

Bonds Win the War

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.

Buy War Savings Stamps

The Sabbath Recorder

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT

WE are often at a loss as to how to convince unbelievers that Christianity is true. We know from a blissful personal experience that it is true, and we long to so prove it to our friends, but how to do this is our great trouble. Here is an argument as simple as it is convincing, and every one can use it. When John was in prison, he doubted as to whether Jesus was the Messiah, and sent messengers to him, asking: "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" The Lord simply told them to go and tell John of the good deeds he was doing: opening blind eyes, curing lame legs, cleansing lepers, etc. And when John heard this he doubted no more. And a life of sympathy and helpfulness, modeled after his, will have the same effect on our doubting friends. Our creeds are good, but our deeds are better; what we say is good, but what we do is the argument unanswerable. "He went about doing good."

—M. M. Davis.

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next session to be held at Nortonville, Kansas, August 20-25, 1918

President—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.

Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Alva Davis, North Loup, Neb.

Treasurer—Rev. William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.

Executive Committee—Frank J. Hubbard, Chairman, Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Rec. Sec., Alfred, N. Y.; Rev. Alva Davis, Cor. Sec., North Loup, Neb.; Dr. George E. Crosley, Milton, Wis. (for three years); Mr. Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J. (for three years); Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y. (for two years); Mr. Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I. (for two years); Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Salem, W. Va. (for one year); Mr. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va. (for one year). Also all living ex-presidents of the Conference, and the presidents of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, the American Sabbath Tract Society, and the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND

President—H. M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.
Vice-President—William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.

Secretary—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Joseph A. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.

Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited.
Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.

Treasurer—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Advisory Committee—William L. Burdick, Chairman.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

President—Prof. Alfred E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.

Treasurer—W. H. Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.

Stated meetings are held on the third First Day of the week in the months of September, December and March, and on the first First Day of the week in the month of June in the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

BOARD OF FINANCE

President—Grant W. Davis, Milton, Wis.
Secretary—Allen B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.
Custodian—Dr. Albert S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S EXECUTIVE BOARD

President—Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, Milton Junction, Wis.

Recording Secretary—Miss Beulah Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Marjorie Burdick, Milton, Wis.

Treasurer—Miss Carrie Nelson, Milton, Wis.

Trustee of United Society—Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y.

Editor of Young People's Department of SABBATH RECORDER—Rev. R. R. Thorngate, Homer, N. Y.

Junior Superintendent—Mrs. W. D. Burdick, Milton, Wis.

Intermediate Superintendent—Carroll B. West, Camp Custer, Mich.

Acting Intermediate Superintendent—Miss Verna Foster, Milton, Wis.

Field Secretaries—Edna Burdick, Dunellen, N. J.; Zilla Thayre, Durhamville, N. Y.; Mabel Jordan, Nile, N. Y.; Mrs. L. E. Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich.; Walter Rood, North Loup, Neb.; Erma Childers, Salem, W. Va.; Neva Scouten, Fouke, Ark.; Mary Brown, Riverside, Cal.

BOARD OF PULPIT SUPPLY AND MINISTERIAL EMPLOYMENT

President—Mr. Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I.
Recording Secretary—Mr. Frank Hill, Ashaway, R. I.

Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.

Advisory Committee—All members of the Missionary Committee in each of the Associations.

The work of this Board is to help pastorless churches in finding and obtaining pastors, and unemployed ministers among us to find employment.

All correspondence with the Board, either through its Corresponding Secretary or Associational Secretaries will be strictly confidential.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

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

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 85, NO. 5

PLAINFIELD, N. J., AUGUST 5, 1918

WHOLE NO. 3,831

Conference Time By the time this RE-
Will Soon Be Here CORDER reaches its
readers there will be

but one week left before the week of Conference. On Tuesday, August 20, the delegates from far and near will gather in Nortonville, Kan., for the important work entrusted to them by the churches and boards of the denomination. We hope there will be a large gathering, notwithstanding the unusual expense of traveling, and that the Spirit of the Master may guide in all the work.

Never before have world conditions demanded greater consecration and broader vision on the part of God's children. Never in our history as a people has the demand been so great for unselfish and far-reaching efforts, in common with all Christians, to relieve human suffering and to carry out the Master's teachings as to what must be regarded as service acceptable to him.

Let those who go and those who remain at home fervently pray that Christ may lead in every undertaking at Nortonville.

Shall It Be An When a question
L. S. K. Conference? arose as to the propriety of postponing

the General Conference this year on account of the war, one reason given by a prominent lone Sabbath-keeper for not doing so was the fact that Nortonville is a convenient center for lone Sabbath-keepers to reach, and the hope was entertained that a large number would avail themselves of this opportunity.

It is fourteen years since Nortonville had a General Conference, and lone Sabbath-keepers near enough to go this year will have to wait at least that number of years for another opportunity as good. It would be well if all lone Sabbath-keepers in Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Missouri, Arkansas, Colorado, Texas, and other nearby States would make a special effort to meet once more with people of their own faith. Why not beat the record this year

for a large attendance of the scattered ones to whom such a privilege comes only two or three times in a whole generation?

A Saloon Keeper The *Christian Advocate*
Converted tells of a Pennsylvania saloon keeper who went

to visit his son in Camp Greene, N. C., in the bone-dry region of the South. When asked there how he liked things he replied: "I thank God that my boy is down here training. The sight of 30,000 young men enjoying themselves without drinking a drop has made me a prohibitionist. I am going home, close out my saloon, and get into some other business."

The sooner rum sellers look this question squarely in the face, make up their minds that prohibition is bound to come, and get into some other business, the better for them. If they continue in the accursed traffic after all the warnings they have had and finally have to lose heavily, they will have no one but themselves to blame. The prohibition States are now so numerous and furnish such convincing evidence of the benefits of prohibition, that even saloon keepers are becoming converted and many in the trade are wisely looking for a way out.

Shall I Go to College? The time for schools to open for the year will soon be at hand, and within a few weeks hundreds of young people will have to settle the question, "Shall I go to school or go to work?"

Although these strenuous times demand great numbers of workers, high government authorities advise boys and girls not to be in too great haste to leave school. Even in the army, the best educated, other things being equal, have superior opportunities for usefulness.

With many the first question will be, "Does it pay to go to college?" If financial benefits are meant, let me assure the young friends that the matter of better pay furnishes the lowest motive for securing an education. Yet even in this respect

the United States Commissioner of Education makes a clear case in favor of higher education. He says: "A man's productive ability is increased 100 per cent by a high school education, and 200 to 300 per cent by a college education." You can by this easily estimate the value of your school days as regards a successful business future. To omit your college culture means a handicap for your entire life.

There are better reasons than the financial one for securing higher education. Do you wish to become a leader among men? Then look at these figures given by one of large experience and broad observation: "Less than 2 per cent of the men in America go through college, yet from this 2 per cent the nation draws 7,700 of the 10,000 leaders in all walks of life."

There are many proposed "short cuts" to a useful life, but the best minds of our times are coming more and more to see that a thorough college education of four years is the only *real* short cut to a position where one can make the most of his abilities for good, and gain profit from the experience of the world's great men. In the words of one of America's educators,—

"To be at home in all lands and in all ages; to count nature a familiar acquaintance and art a familiar friend; to get a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of your own; to carry the keys of the world's library in your pocket and feel its resources behind you in whatever task you undertake; to make hosts of friends among the men of your own age who are to be leaders in all the walks of life; to lose yourself in common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen; and form character under professors who are Christians—this is the offer of the college for the best four years in your life.

Successful Competition There is a kind of competition always going on between man and man which is often overlooked. Many a man is inclined to think he has not had a fair show and that the other fellow is working against him, causing his failure. He always seems to be the loser and the other fellow secures the best job or steps to the higher position.

Instead of complaining that others have not given us a square deal, it would be far wiser to look for the fault in ourselves and be sure that we are doing no injustice to them. In most cases it is the personal equa-

tion that determines the place we are to occupy in the days that are coming. The most important thing for any young man therefore, is to fit himself for life's work so he can think clearly and be master of any job which he may undertake. Habits that weaken the hand and dull the brain must be put away. Then he must spare no pains to fit himself, by close study and rigid application, to stand at the very head in whatever business he enters. He must do his job better than others do it if he is to go to the top. The one who masters every detail, who studies to excel, who puts the best of brain and heart and the most skilful hand into what he does will be the successful competitor in shop or store or profession. This sort of education will count as long as the world stands. It is the kind of competition that is fundamental in the law of human progress, and the young man who does not seek to make the most of himself by proper education and wise discipline can never hope to excel.

Don't Overlook the Religious Element While we are thinking of the school question this summer, let us not overlook the spiritual side of our nature and the part which Christian education should have in preparing us for the best things in life. Three things make and mark the man of power: a sound and active body, a keen and competent mind, and a clear and trustworthy conscience. Don't forget that more men fall from neglect of the conscience than from weakness of intellect.

Seek therefore the healthful atmosphere created by Christian teachers. The spiritual life of the teacher has quite as much to do with forming right character in the student as the things he teaches. Christian ideals must be magnified in our schools if we are to have the education most essential for these times. Anti-Christian teaching—the training of intellect to the neglect of the soul—has wrought its fearful ruin, and our hope for the future lies in our truly Christian schools.

The great questions concerning the school you are to enter should be, What can I learn there? and, What kind of man or woman will that school help me to become? Upon the answer depend largely your prospect and the value of your life as a citizen of the world.

Loyalty of the Jews Recognized in France Among the changes for good being wrought by the war no one stands out more prominently than the change of sentiment in France toward the Hebrew people. During the days of the scandalous Dreyfus affair a few years ago everything went to show the bitter race hatred in that country. It went without saying then that the fact that Dreyfus was a Jew caused most of the trouble.

Today every glance at the writings of prominent Frenchmen reveals a complete change of heart in that country toward the children of Abraham. Anti-Semitism is evidently a thing of the past in France, and Jews of other lands are being welcomed to the ranks of the army. Their loyalty and bravery are being applauded, and glorious tributes are appearing in French papers to the intrinsic worth of the Jewish people. Their part in the great struggle for human rights; their unselfish patriotism; their hopeful spirit of resignation—all these have combined to weld the hearts of Jew and Gentile in France into one.

It would seem that the Almighty is using this war to forward the cause of his ancient, scattered people, and possibly to fulfil his promises to Israel.

Once More a Jewish Judge in Palestine We do not wonder that the *Jewish Exponent* is moved to make special comment upon the appointment of a Jew to be judge in Palestine. Great Britain, recognizing the merits of Major Norman Bentwich, who has served that country in Cairo, Egypt, for some time, has made him procureur general and judge of appeals in the Holy Land. This is the first Jewish judge Palestine has known since the exile.

It is not strange that this step is regarded by loyal Jews as one of "unusual significance." After thousands of years, an able jurist, an ardent Zionist, and a finished Jewish scholar is appointed to render judgment in Palestine! No wonder that loyal Israelites rejoice, and that cherished hopes of a return of the "great days of old" are revived by the events of our time.

Results of Co-operation Standing on the Y. P. S. C. E. Headquarters highest point of Beacon Hill, Boston, Mass., is the new headquarters of the Y. P. S. C. E., dedicated last week. Francis E. Clark made the dedicatory address. The building and ground cost more than \$200,000, the result of co-operative work by one hundred thousand Endeavorers from several denominations throughout the Christian world.

The offices of the United Society, the World's Christian Endeavor Union, the *Christian Endeavor World*, and other important interests are finding a home in this building. We give here the closing words of President Clark's address:

Fellow Endeavorers, let us keep our eyes wide open and our ears alert, that we may see and hear, as the years roll on, what God would have us do. As each successive story of the new building which we have today dedicated, standing as it does on the highest land within the limits of old Boston, brings it a little nearer the stars, so may each successive plan which the future years may develop bring the work of Christian young people, based on the everlasting rock of love and service for Jesus Christ, nearer and nearer to the heaven of universal service and universal peace when He whose right it is shall reign, King of kings and Lord of lords, and the grand Hallelujah chorus shall ring throughout the world.

RAILROAD RATES TO CONFERENCE

Those who can possibly do so should attend the General Conference at Nortonville, Kan., this year, notwithstanding the somewhat higher railroad fares.

Clerical fares to properly accredited ministers, holding clerical orders, are available from New England, New York, New Jersey, and generally from the East, to Chicago and St. Louis. Clerical rates are not granted west of Chicago and St. Louis. There are no clerical fares from Salem to St. Louis.

The clerical fares via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad are:

	Coach	Pullman Eq'p't
New York to St. Louis, Mo.	\$17.12	\$19.97
Philadelphia to St. Louis, Mo.	15.66	18.28
Washington to St. Louis, Mo.	14.69	17.13

Via the Erie Railroad:

New York to Chicago, Ill.	\$12.12	\$16.16
New York to St. Louis, Mo.	15.84	21.12
Alfred to St. Louis, Mo.	12.80	14.70
St. Louis to Nortonville	11.33	13.12

The war tax is included in both fares, but berth in sleeping cars is extra as follows:

New York to Atchison	\$8.80
New York to Chicago	5.50
Washington to Atchison	7.70
Salem to Atchison	6.05
Alfred to Chicago	3.30
Chicago to Atchison	5.50

War tax is included in these berth fares.

The one way fare for laymen including firstclass transportation, sleeping car accommodation and war tax from

New York to Nortonville	\$59 95
Alfred to Nortonville	45 22
Chicago to Nortonville	21 50

Time tables are subject to change without notice, but at present the best schedule over Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is as follows:

Leave New York (Pa. Station)	5.55 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia	8.43 p. m.
Leave Washington, D. C.	12.45 a. m.
Leave Salem	10.16 a. m.
Arrive St. Louis, Union Station	7.55 a. m.
Leave St. Louis, Union Station (Missouri Pacific)	9.00 a. m.
Arrive Kansas City, Union Station	5.30 p. m.
Leave Kansas City, (Missouri Pacific)	11.00 p. m.
Arrive Atchison	12.55 a. m.
Leave Atchison (Santa Fe)	7.15 a. m.
Arrive Nortonville	7.55 a. m.

On the Erie Railroad:

Leave New York	10.30 a. m.
Leave Hornell	9.04 p. m.
Arrive Chicago	4.35 p. m.
Leave Chicago (C. B. & Q. Ry)	6.00 p. m.
Arrive Atchison, Kansas	8.00 a. m.

There is no train to Nortonville until evening. Atchison is 16 miles from Nortonville.

Or

Leave Chicago (Santa Fe)	10.30 p. m.
Arrive Topeka, Kan.	1.15 p. m.
Leave Topeka	4.55 p. m.
Arrive Nortonville	6.15 p. m.

Topeka is about 35 miles from Nortonville.

Enquire of your local ticket agents for time of trains on the other roads.

J. MURRAY MAXSON,
Chicago, Ill.,
WILLIAM C. HUBBARD,
Plainfield, N. J.,
Railroad Committee.

SOUTHEASTERN ASSOCIATION

To Be Held at Lost Creek, W. Va., August 29—September 1, 1918

Thursday Morning
10.30 Opening Praise Service, led by Jesse D. Kennedy
10.40 Words of Greeting—Erlow Davis
10.50 Foreword—Charles A. F. Randolph, Moderator
11.00 Sermon—Rev. M. G. Stillman

Afternoon
2.00 Report of Delegate—Rev. G. H. F. Randolph
2.15 Fifteen-minute Messages from Associations and Societies
3.45 Report of Executive Committee and Treasurer
Appointment of Standing Committees

Evening
8.00 Conference Echoes—Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Leader

Friday Morning
10.00 Praise Service, led by Rev. W. L. Davis
10.15 Sabbath School Work—Roy F. Randolph, Leader
11.10 Sermon—Rev. A. G. Crofoot

Afternoon
2.00 Business
2.30 Sermon—Rev. R. R. Thorngate
Evening
8.00 Sermon—Rev. G. H. F. Randolph
Conference Meeting, led by the Preacher of the Sermon

Sabbath Morning
10.30 Morning Worship—Rev. M. G. Stillman, Pastor
Sermon—Rev. H. C. Van Horn (Offering for the Societies)

Afternoon
2.00 Tract and Missionary interests—Secretary Edwin Shaw, Leader
Evening
8.00 Woman's Board Work—Mrs. M. G. Stillman, Leader

Sunday Morning
10.00 Reports of Committees, and other Business
11.00 Sermon—Rev. E. F. Loofboro

Afternoon
2.00 Y. P. S. C. E. Program, arranged by Erma Childers, Secretary
3.00 Education—President C. B. Clark, Leader

The purpose of the association in appointing the date of meeting early this year is to conform to the two-group idea and plan. Since the Northwestern Association has no session this year, the Southeastern follows the Conference, which takes its place in the former association.

All delegates and representatives of boards please note the appointment for Thursday afternoon. It is expected that you will use fifteen minutes in a real message from your association to us.

A new fellowship of interest is growing among the nations; more men are perceiving that they are their brothers' keepers in spite of themselves.

MISSIONS

WORK THE FIELD

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

In Michigan

Rev. D. Burdett Coon and Loyal F. Hurley have closed the special series of meetings at White Cloud, Mich. Three people were baptized, two of whom were Sabbath converts. The attendance at the meetings was not large, but the interest was good all the time, and the spirit of service was excellent.

The evangelists continued their work at Kalkaska, Mich., with the plan of spending some time at Bangor, Mich., before time to go to the General Conference at Nortonville, Kan.

In all this work they have been ably assisted by Rev. L. J. Branch, of White Cloud, as well as by other workers on each local field. As a people we ought to have a general missionary to give all his time to the Michiganian field.

In Oklahoma

General missionary, Rev. T. J. Van Horn, has established a work for the summer about ten miles west of Gentry, Ark., just across the line into Oklahoma, in a neighborhood called "Beck's Prairie." Mrs. Van Horn is with him and they are living in a tent, camping out, near the schoolhouse, where the meetings are held. There are about three gospel services each week. They conduct a Bible school for the children, and others, afternoons, during the week, and give training and instruction in singing. Brother Van Horn has been going to this schoolhouse on Sundays occasionally for two or three years; and now he and Mrs. Van Horn are thus "spending their vacation" till time to go to the Conference at Nortonville.

SEMIANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE CHINA MISSION

November 30, 1917, to May 31, 1918

Report of Medical Work at Lien-oo

Balance	\$ 635 41
Medical receipts	467 30
Donations:	
Miss Reta Crouch, for debt	25 20
Per Mrs. S. E. R. Babcock, \$10.00 gold	13 00
Miss Ozina M. Bee, bed, \$10.00 gold	12 85
Mrs. Nettie West, lighting plant	6 43

Miss Waung Pau-tsung	10 00
Mrs. Wm. L. Chow	4 07
Board of servants and others	77 60
Rent of land	8 40
Sale of kerosene tins	2 35
Bank interest	5 75
	<u>\$1,268 36</u>

	Cr.	
Rent for Evangelist	\$ 21 00	
Provisions and fuel	191 25	
Wages	95 04	
3000 Gospel Calendars	13 00	
Payment on debt	25 20	
Taxes	8 74	
Insurance on two older buildings	15 44	
Medicines bought in China	134 64	
Coal	9 00	
Dispensary tickets, bottles, ointment, cups, kerosene and sundries	48 96	
Supplies from Montgomery, Ward & Co.	27 90	
Freight on above and on surgical goods	34 29	
Customs, freight and other charges in China	41 05	
Operating-room, furniture bought and made in China	102 83	
Extra door in operating room	9 00	
Stoves and stovepipe	37 20	
Freight on things from Shanghai	7 27	
Repairs, veranda and roof of old dispensary, roofing over walk from kitchen to hospital, filters for cisterns, odd repairing	161 18	
Balance May 31, 1918	285 37	
	<u>\$1,268 36</u>	

Rosa W. Palmborg.

Account with Girls' Boarding School and Day Schools

	Dr.	
Balance	\$2,001 24	
Board and tuition, Boarding School	1,032 78	
Tuition, Day Schools	121 30	
Remittance from Miss. Soc. (Mex)	262 50	
Sale of work and materials	7 10	
Bank interest	19 35	
Reimbursement for teacher's wages	14 00	
	<u>\$3,458 27</u>	

Cr.

Rice and provisions	\$ 396 52
Fuel and electricity	101 61
Rent of Boys' Day School	36 00
Books, clothing and supplies	60 84
Furnishings and repairs	33 57
Medicines	90
Wages	930 80
Industrial work	15 50
Water, scavenger and police	4 70
Fee returned for pupil deceased	2 00
Balance on hand June 1, 1918	1,875 83
	<u>\$3,458 27</u>

Anna M. West.

Report of Grace High School

	Dr.	
Balance December 1, 1917	\$ 451 85	
Receipts for tuition fees, uniforms, books, etc	1,764 93	
	<u>\$2,216 78</u>	

Cr.

Teachers' salaries	\$ 513 00
Board	902 34
Coke, etc, for bathroom	4 50
Christmas treat	2 55
Sundry repairs	11 74
Printing catalogs, etc.	43 06
Light	45 82
Water	21 43
Electric light bulbs	6 78
Uniforms	32 50
Athletic supplies	17 30
Books and stationery	61 37
Badges (these and the books for sale to boys)	12 00
Filling in land, site of old day-school house	14 00

Waung Ts Dau's acct.	10 45
Koeh Tsung Ling's acct.	2 00
Advertising opening dates	19 30
Coolie wages	49 00
Petties	2 26
Hospital fees and drugs	7 40
	<u>\$1,778 80</u>
Balance	437 98
	<u>\$2,216 78</u>

J. W. Crofoot.

Evangelist and Incidental Account

Dr.	
Balance on hand December 1, 1917	\$ 187 52
Feb. 18, Draft on S. H. Davis, G\$125 at Mex. \$1.75	218 75
May 21, ditto	218 75
	<u>\$ 625 02</u>

Cr.	
Evangelist's salary, 5 months	\$ 150 00
Tearing down old school building	8 90
Advertising house to let	5 20
French municipal tax, Jan.-June	58 10
Insurance (church and two schools)	52 82
Repairs on building	47 89
	<u>\$ 322 91</u>
Balance	302 11
	<u>\$ 625 02</u>

J. W. Crofoot.

Accounts audited and found correct.
H. Eugene Davis.**SOME GAINS THROUGH THE WAR**

JOHN BUNYAN'S Pilgrim comes at one point of his journey to Doubting Castle, and most of us reach the same prison. But Doubting Castle is overcrowded with prisoners today. I have seen tears in more eyes during the past few months than in many years before. Mothers and fathers, wives and sweethearts stand appalled at world conditions that are overturning their homes. Business men are staggered at the upheaval in the industrial world. Many persons in all classes are pessimistic. Hope may be vitalized in these countless doubting hearts, however, by recalling some of our war gains. These gains are proofs that humanity is not lost in the dark but is being led by God, through all the horrors of war, forward to better things.

Pilgrim makes his escape from Doubting Castle as soon as he thinks of a key he carries in his bosom, called Promise. The truth is clearing to man's thought today, similarly, that our only real ground for hope that the world can be righted—"saved" is the New Testament word—lies in the promise of God that he will defend the right and bring the good to victory. If God is not on the side of human progress, who can have any certainty in a cataclysmic

day like this that progress is assured? Today we say with utter conviction: "Our help is in the Lord; in him do we put our trust." Napoleon's sarcasm, "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions," is a lie—as Napoleon himself discovered when his battalions bit the dust.

MEN'S THOUGHT TURNED TO GOD

Again and again in the world's history have the weaker battalions of right overthrown the stronger battalions of evil. The fact has simple explanation—God is on the side of right. So a group of slaves led by Moses successfully defies the great Egyptian monarchy, and the lone monk Luther, defending freedom of thought and the purity of the church, proves more powerful than the world-controlling Roman hierarchy. As never before in the world's history, there is now an awed consciousness in the hearts of men that the nations are trembling under the footsteps of almighty God as he moves toward the accomplishment of his purpose to bring in righteousness on the earth. That men's thought should be turned to God as the vital factor in world happenings is a war gain of immeasurable import.

This war is convincing the world at last that nations as well as individuals are subject to the moral law. That is a tremendous gain, for this truth has been greatly obscured in the past. Even in America, a prominent statesman could say that the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount have nothing to do with politics, yet this nation did not rise up in a whirlwind of moral protest. But Germany's flagrantly immoral conduct has shocked the whole world into realizing that a nation that does not obey the moral law is as dangerous to world civilization as a ruffian who scoffs at law is dangerous to a community.

A nation that breaks its pledged word is far more dangerous than a man who lies. It becomes in the structure of civilization a rotten piece of timber which may at any moment cause collapse of the entire building. Integrity in social units, like steel in a skyscraper, must be without flaw if wreckage is to be avoided. The thief who ignores the command, "Thou shalt not steal," is a menace to the community; a nation that ignores this command jeopardizes world-civilization. A nation that

scouts the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," will outrage international justice at every turn.

This war is forcing men to see that the Ten Commandments are not ugly iron bars shutting men from freedom; but, like the strong railings that protect the mountain road from the abysmal chasm that yawns dangerously beside it, they safeguard humanity from falling into the abysses of moral and social destruction. The war is not the result of fate's toss of the dice of circumstance. It is the fruit of the plant of materialism which Germany planted and cultivated. "Do men gather figs of thistles?" Can you plant the doctrine that the state is bound to obey no law but expediency, and then expect the same fruit that you would have gathered if you had planted Christ's teachings of justice and brotherhood? If you plant the philosophy of a Treitschke, you will reap a Belgium crucified, a France bled white, an Armenia butchered, a hell on earth.

Jesus Christ solemnly warned that a civilization built on any other moral principles than those he enunciated could not stand. Yet men have continued building on the sands of a selfish philosophy the tower of Babel they call modern civilization. The inevitable has happened—the tower has fallen. Many had been dreaming what some one has called "the opium dream of evolution," thinking comfortably that, independent of any special moral endeavor on our part, evolution would steadily carry the race forward and upward. They realize now that natural law sometimes brings reversion to type, cataclysmic retrogression as well as progressive evolution, and that in the realm of human life it depends upon man himself which it shall be. Without effort the human race will not be carried to heaven in the arms of evolution. If it ever gets there, it will be through tremendous struggle. Gethsemane and Calvary are real things, not mere dogmas. It is a vastly important war gain that men have been brought to a new respect for the moral law and to a clearer realization of the sternness of the struggle that is necessary to enthrone it in humanity's life.

The war is driving us to the international thinking that Christ urged and that we have been too narrow and selfish to adopt. He gave us the vocabulary for internationalism

—"all men," "all nations," "all the world"—more than nineteen hundred years ago, but we have refused to think in these vast terms. If we had big crops of grain and fruit in America, we wasted them wantonly. India might be suffering from famine, but what business was that of ours? Were we not well fed? If we had the teachings of Jesus which made us free and progressive, what did it matter to us that Africa or China suffered under the burden of superstition? Were we not sure of heaven? The internationalism which love could not induce us to practice has been forced upon us by the iron hand of world war. The allied nations are doing with their money and their food supplies today just that strange thing which the early Christians in Jerusalem did—holding all things in common, to be used for the common good.

NEW STANDARDS OF INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATION

This war-taught lesson of co-operation is not going to be forgotten when peace returns. The tides of sympathy which have carried food and money and clothes to Belgium and France and Armenia, are, please God, tides that shall never ebb but shall remain as standards of international action and missionary endeavor. Through the iron gates of war, God is leading us out into the splendid internationalism which Christ taught.

Evidence of God's leadership through all the darkness of war is seen in the steady world trend toward democracy and brotherhood. Russia stumblingly staggers toward these goals. England, war-harassed and humbled, is thinking new thoughts of justice concerning her dependencies, whose sons have bared their hearts to enemy guns in her defense. The whole world is earnestly studying the question of the rights of small nations and dependent colonies. The great armies where rich and poor, learned and ignorant, white and black and brown, march side by side in a common fellowship and sacrifice for a common cause, are going to send their men back to civil life with many class differences washed away in a common respect for a common manhood. The workingman, whose help is absolutely necessary to the winning of this war, is going to have his services revalued after the war is over, as is also the expert leader of industry whose capital and powers of

leadership have been placed for the common good unreservedly at the command of the government. The mutual helpfulness of the different classes to each other, as well as their mutual dependence upon each other, is being made so visible in the war preparations of every nation that we are never again going to be able to forget that we are members one of another. While men are learning democracy and brotherhood in the army, women at home are also learning it. Heiress and working woman labor side by side in Red Cross rooms or weep together over letters from the boys at the front. Through the very horrors of war God seems to be hurling us forward toward democracy and brotherhood.

The war has loosened the clutch of the tentacles of the liquor traffic on all the warring nations, and national prohibition is in sight in more than one country. If the war should annihilate the traffic that slays more men and breaks more women's hearts than war itself, what a gain that would be! If having more soldiers' graves shall give us fewer drunkards' graves, I think the mothers of the land would call it gain; for who would not rather mourn a son lying in a honored soldier's grave than one lying in the grave of a disgraced drunkard?

The sudden national energy displayed in fighting vice conditions as enemies of American manhood marks a tremendous gain. We never before undertook to fight vice with the naked sword of a determined purpose. We temporized and urged; we did not act. Learning how we may have clean camps for our boys in war time will put us forward a long way on the road to learning how we may have clean cities for them in time of peace.

Bringing a sudden check to American extravagance and wastefulness, the war is teaching us lessons of thrift which we are not going to unlearn in a generation. We are going to live saner, more wholesome lives because the war is teaching us to be ashamed of extravagance as a social crime, instead of being proud of it as a mark of snobbish superiority. Turning from a mad rush for pleasure to wartime service has taught thousands of discontented idlers that happiness lies in work, not in idle pleasure. It is a knowledge that will ennoble our national life for years to come. Even amid the anxieties of war, thousands of men and

women are living deeper, richer, more satisfying lives than ever before.

The war is reteaching the world the well nigh lost art of prayer. We had become too busy to pray very much and too sophisticated to believe much in the efficiency of doing so. We philosophized about the possibility of answered prayer in a universe governed by law more than we prayed. But mothers and fathers are praying today for the boys in the camp and on the sea. Statesmen and scholars are praying for divine illumination with the simple sincerity of a Washington or a Lincoln. The war has forced the world to its knees. It is an incalculable gain, a great experiment in the Christian life, which is going to give us a vital type of religion, a religion so splendidly strong that it will not need to beg philosophy for a patronizing support.

The church by this war has been stabbed awake. Her task is becoming clearer to her vision in the light of its flames. Not creeds upon the lip, not impressive church architecture, not stately music or eloquent preaching is her objective. Her work is to reorganize society and life on the principles taught by her Lord. The church's new vision of her mission is one of our chief war gains.—*Stephen S. Esty, from the Continent by permission.*

GET TO CONFERENCE ON TIME

As I understand it our Conference at Nortonville, Kan., begins Tuesday a. m. (what hour?), August 20, although the second page of the RECORDER cover has been carrying a different date.

It is important that we all be there at the opening session, to hear the president's address. And especially the L. S. K's should make an effort to be there early, as our L. S. K. program comes at 2 o'clock the same day. As many L. S. K's will doubtless come by motor, perhaps from 200 to 500 miles, there will be great danger that they will miss their own program, unless they carefully plan their trip in advance. It will be embarrassing to have an L. S. K's Hour with the L. S. K's conspicuous only by their absence. Be sure and get to Conference on time.

G. M. COTTRELL, L. S. K.

We first cling to sin, and then sin clings to us.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

A WILD ROSE

MARY ANDREWS

A beautiful rose, of deepest pink,
With center of purest gold;
'Tis a grand old plant, though wild it be,
A bloom in a pasture old.

Far from the road where none ever go
Unless by chance it may be,
Blooming alone, where no one may know,
With none its beauty to see.

But year after year it grows and blooms,
Increasing in beauty, too;
If the whole world knew and gave it praise
It could no better do.

And so may we, though known by few,
With none to applaud or praise,
Be steadfast, faithful, courageous, true,
To the end of our earthly days.

MISS WEST ARRIVES HOME

All our readers will be glad to know that Miss Anna West has arrived in this country for her year of rest and visit with the home folks. She landed in San Francisco July 17, and after spending a few days with relatives living near that city, is again on her way to join her mother and sister at Milton. She and her sister, Miss Mabel, who is coming from Salem, are hoping to meet in Chicago and so come together to Milton—and to mother. They hope to reach Milton July 28, so when you read this, nothing preventing, they will have been enjoying their visit for some days. We hope that their year together may be one of great happiness.

NURSES NEEDED

The Government, through the Woman's Committee of the Council of Defense is sending out a call for 25,000 student nurses to enlist at once, so that many graduate nurses may be released for work at the front. If you are thinking of taking a course in nursing a little later, it will be to your advantage to investigate this call now. If you know of some young woman who wants to take up this work, urge her to do it now. The need is great. College and

high school graduates will be given credit for a certain amount of work, and the periods of training will be shortened. If you want to know more about this get in touch at once with your nearest Red Cross Branch or with the chairman of your local Council of Defense.

BEG YOUR PARDON

In some mysterious way the editor of this department juggled some poems and the names of the authors and as a consequence there appeared in the RECORDER for July 15 a poem entitled "He Is Counting On You", with the author's name as Mary Andrews. The poem is perfectly all right, but Miss Andrews did not write it. Miss Andrews does write perfectly good poetry, though, and the one printed this week proves the truth of this statement. The author of the one printed July 15 is not known to the editor of this department. Neither is the poem printed this week the one that was juggled—that may appear later.

AN EXPLANATION

In the RECORDER of July 15, on page 45, there is an article a part of which is concerning the funds used in the building of the Lieu-oo Hospital. While the statements made are true, there are other facts which are needed to place the credit where it really belongs. If I had known that the matter was to be made public I should have requested that all the facts be included. I hope that the readers will pardon the personal references which the explanation involves.

When I was about to start for China, Mr. William L. Clarke, the honored president of the Missionary Society and formerly my Sabbath-school teacher, learned that I had not yet completed paying for my medical education. He insisted upon sending me a check and would not entertain the idea that I should later repay him. I knew that it was largely because of Mr. Clarke's great love for the mission work that he had done this thing, so I promised myself that I would pay that sum into the medical fund as I could year by year, just as I would have paid my debt.

When Dr. Palmberg and I began to consider plans for starting the hospital building, the war had already begun and we

found that materials had so advanced in price that it would be impossible to build for the sum at first estimated. The money had been raised at home and we were very loath to make a further appeal. For a time we did not know which way to turn. Finally I thought of a plan.

I knew that Dr. Palmberg had a meager sum, her all, saved bit by bit from her salary through all these self-sacrificing years. I knew her generosity to the work and so I was bold enough to ask her if she would be willing to allow the sum, needed, to be used to make up the deficit without interest. If she were willing to do this I would give her my note for five years secured by my life insurance policy, which will be paid up within that time. In that way the hospital could have immediate use of the money which I had promised myself to pay into the work, and I could return it to Dr. Palmberg in just the same manner as I had expected to pay it into the medical treasury.

You can see from the foregoing that that note does not represent any gift from me and that the credit for generosity should be given to those who really made possible the building of the hospital, namely Mr. Clarke and Dr. Palmberg.

Please let no one think for a moment that this is a disguised plea for funds. It is most emphatically not so intended. Whatever others may do my obligation will stand until canceled by myself. It is only reasonable. I have received far more than I can ever repay.

Most sincerely yours,
GRACE I. CRANDALL.

WOMAN'S WORK ALONG CHARITABLE LINES

MRS. GEORGE W. BURDICK
Read at the Central Association

When we speak of woman's work in the terms as understood at the present time we wonder where to begin. Aside from home and household duties, the sphere of woman's work has been for years expanding and enlarging until today a comparison can hardly be made of woman's realm of early employments with the present forms of labor in which she is engaged.

We do not know when in the history of the world women began to be recognized as teachers, but we know that for long, long years they have been placed in many

positions, both in home and foreign fields, where they not only have taught from textbooks, but where their self-sacrificing lives have added much to their intellectual and spiritual usefulness.

We do not read of women in Bible times as going away from home to do missionary work, yet we are much interested in the deeds of many mentioned in both the Old and New Testaments. In Christ's time they did much to extend his work and that of the apostles. They were interested hearers and brought their children to Jesus for him to look upon and bless, and were glad for him to take the little ones in his arms. This gave him opportunity for many short sermons. Some were among the grandest lessons of humanity, trust and love that he taught. One woman honorably mentioned was Timothy's grandmother Eunice, who had been so faithful and tactful that she seems to have been a home missionary, and her spirit and example have been an inspiration to missionaries of modern times.

While we do not know who the first women missionaries were we do know of some good, noble women of our denomination, among them Miriam Jones, wife of Rev. Mr. Black, who helped teach the Sabbath truth in London so long ago, and the present wonderful, self-sacrificing workers in China and Java.

In temperance and charitable work women have taken the initiative in many ways. One woman missionary to Burma did much for the cause of temperance, delivering addresses on the evils of wine, beer and tobacco, in America and also in the mission fields. She showed how they undermine health, especially proving how difficult it is to treat diseases of the lungs and heart when poisoned by tobacco. She said that while enlightened nations send the gospel to ignorant people, it is wrong for the same so-called Christian nations to send them tobacco and rum.

In deeds of charity and love the work of women has been beyond reporting. Thousands of women, of whose bravery and self-sacrifice and beauty of character the world has no record, who have fought battles alone and unrecognized and unappreciated, have done work that the Master has recognized and their deeds are in the heavenly records, and to them the "Well done" will be awarded.

We know that very many would be far happier if they would only leave the ranks in which they are, and enter one of the open doors where many a worker shall perhaps earn a martyr's crown. When women are called to fill such positions God prepares them for it. The Red Cross work is the grand example. Women did not originate the idea of Red Cross work, in fact we know of no far-reaching lines of influence in which women can truly claim priority except the apple deal in the Garden of Eden, but we do know their ability and earnestness has helped much to overcome the terrible results of the fall.

The Swiss idea of concentrated charitable work had its origin seventy-five years ago. It prospered until, twenty-five years ago, Miss Clara Barton reorganized the work into the Red Cross Society with the result that millions of workers and millions of dollars have been dedicated to the work of war relief.

Will the time ever come when women shall struggle for political preferment? God forbid! But those fitted for real Christian work in the political field have won heroes' honors, and their work and writings shall be potential in helping others. If all women, with Christianized earnestness and votes would help in the defeat of King Alcohol, we think the defeat of Kaiserism would follow.

We are proud of, or at least thankful for, the united Christian-temperance and missionary spirit of the women of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination.

DeRuyter, N. Y.

WOMAN'S BOARD—TREASURER'S REPORT
For three months ending June 30, 1918
Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Treasurer,
Inaccount with
The Woman's Executive Board
Dr.

To cash on hand March 31, 1918	\$ 782 77.
Albion, Wis., Missionary and Benevolent Society:	
Evang. work, S. W. Assoc.	5 00
Albion, Wis., Willing Workers:	
Evang. work, S. W. Assoc.	5 00
Miss Burdick's salary	10 00
	15 00
Alfred, N. Y., Woman's Evangelical Society:	
Tract Society	5 00
Missionary Society	25 00
Miss West's salary	10 00
Fouke School	5 00
Theological Seminary	5 00
Marie Jansz	5 00
Ministerial Relief Fund	10 00
	65 00
Alfred Station, N. Y., Union Industrial Society:	
Tract Society	7 33
Missionary Society	7 57
	14 90

Alfred Station, N. Y., Mrs. A. P. Hamilton:	
Miss Burdick	3 00
Board expenses	2 00
	5 00
Berlin, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Society:	
Miss West's salary	12 00
Brookfield, N. Y., Woman's Aid Society:	
Miss West's salary	15 00
Fouke School	15 00
Unappropriated	3 14
	33 14
Boulder, Colo., Woman's Missionary Society:	
Unappropriated	42 18
Bradford, R. I., S. D. B. Missionary Society:	
Unappropriated	10 26
Chicago, Ill., Church:	
Dr. Sinclair	4 00
Education Society	1 00
	5 00
Cowen, W. Va., L. S. K.:	
Missionary Society debt	10 00
Farina, Ill., Women of Church:	
Unappropriated	72 07
Fouke, Ark., Ladies' Aid Society:	
Unappropriated	27 36
Gentry, Ark., Ladies' Missionary Good Will Society:	
Unappropriated	5 00
Guilford, N. Y., Maryett Benjamin and Daughter:	
Unappropriated	29 35
Hammond, La., Woman's Missionary Society:	
Unappropriated	12 00
Hartsville, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Society:	
Unappropriated	16 00
Jackson Center, Ohio, Ladies' Aid Society:	
Unappropriated	25 00
Leonardsville, N. Y., Woman's Benevolent Society:	
Tract Society	15 00
Missionary Society	15 00
Board expenses	5 00
Unappropriated	30 00
Fouke School	15 00
Ministerial Relief Fund	15 00
	95 00
Los Angeles, Cal., Church:	
Unappropriated	6 84
Little Genesee, N. Y., Woman's Board Auxillary:	
Tract Society	10 00
Missionary Society	10 00
Miss Burdick's salary	7 00
Marie Jansz	2 00
Unappropriated	26 00
	55 00
Little Genesee, N. Y., Sunshine Society:	
Unappropriated	25 00
Little Genesee, N. Y., Church:	
Unappropriated	6 00
Long Beach, Cal., Sabbath School:	
Marie Jansz	2 00
Long Beach, Cal., Lucy E. Sweet:	
Fouke School	2 50
Lost Creek, W. Va., Ladies' Aid Society:	
Miss West	12 50
Marlboro, N. J., Mrs. A. G. Crofoot:	
Unappropriated	2 00
Marlboro, N. J., Ladies' Aid Society:	
Unappropriated	30 60
Milton, Wis., Mrs. Mary E. Post:	
China Mission	10 00
Milton, Wis., Mrs. Nettie West:	
Evang. work, S. W. Assoc.	3 00
Milton, Wis., Woman's Benevolent Society:	
Tract Society	5 00
Missionary Society	5 00
	10 00
Milton, Wis., Circle No. 3:	
Milton College	75 00

Miss West's salary	10 00
Missionary Society	5 00
Milton Junction, Wis., Church;	90 00
Unappropriated	11 00
Milton Junction, Wis., Ladies' Aid Society:	
Unappropriated	35 00
New Auburn, Wis., Woman's Missionary Society:	
Unappropriated	10 00
Nile, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Society:	
Tract Society	5 00
Unappropriated	20 30
Fouke School	1 00
New York City, Woman's Auxiliary Society:	26 30
Tract Society	5 00
Miss Burdick's salary	20 00
Ministerial Relief Fund	10 00
Nortonville, Kan., Woman's Missionary Society:	35 00
Unappropriated	25 00
North Loup, Neb., Woman's Missionary Society:	
Unappropriated	36 25
Providence, R. I., Mary Stillman:	
Missionary Society	20 00
Milton College	20 00
Providence, R. I., Marie Stillman:	40 00
Milton College	15 00
Unappropriated	10 00
Fouke School	10 00
Young People's Board	5 00
Salem, W. Va., Ladies' Aid Society:	40 00
Fouke School	50 00
Ministerial Relief Fund	25 00
Shiloh, N. J., Ladies' Benevolent Society:	75 00
Unappropriated	21 98
Stonefort, Ill., Women of Church:	
Unappropriated	18 00
Verona, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Society:	
Unappropriated	20 00
Waterford, Conn., Church:	
Unappropriated	15 66
Walworth, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society:	
Unappropriated	25 00
Westerly, R. I., Woman's Aid Society:	
Miss West's salary	40 00
West Edmeston, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Society:	
Unappropriated	19 38
Collection Central Association	13 00
	<u>\$2,044 04</u>
Cr.	
Mrs. Jay Brown, Central Associational Secretary	\$ 2 50
C. E. Crandall, Treas. Milton College:	
Circle No. 3 Scholarship	75 00
Gifts Milton College	35 00
Postal cards, printing and postage	110 00
Fouke School	3 55
S. H. Davis, Treas. Missionary Society:	100 00
General Fund	55 32
China	10 00
Debt	10 00
Miss West's salary	75 00
Miss Burdick's salary	150 00
Dr. Sinclair	71 00
Marie Jansz	50 00
Ev'ng. work, S. W. Assoc.	227 00
F. J. Hubbard, Treas. Tract Society	648 32
J. A. Hubbard, Treas. Memorial Board:	344 67
Ministerial Relief Fund	45 00

20th Cent. Endowment Fund	38 00	83 00
P. E. Titworth, Treas. Education Society:		
Theological Seminary		6 00
Y. P. Board		5 00
Cash, June 30, 1918		\$1,403 78
		<u>640 26</u>
		<u>\$2,044 04</u>
Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Treasurer.		

THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER XI

(Continued)

"WALTER, I think Kon is a Christian, but somehow he does not learn the Bible as he should. I tried to get him to commit to memory a chapter, but he is so adverse to it. I asked him if he did not like to read the Bible and he said he did. but I fear he will not have it at his tongue's end and be able to quote it when needed," said the mother.

"I think there may be such a thing as too much 'Scriptural stuffing,' Esther," answered Mr. Wells. "It may be good to have much of the Bible in the head, and though a child or youth may not have a conception of the nature of sin he may learn a lot of Scripture about sin and its consequences. I know, too, that there is an abundance of comprehensible material in the Bible for a boy or girl to learn: many stories that are fascinating and never grow old; so many Bible heroes to study about and a child worships heroes. Wise guidance leads a child to have a taste for more. Have you noticed how the boy is interested in Bible animals and such things?"

"Yes, I know, but I was taught at home that we ought to commit to memory all we possibly could," said his wife.

"And how much of it have you assimilated? You are an exception, Esther, but so many mothers never take time to find out what is in the Bible that they can teach with great interest to their children, and so fail to get them interested. I was so amused, though I did not show it, when Mrs. Williams over the hill recently showed how rusty she was in Bible stories and could not tell a single incident with positive correctness. She got Jonah all mixed up with Noah, and told how David slew the

Philistines with the jaw bone. Children are no fools. Facts are to be known first, before being related to a child. Now I don't want my children to grow up to believe the Bible is a dry, uninteresting collection, out of date. And with the mother they have I have no fears along that line. Mothers have the most wonderful opportunity of creating in the children a great interest in God's word. I sat for hours and hours on father's or mother's lap listening with bated breath to Bible narratives. And I could have listened to the telling of them a thousand times."

"I feel sorry for Thomas Richards. I have seen his mother use the Bible as a punishment. When he disobeyed she made him commit to memory ten verses of some part of the Bible."

"Well, he will just hate the Bible after that," said Mr. Wells.

"Another mistake in the home is to suppose that churchgoing can give the child the necessary knowledge of the Bible. It helps, but the home is the place for nine tenths of it. But there is Susie again. Her mother wants to borrow the flatirons, I suppose!" remarked Mrs. Wells, laughing.

"Good morning, Susie. All well at your house?"

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. Wells. Kon said he had a rabbit he was taming and wanted me to come and see it sometime, and I thought now as good a time as any. Is he at home?" said Susie Mead, coloring a little.

"Yes, dear, he is out in the orchard trying to tame a squirrel. You'll find him there," said Mrs. Wells.

Susie skipped out quickly and saluted the boy with a "Hey-ho-hum—oh, what fun! Wicked boy, rabbit decoy."

"Seems you are very poetical this morning, Sue. Studying prosody? Didn't know you were that far in the book. But look here. Come slowly. The rabbit and I are trying to coax that squirrel to come down and visit us. What do you know about squirrels?" asked Kon.

"Not much, Kon," said Sue. "But our teacher read from Hiawatha, who called the squirrel 'Adjidaumo'—'tail-in-air.' They are a jerky-tail set."

"That is just it. And such scolders. All the time 'bonnie' and I have been watching Mr. (or Mrs.) 'Tail-in-air', she has kept

up a constant scolding. I have not quite found out her intentions nor understood the language, but I will in time. It takes time to study languages. I suspect she has said tantilizingly, 'I'll get all your nuts and mushrooms for winter', and she is welcome to them," said Kon. "Nuts for squirrels are bread, porridge, pie, cake, pork and beans, sugar, and potatoes and the promise of happy winter evenings. You can't fool a squirrel with the poisonous toadstools as men are sometimes fooled. Said this 'Tail-in-air' as he scolded—at least I inferred he did—'Eat toadstools or mushrooms; if they kill you, they are poisonous; if you live, they are victuals, drink and lodging'! Out in the woods I saw a stump littered over with scales from pine cones and a few nuts. That is some squirrel's workshop. He's been 'husking.' He says he is safe and happy up in a tree, but his relative the chipmunk prefers a hole in the ground. He has been so lazy about climbing that he is like a valley farmer who is too lazy to climb a hill. They can't get above their own doorsteps. The ground squirrel only pretends to be a chipmunk. He isn't. Just a cousin. They are known to eat eggs and fruits, and I have heard that they even kill bluebirds. The scamps! I saw a cantankerous field mouse in the paws of one of those pretenders once. Probably he is a descendant of some cannibal tribe of animals."

"Where did you find the rabbit, Kon? He seems so tame."

"Coaxed him to me, set no traps for him. I just slowly got around him and fed him and talked pretty to him and he accepted the invitation every soon. Animals can see what is in your eyes and know what your voice means."

"Let me pet the rabbit a little." And she tried to get the little animal, but he quickly hopped round to the other side of Kon.

"Rather shy, Sue, you'll have to get at it gradually. I have great pity for these dear creatures, though they spoil many apple trees in winter and have a taste for garden truck. But they have no weapons of defense. They are such a simple-minded lot. And they can not run any long distance with speed. But you let the wolves kill hundreds of them a season and mean men and boys shoot them and they will

multiply and fill the earth faster than foes can decrease their numbers. Old Molly Cottontail is a study. When she is bounding away, you just give a shrill whistle and see her stop and become a statue. If she is chased by some dogs and wild Indians of the American boy stamp and sees a pile of wood or logs, she will put in a dozen feet to the hop and fourteen hops to the second and you have lost her. The 'snowshoe rabbit' is also a study. Her big feet and fringes of stiff bristles enable her to skip over the snow when other species are helplessly hopping nowhere for safety. But my bunny has no fear of dogs when near me. He instinctively knows he is safe. Ever hear of the 'ghost rabbit'? Can sometimes scare a wolf! I'm going to have a large happy family one of these days, and the lion and the tiger and the boy will lie down together! Come and see us, Sue."

"Now you may count me out when it comes to that," replied the girl. "I can stand rabbits and even mice sometimes, but if you have tigers or wildcats around I'll have to stay at home."

"But there are wildcats about here now. Father saw one the other evening. He looked father over, so father said, and took a little time to decide who he was dealing with. He is a clever 'injin'. I'd not be afraid of one, but deliver me from a lynx. A lynx can lie as flat as that skin on our barn I am tanning. That's a coon skin though. The lynx can hide in grass that has been eaten down by the cows though he is two feet high. Somehow he just melts, father says. They are sneaks and woe to us when they get ready to give a leap. On his leap depends everything for him and for you. I want to catch a fox, a silver fox, if there is such a one in Plainfield. Its fur is the lightest, thickest, softest, warmest and has only one fault: it does not stand long wear."

"Say, Kon, father says that there used to be a lot of beavers in this country. Ever see one?" asked Susie.

"Yes, just once, but they are about the same as all gone now. They were over on what is now called Beaver Creek, way over the hills there in Brookfield. I went down the creek once with some friends and with father and saw a beaver dam in ruins. It was near Babcock's Mills, as they called it. Much of the talk about beavers is

fairy tale. Folks talk about his using his tail as a trowel and about his using big logs. That is not true. And he never drives stakes and does not throw trees any way he wishes. He starts his dam on some small stream as a rule, opposite some grove of trees, usually soft wood. The bark he uses for food. He uses sticks against the logs and not mud. He makes a second dam in the same stream and wants deep water for safety. When they use up all the food in the vicinity they move on and the dams wash away and the pond is dry. But I must tell you the joke on me last year with a skunk. I just admire that fellow, even if he does not smell as good as roses. He minds his own business and would have done so on this occasion if I had minded mine. He does not harm any one or anything unless he takes a notion to want a chicken for a holiday. But he will turn and face you any time, and if you persist in making his acquaintance he will turn drug store and deal you out juice that will kill or cure. I was not killed, but I was cured of insulting his race. He has what some folks call a 'smell gun.' That is his defense. He never uses it unless he thinks his life depends upon it. Look out if he shoots at you. And keep your mouth shut. Mine was accidentally open. My, but I choked! But I'll never use a steel trap for catching them for the furs. That is just cruel and wicked. Skunks are friendly when they find you thus. One came to our garbage bucket once and the cat was out there. The cat was discreet and sneaked into the house. The dog made threats but gradually went to the barn on other business, probably to see if the cows had all come up from the pasture. I became acquainted with the skunk and we had a friendly visit until he was well fed and then he politely went his way. But let's go to the house. Bunny will take care of himself. Do you know I am going to college in a year or two?"

"No, Kon. What you going to make, a teacher?"

"Don't know yet, maybe I'll make a farmer, but I hardly am cut out for that. Still I like farming and it is an independent business. I have taken so much comfort here on the old place. Maybe I'll not be ready in three or four years to go away from home. But we have a new college

that appeals to father, though there are others nearer by. I thought I'd like to go to Alfred and then Milton. I may go a term or two to West Winfield Academy first," said Kon.

"I hate to have you go away. I do not suppose father will ever send me off to school, though I'd like to so much. How can you meet your expenses?" asked Susie.

"Well, that is the stick. Father has not enough money but can help a little. But I'm strong and not afraid to work and can get something to do to pay my way, I think. Others have and I hope I may. But why do you hate to have me go? Have I not plagued you enough the past two years?"

"Kon, you are the only one in these parts that understands girls and has sense enough to treat them decently and politely."

"Oh, pshaw, Sue, there are lots of young fellows all about here who are excellent and have great respect for your sex," said Kon, looking her in the face.

"Not as you do, Kon. And I have learned so much from you these two years. Life is getting interesting to me and if you did but know it, others are getting interested from your example and cheerfulness and sense. Father said yesterday that if you could live in this neighborhood ten years longer, we'd have an academy here and a social circle that would make the town the envy of Brookfield and Winfield. And the Forks girls are crazy after you, Kon. They would climb up Markum every day if they knew you were there, and have some excuse for it. I'm a little jealous." And while she laughed, there was a tone of actual jealousy manifest.

"Would you climb up for me, Sue, if you thought I was there?" asked Kon soberly.

"Kon, you know that I am not as bold as that and as flirty. No, I would not, but it would be pleasant to be there with you all the same. Anyway we have been good friends and you have done much to help me. I shall hate to see you leave. Would you ever write to me, Kon?"

"Well, I have not gone yet. Wait and see. I only just mentioned it," said Kon.

"How do you manage to know so much about birds and animals and flowers and stars?" asked Susie.

"Oh, I read about them what I can and

study them as well. I'm a star-gazer. Come over some clear evening and we will study the heavens. 'The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork.' There are some fine things in the Bible about stars. Job must have been an astronomer and David also. Probably when he was a shepherd he spent many a night star-gazing. Come over. I have learned a lot in theory, though I have no telescope."

Sue went back home happy and sad. Why did she care so much for Kon and why did she act so frank and honest with him? What made her say what she did? Was it immodest? Had she betrayed herself to his disgust? What would he think of her now? And she almost cried.

"First birds, then skunks, and now what next, Kon?" asked his mother as Susie went home.

"Stars, mother. What is more interesting than the stars? Star-gazing is sublime, it is ennobling, it tells of a wonderful Creator, doesn't it, mother?"

"Yes, dear boy, it does, and I am glad you star-gaze. But be careful about gazing on a woman until you have your college education."

"Yes, mother, I'll be careful, don't fear," replied Kon.

(To be continued)

For some time Gen. Lew Wallace was inclined to be skeptical in religious matters, and particularly concerning the divinity of Christ. He chanced to meet Colonel Ingersoll, the infidel. In the course of the conversation Ingersoll presented his views. Wallace listened and was much impressed, but finally remarked that he was not prepared to agree with Ingersoll on certain very extreme propositions relative to the non-divinity of Christ. For six years Wallace thought, studied and searched. At the end of that time "Ben Hur" was produced. After having told me the story I have just given, Wallace turned to me and said: "The result of my long study was the absolute conviction that Jesus of Nazareth was not only a Christ, and the Christ, but he was also my Christ, my Savior and my Redeemer. That fact once settled in my own mind, I wrote 'Ben Hur.'"—*Rev. Edward Johnson.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

OUR PENS FOR CHRIST

MARY DAVIS

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
August 17, 1918

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—A prophet's pen (1 Chron. 28: 19-21)
Monday—Paul's pleading pen (Philemon)
Tuesday—A seer's pen (Rev. 1: 1-3, 11, 19-20)
Wednesday—The pen of God (Exod. 34: 1-9)
Thursday—A warning pen (Jude 1-10)
Friday—A poet's pen (Deut. 31: 22; 32: 1-7)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Using our pens for Christ
(Luke 1: 1-4; 3 John 1-4)

"The pen is mightier than the sword." Then may it not be mightier than some other things? For instance, can we not use it to very good advantage in spreading the news of Christianity and advancing the kingdom? If we are on the watch, there are very many things our pens can do for Christ.

Of course we can not all be Pauls. But we all appreciate his letters in the New Testament. Their sound counseling is just as good for the church and people today as it was then. When Paul felt that a church or a friend needed encouragement and strength, if he could not go in person, he sent a letter full of wise counsel and appreciation for what had already been done. We can not measure the good done by these letters, nor do we know what great good might come from such letters now were we more careful about writing them, when they are needed.

Another noticeable characteristic in Paul's letters is the praise he gave so generously for things well done. The Third Epistle of John is almost entirely commendation for Gaius and Demetrius. And many other similar passages may be found. We might lighten many a load, if we were only more free with our words of appreciation. To us they may seem of little worth, but will mean much to our friends.

Fiction may be a power for evil but it may just as easily be a power for good. Harriet Beecher Stowe felt that it was her duty to expose the evils of slavery and so she wrote the story of "Uncle Tom's

Cabin." This story appealed to the hearts of her readers as plain facts and theory never could have done, it helped a great deal in emancipating the slaves.

Some pens write gossip or words that harm the reputations of others. They write very cruel, bitter things sometimes. Christian pens write only what is true and right, and they help to make the world better and happier. All Christian Endeavor pens should be of this kind.

We all want to keep in touch with our friends when they are away from us or we from them, and so we write to them. If we would use Christian pens, there are certain rules we must follow. Gossip and anything else not strictly true should be avoided. Ill will can not keep us close to our friends nor to Christ. Let us always be as optimistic as possible, for a letter full of "the blues" will depress rather than gladden the one to whom it is sent. We need have no trouble in finding enough of interest to make a letter that will be clean and cheerful if we use just a little thought.

Just now when so many of our boys are in the service of their country, our correspondence is more important than before. It is our duty to keep them in touch with the home, the church and the Christian Endeavor society. Some societies have Correspondence committees, who see that letters are sent regularly to each absent member, telling bits of news about the society and the home people, and expressing the good will and best wishes of those at home, and of the society in particular. These letters need not be confined to the soldier boys alone, but might be sent to all absent members.

Many little kindnesses may be done for the sick and shut-ins by means of our pens. Cards and letters with messages of sympathy and cheer are a very good tonic. Many, especially the older people, would appreciate the kindness of some Endeavorer who would take down for them the Scripture readings, text, and a few notes on the pastor's sermon on Sabbath morning. Those of us who have the privilege of going to church each week, scarcely realize the longing of those who can not go, to hear the sermons, and to be given something to think about.

The press is another power that may be used for Christ. It pays to advertise and

what is more worthy to be advertised than Christianity and the church? We like to see a church which brings before the people its appointments and items of interest and importance concerning the work. We know that church is active. It is the same with our Christian Endeavor societies. If we want people to become interested in us we must let them know we hold meetings.

Besides such advertising the society pens may keep different societies acquainted and in touch with each other. Much may be gained in this way, through encouragement, and an exchange of ideas which lead to greater strength and development.

For those who can draw there is often an opportunity to help by making posters. These may announce a meeting or a social, or may be in the interest of some worthy cause, such as temperance. Billboards may be used in this way also.

What letters might we write for Christ?

How can we serve Christ by writing to newspapers?

What experience can we write for Christ?

How may we use our pens to encourage others?

How can a good printer of posters serve Christ?

How do temperance pens serve Christ?

THE MINISTRY OF LETTER-WRITING

Letter-writing has long served as a means of binding the ties of friendship. Not infrequently it has been the one means by which we have kept in touch with the friends of former years from whom we have long been separated by the changing circumstances of life. Only today I received a letter from a boyhood friend whom I have not seen a dozen times in more than twenty years. In boyhood and young manhood days we were often and much with each other, but as we grew to manhood life's paths led in different directions. For the past more than twenty years life's experiences have held little in common, yet the ties of love and friendship still hold and are renewed and strengthened by the exchange of letters now and then.

Few are so lacking in the capacity for friendship that letters from friends are not appreciated. Often a letter that is written in the right sort of way encourages and

brightens our lives very much when received. But how neglectful we are apt to be in the matter of writing letters of friendship, or of encouragement and cheer. How often procrastination—intellectual laziness—robs others of the ministry of our pens. How frequently we feel the prompting to write a letter or letters that we know well enough would be gladly received and appreciated, yet that arch enemy of time and duty—procrastination—prompts us to wait till "some more convenient time," and once more an opportunity to strengthen the ties of friendship is lost.

It is said of Rev. J. R. Miller, pastor, editor, and the writer of numerous devotional books, that he had a "genius for work and for friendship." And this "genius for friendship" was often expressed through letter-writing. The one who wrote the sketch of his life said of him: "Much of his pastoral work was done by letter-writing. He was an indefatigable letter-writer. It was his habit to send at least one letter each day to some one who needed comfort or encouragement or sympathy. Seldom, however, did he stop with one such letter; the day's mail from his office frequently contained a dozen or more messages of cheer. The morning paper, the chance word with the street-car conductor, or the passenger who sat by his side, or the elevator boy, or the teller at the bank, would give him the hint that prompted a message.

"While he kept no record of events in his own life, he kept a most complete record of events in the lives of his people in the city, as well as his friends and acquaintances in all parts of the world. On the anniversary of a marriage, of a birth, of a death in the family; on the occasion of a graduation, of recovery from illness, of a promotion; in fact, of any possible excuse for a letter of cheer or encouragement or congratulation, the letter would be sent. In homes all over the land letters from him are cherished possessions.

"When he was pastor, he was accustomed to sit down on Sunday evening, after the day's work was done, and make a list of those of his people by whom a letter would be welcomed. The names of the sick, the bereaved, the joyful, the strugglers, of whom he had learned during the day, made the list quite long, but a fitting note was at once penned to each one.

"The passion for letter-writing continued to the last. One day in May last [1912], while unable to leave his chair, he dictated letters to a minister who was just celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate, to a young man who was that day moving into his new home, to a sick friend, and to a man who had just been highly honored. His last letter, dictated when he was unable to leave his bed, was a message of appreciation to an associate. He was so feeble that he fell asleep several times before the letters were completed, but he would not give up."

TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN

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

ARTICLE XII

MRS. V. OMA GRACE OLIVER

PARENTS must not look down upon the child and consider his efforts, trials and sorrows petty; we must try to understand how sincerely they put all their hearts into their play and that the losses that seem so trivial to us are of great moment to them. We must learn to share all their experiences with them if we would develop the fine feelings we wish them to have at maturity.

Children must not be shut off in one part of the house to remain aloof until a certain age, but ought to be a part of the family circle, sharing its joys, work and minor sorrows. I do not mean that children should be pushed before visitors, have all their meals at the family table or remain up till their elders retire, but there are times and places when it is the children's right and privilege really to be members of the family.

Even when they are very young, children can assume responsibility for certain light tasks about the house, and as their age and strength increase, more and more duties should be added. The great American idea has been to remove all responsibility from the child and to give him a care-free childhood. I would not take one second of joy away from any child, but I would make it a joy for him to feel that the home is his and that he, too, helps in the making of it by performing certain duties that need to be done for the comfort of all. The child of two can pick up toys, put away dishes and

silver, help set the table, dust low furniture and run many errands upstairs and down, and he loves to feel that he is "mother's helper."

He brings his daddy's slippers,
He picks up baby's toys,
He shuts the door for grandma,
Without a bit of noise.
On errands for his mother
He scampers up and down,
She vows she would not change him
For all the boys in town.
(Song for A Little Child's Day, by Emilie Poulsson and Eleanor Smith)

Then the child can help prepare for the great festival days, birthdays, Thanksgiving and Christmas, those joyous days which bring the family very close together, and we can let him share not only in the preparation but in the joy of the day itself and here very early he gains a presentiment of the love and spirit of service that make home, and an ideal of the home that he will some day found.

As we would let the child share the labor and the festivals, so we must permit him to share the great family secrets and home joys. Let him know that he must never divulge anything that concerns only the family and I know that a child properly trained will never tell his playmates what he is told is a family secret.

So we begin very early to train him to keep his word and the sanctity of the home. When he has been thus prepared he is ready to share with the mother and father that greatest family secret, the coming of the new baby, and this confidence will bind the little one closer than anything else to the very heart of the home.

Children are so open-hearted and ready and respond so sweetly and quickly to faith and trust that we often miss great happiness by not sharing our hopes and joys more freely with them.

If we keep the bond very close our home will become the greatest meeting place of all children and this love and companionship between parents and children will be like a powerful magnet whose attraction the children can not resist.

So from these beginnings the home tie will be so strengthened that we need never fear that the allurements of the world can draw our children from us, but can rest assured that they will always return to the "center of deep repose."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

PRACTICAL PEG

"I'm 'fraid that I might starve some day;
The price of food's so high.
Meat, fish, and soap, and vegetables
Are very dear, so I
Am going out in the garden,"
Smiles practical Miss Peg,
"To plant this little eggplant so's
I'll always have an egg."

—Lippincott's.

ON THE LIPS OR IN THE HEART

EFFIE CARSON has the most beautiful voice," said Wilma Lee. "Why, she can sing way up high—almost as high as Miss Cross. And Miss Cross says if Effie will take lessons and practice hard she will, maybe, be a great singer some day. Wouldn't that be lovely? But Blossom Carson, Effie's sister, can't sing a bit. Why, she goes flat even in the simple little songs we sing in school! Isn't it funny that there's such a difference between two sisters?"

"That isn't the only difference," and Fred, Wilma's big brother. "I worked for Mrs. Carson last week and I saw a lot of both girls. Effie was asleep when I got there in the morning. She came downstairs late and was cross because she had to seat a cold breakfast. Then she went to the piano to practice a song while Blossom washed the dishes. When her mother called her to come and help with the work, she was so vexed that she shut the piano with a bang, and almost overturned the stool. Then when good-natured little Blossom began to hum a tune as she worked, Effie said, 'Blossom Carson, do stop that. It makes me tired to hear you sing so flat. If you can't sing, for pity's sake don't try.' I declare, I wanted to shake that girl! If Blossom had given her a short answer, I couldn't have blamed her. But she just stopped singing and said, 'I suppose it does sound horrid to you, Effie, 'cause you can sing so beautiful. But I don't sing to sing, you know—I just sing because I am so happy I have to do something.' I thought that would make Effie ashamed of herself. But she just snapped out, 'Do something else, then. I can't stand it to hear a noise

like that,' and went on slamming the dishes down on the table."

"Now," went on Fred, "Effie may make pretty sounds, but that's all there is to it. There isn't any music in her heart as far as I can judge. But Blossom can make all the mistakes she pleases, for all I care, for she starts a song in my soul every time I'm around where she is."

"Why, Fred," said Wilma, "That sounds just like preaching."

"Does it?" said Fred, laughing. "Well, you'll have to own that I had a pretty good text."—*The King's Builder.*

WHITTIER'S "IN SCHOOL DAYS"

In visiting the birthplace of Whittier at Haverhill, I saw upon the wall the sampler made by the heroine of that sweetest of all poems of child life: "In School Days." The family by whom it had been treasured for so many years thought that it would be an appropriate addition to the large collection of heirlooms in this house.

A friend and myself walked from the homestead up the beautiful country road to the site of the schoolhouse made famous by the poem. We called at the house, too, where Whittier was wont to call for this child that he might walk to school with her, no doubt preferring the company of a little girl to that of an average boy, whose native robustness would be likely to be distasteful to one of his poetic temperament. By the way, it is said that the boy Whittier instead of doing his sums in school, would be writing verses on his slate.

A niece and grandniece of the little heroine showed us her schoolbooks and a beautiful piece of needlework she had made. She also spoke of the friendship which existed between her family and Whittier's. She showed us a cane the poet had sent her father when he became aged and in need of such. We were also shown an original poem Whittier had written for his old friend and neighbor. Many visitors often visit this little house and are most heartily welcomed. In front of the house was a beautiful large tree called the Whittier tree, under which the poet and his little sweetheart were wont to play.

We continued our walk to the site of the schoolhouse. Had we not been directed thither, we could have found the place by the abundant growth of sumac and black-

berry vines still to be seen there. The placard which marked the spot had been taken down but a lady who lived across the road told us the exact place where the building had stood—much nearer to the road than a schoolhouse would have been built in this time—in fact, almost upon the road, from which it was separated by a stone wall, yet to be seen. The schoolhouse is not now standing. It was moved from its original site and in its new quarters succumbed to fire.

In the Whittier homestead hangs the picture of his schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, the historian of Newburyport.—*Alice May Douglas, in Amercian Boy.*

A RELIGIOUS DISCUSSION

REV. T. L. M. SPENCER

CONVERSATION I

Mr. Truman. On my way home from work this evening, I observed a tent going up two blocks down the street, and a man standing near by told me that some preachers came into the village today and intend to begin a series of evangelistic services tomorrow night.

Mrs. Truman. Well, John, I wonder what new sect is that now. When they have started I would like to pay them a visit and hear the preaching.

Mr. Truman. I am surprised to think you would go there. It is not good to have "itching ears." I would not like you to go.

Mrs. Truman. John, I am searching after truth. For a long time I have felt the need of some spiritual change, and perhaps God has sent these preachers to satisfy my soul's longing. I hope you will consent for me to go.

Mr. Truman. What other change do you need? It seems to me that you want to make yourself ridiculous, like some of those whom I have often heard testify at open-air meetings that they have now found the truth. My dear wife, we have been members of the Methodist Church for twenty years and are held in high esteem by our pastor and the community. Do not think any more of going to those meetings.

Mrs. Truman. Well, husband, I promise you that if you consent for me to go to the first meeting, I will not visit regularly.

Mr. Truman. I hope you will keep your promise, Mary.

CONVERSATION II

Mr. Truman. [Returning from work.] Mary, I have just passed by the tent and I noticed many people gathering. I suppose they will have a large crowd tonight as people are so curious.

Mrs. Truman. I suppose it will be difficult for me to get a comfortable seat. I must hurry up now. Have you heard what denomination those preachers belong to?

Mr. Truman. I hear they are Seventh Day Baptists and are going to hold these meetings for several weeks. Perhaps they will soon preach against Sunday observance. Pastor Richards, I hope, is thoroughly acquainted with the Sabbath question so that he can prevent his flock following them.

Mrs. Truman. I have read of Seventh Day Adventists but not of Seventh Day Baptists. I suppose they are some who have left Seventh Day Adventists. We have a religious cyclopedia here and we will see what it says about Seventh Day Baptists. If their teachings are the same as the Adventists' I will not go, as I have bought several books from Seventh Day Adventist canvassers and do not believe their doctrines. Look it up, John, before I go.

Mr. Truman. There is an article here on Seventh Day Baptists.

Mrs. Truman. Will you read something of their origin?

Mr. Truman. It says: "The Seventh Day Baptists assumed their present denominational form as 'Sabbatarian Baptists', in England during the English Reformation. Their distinctive doctrines were first preached by John the Baptist. Christ, not 'as a Jew', but as Christ, set the example for all his followers. Sabbath-keeping, as obedience to God's law, and baptism, as the symbol of a new life, after repentance, are fundamental facts in the history of the New Testament Christianity. In these facts the Seventh Day Baptists find warrant for their denominational existence. On those points they claim to be identical with the New Testament Church."

Mrs. Truman. When was the first church organized in the United States?

Mr. Truman. I read here, in 1671, at Newport, R. I.

Mrs. Truman. Then they were a few hundred years before Seventh Day Adventists. I shall go and hear them.

Mr. Truman. Do not remain late.

CONVERSATION III

Mrs. Truman. [Returning from meeting] I am glad to find you reading and awaiting me. We had an excellent meeting. I never heard our pastor preach after this fashion. The preacher gave Biblical proofs for whatever he said. I must confess, husband, that I felt happy. I could have listened longer.

Mr. Truman. I am glad that you enjoyed the meeting, but do not frequent there for you will be setting a bad example to the members of the church, and our pastor will be quite displeased. He came to me today at work quite excited over the tent and said he hoped that none of his people would get unsettled by the doctrines.

Mrs. Truman. Did you tell him I intended to go tonight?

Mr. Truman. Yes and he hoped you would not go again. He intends to preach against their doctrines later on.

Mrs. Truman. That would not be manifesting a good spirit. If they are preaching truth it will do the district good. People want truth and not tradition.

Mr. Truman. Mary, it seems you are quite interested in this effort.

Mrs. Truman. I am. You know I told you that there was some joy I was thirsty after and tonight I felt real happy. When the preacher gave the invitation to come forward for prayers I felt impressed to go, but I did not want to cause any unpleasantness. Our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Jones, went forward.

Mr. Truman. But what was the subject that stirred you so?

Mrs. Truman. It was Repentance. The preacher quoted many texts in support of his words. He said that repentance means godly sorrow for sin and turning away from it. At the conclusion of the service tracts were distributed. One is in my Bible. I will not go again, however, until next week.

Mr. Truman. Ah, yes, you can go then. [Aside] By then your interest will have decreased.

CONVERSATION IV

Mrs. Truman. Husband, the tent meetings have been going on now eight nights, and I hear the attendance is so great that there is no seating accommodation after the appointed hour. The preachers have been visiting in the district today all who are in-

terested in their meetings. They called in at Mrs. Jones as she has been visiting every night. She seems happy and is publishing the good things she has heard at the meetings. I want to go to meeting after dinner.

Mr. Truman. If you continue going to those meetings you may be caught as Mrs. Jones was. I spoke with her a few days ago, and she talked like a religious fanatic. Her husband, I hear, is leaning that way also, for he is a regular visitor. I suppose they will soon catch him.

Mrs. Truman. Mrs. Jones is a converted woman now for she does not quarrel as she used to, but is singing all the day and goes about her work with such comfort. This I take to be a sign of conversion. Yes, her husband visits the tent and there is a change in him also, for he no longer visits the saloon. Although they were members of our church for years, I never observed such a change before.

Mr. Truman. I know you will defend them for you are in sympathy with the meetings. What is the subject tonight?

Mrs. Truman. The subject will be "Following Jesus." I know it will be interesting from what I have heard of the evangelist.

Mr. Truman. I suppose he will tell you tonight that we are not following Jesus unless we go forward for prayers—at his tent.

Mrs. Truman. Husband, it is getting late so I must hasten in order to get a seat. I shall try to remember some of the sermon for you. Sorry you will not go. Good night.

CONVERSATION V

Mrs. Truman. [Returning from meeting] I am glad to find you still awake.

Mr. Truman. I felt sleepy, but would not retire without you. Why did you remain so late?

Mrs. Truman. The meeting was so interesting that I could not leave before it was over. The preacher in a forceful manner showed what it is to be a follower of Christ. He spoke about the conduct of the rich young man who came to Jesus seeking for eternal life, and was unwilling to pay the price. He worshiped wealth and could not make the sacrifice. The preacher said many are just like the young man, unwilling to make the sacrifice. They are lovers of pleasure and wealth and not lovers

of righteousness. Following Christ involves sacrifice. We must be obedient to follow where he leads. I wished you were there to hear some of the good things. I have some other news to break to you.

Mr. Truman. What is that now? I hope you have not made yourself ridiculous at the meeting tonight.

Mrs. Truman. I have found at last the joy I longed for. Husband, I could not resist the pleadings of the Holy Spirit any longer and when the invitation was given I went forward and made an entire surrender. I am happy in Jesus' love. Praise the Lord. By his grace I mean to be a true follower. Whatever may be my cross I have asked my precious Savior to help me bear it and I know he will carry me through.

Mr. Truman. [Excitedly] This step of yours will cause me to lose the respect of the community. You know our influence in this village and yet you went forward and humbled yourself at the tent. What will Pastor Richards think? I feel ashamed to meet him.

Mrs. Truman. John, I pray you listen to me. I have done a laudable act. The best thing one can do is to follow Jesus. Influence, wealth and popularity will not avail in the judgment. The subject tomorrow night will be Baptism and I would like to hear it.

Mr. Truman. How many went forward?

Mrs. Truman. Several. I saw Mr. Jones among the number. He inquired why you had not visited as yet.

Mr. Truman. Mr. Jones will not see me there.

Mrs. Truman. Don't be so positive, my dear. It may be that the Lord will have you to hear the evangelists before they leave the district.

Mr. Truman. I am a member of a church already and am too old to be tossed about. Our pastor warned us last Sunday of antichrists, and of following false doctrines. I will not prevent your going, but I do not feel like setting an example by going.

CONVERSATION VI

Mrs. Truman. [After the evening sermon on Baptism] The meetings are getting better every night. Tonight we listened to a wonderful sermon on Baptism,

and the subject was made so clear from the Bible that I decided to be baptized.

Mr. Truman. Baptized! You have been already baptized.

Mrs. Truman. No, I never was.

Mr. Truman. Your mother had you baptized when an infant in the Methodist Church. Surely you are not going to bring disgrace on your mother's religion.

Mrs. Truman. I hold great love for my mother and should be sorry to grieve her, but she knew no better when she had me sprinkled. Her teachers taught her to do so, and she followed them.

Mr. Truman. But the Bible supports the baptism of children.

Mrs. Truman. Please tell me where you find that.

Mr. Truman. Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mrs. Truman. But there is no connection between this text and baptism. Jesus took little children in his arms, but he never used a drop of water on them.

Mr. Truman. It is true that there is no direct command for baptizing children. The practice however is of very ancient origin.

Mrs. Truman. It is quite true that the practice is old, but this does not make it true. The sign of the cross made on the forehead of the child in connection with the sprinkling, as practiced by some churches, is also very ancient.

Mr. Truman. The Bible speaks about several households that were baptized; therefore children must have been baptized.

Mrs. Truman. Please name those households?

Mr. Truman. They were the households of Cornelius, of Lydia, of the jailer, and of Stephanas. Old people are not easily converted, therefore in all probability there were infants in those households.

Mrs. Truman. Let us look at this from the Bible standpoint, and not from what we think. If children were in those families, surely they were old enough to believe. For the apostles never would have baptized children who could not believe. Faith and repentance are necessary for baptism, and infants are incapable of manifesting such. Acts 16: 34 says that the Philippian jailer brought the apostles into

his house, "set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house."

Mr. Truman. Sometime ago I read in a theological compend that "Baptism is a substitute for circumcision."

Mrs. Truman. These theologians are leading people away from the plain "Thus saith the Lord." The circumcision of the Old Testament was typical of sanctification. Then circumcision was administered only to boys. Do you think baptism was intended for boys only?

Mr. Truman. I know you will try to prove your point.

Mrs. Truman. No, husband, I am simply giving you Bible facts.

Mr. Truman. I am sorry that these preachers came to our village. I hope they will soon leave.

Mrs. Truman. The evangelist showed from the Bible that the only mode of baptism is by immersion. Sprinkling will not do. I thank God for bringing these preachers here.

Mr. Truman. Where do you find baptism by immersion?

Mrs. Truman. All the instances of baptism in the Bible were by immersion. Let us look at the baptism of our Lord as recorded in Matthew 3: 16,— "And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water." Again in Acts 8: 38 is recorded the baptism of the eunuch,— "And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they [Philip and the eunuch] went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him." Of John's baptism we read,— "And John was baptizing in Aenon near to Salim, because there was much water there: and they came, and were baptized" (John 3: 23). This showed that this place was convenient for immersion.

Mr. Truman. But, Mary, any form can do. We need not be so particular in little things.

Mrs. Truman. No, baptism is a very important ordinance of the church of God. It represents a burial, death, and resurrection. The apostle says,— "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk

in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection" (Rom. 6: 3-4). Sprinkling a little water on the head could never represent a burial. The word *baptism* which means to dip repeatedly, dip under, is used many times in the New Testament to express baptism. The word *rantizo* means to sprinkle, but is never used to express baptism.

Mr. Truman. I am perfectly satisfied with my baptism. I will not bring reproach on my parents by accepting this new doctrine.

Mrs. Truman. John, I am sure you would not say these things if you had heard the evangelist. He made the truth so clear that you would have been convinced. However, I have a tract which I got after the service. It is on Baptism, written by Rev. A. E. Main, and published by the American Sabbath Tract Society. Please study it in your spare moments. The subject tomorrow night will be "The Law of God: Is it bringing in this dispensation?"

(To be continued)

THE BRAVE AT HOME

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around her rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!
Thomas Buchanan Read.

God wants the best of nations to be better still; perhaps He is waiting for some of them to discover their own faults and get rid of them.

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

THE DRAWING POWER OF CHRIST

REV. ALONZO G. CROFOOT

Text: *And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself.* John 12: 32.

These are the words of Jesus near the close of his public ministry. They contain one of the most important of his teachings. They refer primarily to his being lifted up on the cross. There is no fact of history more firmly established than that he was lifted up, that he did die on Calvary. His drawing power began before his lifting and has continued with increasing force to the present time.

Men are drawn to him by his teachings. He taught them as one having authority. His manner of presenting truth was such as to interest people. When they began to lose interest in his direct teachings, then he taught them by stories or parables. These parables were taken from nature or life and were so clothed as to set people to thinking for themselves. This was the design of Jesus, to get people to think about their relation to God and to one another. His teachings were attractive because they touched the important problems of life, both with reference to this life and to that which is to come.

People were drawn to him by his miracles. Many were healed by him. Others had friends or loved ones healed. Probably this was the power which drew more people than anything else. His ability and willingness to help drew the people to him. Some came to be healed, some to be fed and some out of curiosity or to criticise and find fault. All men who saw or heard him were probably affected by him in one way or another.

The power of his personal influence was great. The common people heard him gladly. He was revealing God to men, and men to themselves. A man who could read and interpret their thoughts was a man of drawing power.

He knew what was in men. He was ready to dispel their doubts and enlighten their understanding. He came as a light

into the world and wanted to help all who were willing to be helped out of darkness or ignorance or sin into light, knowledge and purity. His power in the moral world is like that of the sun in the physical world. As the sun gives light and life to everything in the natural world and holds the planets in their orbits, so Jesus gives light and life to all men who listen to his words and give heed to their teachings.

How is Jesus drawing men to himself now? In much the same way as he did when here in the flesh. His being lifted up on the cross and giving his life there for the sins of the world was the culminating act of his life. It proved the love he had for the world and it also proved the Father's love. It is the love, sympathy and desire to help men that is the drawing power. Men are attracted by a love so supreme, so unselfish. Jesus himself taught that "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." This is our highest conception of human love. We can conceive of a father willing to sacrifice himself to save a son or daughter. We can think of a mother willing to lay down her life for her babe. When we come to laying down our lives for those who have no natural claim upon us, it is altogether a different thing. Jesus has shown the superiority of his love by laying down his life for his enemies. He left the companionship of his Father and holy angels to come down to earth and associate with vile men and sinning women, in order to help them and save them. He went about doing good.

Drummond was right in thinking that love was the greatest thing in the world. The greatest thing in Jesus' life was love, and so it ought to be the greatest thing in your life and in mine. We are taught by the apostle John that we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. When we have, and manifest, this love then we have a drawing power. One of the elements of power by which Jesus is drawing the world to himself is the life and example of those who love him. He says: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

We have this love because we have received it from him. Our life has been touched and thrilled by coming into contact with his life. He is like a great magnet drawing everything to itself. As a nail

or needle is magnetized by coming into contact with a magnet, so lives which come in contact with the life of Christ are drawn to him and receive some of his drawing power. As a piece of steel is not magnetized unless it comes into actual contact with the magnet, so our lives will have none of this drawing power unless they have been cleansed or purified by a living connection with the life of Christ. Our lives may be drawn toward the life of Christ by his love, sympathy or compassion; but if there is something between us and him, then we will not be drawn to him and be saved. If there is any obstacle between us and him, then it is our business to take that obstacle out of the way. He does not put anything in the way, but we sometimes do.

Some love the dollar so much that it comes between them and Christ, and he can't draw them completely to himself. They may love him enough to be attracted to him, but like the young ruler who came to Jesus asking what he must do to inherit eternal life, they love their riches more and so are not saved. Covetousness or the love of money keeps many people out of the kingdom of God.

Others are drawn to Jesus and feel that they ought to yield themselves to his claims, but the attractions of the world with its pleasures have such power over them that they do not yield to what they know to be right. There are two great forces in the moral world. Jesus by his life and spirit is drawing men to lives of purity and usefulness while Satan is alluring them to lives of sin and selfishness. We as free moral agents must choose which we will serve. Jesus will not force us to serve him; but he would woo us by his goodness and his love, and by the great reward he offers us at the end of the Christian race. On the other hand Satan, the devil, the wicked one, is seeking to get us to serve self, to have a good time now regardless of future consequences. Let us remember that whatever we sow, that we will have to reap. Therefore let us not sow to the flesh and of the flesh reap corruption; but let us sow to the Spirit, that we may of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

To be drawn to Jesus enough to become one of his followers means a life of self-denial. It may mean trial and persecution;

but it also means victory. He said his followers would be tried and persecuted. That was the way he was treated. He encouraged them to be of good cheer, for they would overcome the world even as he had. His presence, his Spirit, was to be with them all the days, even to the end of the age. One man or one woman filled with the Spirit of Christ will have an attractive power and will lead others by their character and personal influence to become like the Christ they love and serve. Think of the power of a man like D. L. Moody to draw men, or of a woman like Frances E. Willard to draw women to themselves. Was it not because they had, and manifested, the Spirit of the Master whom they served? I believe it was. Think of the power of such men as President Allen, Charles M. Lewis, or John L. Huffman. Was it not the power of Christ in their lives that made them what they were—a force for good in the world. The presidents of our colleges, the teachers in our schools and the pastors in our churches have power and influence because they have been drawn to the living Christ and are doing work for him in the world.

If the people of the world are drawn to Jesus it will be by love. This love will have to be manifested by those who love Jesus. It must be an unselfish love, a love that seeks the lost ones of earth and tries to win them to Jesus. We must not think so much of ourselves or of our enjoyment as to neglect others. We must not be Pharisaical and ask God to bless us, but must ask him to bless others. When the church is strong and spiritual, earnest and active, working and praying in any community, there will be life and power in that community for good. When parents are earnest, working Christians, their will be power in the home to lead the children and servants to the Lord Jesus.

Parents, as a rule, have more power over their children than have teachers or pastors. If the drawing power of the parents is away from pure Christianity instead of towards it, then it will be no wonder if the children are not saved. How important it is that those of us who profess to be disciples of the Lord should be consistent in our living.

The mission of the church, as an organized body, is to do the work which Christ,

the Head of the body, set it to do. He says to the church, the same as he does to individuals, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation." Wherever this command is obeyed, there the uplifting power of Jesus is felt. When the gospel of Christ gets hold of a man it lifts him up out of sin and impurity and makes him a new creature. It lifts up every one who comes under its power, no matter what his race or previous condition. It gives the ignorant man a desire for an education, the foolish man a desire for wisdom, and the wicked man a longing for purity. It is the power of Christ in this old world that is lifting it up and teaching all men everywhere that God loves men and wants to save them. It is all men, black or white, red or yellow or brown that he is drawing to himself. In order for him to draw them they must hear of him and learn about him. The responsibility is upon us who have heard of him to tell it to those who have not heard. "Whosoever shall call up on the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?" (Rom. 10: 13-15).

Jesus said as the Father had sent him into the world, so he sent the disciples into the world. The world read you and me instead of their Bibles to find out the truth of the religion which we profess. When we give of our means to support the church where we live, we are helping to lift up the cause of Christ in the community. When we send out our missionaries into foreign fields and support them with our prayers and means, we are helping to lift up Jesus and his religion before those who know him not. When we endow colleges and seminaries of learning, we are lifting up Jesus and his teachings before the world. There seems to be no end to the power of a Christian college to life up Jesus and his principles of righteousness before men. Year after year a class of young men and women are sent out into the world from our colleges to help the world and exalt the name and power of Jesus. It is the duty of every Christian to exalt the name of Jesus and work with him to make the world a safe place for men and women to live in.

THE LAST DAY IN THE PARSONAGE

THE minister sat alone in his study. He was oppressed with a sense of weariness and heartache. It was his last day in the quiet parsonage where he had spent ten busy, happy years.

How fast the time had flown! It seemed but yesterday that he had put up those pictures on the walls, arranged the books in the cases, placed the old clock on the mantel, started the home fires burning and welcomed his family to this cosy nook among the maples, away from the noise and glare of city streets. And now the hour had come when he must turn his back upon it all, and erect an altar and set up his tent amid unfamiliar scenes and a strange people.

He had worked during the years of his pastorate, with keen relish. He had given his best to the church without stint or complaint. He had tried to make full proof of his ministry. If he could not be brilliant and compelling in his preaching, he had endeavored to be brave and faithful in daily service. And now with flagging strength and nerves unstrung he must face the pitiful tragedy of removal.

He was a home-lover. The parsonage for ten years had enshrined all he loved best on earth. Its walks had echoed the laughter and songs of his children. Every room had been dedicated to the twin spirits of happiness and love. The altar fires had always been kept glowing and the home atmosphere sweetened by the incense of prayer. The closet with its seclusion and calm was a consecrated spot where moments were spent too sacred for words, wrestling with the angel of promise and power.

Out on the sunlit lawns the children had frolicked. They had climbed the tall maples and looked out from their fringed perches with elfin smiles and eerie chatter. Every tree was dear to him. The birds had freely built their nests in the branches and paid for their tiny tenements with rapturous gushes of song. Even the summer winds that whispered among the dancing leaves and toyed with the fluttering woodbine around the door, crooned weird messages of welcome and cheer. Afar on the skyline lofty hills notched the horizon, and down in a nearby valley, a rippling river flowed singing to the sea. From his study

window the minister had often watched the setting sun sinking behind the dark line of wooded slopes, or viewed the angry clouds swiftly marshal their hosts into menacing battalions of storm.

His thoughts went out to his people. He had grown to love them. They were earnest and responsive. He knew he had friends among them as staunch and loyal as ever held up a pastor's hand. There were few homes in the parish where he had not been a welcome guest at some joyous function, or where he had not tried to cheer some trembling soul on its way to the cross or the grave. But now the end had come, and the bitterness of it all was too keen for words.

He shrank from facing strangers with his tired brain and aching nerves. He knew he needed rest after a whirlwind campaign in which more than one hundred members had been added to the church. He knew that another field would mean whipping his already depleted powers into fictitious activity in order to meet the demands of a new situation. Besides, he shrank from the injustice of limping into a new parish with impaired vigor and depressed spirits.

But what else could he do? There were repair shops for worn-out rigs and autos; the jaded horse could be turned into the pasture to rest and recuperate; the worn-out soldier was pensioned and retired; the broken-down railway employee was cared for by his company, but there was nothing for the worn-out soldier of the cross to do but summon whatever reserves of strength he could command and keep going as long as outraged nature would consent to dole out the waning physical capital.

Last night the minister had dreamed of the sea. He was born and reared near its breezy sand dunes. For years he had been soothed to slumber by the murmur of its breaking waves. Next to his mother's lullaby he loved the sound of the sea. He had felt the rich tonic of its salty breezes and been fascinated by its mighty strength and vastness. Today, like Xenophon's homesick Greeks, his soul cried out for a sight of the sea, for the music of its waves and tides, for the song of its hurrying winds and for the sight of its creaming breakers and flying foam. But he knew it was only a dream, and he was now facing depressing

realities. There were mouths to feed and money to earn. Rest and travel meant outlay, and outlay was impossible without income.

So the minister passed into the olive groves and wrestled for a bitter hour, in his own Gethsemane. The old clock—a family heirloom—ticked softly and sympathetically from a near-by mantel. Hoffman's "Christ in the Garden" looked down at him from the wall. A robin tinkled his vesper song outside the study window. The fragrance of blossoms drifted in from a clump of wild plant and cherry trees that had robbed themselves in the brilliant garb of spring. Outside the sun had set and hills and woods were mellowed with the tint of dying day. The minister stepped out into the gathering shadows and slowly walked down the old, familiar path to the church building. As he caught sight of the tall tower, broad gables and pleasant portico of the building where he had done his best for ten years, a great surge of feeling swept over him. He paused and softly quoted:

"I love thy church, O God,
Her walls before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye
And graven on thy hand."

He entered the silent vestibule and moved sadly down the dim aisles. The fading light threw into clear, fascinating relief the sacred symbols on the stained-glass windows. Raphael's cherubs looked down smiling from the chancel. He stood once more, and for the last time, in the pulpit and gazed out over the silent, unpeopled room. How still it was! The hush of twilight was over all, and with the stillness came a rush of memories.

The present faded and he was back once more at the glad opening of his pastorate. He recalled the thronged church, the eager attention of the congregation and the solemn responses of the senior deacons. They were choice spirits, these two venerable cup-bearers to the King, and their loyalty and sympathy continually refreshed him, but their graves were now green on the hillside and the minister missed their wise counsel and unstinted brotherliness.

The faces of hosts of friends rose up and smiled at him from the silent pews. Stalwart young men—his Bible class,

eager, bright-eyed children, mothers in Israel, men prominent in business and the professions, seemed gathered to cheer him with their last greetings.

Again he was back in the great and solemn services, when the heavens opened and Pentecost was repeated, and men, women and children made the great decision. His eye rested on the baptistry where a multitude was buried in the liquid grave. There he had baptized all his children. Once a class of boys, seven in all, stood together in the water till all were baptized, while tearful parents watched the scene with joy beyond words. He recalled the time when an entire family—father, mother and three children—stood side by side in the baptistry and were solemnly dedicated to the Lord.

He saw once more the glad Christmas gatherings, the wedding processions, the graduations, the communions, and a whispered word of thanksgiving came from his lips. "Father," he said, "these mountain peaks of blessing more than atone for the heartache of many a cross."

And now to leave it all was like the parting asunder of soul and spirit. No other church could ever be the same. It was the church of his manhood's strength. He had given it ten of the best years of his life—had given gladly and prodigally, given till he had little more to give, and now—

Darker and darker grew the shadows in the room, lower and lower drooped the minister's head, till at last the fountains of the great deep were broken open and the storm of grief that had gripped his soul for days found free expression.

Once more out into the night a light gleamed in the study window. A hand had placed it there that had never failed him—the hand of God's best earthly gift, his wife. Her genius for sympathy, patience and courage had been a benediction to him for twenty happy years. The light in the window was the unconscious symbol of her character. As wife, mother and efficient co-worker, she had quietly and unselfishly given her best. With these happier thoughts, new courage came to the minister. He was leaving behind no family graves. Mother and children were going with him. Whatever the future had in store they would face it to-

gether, and, perhaps on some other field where harvests were ripe and reapers few there would again come the joy of service and ingatherings.

So the minister faced the future, girded himself for other tasks and left the issue with the Lord.—*J. Alexander Ford, in the Standard.*

There was a briar growing in a ditch, and there came along a gardener with his spade. As he dug around it and lifted it out, the briar said to itself: "What is he doing that for? Does he not know that I am only an old, worthless briar?" But the gardener took it into the garden and planted it amid his flowers, while the briar said: "What a mistake he has made! Planting an old briar like myself among such rose-trees as these!" But the gardener came once more; and, with his keen-edged knife, made a slit in the briar, and "budded" it with a rose, and, by and by, when summer came, lovely roses were blooming on that old briar. Then the gardener said: "Your beauty is not due to that which came out of you, but to that which I put in you." Just so can God cause the most glorious of roses to grow out of such poor, dried sticks as we all are.—*The Sermonizer.*

Knowing the world as my boy can not know it, I covet for him some things which I send him to college to get. Every father hopes to have his son take a large share in the world's work. Indeed a larger share than he himself has been able to take, he hopes to see his own unrealized ambitions made good by his son. The first thing that I expect my boy to get at college is the habit of thinking. A large majority of men live in such a chaos of muddled thought that the sum total of their mental processes equals zero. Along with slatternly thinking is the purposeless life. "What am I living for?" is a question that never protudes itself on their attention. Such men are alive only because typhoid has not come their way. A young man should know his bearings. He should locate his prime meridian and his base line and from these keep track of the thoughts and motives that impel him to action.—*President E. A. Hanley.*

"We are often indebted to our imagination for three fourths of our importance."

MEN IN THE SERVICE FROM SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HOMES

ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.

Carley, Francis
Greene, Carl
Greene, Carlton
Horton, Corp. Kenneth

ALBION, WIS.

Ayers, Elsworth D.
Ayers, Elton
Babcock, Fred I.
Green, Sidney C.
Stillman, Mahlon
Stillman, George

ALFRED, N. Y.

Ayars, Capt. Emerson W.
Ayars, Lister S.
Babcock, Corp. Ronald
Bass, Corp. Elmer
Beach, Roland P.
Burdick, Corp. Arthur E.
Burdick, Capt. George E.
Clarke, Lieut. Walton B.
Coon, Lance Corp. Aaron Mac
Cottrell, Capt. Arthur M.
Crandall, Lieut. Winfield R.
Davis, B. Colwell, Jr.
Davis, Stanton H.
Dunham, W. E.
Ells, Alton B.
Fenner, Glenn B.
Greene, Sergt. Edward F. R.
Greene, Lieut. Ernest G.
Greene, Sergt. Robert A.
Hall, Horace A.
Martin, Howard
Meritt, Carl L.
Phillips, Lieut. Kent
Poole, Lieut. Clesson O.
Potter, Clifford M.
Randolph, Lieut. Winfield W.F.
Shaw, Lieut. Leon I.
Sheppard, Corp. Mark
Stevens, George P.
Rosebush, Capt. Waldo E.
Straight, Lieut. B. D.
Thomas, Herbert
Truman, De Forrest
Saunders, Edward E.
Saunders, Harold B.
Vars, Otho L.
Witter, Adrian E.
Witter, E. Allen

ALFRED STATION, N. Y.

Allen, John R.
Allen, Joseph L.
Burkhart, James
Champlin, Capt. E. V.
Ormsby, Orson C.
Palmiter, Elson G.
Roberts, Guy
Smith, Claude C.
Woodruff, Corp. Charles Eldon
Worrell, Herman L.
Worrell, W. T.

ASHAWAY, R. I.

Briggs, Charles B.
Briggs, Leverett A., Jr.
Coon, John T.
Hill, Frank M.
Langworthy, Lloyd
Riffenberg, Fred
Smith, Arthur M.
Wells, Edward
Wells, Forest
Wells, Nathanael

BATAVIA, ILL.

Clement, Neal Gilbert

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Ayers, Elton
Bottoms, Lieut. Roger
Confer, Oren
Ellsworth, Carlton
Evans, Leslie D.
Evans, William C.
Hargis, Gerald D.
Hoekstra, John
Kinney, Corp. C. B.
Kolvoord, D. Benjamin
Kolvoord, Lieut. Theodore
Stockwell, Guy

Tyrrell, A. Lee

BEREA, W. VA.
Brissey, William
Davis, 1st Sergt. Arthur G.

BERLIN, N. Y.

Mosher, Floyd C.
Tift, L. B.
Vars, Jesse D.

BOULDER, COLO.

Jeffreys, Lieut. William B.
Jones, Rev. Ralph Curtis
Weaver, Charles
Wing, Hubert

BRADFORD, R. I.

Newton, Harold S.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.

Spooner, Malcolm G.
Stillman, Lynn A.
Todd, Sergt. Leon J.

CAMARGO, OKLA.

Estee, James L.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Leach, Lieut. Floyd Dewitt
Platts, Lieut. Lewis A.

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Van Horn, Harold E.

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Harold
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Burdick, Corp. William D.
Burnett, George C.
Clarke, Aden
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Davis, Elmer M.
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Lanphere, Corp. Leo
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Goodrich, Harold
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Larkin, George
Maxson, Eslie
Pierce, Earl
Rood, Bayard A.
Sayre, Walter D.
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Clarke, Capt. Charles P.
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Clarke, Harry

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Brooks, Albert

WELLSVILLE, N. Y.
Burdick, Percy Witter

WELTON, IOWA
Saunders, Ernest W.

WESTERLY, R. I.
Babcock, Major Bordon A.
Burdick, Charles G.
Burdick, Lieut. H. Russell
Chapman, Sergt. George
Coon, Howard Ames
Coon, Raymond H.
Hemphill, Russell
Hiscox, Raymond H.
Kenyon, M. Elwood
Loughborough, Lloyd C.
Nash, Major Arthur N.
Peabody, T. Edward
Stillman, Sergt. Karl G.

¹Died, January 12, 1918, at Camp Green, of cerebro-spinal meningitis.

²Killed in action on the Ypres Front, in France, November 6, 1917.

³Died, November 17, 1917, at Fort Sill, Okla., of cerebro-meningitis.

⁴Died at Spartanburg, S. C., April 29, 1918, of pneumonia.

⁵Died at Jackson Barracks, Mo., February 9, 1918, of measles and pneumonia.

GO through the gospels, follow that incomparable life, and see how the Christ was always surrounded by need and suffering and sorrow. When it was reported that the Stranger from Galilee had arrived, the blind came groping out to put themselves in his way, and the lame hobbled into the road along which he was most likely to pass, and those who were too weak and ill to walk were carried into his presence; and when there was no other way to get to him with some poor, palsied cripple, because of the crowd, they would tear a hole in the roof and lower the stricken man down at his feet.

Life for Jesus was like passing through a hospital or spending his days among the enfeebled and despairing. He created his own environment, and he did it by the warmth and sympathy of his mighty heart. It is not hard for some people to hide from the distressed and the poverty-pinched and the crying and the sad-hearted. No poor human derelict ever drifts into their harbor. No beggar ever stumbles up their steps. No man who is sinking in the black waves ever cries unto them to throw out a life line. No lonely soul ever seeks their companionship. Their house-gate is a breakwater against which the billows of

woe, surging up from humanity's great sea, dash and roll back into the troubled deep. If no unfortunates, no wrecks, no tramps, no down-and-outs, ever come to our door or find their way to our office or place of business for a little help and a little cheer, it is not much of a compliment to our humanity, much less to our religion. Jesus could not be hid. The world's bitter grief drew him as the magnet draws the steel. And this is really the test of the Christianity of a man or the Christianity of a church. If either the one or the other can easily hide away from human need and hold aloof from human heartache and sorrow, it is evidence enough that the spirit of the Master is not there; for where the Master is, there is no hiding from any life that is wounded or from any back that is breaking beneath its heavy load, and no shrinking from service.—*Robert F. Coyle, in the Continent.*

The sane, strong, brave, heroic souls of all ages were the men who, in the natural order of things, have lived above all considerations of pay or glory. They have served, not as slaves hoping for reward, but as gods who would take no reward.—*David Starr Jordan.*

MARRIAGES

VAN HORN-BAILEY.—Near Lost Creek, July 2, 1918, by the Rev. M. G. Stillman, W. Burl Van Horn and Miss Hannah Florence Bailey.

DEATHS

TRUE.—Mary Katharine McFarland was born near Rome, Iowa, January 7, 1845, the only child of James and Rosanna McLaughlin McFarland, and died at the home of her son-in-law, E. J. Babcock, North Loup, Neb., July 11, 1918.

On May 31, 1864, she was married to M. B. C. True, of Solon, Iowa, who was home from the army on a furlough. After the war they lived at different places in Iowa. In 1872, they moved to Nebraska, and for fourteen years made their home at Crete. In 1887, they came to North Loup where Mr. True was the first principal of the high school. Later they went to Edgar and Tecumseh, but in 1903, Mr. True being broken in health, they returned to North Loup. Here Mr. True died in 1909.

Her early education was received from her mother. Later she attended the Methodist college at Mount Vernon, Iowa. At the age of sixteen she left school, lacking but a few months of graduating, and was later made an honorary alumna of that institution. In earlier years Mrs. True joined a Unitarian church, but there being no church of that faith where she has later lived she has always allied herself and worked with other denominations, and was especially interested in patriotic and educational organizations.

She was the mother of six children: Mrs. Jessie Babcock, of North Loup; Charles S., who died in infancy; Larry R., who died in young manhood; Archie M., of Manila, P. I.; Sidney M., of Saguache, Colo.; and Mrs. Gail Doan, of Kennewick, Wash. She is also survived by thirteen grandchildren.

Funeral services were held from the Seventh Day Baptist church, Sabbath afternoon, July 13, 1918, conducted by Rev. A. L. Davis. Interment was made in the village cemetery. A. L. D.

CHASE.—Delia Babcock Chase was born in Persia, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., January 9, 1838, and died at the home of her son-in-law, E. W. Black, in North Loup, Neb., June 18, 1918, at the age of 80 years, 5 months, and 9 days.

She was the daughter of Rev. George C. Babcock and Almira Brown Babcock. Her father was the organizer and for many years pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Dakota, Wis., and similarly of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Brookfield, Mo. He was a successful teacher

and leader in his day, and the daughter assisted him in all his activities.

She was a sister of Rev. Oscar Babcock, president of the colony that settled the North Loup country, organizer and first pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of North Loup, and of H. A. Babcock, both old settlers of North Loup and men prominent in the organization of the county and the building up and development of this part of the State.

She was married at Dakota, Wis., September 28, 1859, to Henry A. Chase, later a volunteer veteran of the Civil War, prominent in church and civil life, who died at this place in November, 1913. To this union was born one daughter, Mrs. Nellie E. Black, who survives her. She leaves also three grandchildren, Mrs. Georgia Green, of Farina, Ill., Mrs. Lora Fisher and Henry Black, of North Loup, and four great-grandchildren.

When a small girl she moved with her father's family to Dakota, Wis., where she resided for many years; then moved with her husband to Minnesota where they lived one winter, later residing in Brookfield, Mo., for thirteen years. In October, 1879, the family moved to North Loup where she continued to reside until the time of her death.

In early life she was converted and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she remained an earnest consistent member and worker. Mrs. Chase was the last surviving member of her generation of a family of great energy in church, social and civil activities. Her loss will be felt and mourned by the community and the church, as well as by her immediate family and friends.

Farewell services were held from the Seventh Day Baptist Church, Thursday afternoon, June 20, 1918, conducted by Pastor A. L. Davis, and burial was made in the village cemetery.

A. L. D.

GREENE.—At her home in Alfred, N. Y., July 9, 1918, Mrs. Olive Arville Greene, aged 95 years, 10 months, and 12 days.

Mrs. Greene was the oldest of eight children born to Jared and Sarah Potter Greene, her birthplace being Stephentown, Rensselaer Co., N. Y. February 18, 1843 she was united in marriage with Russell W. Greene. This union lasted over fifty-four years, or till the death of Mr. Greene, in Scott, N. Y., April 20, 1897. To them were born four children, Lois and Egbert, who died in the month of February, 1869, both being young people at the time of their death; Mrs. B. F. Rogers, with whom Mrs. Greene made her home many years and who died two years ago last May; and a son who died when six months of age. The most of their married life was spent in Berlin, N. Y. In 1897, after a three years' residence in Scott, N. Y., she came with Eld. and Mrs. B. F. Rogers to Alfred, N. Y., which place has since been her home.

At the age of fifteen she was baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Berlin, N. Y., and of this church she remained a member till called home, a period of over eighty years. Though she gave herself to her

home and family, still she found time for active work in her church, being a regular attendant at the church prayer meeting as well as its other appointments, a teacher in the Bible School and a worker in the Woman's Society till the weight of years kept her from active work.

Farewell services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, assisted by President Boothe C. Davis, were held at the house Friday afternoon and the mortal body was taken to Berlin for burial.

WM. L. B.

HUNGARIAN FUNERALS

We have funerals among the Hungarian Seventh Day Baptist people, thus:

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Cordas, a boy six years old, who died suddenly, May 23, 1918, in Withing, Ind.

Mr. Stephen Holich's wife died in the hospital from an operation, May 6, 1918, Burnside, Ill.

Jouis Balogh died June 28, 1918, West Pullman, Ill. He was forty years old and had been blind in both eyes for four years. He had no relatives in this country, so I supported him in every way during that time.

Mr. Boldizar Matyas' wife died in the hospital from an operation also, June 15, 1918, Chicago, Ill.

For all the above people the services were conducted by Rev. J. J. Kovats, and there were many people present.

J. J.

"If you open the door and let Christ in,
He will come as a courteous guest;
He will take the space that you give to him,
And will leave you all the rest;
If you crowd him out of your largest room,
And give him a corner small;
If you scarcely remember that he is there,
And speak of him not at all—

"Ah, then he may grieve when he sees your mind
By the cares of the world possessed,
When your feet have strayed and your soul is faint
And your heart by grief opprest;
But he can not comfort and lift and guide
And help, as he longs to do—
Where he sits apart in your house of life—
For you have not asked him to.

"Oh, make him the Master of all you have,
The Lord of your heart and soul;
Yield him all yourself for his dwelling-place,
And let him take the whole;
He will do for you, he will work with you,
He will reign in you life alone,
And you'll find the blessing that you have missed
And the joy you have never known."

No man is truly rich save he who has seeing eyes, hearing ears, and a responsive heart.—*The Christian Herald.*

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized July 11, 1918.

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Sabbath School—Lesson VII, August 17, 1918

WORKING IN THE CHURCH. Acts 2: 41-47; 4: 32-35; 6: 2-4

Golden Text.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: Give thanks unto him, and bless his name." Psa. 100:4

DAILY READINGS

Aug. 11—Acts 2: 41-47. Working in the church
Aug. 12—Acts 4: 32-37. Using Property for the Church

Aug. 13—Acts 6: 1-7. The Daily Ministration
Aug. 14—Ps. 122: 1-9. Going up to Worship
Aug. 15—1 Cor. 12: 4-11. Diversity of Gifts
Aug. 16—Eph. 4: 1-7. Worthy of our Calling
Aug. 17—Eph. 4: 11-16. The Stature of the Fullness of Christ

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

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The Sabbath Recorder

THE LURE OF THE WEST

There's a call I hear in the summer,
That is borne to me clear and sweet—
'Tis the lure of the pine and the cedar,
Where the mountain riverlets meet.
'Tis calling me to the wildwood,
To be free from care to rest
Where the air is cool and delicious,
In the land of the matchless west.

I would love to go a-fishing
Where the trees are bending low,
And dangle my feet in the waters
Which come from ranges of snow!
There is Bob White's song at even,
And the oriole builds her nest
In a thicket of spruce and aspen,
In the land of the matchless west.

How I love the glens all fragrant
With the rose and the columbine,
The moss-covered log in the shadows,
Where the ivy and clematis twine!
Oh, give me the light of the rainbow,
As it shines o'er the clouds' bright
crest,
And the kisses sweet of the sunbeams,
In the land of the matchless west.

I seem to hear the low cooing
Of the dove in the early morn,
Hear the cowbell far in the distance,
While dewdrops blossoms adorn.
And there is the old log cabin,
With its welcome of quiet rest.
Oh, the call of the wild; I hear it,
From the land of the matchless west.
—Joseph Henry Ayers, in the Continent.

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