dwelling so cozy, so safe, so secure,
That 'twill weather the gale and the storm.

His *bride* is his helper, so loving and true;
They are both far too busy for play.
Though he works like a beaver to finish his
house,
He is known by the name of Blue Jay.
Farina, Ill.

THE OTHER BETTY

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

IT was a beautiful day, clear and cold and still, and the bracing air brought a tinge of color to Betty Ralston's cheeks as she drew in long deep breaths of it before seating herself in the shining new runabout waiting for her at the brick house gate.

"Oh, but life is surely worth living on a morning like this!" she said, as she finally sank back among the cushions the owner of the car had been carefully arranging for her comfort. "And it's perfectly splendid to have a friend like you, Mrs. Starburd. But I'm afraid you are doing far more than you ought to do, and you'll never, never get your pay if you live to be a hundred years old."

"I shall be amply paid, my dear, if you will only grow well and strong. And you do look better this morning. The doctor said he would have to send you a new kind of tonic, but I shall tell him that my prescriptions are worth more than his, and it's high time he was looking out for his laurels."

"You will have to go into partnership with Dr. Starburd, I guess," laughed Betty, as the car glided quietly down the street. "He can furnish the medicine and the advice, and then, when his patients begin to grow crochety and cross and impatient, and don't know how to live with themselves, to say nothing about living with any one else, you can take them out in your car and drive every bit of snappishness away. Why, I was as cross as a bear yesterday and now behold me!"

Mrs. Starburd looked around and smiled. "The doctor and I have been partners for nearly twenty years," she said, "and I have several errands to do for him this morning, else you might not have had your ride. First, we are going out to the Billings farm, and you may have to wait for me quite a while there. I have a new kind of food for the baby, and I want to show his mother just how to prepare it. I would take you in with me only Master Reginald is inclined to cry a good deal, and he might make you nervous. You won't mind waiting?"

"Indeed, I won't. I am so well bundled up in all these furs and blankets that I couldn't possibly be cold, so you needn't hurry at all on my account. It's a lovely day to be outdoors."

Fifteen minutes after leaving the brick house Mrs. Starburd stopped the runabout in the sunniest spot in the road in front of the Billings place.

"I'll be as quick as I can, but you mustn't worry if I'm gone half an hour," she said, as she drew the blankets close around Betty. "Do you want something to read?"

"Why, I have something, though I had forgotten all about it. Isobel Clayton's letter came while I was getting ready, and I didn't have time to read it then so I put it in my coat pocket. That will keep me quite busy till you come back, for it's a nice fat one this time, and Isobel's letters always give me plenty to think about. So

don't you worry one bit about me, I am perfectly comfortable.

So Mrs. Starburd, with a final glance at the occupant of the little car, hurried away to prepare the newest Billings baby's new food, while Betty leaned back in her seat and looked around her. There was little to see, however. No one seemed to be stirring about the Billings place, and the little brown house in the farther end of the yard looked lonelier and more deserted than ever, though she remembered hearing Dr. Starburd say only the other night that the Billings family had some new neighbors.

"They must be very still neighbors," Betty thought, as she listened for the least sign of life around the little brown house. "There ought to be children, or dogs or cats, surely there ought to be something alive here to look at. Well, I suppose as long as there isn't I might as well read Isobel's letter, though every time I hear from her I am more homesick than ever for Florida and Aunt Anna and Uncle Bert and all the good times I am missing. Isobel does make things so real—I can almost see every thing she writes about—all the the gay little frolics of which she is the bright and shining center. Somehow it doesn't seem quite fair that Isobel should be there, well and strong and happy, enjoying every minute of every warm, sunshiny day, with the prospect of going to California next year and Honolulu the year after, while her dearest cousin, as she says, has to spend weeks and months in an old brick house in a dull little town, somewhere in Rhode Island, with nothing to do but eat and sleep and think—with no prospect of ever going anywhere at all."

To Betty the thinking part was the worst part of all, for one couldn't help thinking. And the sudden illness, coming almost at the hour of starting for Florida in acceptance of Aunt Anna's invitation to spend the winter in Daytona, had dragged on and on until now months had passed and still she was far from being strong. And there were so many hours in which to think. No, it didn't seem quite fair. And the worried little frown that had vanished from Betty's white forehead when she had stood by the shining new runabout, taking in long, deep breaths of the bracing air, suddenly showed signs of returning.

"No, I can't read you now," she said, as

she pushed the letter far down in the pocket of her blue coat. "Some other time I may be able to do it without feeling so dreadfully, wickedly selfish, but not just now. I'm afraid this is going to be one of the blue days Dr. Starburd says I mustn't have."

As Betty raised herself up to push the letter far down in her pocket one of the pillows with which she had been almost surrounded slipped to the floor, and, before she could reach for it, it had fallen to the ground. At the same time the front door of the little brown house suddenly opened and a slip of a girl in a long brown coat, with a brown scarf of the same shade tied around her neck, came hurrying out.

"I'll get it," she called, stopping only long enough to close the door. "I saw it when it fell, and I was coming out anyway. You'd get all unwrapped if you reached for it, and you might catch cold. I don't guess you are very well, are you?"

By this time the pillow was back in its place and Betty was leaning against it once more. "No, I am not very well," she replied, as she smiled down upon the eager face uplifted to her own.

"I thought not, you're so white. But you're just about as big as our Betty, I reckon, only maybe she's older. Would you like me to stay and tell you about her? I can just as well as not till David wakes up, then we're going after red berries and laurel to decorate the house with. Our Betty's going to be married at six o'clock tonight. I think red and green look real nice together, don't you?"

"Indeed, I do," Betty replied quickly, lest the one-sided conversation should continue with such swiftness that she would have no opportunity to ask her visitor to sit down. "And, of course, I want you to stay. You can sit here with me till Mrs. Starburd comes out. There, pull one of those blankets around you. Are you warm enough?"

"Oh, yes, I don't mind the cold. We've got a lovely fire in the sitting room. Isn't it a nice day for a wedding? Our Betty's real name is Bettina Otterman and mine is Deborah Mary. Then there's mother and Nellie and George and David and Sam—Sam's fourteen and works in Bradford. Betty works, too, but she and mother have gone to town shopping and won't be back

till four o'clock. There were so many things to buy, and everything costs so much—sheets and pillow cases and everything. I wish Betty could have a new white dress, but her old one isn't so very bad since mother washed it and ironed it and mended it. The mended place doesn't show at all, and mother says what you can't see won't hurt you. We're going to have cake and candy and coffee. I wish a good fairy, would send us some ice cream, but I don't know—sometimes I believe in fairies and sometimes I don't.

"We've got two little pink geraniums to put on the table, and maybe Frank—that's the man Betty's going to marry—will send her some roses. I've been looking for them all day. But there, David's crying and I guess I'll have to go. Nellie and George have gone already. We're all going to stop at Mrs. Burton's for dinner, so we won't be home to decorate till two o'clock. I guess we'll have to hurry some then. I hope you'll be better."

"Thank you, I'm sure I shall. And I hope your Betty will have a lovely wedding."

Betty could say no more, for Deborah Mary was already hop-skipping across the lawn, stopping only to wave a red mittened hand at the occupant of the new runabout just as Mrs. Starburd came hurrying out of the Billings house.

"You have had company I see," she said, climbing in beside Betty. "Perhaps you have heard about the wedding. Mrs. Billings tells me that the oldest daughter is to be married tonight."

"Yes, I have heard all about it from Deborah Mary. She is the queerest little piece of humanity I ever met, but I know I should like her. She would be good for the blues."

For a few minutes Mrs. Starburd and Betty were both silent. Then the car stopped again, this time only for a short call, and Betty was left alone with her thoughts.

But she was not lonely, for Deborah Mary had given her something new to think about—a wedding and a little brown house, which was to be decorated only with red berries and laurel, supplemented by two tiny pink geraniums on the dining room table. And the bride, another Betty, was to wear an old white dress, carefully

washed and ironed and mended, but still old.

Oh, the shame of it. And, oh, the shame of her own selfishness. Here she, Betty Ralston, had been brooding over things she couldn't help, and fussing and fretting because she felt that she was the most abused person in the whole wide world, never once thinking that there might be other girls, perhaps other Bettys, who had far less to make them happy than she had. Oh, if she were only well and strong, how she would fly home to the little brick house this minute and see what could be done for that other Betty. It would take tact and thought and love, but surely even now, there must be something she could do.

Suddenly Betty thought of the trunk hidden away in the clothes press in her room. Far down in the bottom of it were several things that had never been unpacked. They were just as mother had left them that day, months ago, when she had expected to take the afternoon train for New York. There was a dainty little dress of softest white voile that she had embroidered herself. Yes, and there was a pair of white slippers that were to be worn with it. Deborah Mary had seemed to think that she and the other Betty were the same size, perhaps the slippers would fit. Then there was a beautiful white fan, the gift of a dear friend of mother's. It might not be needed now, but it would be a gift and it would come in handy some time. And back there on the library table in the living room was a great bunch of pink and white carnations that had come from Uncle Dick only a few hours before, and they would brighten the little brown house immensely. Surely this other Betty would let her share these things with her, though she would never know who sent them. She would be Deborah Mary's good fairy, only some one would have to help her play the part.

"Now where shall we go, Betty?" Mrs. Starburd asked when she returned to the car the second time. I find two of my errands unnecessary so we will go just where you say. Shall it be cityward or countryward?"

Here was Betty's opportunity. It would take only a few minutes to make the run out to the brick house, secure the gifts intended for the other Betty, and hurry back

to the little brown house while Deborah Mary was away. If Deborah Mary would only forget to lock the door or would leave a window unfastened somewhere, everything would be all right.

"Of course we can do it," Mrs. Starburd replied, when Betty had revealed her plan. "Only you must let me do one thing more. Deborah Mary must have her ice cream, and I will make it myself this noon and send it out by some one tonight. I will run the car closer to the brown house so Mrs. Billings won't see us, and you won't have far to walk. But you mustn't get overtired, Betty. The doctor will never forgive me if I do anything to cause you even one minute's unnecessary suffering. Are you quite sure you are equal to this?"

"Quite sure, Mrs. Starburd. I am much better, thanks to you and the doctor and Deborah Mary. Now shall we hurry a little faster?"

At ten minutes past four that afternoon Deborah Mary opened the door of the little brown house to a tired mother and older sister.

"Oh, Betty, look here, and here, and here!" she exclaimed, pointing first to one object and then another. "The wonderful thing has happened, and all my dreams for you have come true. Betty, look quick! Why, Betty, you're crying, and there isn't a thing to cry about."

Betty Otterman's face was half buried in the beautiful pink and white blossoms, but in spite of her efforts to conceal them, Deborah Mary had discovered the tears that had suddenly filled her eyes.

"Oh, the dress, the lovely little dress!" she faltered, as Deborah Mary laid something soft and white in her lap. "Oh, Deborah Mary, where did all these things come from?"

"From another Betty, it said on the card. But I don't know any other Bettys, do you?"

"Not a one, dear, but oh, the darling other Betty, wherever she is, I love her."

"So do I," laughed Deborah Mary, as she tried to put a tiny white slipper on her own plump foot.—*Kind Words.*

As one result of Georgia's prohibition law Pelham, a town of 2,000 people, advertises its jail for rent.—*National Advocate.*

MAN

REV. WILLIAM D. TICKNER

Read at the Semiannual Meeting, New Auburn, Minn., June 22, 1918

It is unnecessary to waste words in the attempt to prove that man exists; we all know it. But we do not all know his origin or destiny, and, without fear of contradiction, I will venture the assertion that *no one* fully understands man as he exists today.

Of all mysteries man is, to himself, one of the greatest. He comes out of the shadow and departs in darkness. The term of his sojourn is unknown, even to himself. He comes without his consent, and when he departs, it is by reason of inexorable law not of his own making. Even while he remains, he is not the arbiter of his own career. His environments are often those not of his own choosing.

He plans for this or that, but often the results are entirely unexpected. His life is filled with joy and sorrow, hope and despair, hardship and ease. Disappointment is in evidence so frequently that it might, in the lives of many, be called the rule rather than the exception. He brought nothing into the world and the apostle Paul says that he certainly can carry nothing out. All things of a material nature must be left behind, for "man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

But why ask that question, as though he whom we see borne to the silent tomb is *not the man*? There can be no question as to where the body lies. That mysterious something that erstwhile vivified the physical frame and caused it to be a man, gives no evidence of its presence. Where has it gone? What is it? That it exists is not so much a question as what it is. Its presence is recognized but it has never been seen. It defies analysis and is not perceived by the physical senses. It brooks no restraint, and rules the physical frame as with a rod of iron.

As results can never exceed the causes that produce them, it is evident that this intangible, incomprehensible, invisible something is not the offspring of physical agencies; for, instead of being subservient to the physical, the physical is made its obedient servant. It wills and the body endures hunger, thirst, weariness, in order

that the imperial mandates of this something be obeyed. It wills and the body toils from morn till night. It wills and weary man lies down to rest, to be again roused and sent forth to do the bidding of this tyrannical master. In accord with its behests, vast enterprises are inaugurated, and by its imperial will they sink into oblivion. It wills and nations rise and fall, the treasures of earth are gathered for use or pleasure, the winds are harnessed and the lightning chained and made subservient. Yet for all this, man cometh forth as a shadow and continueth not. Creature of time! what advantageth then his life? Has it been in vain?

Certainly his works do follow him. The desert has been made to blossom as the rose. The spacious expanse of the skies has been searched and in some measure its secrets have been revealed; the ocean depths have been sounded, and deep into the earth itself man has gone in search of treasures. Thus the generations following are enriched by the achievements of those who have lived before them. But what has *he* gained, who, having acquired wisdom, riches, and honor, has closed his eyes to all things earthly? Has he carried anything with him? If not, then this life has been spent in vain. All the toil, all the weariness, all the sorrows and joys have been for naught.

Is man the creature of innate law operating upon physical matter? Does he come into existence merely because these laws can not do otherwise than create him? Does he go, as he came, through the operation of those peculiar forces of nature but dimly apprehended by us?

As we contemplate these things we exclaim, as did one of old, "If a man die, will he live again?"

Ask the scientist this question and he will tell you that nothing is destroyed, that changes occur constantly, and that which is, will ever be. The identity of any organism may and continually does merge into other forms of matter, but the same particles of matter forever endure.

Cold comfort this! No solace here for all the weariness, privations and discouragements which man is called upon to share. Destroy our identity, and it matters not what becomes of the elements.

Science can go no farther. It can not lift

the veil and disclose to us what we really wish to know. If I die, shall I live again? When the transformation is complete, shall I be myself or another? This is the all-absorbing theme, and science fails to answer. Science deals only with the physical man, and takes no cognizance of that intangible, incomprehensible something which we have seen is superior to the physical and rules with unrivaled despotism. Science teaches truly concerning that which comes within its purview, but can not transcend the limits of materiality.

Ask the philosopher, "When this body of mine lies in the cold embrace of death, shall I live again? Shall I be myself? Through all the physical changes does anything escape the law of transformation?"

The philosopher will tell you that if man in his entirety be the result of innate law operating in self-existent matter, then he is the creature not of time but of eternity. If the number of gradations from the original ion to the perfect man be finite, then all possible transformations and accessions must have been wrought out in the eternal past. No possible change can take place in time. On the other hand, if the number of such gradations be infinite, it follows as a necessity that man is always becoming and never has become and never will become. Any other conclusion would be to acknowledge that eternity is limited both as to time and opportunity.

Man is therefore a creature of time, a created being, created in accord with laws inherent not in the material from which he was formed, but inherent in the Creator who formed him. Into this material body there must have been introduced some principle, some essential element not inherent in physical matter, not capable of being detected by scientific research.

This mysterious, invisible something, once introduced into the material body, gives life to the man. Whence it comes or what is its nature, philosophy has never been able to tell. Its existence has been recognized, but, as it is in no sense earthy, it must of necessity be untrammelled by the laws governing physical matter. When, through the operation of law, this exotic force is withdrawn, the physical body returns to the dust from which it was taken.

Further than this, philosophy can give us no aid. It is powerless to lift the veil at

either end of man's existence. It utterly fails to tell us the one thing which we seek to know. True, it gives us some hope that that which gives life to the material by its entrance will not in any way be affected adversely by its withdrawal from its association with the physical. Thus far and no farther can philosophy aid us.

Is philosophy devoid of results because of life itself? By no means. It has served its purpose and served it well. It has pointed out the existence of this life force as something distinct from material, physical matter, even though it is unable to explain either its existence or its peculiar manifestations. It has shown that it was introduced *into* matter by a Creator through and by means of laws inherent in the Creator himself.

Common sense would suggest that if we would know more of these wonders, we must inquire of Him who knows all about it.

We therefore turn to the Bible. It is not my purpose to argue concerning the divine origin of this book. It has challenged the world for centuries and continues a standing challenge. No one has yet been able to dethrone it. It stands today just as firm as ever. It has not retracted one iota from the claim made by the apostle Paul when he said, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." This claim has never been disproved and after the lapse of more than eighteen hundred years, during which efforts innumerable have been made to discredit its teachings and to rid the world of its presence, it still survives and is today the mightiest force in the world. We have, therefore, no hesitation in turning to the records of this book to learn more concerning the real man, the ego, than all philosophy or science can teach.

Science can tell us much concerning the physical frame, but is utterly impotent when called upon to explain the secret of life. Of this it can tell us nothing, absolutely nothing. Philosophy points with unerring aim to the source whence knowledge can be obtained, and so, following

the direction indicated by philosophy, we turn to the opening chapters of the Bible and read, "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them" (Gen. 1: 27). "And God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul" (Gen. 2: 7).

Most noble by origin is man. He combines the lowliness of the clod beneath his feet and the loftiness of Divinity. The body, formed of the common earthly material, was a man in form only. It had no power to breathe or move. It waited the life-giving breath from the only source whence all life comes, to make the perfect man. The body, inanimate, subject to all laws governing earthly matter, was to be made the habitation of a vital force which was not of earth, but heaven-born. This life principle was not dependent upon its tangible earthly habitation for its existence. It existed before its entrance into the lifeless clay and caused the nerves to thrill, the pulse to beat, the brain to think. To this agree the words of Christ: "Fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul." Here, then, we have the most positive evidence that the body and soul are not held in indissoluble union.

It is this soul that, as we have seen, wills and controls the physical frame. It is of this soul that we read, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" and, again, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." This soul, then, is that which becomes enriched or impoverished by our thoughts, by the manner of life which we live. Earthly wealth is of no value to the soul, but the true riches is "godliness," which is "profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

He, therefore who rightly estimates the object of life, and pursues eagerly the quest for enduring wealth, does not go as he came, but his soul, enriched beyond all power of language to express, welcomes the summons that heralds his release from the trammels of time and sense, and joyfully hears the voice of his Creator saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

LITTLE GENESEE, N. Y.

A few words from the Bethel Class

DEAR FRIENDS:

Some time ago I was asked by the class to write monthly letters to the RECORDER, but I think we will have to step some in order for me to collect enough interesting items for a letter each month.

We have held several class meetings since you have heard from us and the members are very enthusiastic over the class work.

Two more young men from our class have joined in the service for their country, Professor Ferris Whitford in the Y. M. C. A. Work, and Lucian Burdick in the Infantry. Mr. Whitford is president of our class and will be greatly missed by all, as he has made an efficient president. The members of the class are giving a "bon voyage" in his honor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Burdick.

We, along with all the other organized classes of the Sabbath school, were royally entertained at the Community Hall a few weeks ago by the Mizpah class. This class is of mixed young people from fourteen to twenty years. The hall was beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers and flags of all the allied nations. Music and tableaux were given, after which lunch was served. The young people deserve much credit.

Ours was one of the classes that helped out on the church debt by giving \$10.00.

This is rather a short letter but we hope to do more before the next letter.

Very sincerely,

MILDRED FAIRBANK,
Secretary.

Lesson V, August 3, 1918

GROWING STRONGER. Luke 2: 42-52; 2 Pet. 1: 5-8

Golden Text.—"The path of the righteous is as the dawning light, That shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Prov. 4: 18.

DAILY READINGS

July 28—Luke 2: 42-52. Growing Stronger.
July 29—2 Pet. 1: 1-8. How to be Fruitful

July 30—Eph. 6: 10-20. The Whole Armor of God

July 31—Col. 1: 3-11. Bearing Fruit and Increasing

Aug. 1—Isa. 40: 25-31. Renewing our Strength

Aug. 2—Eph. 3: 14-21. Strengthened in the Inner Man

Aug. 3—Phil. 4: 10-16. Power through Christ

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT PLATTS

Monday, June 3, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER:

No doubt you have wondered why you have not heard from me so very lately; and the reason is this: we have been so everlastingly on the move since we left the old area that there has been no time for anything much but to be ready and packed to move at a moment's notice; for example, we left a town one night at 12 o'clock, marched and entrained at 2 a. m., rode till 10.30 and then detrained for a ten-mile hike over the dusty roads. One can't sleep on the trains because we always have about seven officers in a compartment and no one can lie down, so it's hard moving. Here is a song we often sing:—

"Oh, it's not the pack that you carry on your back,
Nor the Springfield on your shoulder,
Nor the five-inch crust of sunny France's dust
That makes you think your legs are growing older,
And it's not the hike on the hard turnpike,
That drives away your smile,
Nor the socks from sister that raise the blooming blister,
It's the last long mile."

and believe me, that is the truth. Sometimes it's hard business to "make the grade" on that last long mile. However, it looks now as though I will not have to hike any more for awhile because I am now transferred by a divisional order to Field Hospital No. 1 in the same division and the A. P. O. 710 remains just the same. You can put on F. H. 1 if you want to. The field hospital is motorized so we have trucks, a motorcycle with side car, and a touring car, so we move always overland. I have not yet been with them a week as the last move was made two days ago. We were gotten out of bed at 3 a. m., loaded the trucks and started at 4, stopped along the road at 1.30 p. m. and had hard-tack and a can of salmon, kept on going till about 1 a. m. the next day, having stopped for more hard-

tack and canned meat. About 8 o'clock we were in a deserted French town just evacuated that day, and each man found a place for himself to sleep. So we slept from 2 to 7 a. m. Then on the trucks and off again, arriving at the town we now occupy about 11.30 a. m. You can't guess what we had for breakfast that day—cold canned Lima beans, Karo syrup and coffee. Some meal that!

I have never seen sadder sights than on this last trip. The refugees fleeing along the roads away from the Huns and mostly all walking. Old women and men carrying in their hands whatever they valued most. Sometimes a cart drawn by an old mule or a horse with all sorts of things on it and often a sort of cage hung under the cart with two or three chickens and a rabbit or two.

I saw two barges floating down a canal just loaded with refugees. The expression on their faces was something awful and never to be forgotten. I do not suppose we can ever know what it is to leave everything we have, including our home, and go.

Everywhere we went they cheered us (our whole division on trucks), for Les Americaines were coming to the rescue. In the town where we stayed from 2 to 7 a. m. I found back of the house where I slept some chicks penned up and rabbits in several places and a dog in another place, all of which I let out to forage for themselves. In this place where we now are we found everything just exactly as though they had left at a moment's notice, food on the table, food on the stove half-cooked, things around in the rooms just the way they were when the people walked out. There are three very old men and one old lady who were either too old or else simply preferred to stay here and take their chances rather than to leave their all. One old man said this was his home and they could kill him if they wanted to but he would stay here just the same. Another old fellow has several cows and said he couldn't milk them and asked us to do it. So we had plenty of milk, but this a. m. the French authorities came and drove off the stock because the army must be fed.

We have our hospital all arranged in an old church and a schoolhouse right next to it and are ready for business, but all the time we are hoping we won't get any. Of

one thing we feel pretty sure and that is that now that our men are in line it will make a difference; and the French think so, too. One French officer told me this, "The Americans don't know how to retreat, they just know how to fight."

It looks as though the Kaiser is making one last big try at it and as sure as anything he is going to be stopped.

I hope things back home are well with all of you. No doubt by this time every one knows that there is really something going on over here. From all we can learn it looks as though the folks back home are paying attention to nothing but licking the Kaiser.

I want to be remembered to everybody in Milton that you think would care for it. I can't write to all who have so kindly written to me. So please give them my very best regards and explain the situation. We have to be ready to go either forward or back on a moment's notice and it is not like sitting down in a place for any length of time; so it's hard to find the time to write letters. I get the Journals and Reviews every once in a while. Keep them coming. Am feeling fine and am perfectly well.

Take it easy.

With love,

ARTHUR.

LEWIS A. PLATTS,

1st Lt. D. C., U. S. R.

A. E. F., A. P. O. 710.

—Milton Journal-Telephone.

ATTENTION

I have been asked to take general charge of the department of "Exhibits" at the coming General Conference at Nortonville. The various boards and societies concerned have been requested to prepare their exhibits. In due time, doubtless the Sabbath schools, Christian Endeavor societies, etc., will be called upon by the various boards to cooperate. But don't wait for any official notice. But one month remains. Let every interested organization get busy.

The basement of the Nortonville church has been assigned us for our exhibit room. All exhibits should be sent direct to Nortonville. While I shall endeavor to personally supervise the placing of the exhibits and to exercise general supervision of the room, it will be well for each board, or organization, to have some one to have personal charge of its exhibits.

A. L. Davis.

North Loup, Neb.,
July 16, 1918.

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

LOVE

REV. GEORGE W. HILLS

"Love never faileth." I Corinthians 1: 8.

Humanity's best efforts and most worthy achievements are often marred by mistakes and failures. But "Love never faileth."

"Love is of God." It is eternal and indestructible. It is an attribute of God. By that attribute we know him best. It is the mighty force by which he reaches down to our hearts and soothes their anxieties and sufferings, and supplies their deepest needs. By it he inspires the struggling, trusting soul to its highest and best endeavor; enlarging and purifying the life, making it more like his own—life of love and sympathy.

A loveless life is a barren desert, a desolate, uncanny, Godless, hopeless wilderness, in a starless night. God can not stay in such a place. He abides only where love dwells.

By the touch of love, God draws souls to himself. This he does only when the soul repents and forsakes its sins, and receives his forgiveness and mercy, and, at the foot of the cross, reaches up to him and accepts his love that expressed itself on Calvary in atoning sacrifice. Then the divine and human love are mingled, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and become one. That is the "new birth." It is the way God makes Christians. His way is the only way. The God-man, Jesus the Christ, told Nicodemus he must be born anew (John 3: 3).

Love is the greatest force of which humanity has any knowledge. Divine love reveals, and human love recognizes, the exceeding great value and sacredness of human life, as shown in the redemption price that was paid for it on the cross. "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price" (1 Cor. 6: 20; 7: 23).

Humanity seriously lacks love. It is far too much like water, seeking lower levels along channels of least resistance. Selfishness leads downward to the lower levels. Love leads upward to the bright uplands of

divine sunshines and smiles. Selfishness dominates the world today, in all its lines of activity. That fact accounts for its wars and discords.

The Christian whose heart is full of love to God and man must be "the salt of the earth," and "the light of the world," which will make his loving, godly living an influence that will tend to lead others "to glorify your Father who is in heaven" (Matt. 5: 13-16).

It requires much love to be God's kind of a Christian. Much love will prompt much sacrifice, and we are called upon to make daily sacrifices.

No two people are constituted alike. No two think quite alike, nor see things from exactly the same angle. Therefore, naturally, there are differences of opinion. The right to so differ must be conceded by every fair-minded person. Selfishness says: "Stop combating evil, and let's have a quarrel among ourselves; call each other bad names and scold and find fault, and fill the air with dust and noise." Love says: "Be careful with your tongue. It is your worst enemy. It is full of deadly poison. Don't say harsh things; you will regret it if you do. They will hurt you more than the one you speak against. Stop and ask God to fill you so full of his Spirit of love and kindness and forbearance that you will shun a quarrel. Ask him to help you bear and forbear and sacrifice, and leave your opponent entirely with him, who knows better how to handle the case than you do. He will be just and loving with you both."

We all need charity from others, so we must extend charity to others. Let us frequently read the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Pray over it and think out carefully its many strong words. "Love suffereth long, and is kind." "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." "Love never faileth." Love "doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked."

Jesus gave us a standard on which we may safely rely. He said: "The words that I spake, the same shall judge him in the last day" (John 12: 48). Let us use his words in our day, and compare our lives with them. They say: "Love your enemies." Pray for those who do not use you

well. One of his strongest words is, "Forgive." Forgive others or you can not be forgiven. We do not find a single word favoring quarrels. But he does say: "All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them" (Matt. 7: 12).

Paul had enough love in his heart to enable him to sacrifice his own preferences and say: "If meat maketh my brother to stumble, I will eat no flesh for evermore, that I make not my brother to stumble" (1 Cor. 8: 13).

Love gives a penetrating vision, which enables the child of God to look, with him, through and beyond the forbidding exterior of the filth, and grime, and repulsiveness of the sinner's poverty, guilt, and ignorance, and see the precious gem of the life that is thus hidden, for which Christ died. He well knows that that gem can not be rescued and saved by culture, scholarship, wealth, ethics, worldly power or position, or anything that man can do. He knows that nothing but the blood of the atoning sacrifice of Calvary can make it pure and whole. He also realizes that the price of love, which was expressed on the cross, reveals the great value that God has placed upon a human life. It is the same for all. If God loved it so much, how can we refrain from loving it? "Knowing that ye were redeemed, not with corruptible things, with silver or gold, . . . but with precious blood, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot, even the blood of Christ" (1 Pet. 1: 18-19).

When the soul is "born anew," it is then just ready to begin to live, for true living is a life of consecrated, loving service, and no one can serve God acceptably unless united to him in the tie of love and atoning blood.

Jesus said: "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him." "If a man love me, he will keep my word: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

Love is the only condition of acceptable obedience. Love observes both the letter and the spirit of the law—"command-

ments." "Keep my word." "Keep my commandments." John, the fourteenth chapter, is a wonderful chapter of heaven's legalism. No real Christian can ignore it. We must be careful how we treat it. There is too much at stake to be careless here. Where are we placing our affections? On the world? on ourselves? or on Jesus? He said: "If ye love me." He also said: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven" (Matt. 7: 21). It takes more than a profession to fill the Savior's requirements.

Love cements souls together and to Christ. Shall we look upon church quarrels and say, "Love is a failure"? It is not love that fails; it is the lack of love that allows the church members to fail and quarrel. Selfishness is in their hearts in the place of love. There is chaff among the wheat; but chaff is not wheat, although it may be in the same measure.

Love is the foundation of the vital forces of the home. It binds home lives together. It makes them one in aim, purpose, and motive. Shall we say when we see a family quarrel, or read divorce-court reports, that "love in the home is a failure"? It was the lack of love that permitted the home failure. Selfishness dominated the home life in the place of love. The divine formula for making a home is, that the husband and wife shall be "one flesh." That is quarrel proof. Only love can make such a home. But when they insist on being two distinct persons, the wheels of the home machinery are sure to go wrong. Nothing but love can make two people "one flesh" (Gen. 2: 24).

The foundation of Christianity is Christ. But in order to perpetuate and build up Christianity, hearts must be united to Christ and one another in love. Many claim that the war in Europe is the result of the breaking down of Christianity. That is a mistake. The war in Europe proves the lack of Christianity, and of the love of God and man in central Europe. Selfishness, the exact opposite of love, caused the war in Europe. It is the result of the breaking down of the central European "Kultur." This reasonless war proves, beyond any chance of a question, the shameful thinness of the cost of white-

wash that central Europe has been wearing, and boastfully calling "modern civilization," that has been so scantily covering its old Hun barbarism.

In striking contrast to the shameful blur of the outlook in Europe, let us notice the instruction of Jesus, the only safe authority in modern Christian ethics and religion. He says: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me" (Luke 9: 23). "He that taketh not his cross, is not worthy of me" (Matt. 10: 38). To follow this formula requires a heart bubbling over with love. Paul shows how it is done in these words: "I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me; and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me" (Gal. 2: 20).

We must be willing to suffer, and sacrifice, and crucify our selfishness, if we would enter into his joys and victories. Only in this way can we "know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his suffering" (Phil. 3: 10); for, "if we endure, we shall also reign with him; if we shall deny him, he also will deny us" (2 Tim. 2: 12; Rev. 20: 4).

Do you say, "It is difficult?" It is. But the more of the love of God we have in our hearts, the less difficult it is. Christ passed under the burdens of difficulty for us. Shall we plead to be excused from bearing difficult burdens for him? Would not that sound selfish? Remember he not only "first loved us," but he first bore the difficult cross for us. While he was laboring under difficulties for us he said: "I have overcome the world." He also invited us: "Follow me." You can overcome in me.

Jesus was always loving, "When he was reviled, he reviled not again, when he suffered, he threatened not" (1. Pet. 2: 23). When he was slapped in the face, he did not strike back. While he was being nailed to the cross, he prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do" (Luke 23: 34).

Counterfeit love, which is only nickel-plated selfishness, fails. But true love endures, even under the "acid-test," and "never faileth."

An American soldier was found, "some-

where in France." His shrapnel-torn body was leaning back against the wall of his trench. On his knees was his much-used New Testament, opened at the thirteenth chapter of First-Corinthians. Lying in the Testament was a photo of his young wife and three-year-old girl, whose face, a younger edition of her mother's, was surrounded by a halo of ringlets and illuminated by liquid brown eyes.

The soldier's eyes were fixed upon that picture—the last thing of earth seen by them. His life blood ebbed out of its mangled clay, in the cause of erring, war-dazed humanity, while he lived over again the happy scenes of the past with the far-away dear ones of his affections and memory, "back home."

Why was that smile still on his face?

Love.

Why did Jesus come to earth, in the cause of the same erring humanity, "to give his life a ransom"?

Love.

Are we thankful enough that, "Love never faileth"?

Selfishness can hide without any trouble at all, but not so with altruism, which is the spirit of love. Coldness can hide but not a fire. Heat is self-revealing. Warmth attracts. You can hide death, but not life. Bury it in the ground, or put it away in some cranny of the rock, or cover it up in an obscure corner, and it will come out of its concealment to sweeten the world and add its beauty and blessing to the landscape. You can not hide a flower, no matter how dark the room. Its fragrance will pour forth and load down the atmosphere. A pirate ship runs in among the islands, or seeks to escape detection by sailing in unfamiliar waters or along unfrequented coasts, but a lifeboat comes out where every eye can see it. As soon as Adam and Eve became conscious of their sin they tried to hide themselves behind the trees of the garden. Those who call that a fable are blind to life and fact. Guilt always runs to cover; virtue always courts the open.—Robert F. Coyle, in *the Continent*.

It is not great deeds that make people's lives happy; it is the little kindnesses of daily life.—E. Hadwin.

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For the first time in its history, the Divinity School of Paris has overstepped its traditions and has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, general secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, now in Paris as the Federal Council's special commissioner to aid the French Protestant churches.

That Dr. Macfarland brings more than spiritual sympathy and aid was shown at a recent meeting of the French United Protestant Committee for War Relief in France and Belgium, held in the Church of the Oratoire, Paris, when he formally presented to the committee 100,000 francs which had been raised in this country by the American United Committee on Christian Service for Relief in France and Belgium.

In speaking before the committee, Dr. Macfarland said, "If, in this hour, we should falter and should fail, it would turn the world back for generations. It would mean that international morality would perish from the earth and its renaissance would wait for the future to develop a new nation upon earth. Democracy would be a specious pretence. Liberty would find its way to the nomenclature of satire and derision. Equality would be the merest cant.

Fraternity would cease to be even the semblance of an affectation. All of our long cultivated ideals of international benevolence, our conceptions of international morality, our apprehensions of brotherhood, our whole moral universe, all that has been the cargo of what we in America have loved to call the Ship of State, should we today accept unholy compromise, would all, to use a term now classic, be *spurlos versenkt*."

The message presented by Dr. Macfarland "To the French People" and "To the French and Allied Armies" have made a deep impression and have been given wide publicity in the French press, with appreciative editorial comment. Maurice Barres, of the French Academy, says in *Echo de Paris*, "France has never in the course of centuries received more beautiful messages than these." Dr. Macfarland, who during his stay in France is the guest of the French government, has been received by President Poincare and Premier Clemenceau. The latter expressed great satisfaction with American progress in the war and greeted Dr. Macfarland as "the first of the second million men."

Come over on the sunny side of life. There is room there for all, and it is a matter of choice.—*Barnetta Brown*.

MARRIAGES

HARRIS-RANDOLPH.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Iseus F. Randolph, of New Market, N. J., June 26, 1918, Mr. Lawrence H. Harris and Miss Merle F. Randolph, by Rev. James L. Skaggs. They will live for the present at Atlanta, Ga., near Camp Gordon, where Mr. Harris is in army service.

HESELTINE-SATTERLEE.—At the home of the bride's parents, Monrovia, Cal., July 5, 1918, by Pastor George W. Hills, of Los Angeles, Cal., Mr. Jesse A. Heseltine, of Calexico, Cal., and Miss Leanna C. Satterlee.

GERMAN THEOLOGICAL PROPAGANDA

When will the Christian Church in America awake to the Prussianism in the theological seminaries, colleges, universities, and pulpits of our country? It is a broad sweep that the *Presbyterian*, (Philadelphia) thus gives in its charges against free thought, and it bases its apprehension on the statement of Dr. William Hallock Johnson, in the same journal, that "the real root of German barbarity and militarism lay in the false religious and moral teachings of its universities and philosophers." It proceeds:

This false teaching undermines faith in the living God, and destroys the sense of moral obligations, and when this is done the wickedness of the human heart will stop at nothing. The chairs and pulpits of this country have been reeking with Germanism, and the propagators have hidden under the screen of false scholarship. Their pet phrase is "the consensus of scholarship." There are more scholars against the German conclusions than there are in their favor. These lawless teachings are even finding their way into the Army.

The Church has been and is too timid. She must arise and arouse or suffer, and the nation suffer with her. The professor of one of our professedly Christian Colleges, in a book he has recently published, teaches to the effect that the idea of God, and even the Christian idea of the Great Father, can not be accepted as facts. This is only a cheap way of saying what the German philosophers taught.

—*The Literary Digest*, May 18, 1918.

THE MOSQUITO

Wid so much Christian blood in 'is veins,
You'd think Brer 'Skitty would take some pains
To love 'is neighbor an' show good-will,
But he's p'izennin' an' backbitin' still.

An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—

No, he ain't by 'isself in dat.

—*Ruth McEnery Stuart*, in *the Century*.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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Have you seen silver or gold brought in contact with a drop of quicksilver? At once the precious metal sucks up the mercury and loses its brilliancy and its ring and its value. To restore it, the coin must be subjected to intense heat, which will melt the base metal out. Now we, brought into contact with evil, may take it into us, and it will injure us; we shall no longer have the ring and the aspect of Christians. To be restored, we must pass through the fire of repentance, and burn out the evil we have allowed to penetrate into us.—*Baring Gould*.

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The Sabbath Recorder

OUR TONGUES IN WAR TIMES

Let us take heed to our ways that we sin not with our tongue. These are exciting times, and it is easy to say things which had best be left unsaid. We must be patient with one another. A thousand vexing and tangled questions will come up for discussion, and all of us can not possibly think alike. The only sensible thing for us is to do our own thinking, and let everybody else do his, without our pouncing on him and cudgeling him because he does not happen to agree with us. Blessed is the man who gets through this war without needlessly wounding acquaintances and friends by the cruel strokes of an unruly tongue. There will be enough wreckage at the end of the war without our adding to it a mass of ruined friendships. Let us do our utmost to maintain a cordial fellowship with our fellow Christians whose opinions are farthest from our own, and by our extraordinary self-control, refrain from saying things of which we shall be ashamed when the world is calm again. The world is torn by many demons, and we can not afford to increase the fever and distraction by our impatient temper or our bitter tongue.

—Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, in Watchman-Examiner.

—CONTENTS—

Editorial.—The Flock Comes to Be Fed.—The War Comes Nearer Home.—Parable of the Wolves and the Dogs.—“Enjoying Religion”—The True Test.—True Import of Our Budget.—Sorry Our Recorders Fail to Reach Java.—Conference Reports 97-99
American Sabbath Tract Society.—Meeting Board of Directors.—Treasurer’s Report 99-101
Sabbath Reform.—Scriptural Problems 102
William Saunders Killed in Action.... 102
Missions.—Observations.—Missionary Board Meeting.—Quarterly Report.—Letter From Java 104-106
Where the Big Battles Will be Fought 106

Woman’s Work.—Women—Their Relation to the State and Nation.—Women in Business.—Minutes of the Woman’s Board Meeting ... 108-111
Training Little Children 111
Young People’s Work.—In Nature’s School.—News Notes 113
The Far Look, or “Kon of Salem” .. 114
Railroad Rates to Conference 118
Children’s Page.—Birds of War.—Bent Nails 119
Sabbath School.—Meeting of the Sabbath School Board.—Minutes of the Adjourned Meeting of the Sabbath School Board.—Lesson for August 10, 1918 121-123
Our Weekly Sermon.—Worry: The Great American Disease 124-127