

The Sabbath Recorder

HAVE YOU A VISION

of the SABBATH of
your children and your
children's children ?

IF YOU HAVE

it includes many deep
convictions and among
them a picture of a

DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING

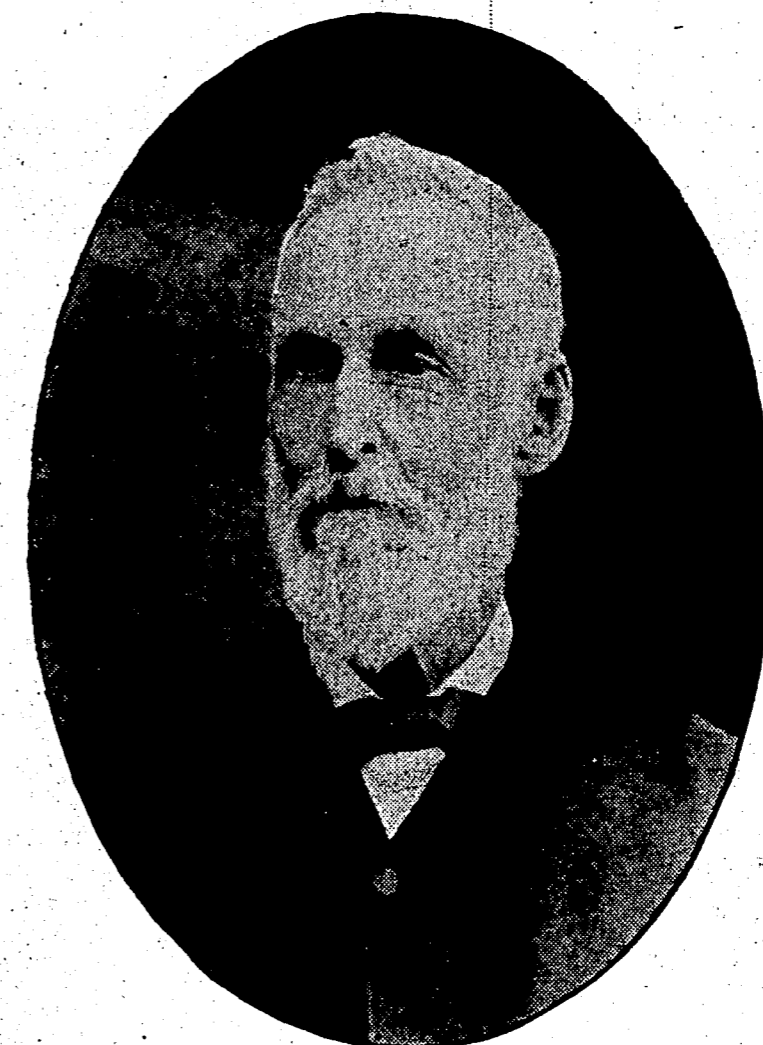
which symbolizes

OUR FAITH in OUR FUTURE



SEND YOUR BONDS TODAY

F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer,
Plainfield, N. J.



DEACON LEVI BOND
1817-1919

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

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

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., MARCH 31, 1919

WHOLE NO. 3,865

Deacon Levi Bond On the cover of this RECORDER is a picture of our aged friend, Deacon Levi Bond, of Lost Creek, W. Va. He has long been the beloved "Uncle Levi" to every one around his native place and to all who knew him in two or three counties surrounding his home. For two years we have been saving some data regarding his life to be used when the end should come. But the circumstances that compel us to be absent from home make it impossible to use them now.

We remember "Uncle Levi" in the years when he began the ninth decade of his life. There will always remain a memory-picture of him as a tall, white-haired old man, straight as an arrow, walking a mile to church with the sprightly step of youth. We can see him now as he stood before his Bible class Sabbath after Sabbath, clear-headed and practical in his teaching. It was always good to meet Brother Bond and enjoy his bright hopeful counsels. He lived to be a help to three generations of men. Lost Creek has been greatly blessed by the uplifting influence of Uncle Levi.

The Glad Game Girls There was a knock at the door. We were in the quiet cottage home of Mrs. Gardiner's brother in Alfred, to which an auto-ambulance from the Sanitarium had brought us only a few hours before. So when the knock came we paid no attention, but when, a moment later, the door bell gave a cheery, persistent ring it reminded us of the fact that there was no one else in the house and that we should answer the call.

When the door was opened there stood two cheery little girls who presented a beautiful flowering plant, and with it a card containing these words: "For Mrs. Gardiner with sympathy, from the Glad Game Girls, or The Joy Makers."

Those who have read the beautiful story entitled, "Pollyanna," will appreciate the work of the Glad Game Class. If any RECORDER reader has not read that story it

will pay him to get the book and read it. If he can not now appreciate the beautiful principle therein set forth, the time will doubtless come when he will prize it highly. The author's efforts to help people see the bright side have brought untold blessing to thousands who are in trouble.

No condition into which a child of God ever comes can be so full of trouble that he can not find something to be thankful for. Many times has this great truth been verified in life's dark days. Trouble and disappointment, sickness and sorrow are always hard to bear. They will be hard enough for each one even if he joins the glad game class and looks for things to thank God for. There is great relief in being able to say, when trouble comes, "I am glad it is no worse." If our trust is in Him who notes the fall of the sparrow, who promises to be a present help in trouble, then we may rest assured that he will never leave us without rays of sunshine to brighten the gloom. He who doeth all things well, loves his children too much to leave them in utter darkness.

Thank God for the glad game girls who "play the game" so well wherever they see an opportunity to make others happy.

The Flock Needs Shepherds Have you ever noticed that the boy who is always being told of his mistakes until he almost feels that nothing better is expected of him will be likely to take his critics at their word and, losing heart, will fail? To exercise faith in another is the surest way to move him in right ways. The pastor who constantly finds fault with his church ought not to be surprised when it loses interest and stops trying.

I am confident that churches as a whole are waiting to be shown the way to larger usefulness. But it takes shepherds to lead flocks in right ways. The New Testament is full of the Good Shepherd spirit. At every turn the great apostle seems to be making supreme effort to lead his flock into

green pastures, and to feed them with the bread of life.

The church had imperfections in Paul's day, but Paul did not condemn it as an institution, and consign it to the scrap heap because it came short of fulfilling its appointed mission. He did not turn against the church to some other institution as being of greater value as a world saver. Evidently he fully believed in the church as the light of the world, notwithstanding its imperfections. To Paul the church was "The pillar and ground of the truth," "The body of Christ," "the temple of God," and he knew enough of the effect of wholesale criticism to keep him from condemning the church because it contained some unworthy members. Destructive criticism of the church, however good the motives of its critics, tends to destroy the confidence of the very ones we desire to save.

Give us more patient, painstaking builders who still have full faith in the church as the temple of God. Give us more shepherds who are devoted to the best interests of the flock, who understand the principles of leadership by which the sheep are kept together and whose call they delight to follow. Shepherds, real shepherds, and not scolding drivers,—these are what the church needs now more than anything else.

"The Way Out" While visiting a large Y. M. C. A. hut in New York recently, I was impressed with the many devices for making the place seem home-like to the soldiers. The cozy corners, lounges, writing tables, and various kinds of games were all being made use of by the boys, and the open fireplaces made the hut very cheerful. There was a dining hall and a room for meetings with piano and song-books, and plenty of attractive reading matter for the soldiers. The bulletin was well filled with little booklets and tracts beautifully printed. In these I was much interested, and selected a few to take with me. Among these were, "The Stuff That Wins," by Dr. Gulick, "Some Words of President Wilson About Religion," "Lost Purity Restored," by Horace Bushnell, a soldier course of study on "Jesus as a Friend Saw Him," and "The Way Out," by William Adams Brown.

The last one mentioned is an address

given before the General War-time Commission of the Churches, the main part of which is published elsewhere in this RECORDER.

While looking about for something to send home for the next issue, I came upon this address in my grip, and was glad to find it; for it helps to solve the problem of copy in these trying days.

She Desires to Help The Recorder Drive In a letter from an old Shiloh (N. J.) friend who wants to see the RECORDER Drive succeed, we find the following good words: "Before you make the RECORDER Drive I wish to give my experience. In my early years, in fact from the time of my first remembrance, the RECORDER was found in our home. I am now nearly seventy-six years old and it has always been our weekly visitor. Have always enjoyed reading it, and by thus coming in touch with others of our faith, I have been made a stronger Seventh Day Baptist. Its messages inspire me to greater hope and courage."

The editor regrets the necessity that keeps him away from home just at the time when the drive for the RECORDER is pending. The letter referred to was forwarded to Alfred, N. Y., and while its words return too late for the drive number, still it may not be too late to help some one decide in favor of receiving the RECORDER as a weekly visitor in the home.

It is hard to see how any family can remain loyal to the denominational work if its members never see the SABBATH RECORDER. Wide-spread interest in this paper—careful reading of its various departments by young and old—can but result in great good to the cause we love. One of the surest ways to turn the hearts of the children from the faith of our fathers and send them adrift is to refuse the denominational paper a place in our homes and to speak ill of it as the years go by.

Valuable Suggestions For C. E. Societies The Riverside (Cal.) Seventh Day Baptist Society of Christian Endeavor has produced and published a booklet of helpful suggestions and methods of work for use among the young people of our churches. Elsewhere in this

number of the SABBATH RECORDER is a notice telling how and where the booklet can be obtained. The editor of the Young People's Work has also written an article of hearty commendation which will be found in his department. In the absence of Editor Gardiner, who I am sure would say something very nice about the booklet if he were home, I take pleasure in calling attention to this enterprise of the Riverside young people. It indicates an active, wide-awake, constructive spirit in that society. This kind of work deserves our approval and support. If the edition of 100 copies does not prove sufficient to meet the demand, and it should not by any means, steps will be taken by which the Riverside society can issue another and a larger edition.

E. S.

"What Do Ye More Than Others?" There is no real Christian virtue in traveling the "first mile," the mile of compulsion, the mile which is put upon us by force. It is in the second mile, the one voluntarily traveled, the one not required, that Christian virtue consists. "If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." By this Jesus means that exact legal justice, conduct required by law, is not enough for Christian disciples. The Christian impulse leads to something more than just enough. He does not annul or destroy the requirement of the law, but he shows that there is a better way, a doing more than exact justice, more than one hundred cents on the dollar, more than sixty minutes for an hour's work, more than "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." This should be the Christian's attitude in all things. It should be his attitude towards the Sabbath and its observance, an attitude which emphasizes in addition and beyond the legal mandate the gospel message of love and service and loyalty, the unselfish spirit of doing "more than others."

E. S.

The Appeal of the Ministry To Strong Men We need strong men in the ministry, men "of intellectual power, who are at the same time persons of high moral ideals and intense moral enthusiasm." Unless strong men have these moral qualities, or, as we some-

times say, are spiritually minded, the ministry has no use for them, they would be a damage rather than a help to the cause of Christ's kingdom. Religion is a fundamental human interest and should be in the hands of the most competent. Men may be sincere but ignorant, they may be devout but fanatical, they may be loyal to religion but infinitely incompetent. Religion should be under the leadership of men who are experts, experts because they have had "first-hand, abundant, and joyous knowledge of it," experts because of experience. Strong men are needed and a mighty task is set before them. There is a call for courage and heroism, there is a demand for ability to overcome difficulties and to accomplish things. Men are needed who have the constructive and the creative spirit of love, who can win people to high ideals, who can be influential leaders among their fellows in establishing in society those principles of life and conduct which Jesus proclaimed as being the basis of the world order which he came to inaugurate. The appeal of the ministry is to strong men. When young men turn aside from entering the ministry it means that they are weak, or, if strong, do not have high moral ideals and intense moral enthusiasm, or, if strong and at the same time spiritually minded, it means that because of their environment they have formed wrong ideals of the real appeal and claim of the ministry upon strong men. We should lose no opportunity by word or deed to impress upon our young men and boys that the claims of the gospel ministry among Seventh Day Baptists have an appeal to the strongest and best, that there is a call for bravery, and endurance, and moral daring, and spiritual adventure, and high-minded unselfish service for God and man unsurpassed in any other realm of life.

E. S.

There is no middle way in religion—self or Christ. The quality of selfishness—intellectual, literary, artistic—the fact that our self's center may be of a superior order of self, does nothing to destroy this grave distinction.—*Henry Drummond.*

Make each day a critic on the last.—*Pope.*

SOMETHING FOR THE COMMISSION (AND OTHERS) TO CONSIDER

REV. JESSE E. HUTCHINS

A few weeks ago I preached a sermon to a New Berlin (N. Y.) congregation on the subject, "The Relation of the Church to the Ministry." At the close of the service a lady came to me and said she had a book she wished I would read. I promised to do so. The title of it is, "Confessions of a Clergyman." I found it very interesting. It was written since the great war began. I want to give to the RECORDER readers a few paragraphs. In answer to the question "Why I wrote this book," the author (anonymous) says, "Has the Church lost its grip on the masses?" "Do our seminaries unfit men for the ministry?" "Is the ministry deteriorating?" "Are pastors being demoralized by their congregations?" "Have our clergymen misconceived Christ and preached scepticism and worldliness?"

The book is an autobiography of this minister's clerical life. In the closing chapter he says:

"There are nervous days ahead for the seminaries. Unless they begin making ministers, instead of metaphysical savants, specialized linguists, archeological experts, and 'thinkers' pathetically unfitted to undertake the 'cure of souls,' their race is run. We are not dependent upon seminaries. If they keep on failing us, we shall go back to the old-fashioned custom of placing out our lads as pupil-assistants under clergymen of talent and consecration. That worked. It would work again.

"But there is another thing we ministers must accomplish besides insisting on a reverent, sane, spiritual, 'vocational' system of ministerial preparation—the preparation that is, that 'forms the priest' in mind and heart and soul—a system rooted and grounded in love and bearing fruit abundantly. The other thing we must demand is the founding of a new science. 'Church Economics,' I call it.

"Dull enough that sounds. But wait. See if it is not all glowing with bright possibilities, promising a better church, a better church-goer, and, I need hardly add, a better minister. Let me outline its theory—or rather, its practice.

"It begins by abolishing free tuition at the seminaries—free rooms, also, and 'aid,

and the subsidized larder. It makes it as difficult to get into the ministry as to get into the law. No more eleemosynary underwear for 'mendicant friars.' No more blighting of self-respect. No more advice to 'grab all you can get now; by-and-by you'll wish you'd grabbed more.' Church Economics puts the profession on a sound business basis at the outset and keeps it there.

"Naturally, lads will enter the seminary a bit later than at present. What of it? The time they spend piling up money to pay as they go will give them a taste of normal, practical out-in-the-world living. Graduated at thirty, and trained in a school that 'forms the priest,' they will be very different products from the queer, green bunglers we put up with now. And naturally, they will be fewer. Bravo! Just the result we aim at.

"Quick, brethren, a halo for St. Malthus!

"There are too many of us clergymen—a great, great deal too many. That is why some have 'the caution of their convictions' and are not quite sure who owns 'the most centrally located of their features.' They know that dozens, perhaps scores, of other ministers are waiting to hop into their jobs at a moment's notice. They know their people know it. And their people know they know their people know their people know it.

"Consequence: a terrified parson and an over-confident parish that can run him into debt, if he chooses, up to his very ears.

"Ah, but when clergymen are scarce, how quickly this will change! A church fortunate enough to catch one will see that it hangs onto him like grim death. He will be precious and treated accordingly.

"And now observe a still brighter side of our sacred Malthusianism. With fewer ministers, we shall have fewer churches. An end of these miserable, aching, half-empty little meeting-houses, scattered everywhere as monuments to failure and inviting the jeer of the ungodly. Instead—combination—fewer churches but larger, all strong, all prosperous, all providing splendid opportunities for the splendid clergymen, Church Economics, once applied, should produce.

"Don't imagine that pauperization of 'mendicant friars' has ennobled the clergy. It has scared away many a fine, high-spir-

ited lad, tarnished many a well-meaning student of divinity, and more than once attracted incompetents and weaklings.

"Own up to it, brethren; business is business, and you can't jostle the normality of dollars and cents without jostling a lot more besides. You don't gain by that, you lose. You have theologs trying to get something for nothing, and then churches innocently working the same game. Not always, of course, yet too often. . . .

"We shall hear no more talk about 'only inferior young men entering the ministry.' Natural selection will give us the best. The half-hearted, the undevout, the feeble, the unfit, and the round pegs seeking square holes will never work their way to a seminary or pay their way through one. We shall have made the ministry a dangerous calling for all but the fine, gifted, superior young fellows we want.

"No trouble in attracting those. Hardship and self-sacrifice appeal to their manhood. They will brave it through, gladly. And think what inducements we shall hold out—a big congregation, the respect of the world, an enormous influence for good, an assured income, a pension to retire on!

"How easily we can bring all these to pass! Pleading won't do it. Nothing is accomplished by trotting from college to college and telling 'the best men' to turn aside from business, medicine, and the law, and become preachers. Little, if anything, is accomplished by telling dilatory churches to pay up or even to double what they now promise to pay. Still less is accomplished by telling comic wrecks and remnants of churches to combine and be strong in the Lord. We are stacking up against forces mightier than mere words. But when we try deeds, instead of words, things will happen.

"Let us be about it, brethren, with all speed. . . .

"But see what happens when a clergyman has the wit to stick to his specialty! Crowds come flocking. He is a sensation. The novelty of a preacher caught in the act of preaching has a tip-top thrill in it. And so has that rarest of latter-day novelties, a sermon.

"Don't tell me preaching has lost its power. The preacher who preaches has more power than ever—there is so little competition."

This may apply to the transgressions of Damascus, and Gaza, and Tyre, and Edom, and Ammon and Moab, but it is not so pleasant when applied to Israel, but it will do us good to think about it.

A STUDY OF MAN—SICKNESS, ITS CAUSE AND CURE

REV. GEORGE C. TENNEY

The subject announced is one of vital interest, for the world is sick. The perfectly sound and healthy individual is hard to find. He is becoming very scarce. It is time that the question of health and how to preserve it should receive the most earnest consideration by each individual. Too many people leave their health in the keeping of the doctor or for economy seek to follow the advice of patent medicine vendors, just as many more leave their morals and religion in the care of the pastor and the church. These are paid for looking out for the spiritual welfare of the individual, why should he worry about it?

This is not casting any reflections upon either the doctor or the preacher, for neither of them assume any such responsibility. They are willing and anxious to cooperate with the individual in sustaining his health and his religious life but can be sponsor for neither. This is a case in which "every man shall bear his own burden."

This is not a pathological discussion of the nature and causes of the various diseases that afflict the human family; it is simply a discussion of some general principles from the standpoint of the Bible. The Scriptures undertake to act the part of guide and guard to mankind in all things that relate to his well-being and happiness. They do not fail to speak plainly in the matter under discussion. In the first place, good health is the normal condition. Sickness is abnormal. Everything in the natural world and in the Gospel tends to health and life. To be sure many intruders have crept into the realm of nature. Sin has left its mark deeply on the handiwork of God. But in his plan sickness, suffering, pain and death had no place. It is a very serious mistake to attribute our sickness and the inroads of death to our heavenly Father. Obituaries that begin, "Whereas, it has pleased our heavenly Fa-

ther to remove by death," etc., are out of place. It does not please our heavenly Father. "As I live," he says, "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." And, "Precious [costly] in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." He does not like to have his people suffer and die.

When sickness comes it is because somebody has transgressed God's laws. The Scriptures tell us over and again that health, freedom from disease, is one of the rewards of obedience. We eat disease, we breathe disease, we drink ourselves sick, we work ourselves ill, and worry and neglect exercise, and fail to cultivate good cheer and hopefulness and happy joyous disposition that looks on life as a blessed gift and privilege. Perhaps we are unwittingly subjected to dangerous conditions and exposed to contamination and contagion, and have to reap the sad results of our unwise exposure. Death and disease lurk about us in all dark places like thieves and robbers in the grounds of a palace. They are intruders, but they are dangerous, just the same, and we must be wise in avoiding them.

Self-gratification leads many people to ruin their own health. Many form health-destroying habits and then blame the Lord for their troubles. Read what the psalmist says about it: Fools, because of their transgressions and because of their iniquities, are afflicted. Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat [food]; they draw near unto the gates of death. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them from their distresses. He sent forth his word and healed them and saved them from their destructions. (Psalm 107: 17-20). In this brief passage both the cause and remedy for sickness are cogently set forth. The cause is transgression; the remedy is the healing power of God. A passage in Job is equally explicit:

He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by the sword.

He is chastened also with pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain:

So that his life abhorreth bread, and his soul dainty meat.

His flesh is consumed away, that it can not be seen; and his bones that were not seen stick out.

Yea, his soul draweth near unto the grave, and his life to the destroyers.

If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand to shew unto man his uprightness:

Then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom.

His flesh shall be fresher than a child's: he shall return to the days of his youth:

He shall pray unto God and he will be favorable unto him: and he shall see his face with joy: for he will render unto man his righteousness.

He looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not;

He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light.

Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man. (Job 33: 18-29).

The same principles are here stated with the additional thought that repentance and reformation bring health and happiness just as in moral transgressions they bring peace and joy. There is forgiveness for sins of ignorance, there is pardon for the penitent who have sinned physically, and God is gracious to heal those who look to him for healing.

There is no healing other than divine healing. The only power that can recover the sick is divine power. The power that created us and has preserved our lives alone has the power to restore that which has been wasted by disease. Health can not be put in a bottle and swallowed in doses. No drug and no doctor, no bath and no human agency whatever can by any means recover lost health. To claim to be able to cure disease or to heal the sick is to arrogate an ability that does not inhere in any human being or in any human agency. "I am the Lord that healeth thee," is the claim made in the Bible. The same power forgives all our iniquities and heals all our diseases.

This power dwells in us, and is continually upholding and restoring our continually wasting bodies. Many people call this power "nature"; I call it "God." The immanence of God is plainly taught in the Bible, and this power would preserve us in health until like the patriarchs of old we simply wore out and fell asleep in extreme old age if we did not do violence to

the laws God has established for our well-being. "He slept with his fathers" is the laconic and beautiful obituary of those olden heroes who lived out the full measure of their days and at the end succumbed peacefully to the inevitable fiat of mortality.

Does not God approve of human means used for the recovery of the sick? He surely does expect human co-operation, and without it it would be utterly inconsistent, if not impossible, for him to heal. But the character of these means is remedial rather than restorative. That is, we are expected to remove as far as we can the obstacles to health that have been placed in the way of recovery. Our debilitated organs may be slow and ineffectual in their functional work; there may be unnatural congestion, or lack of circulation; the nervous impulses may be weak or they may be over-excited; digestive forces and functions may be exhausted, or other unnatural and pathologic conditions may have been produced by indiscreet living and over-indulgence, or some sort of carelessness on our part. The Lord calls upon us to "remove the stone." We use the natural stimuli of heat and cold, or electrical impulses, or cooling sedatives, we correct the diet, and regulate the habits of rest and of exercise, we live in the free air of out-of-doors, all in order that the indwelling power may have a chance to do for us what it would have done long ago had not these impediments and monstrous burdens been placed upon the system. Now we try to undo as far as we can the mischief by doing those things that open the way for the divine power within us to act.

Could not God act and heal us in spite of our erroneous ways of living? It may seem irreverent to say that he could not, but it is the truth. He can not be inconsistent with himself. He can not ignore the laws he has laid down. He can not restore to manhood the besotted drunkard who will not reform. He can not restore the nerves of the neuresthenic who disregards his limitations and continues to transgress the laws of his being. The man must reform; he must repent, and do what he can to counteract the mischief he has done, in order to expect consistently the blessing of God. This is the same with a

liar or a thief who would be restored to righteousness and divine favor, he must "break off his sins by righteousness." But forgiveness, justification, moral healing must come from God alone through Jesus Christ. It is the same in getting well. The Lord instructs us to pray for health. He tells us to call for others to pray. He promises that the prayer of faith shall save the sick; but not in sin and transgression. Many wonder why Jesus does not now heal the sick in the same way he did while here on earth. The answer is that that is not the best way to deal with sick people. In those days of ignorance, when there was no intelligent physicians, no knowledge of health and hygiene, no means of education and no teachers, there seemed to be no other way. Jesus' time was limited, his mission was brief, he could not instruct the poor people in the ways of living, but he provided for this instruction in laying the foundations of his gospel. It was forgotten, and the healing art passed into the hands of a cult where it was mysteriously held and guarded for many centuries; and now in our days the knowledge of how to live is being published to the world, and to remain ignorant is little short of a crime. It is in this way that Jesus is seeking to avoid sickness, which is better than healing. "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge" was the wail of the old prophet, and it is still sadly true, but not as universally true as it was. Jesus does miraculously heal now. All healing is miraculous, and he is the healer, and in many cases the miracle is as startling as in the olden days of Judea and Galilee.

It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils,
In every dimple drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.

The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It is not raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
Can find a bed and room.

A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets!
It's not raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.—Selected.

THE COMMISSION'S PAGE

APPRECIATION OF PASTORS—CONTINUED

OUR PASTOR

To give all the best things about our pastor would require a whole volume instead of the narrow limit you have set. However, I will try to give you what you ask.

First, he is a man who lives the Christ life at all times, a man who is loved by all from the youngest to the oldest, both in our own congregation and in all the congregations of our town. A man of whom you often hear it said, "I wish I could live such a life as that man lives."

He is a broad-minded man in all things, and while his life and interest and love are centered in his pastorate, the members of which he endeavors by his sermons, labors and life to bring up to the live Christian standard, his desires in all these points reach out to the whole denomination and to the world at large.

We think he is the best preacher whom we have ever heard. His preaching meets the needs of the individual life, and so faithful is he in this, that upon hearing of some one's special need he has laid aside a sermon already prepared and written a new one. The keynote of his life and teaching is prayer.

Aside from being a pastor he is a friend and brother to whom we all feel free to turn for help in any questions which may arise in our lives.

He is a good leader, tactful, and has the wonderful quality of always eliminating friction.

OUR PASTOR

Our pastor is a man of a very striking Christian character. He is very thorough in his work of winning souls. He feels that the work of winning souls for God has been his mission for a great many years. Prayer is one of the strongest factors of his life.

Prayer meeting is held every Sabbath evening and he is trying to work up an interest among the young laymen of the church and especially of the young people.

He wants them to feel that it is their meeting.

The Sabbath morning service is very enjoyable and helpful. Our pastor seems to deliver the sermon in such a way as to make it applicable to our need.

Through the efforts of our pastor and his wife we have organized a Christian Endeavor Society. They are attempting to interest the young people.

The pastor does not forget the social side of our lives and is with the children and young people to help them select good, wholesome Christian enjoyment.

We were without a pastor for some months, and we need just such a man of strong faith and Christian experience. He is liked and appreciated by the people of our church. I believe that if we as a people do our duty the church will grow and be a blessing, and the community will be a good place to live in for his having been here.

OUR PASTOR

Our pastor has so many noble qualities it is hard to sort out just a few, but first of all he is truly a man of God. He has a winning personality added to an intense desire to bring each one of us in touch with the Savior.

Being blessed with an ability to rise above discouragements he keeps steadily on to accomplish desired results.

A forgetfulness of self and a readiness to help those in need makes him a friend of all classes.

A sincere spirit of comradeship with both old and young.

One can not always see ahead and note the good done and the results, but we know that much is being accomplished.

A fuller development of social life which holds many who would otherwise drift away.

An earnest endeavor to work for the uplift of the whole community regardless of denomination, which is recognized by invitations to speak and help on many public occasions.

In speaking of how much our pastor means to our church, I'll quote a remark overheard recently: "We just live in fear and trembling for fear some other church will call him. What would we do if they should?"

OUR PASTOR.

Our pastor is living on a salary which necessitates the most careful planning to keep soul and body together, willing to sacrifice a better salary and a comfortable living that he may be a blessing to us.

He is one of his young people, full of fun; and he believes that the Christian life is the largest, pleasantest life. There is no continual harping on questionable amusements for he feels that if young people have plenty of clean games they won't care for the other kind, and when he is around he makes it his business to furnish the best kind.

He rejoices in our good fortunes with "Is that so? That's fine."

He is denominationally loyal, kindly, sweetly critical in the spirit of Jesus. He sees the best and dwells on that, but he is no slacker in his denouncement of wrong, always remembering the deed, word, or thought is wrong and not the man.

I enjoy hearing him sing. He puts "pep" in our music. We enjoy having him in our home.

I hope he can be with us many years.

OUR PASTOR

Our pastor has a very difficult job. His flock consists of the most diverse human elements imaginable. He has in his congregation college and seminary professors and students on the one hand, and on the other good ordinary machine-shop, laboring, farmer folk, and he must indeed feed both as a good shepherd. Two outstanding qualities, among others, characterize him: He is a master at working out carefully and thoughtfully a sermon. He is a man of broad sympathies, wide reading, fine training and scholarship, though quiet and retiring, never pushing his deeper thoughts on to his people. In the second place, he is an unusually high grade human being morally. As one lady said, he is a real benediction in the community, even tempered, thoroughly self-controlled, always the same, he makes a wonderful pastor, or undershepherd. His life is a model for the whole community to guide by. He is a true disciple of the Christ whose servant he is. He personifies the best in his flock, and thus is a living representative of the church.

OUR PASTOR

As you know, we have one of the best pastors in the denomination, but we gave him a year's leave of absence, and he has been away since last August. I do not need to tell you that he is a man of noble Christian character, as you have seen and know him personally.

We know he is willing to make any personal sacrifice, for the greatest good to most people.

For our own good, and the best interests of the church, we hope he gets back here soon.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, March 9, 1919, at 2 o'clock p. m., President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.

Members present: Corliss F. Randolph, William C. Hubbard, Clarence W. Spicer, Asa F. Randolph, William M. Stillman, Orra S. Rogers, Esle F. Randolph, Jesse G. Burdick, Franklin S. Wells, Irving A. Hunting, Alex W. Vars, George B. Shaw, James L. Skaggs, Arthur L. Titsworth and Business Manager Lucius P. Burch.

Prayer was offered by Rev. James L. Skaggs. Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Recording Secretary read a copy of a letter of sympathy sent to Secretary Edwin Shaw, as requested at the last meeting of the Board, and also his reply thereto.

He also presented on behalf of the Treasurer, correspondence relating to the will of Adelia C. Kenyon, late of Albion, Wis.

On motion the entire matter was referred to the Treasurer with power, and the proper officers were authorized to sign such legal papers as may be necessary to maintain and protect our interest in the matter.

Correspondence from T. L. M. Spencer, requesting one quarter's remittance in advance, to assist him in issuing his publications, was referred to the Treasurer with power.

The Committee on Distribution of Lit-

erature reported 12,914 tracts sent out, approximately 75,000 pages, and a net loss of nine subscribers to the SABBATH RECORDER for the month, due principally to the expiration of subscriptions donated by others.

The following report was presented:

REPORT OF FIELD WORKER

It is next to impossible to make a definite report in view of conditions. I have divided my time between the New York Church, the office of the Joint Secretary and the field work. The matter of time is more easily adjusted than that of expense.

1. Fields visited—Westerly, R. I., Shiloh and New Market, N. J., and three trips to Plainfield.
2. Sermons and addresses 5
3. Average attendance 54
4. Letters written at Yonkers 55
5. Letters written at Plainfield 8
6. Calls 12
7. Articles written for RECORDER 5
8. Sabbath schools addressed, 3, attendance 50
9. Christian Endeavor societies addressed, 2, attendance 19
10. Christian Endeavor societies attended. 3
11. Sabbath-school classes taught 1
12. Expenses \$14.46

GEO. B. SHAW.

Acting Corresponding Secretary George B. Shaw presented correspondence from Moses Crosley, R. R. Thorngate, J. G. Burdick, Gerard Velthuysen, W. L. Burdick, W. D. Burdick, John Manoh, evangelist, Mrs. Edna Stillman, Mrs. Etta Swift, Federal Council, and many others.

Voted, that a committee of three on program for Conference be appointed by the chair, with power.

The chair named as such committee, the following: Frank J. Hubbard, Rev. Edwin Shaw, Arthur L. Titsworth.

Mr. Jesse G. Burdick made verbal report of progress in matter of "RECORDER Drive"—150 letters sent out, 42 replies, and all showed a willingness to co-operate.

Dr. E. S. Maxson, of Syracuse, N. Y., having written requesting it, and the Treasurer having on February 18, 1919, sent Dr. Maxson five dollars with which to buy Bibles, Testaments, tracts, etc., for use in his work among the Jews, such action of the Treasurer was approved.

The absence of the editor, Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., was noted, the more so because of the regularity of his attendance and helpful counsel, and regretted because of the serious illness of Mrs.

Gardiner who, with the editor, starts for a sanitarium where it is hoped that expert medical treatment and careful nursing will restore her impaired health and strength.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We learn with deep regret of the continued serious illness of Mrs. Theodore L. Gardiner, who for the past eleven years has given lavishly of her time, her ability and consecrated work for the bettering of the SABBATH RECORDER, and in co-operation with the editor, has set a literary standard and adopted a style which has contributed greatly to the success of the RECORDER and helped to place it high among religious magazines, and

WHEREAS, All this has been rendered as a labor of love, a contribution of her genius to this denomination, therefore be it

Resolved, That we record our sincere appreciation of and our thanks for this self-imposed task which, for the past decade and more, has materially aided in the high esteem and love in which the SABBATH RECORDER is held.

We wish to assure Mrs. Gardiner that our prayers will follow for the needed strength and restoration, and that her life may be spared for much service in the Master's kingdom.

To Editor Gardiner this Board sends the assurance of the love and confidence of his brethren, and as a tangible evidence of their interest, votes a ten percentum of his salary as a bonus to cover a part of the increase in living costs and provide for present contingencies.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Recording Secretary.

ASA F. RANDOLPH,
Assistant Recording Secretary.

WHO HAS THE ANSWER?

REV. GEORGE B. SHAW

The following is an extract from a letter from Loyal F. Hurley, dated March 18, 1919, written to me in response to an inquiry. We are about to lose from the ministry for the time being and possibly for all time one of our most promising young pastors.

We were never in greater need of such men. We do not blame this man. We admire him. Few men under like circumstances come back to the ministry. What is the end to be? Seventh Day Baptist ministers are not beggars for themselves or for others, but it does seem a pity when we have so many professional and business men who are prosperous that the church

should lose the service of a man like Loyal Hurley. Any one who reads the quotation below is urged to remember that the letter is private, and written in frankness, to explain why a needy church should not be encouraged to call the writer of the letter as pastor.

"I think it would do us good to go East a while, and I believe I am not afraid of a hard place. However, it does not seem possible for us to move to New York at an expense of approximately \$150.00 and then live on the remainder of \$700.00 after paying out around \$200.00 on life insurance and debts and interest, before we begin to live. I know several of the boys who prepared for the ministry, who taught school a couple of years or so before beginning to preach. I, foolishly or otherwise, began to preach at \$30.00 a month and was consequently driven to teach. We are just beginning to see our way out in a financial way, though my present salary is not large.

"For next year I can secure a fairly adequate salary as a teacher (\$1,600—\$1,800) and I do not know but it would be wise for me to stop preaching a year or two till we get our debts paid.

"If I teach next year I am planning to give up preaching for the year. I write you thus frankly that you may understand the situation. I do not care to make money, but I do want to meet my obligations like a man. So I may teach a year or two before beginning to preach again. If there were any prospects of paying our debts even very slowly, out of a preacher's salary I would go right on preaching."

EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS AT NORTH LOUP

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

It had been my purpose to write something for the RECORDER concerning the meetings recently conducted at North Loup, by Evangelist James H. Hurley. Sickness in the home prevented my writing at the time and other duties have since engaged me. Just now, Brother C. L. Hill, of North Loup, and myself are in New Auburn, Minn., in the midst of a revival campaign and the letter is still unwritten. However, even though a little delayed, a brief report may be of interest to others.

Brother Hurley was pastor of the church about twenty years ago, and his coming to conduct a revival campaign among us was awaited with great interest and expectancy. He and his wife arrived in North Loup, February 12th. Meetings began on Friday evening, February 14th, and continued unbroken until March 2, when they were brought to a sudden close because of another break of the "flu," Evangelist Hurley and members of the pastor's family being among the victims.

Meetings began in the midst of the worst storm of the winter. Then rain, snow, sunshine, and more snow and rain, then frozen roads, and they were almost impassable. The meetings continued a little over two weeks, but the people from the country (and a large per cent of the membership of the church live in the country) were unable to attend. So while we were disappointed in the sudden termination of the meetings and because so many were denied the blessings that came to those who attended, we feel that the revival efforts were well worth while.

Brother Hurley brought us warm gospel messages. Many felt anew the call to a deeper consecration, backsliders were reclaimed, and several, we feel, will a little later offer themselves for baptism and church membership.

On the last Sabbath before the meetings closed, an offering was taken for the Missionary Society, amounting to about \$175.00. Brother Hurley and wife went back to their work in Michigan, leaving a warm place in our hearts for them, and carrying with them our prayers that God may abundantly bless and keep them. Brother Hurley is "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

Sincerely,

A. L. DAVIS.

New Auburn, Minn.,
March 18, 1919.

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Forenoon
And afternoon and night—
Forenoon, and—what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is life; make this forenoon sublime
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.
—E. R. Sill.

MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

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

NOTES BY THE SECRETARY

Rev. A. L. Davis and Mr. C. L. Hill, of North Loup, Neb., have been holding evangelistic meetings at New Auburn, Minn., where Mrs. Angeline P. Abbey is pastor. We are confident of a good report of their labors.

Rev. D. Burdett Coon, pastor at Ashaway, R. I., has been spending two weeks with the church at Waterford, Conn., conducting services every evening and on Sabbath Day. This church is very much alive all the time, but these meetings have added greatly to the Christian activity of the entire community.

Elsewhere in this copy of the SABBATH RECORDER will be found a report of the special services at North Loup, Neb., under the leadership of Evangelist James H. Hurley. Brother Hurley and wife have returned to their work on the Michigan field, with headquarters at White Cloud for the present. Sickness in the community made it seem unwise to begin the special meetings there which had been planned, but the people are looking forward to work with a tent when the weather is suitable.

Rev. Willard D. Burdick is expected home this week from his trip to the Southwest field where he spent six weeks with Evangelist T. J. Van Horn. We shall be looking forward with eager interest to the reading of their reports which should be in the SABBATH RECORDER in a week or two.

The church at Albion, Wis., recently gave its pastor, Rev. C. S. Sayre, a unanimous call to his eighth year of service, and added a substantial increase to his salary. Many of our churches have been coming to the better support of their pastors this year and have given them larger salaries. This is a good thing and is as it should be.

The Plainfield (N. J.) people recently gave a sort of surprise to their pastor by

turning out in large numbers to the weekly prayer meeting. The attendance is keeping up week by week and the church is being greatly helped by this loyal support of one of the most important services of this or any other church.

Letters just at hand from Shanghai tell us that the sailing of the ship in which Dr. Palmborg and her girls had taken passage has again been postponed. The first date was February 22. Then March 1 was named. And now a letter dated February 17 says that the sailing will not be before the middle of March. The boat took over a large load of Chinese coolies who had been working in France, and it had to be renovated and changed before it was suitable for passenger service.

In this letter Dr. Palmborg writes this paragraph: "The Boys' School and the Alumni Association started the campaign for raising funds for a new building yesterday, by a meeting in the afternoon followed by tea, a feast at six o'clock followed by speeches from members of the Alumni Association, and moving pictures in the evening. Among the speakers of the afternoon were the American consul, Mr. Sammons, and Judge Lobingier, of the United States Consular Court for China."

Rev. O. S. Mills, who lives in Battle Creek, Mich., and who has a position in the Battle Creek Sanitarium, is taking a four to six weeks' vacation from his work, and is making a trip through the South, combining a visit to his brother who lives in Hammond, La., with several visits of a missionary nature to the churches and lone Sabbath-keepers at Memphis, Tenn., Attala, Ala., Stone Fort, Ill., Hammond, La., and other places.

Mrs. Sarah Gardiner Davis, widow of the late Rev. David H. Davis, D. D., so many years our missionary at Shanghai, has safely arrived at the home of her son, Theodore G. Davis, in Plainfield, N. J. She came in company with her other son and his wife and their two little children. Mr. Davis, who resides in Shanghai, is in this country on business. He and his family expect to return to China in September.

Miss Anna M. West, our missionary who is home on a furlough, will be with the Shiloh people the Sabbath of March 29, the Plainfield people Sabbath and Sunday, April 5 and 6, the time of the annual meeting of the church, with the Westerly people Sabbath and Sunday, April 12 and 13, also the annual meeting time of this church, and at the meeting of the Missionary Board at the April meeting, the 16th. Miss West is even now making arrangements for accommodations on boats for her return to China in September, reservations having to be made so long time in advance.

Quotations from correspondence: "The Adams Center Seventh Day Baptist Church is glad to acknowledge the receipt of tracts and rack for display in our church vestibule. Hope to make good use of same."

"Enclosed please find check for my RECORDER subscription for 1919. I would not know what to do without the RECORDER every week. I was surprised beyond measure at the shortness of the list of contributors to the Denominational Building. I supposed of course nearly all our people had sent in a small gift, at least. I wish we could do more."

"I thank you for a copy of the Statement concerning Faith and Order of the Seventh Day Baptist Churches which you recently mailed me. I remember with pleasure our meeting at the several conferences of the Commission on Faith and Order and also at the meetings of the Federal Council, and I read, therefore, with greater interest the statement of this little tract. I think I find myself in accord with all its principles. It does not seem to me, however, that your position with regard to the Sabbath justifies a separate denominational existence, at least not for the future. It seems to me that all which you hold with regard to the Sabbath I hold too, and more. Why not leave the 'first principles of the doctrine of Christ and go on to perfection,' as St. Paul says? Why not include all the richness of suggestion regarding the day which the New Testament contains and then call it by the New Testament name—the Lord's Day? However, the very attempt to bring out our convictions and set them before our fellow-men, with irenic spirit and with the thought of finding a way of harmony, is in itself a great gain. I am

sure differences will adjust themselves if we are determined to stay together and to stay in the light." (The writer of this last quotation is the president of the American Christian Missionary Society, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

THE WAY OUT

SINCE the war broke out the church, like the nation, has been concentrating her attention upon the tasks which lie nearest at hand. Conscious of the justice of our cause we have felt it our primary duty to supply and to sustain the forces that will insure victory. Both as individual communions and through our inter-denominational agencies we have been ministering to our soldiers and sailors, strengthening the religious and moral forces about the camps and training stations, co-operating in plans for the betterment of industrial conditions, giving ourselves to the relief of the wounded and destitute, supporting the Government in its campaign for economy in food and fuel, awakening in men's hearts the faith and passion of duty, and seeking to deepen the spiritual life and moral energy of the nation through united prayer. In the pursuit of these patriotic ends we have been drawn closer together and have realized anew both the greatness and the unity of our task. Inevitably our thoughts have moved forward to the days which lie ahead, and we have asked ourselves what contribution we can make as Christians to the new world which is coming after the war.

It is right and fitting that we should do this. Eighteen months after the war began the British Government appointed a committee to study the problems of reconstruction. This action was due to no illusion as to the nearness of peace or lack of resolution to carry the war to a successful issue. Rather was it due to the conviction that for a successful peace, no less than for a successful war, thorough preparation was needed, and the determination that peace, when it came, should not find the nation unprepared.

Upon the church too rests a similar responsibility. We are fighting for ideal ends, for justice, for freedom, for good faith between nations; and it is with the ideal that the church is primarily concerned. It is high time that we were ask-

ing ourselves what we can do to make these ends prevail, not simply for the moment but permanently. In the period of readjustment which must follow the war, what can the church do to point the way? In the complicated tasks which reconstruction will lay upon us, what part must be recognized as belonging to her?

Clearly her contribution must lie in the region of principle. The church exists to remind men of the things that are always and everywhere true; but principle that does not issue in action is barren. It is not enough to tell men what they ought to do in general. We must point out the sphere in which Christ's principles must be applied, and within this sphere must determine and discharge our own special responsibility for their application.

What then are the principles to which the church is called to witness? First of all, righteousness. There is an eternal difference between right and wrong which no growth in knowledge or enlargement of experience can obscure. In the twentieth century, as in the first, the nation or the individual which makes its own aggrandizement the law of its living and tramples ruthlessly on the rights of the weak is a sinner in God's sight and must repent before it can be forgiven. As President Wilson has said, "The hand of God is laid upon the nations. He will show them favor only if they rise to the clear heights of his own justice and mercy."

Secondly: Repentance. There is no man and no nation which has not broken God's law and does not need to repent and be forgiven. We are fighting Germany and will continue to fight her till she changes her ways, because we see in the system to which her rulers have committed her the most signal example of that self-will which is the bane of all our living. But we too have been selfish and wilful, and we too need to repent and be forgiven.

Thirdly: Service. The test of true repentance is work for others. The reason why selfishness is so heinous in the sight of God is because it defeats his plan of a social order based on helpfulness. It substitutes strife for co-operation, and envy for love. The remedy for this is a new spirit. He that would rule must serve. The greatest must be minister of all. We recognize this in the case of the individual.

We must make it true no less in the case of society. We must bring all life to the judgment seat of Christ, that of the nation as well as of the individuals who compose it, and all the smaller groups in which they are combined.

Finally: Faith. The ground for hope in such a transformation of standards is God's redemptive purpose, made manifest in Christ. Stronger than self-interest, stronger than fear, stronger than hate, is the love that bears all things and believes all things, and God is love. With men it may seem impossible, but with God all things are possible, for God through love is creative personality, able now as through the ages to bring new things to pass, and by his Spirit to make over the worst of men and of nations after the likeness of Jesus Christ.

These then are the principles to which the church is committed: righteousness, repentance, service, faith. To these she must witness in season and out of season, in war as in peace, for if they be not true our enterprise will be futile and our sacrifice vain. President Wilson has told us that we are fighting not simply to conquer German autocracy, but to end the system for which her present rulers stand. But unless there be in man capacity to be other and better than he is, and in God the power and the will to make him so, our dream of a new and a better world order can never come true. It is just this faith in God's power to remake man, for which the church stands.

But principle, as we have seen, needs to be applied. Here we reach a second function of the Christian church. It is not enough to affirm righteousness and service in the abstract. We must apply them to the actual conditions in which we find ourselves. First of all, no doubt, to our lives as individuals. But for that very reason to the relations in which our lives as individuals are lived: relations economic, political, international, racial.

We must apply them in the economic sphere to the relations between capital and labor. In all questions which affect man's life as producer and spender, questions of hours and of wages, of housing and of sanitation, of employment and of management, of the ownership of the tools of labor and the distribution of the products of labor, we must apply Christ's principle of

the sacredness of personality. Not the amount of goods produced must be our test of national prosperity, but the uses made of them and, above all, the spirit of those who produce and of those who use. In the words of the sub-committee of the English Labor Party in their reconstruction program, words borrowed from an ancient and more august source, "We are members one of another. No man liveth to himself alone. If any, even the humblest, is made to suffer the whole community and every one of us, whether we recognize it or not, is thereby injured."

We must apply them in the political sphere to the relations between Government and people. We are fighting a theory of the State which makes it absolute arbiter over the destiny of the individual. We must see to it that we do not replace this theory by one which makes the State simple the umpire between struggling individuals. A nation is more than a collection of independent units. It is the outgrowth of centuries of common aspiration and of common sacrifice and government is to be judged successful or the reverse in the measure that it expresses and promotes the interests and aspirations which its citizens share with one another in the present, and transmits unimpaired to the citizens of the future the inheritance which has been won for them by the initiative, the courage, and the self-denial of the past.

We must apply them in the international sphere to the relation between States. The justice and good faith which we demand of Germany we must be ready to practice ourselves. No State can be allowed to make self-interest the sole determinant of national policy. The war has taught us that when great issues are at stake nations as well as individuals must co-operate in the use of natural resources. The lessons learned under the stress of war must not be forgotten in time of peace, and tariffs and immigration acts must be rewritten from the point of view of world welfare. To the sanction of the world parliament to be created by international action must be added the supreme sanction of the kingdom of God.

We must apply them, finally, to the deeper and more baffling problems of race, whether these problems meet us in the relation of the more advanced to the back-

ward peoples, or of the different racial and social groups within the same community or State. In the love that gave itself on Calvary for the world's salvation God has spoken to us in a language which men of every race understand. We must learn to speak that language after him. The spirit which inspired the great commission must guide us in our approach to every question which affects the relation of man to his fellow-men.

And in each case we must begin at home. We must apply Christ's principles first of all to our own economic system, our own political institutions, our own treatment of the questions of class and of race; for only as we bring to the larger problems of international relationships a spirit disciplined by self-criticism and a will determined upon self-reformation can we hope to convince others of our sincerity, or what is quite as important, be ready to believe in their own.

It is clear that a program so many-sided requires for its consummation the co-operation of men of every walk of life. To enunciate a principle is one thing; to apply it in detail is another. For guidance here we are dependent upon the specialists (using that word in the large sense to include masters in affairs as well as in thought). It is for the church to hold up the ideal by which progress is to be judged, to test existing institutions and programs by their approach to the mind of *Christ* and to inspire all those whom she can reach with resolution to do the things that are necessary to make that mind prevail.

How can the church do this unless she practice what she preaches? With what force can we appeal for a united world when we ourselves are divided? A united world requires a united church. There must be some voice through which we can speak clearly and with authority to the instant need. There must be some agency, duly empowered, through which we can carry into effect without waste or delay the resolutions to which we come. Clearly, if we are to meet the issues of the new world we must meet them together. Here is a responsibility which we can delegate to no one else. The repentance which we preach to others we must practice ourselves.—*William Adams Brown.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

REVEILLE

Awake! Awake! 'Tis morning!
An April day's begun,
And bed's a thing for scorning—
Come out and join the fun!

Awake! The crows are cawing!
Awake! The robins sing!
The ragged drifts are thawing
That last defied the Spring!

Awake and hear the trilling
From all the marshy spots!
Awake! The larks are filling
With joy the pasture lots!

Come out and feel the blowing
Of breezes warm and sweet!
Come out and feel the growing
Of grass beneath your feet!

Come out! The pussy-willows
Are filled with honey bees!
Oh, leave your lazy pillows,
Dear children, if you please!
—Marion Warner Wildman.

THE EMPTY GARDEN

ETHELWYN HUMPHREY

MRS. AMSDEN stood in her dining room looking out over her big garden. "It's time I had the rosebushes sprayed again," she mused as she lingered lovingly over the glowing, heavy-headed blossoms. "And I must see about having the asters transplanted into the round bed." The sunshine fell softly into the big, empty garden, flickering through the fruit trees upon the thick turf and blazing gloriously upon the hollyhocks. It was such a pretty garden inside its ivy-covered walls. From the street there was scarcely a suggestion of green except the tops of the fruit trees rounding up above the wall, but inside the gate there was coolness and color and perfume. "Yes, I think it was wise to change the rose arbor; it certainly improves the vista from the house," approved the mistress of the garden.

A sound behind her caused her to turn. At the door, twisting her apron with embarrassment, stood her scrub-woman.

Three days a week Mrs. Bent came to help the maid with the heavy work. Three days she came to Mrs. Amsden, and the other three days Mrs. Amsden had found work for her with a neighbor. No one ever thought particularly about Mrs. Bent except as a convenience. Faded and tired, dulled as though life had blurred all her individuality, she was the sort of woman that it is easy to take for granted. Mrs. Amsden wondered what she could possibly want today as she stood twisting her apron in her hands. She hated to see any one so cringing and obsequious, so perhaps she spoke a little brusquely.

"What is it, Mrs. Bent?"

"If you please," the woman said, "I've got a little girl. She's quiet, ma'am, she never makes no trouble."

"That's nice for you," said Mrs. Amsden indifferently.

But Mrs. Bent went on. "They say she isn't well, she'll be sick unless she gets out of doors more."

"Why, I am sorry," responded the lady politely, turning back to the window; "but why don't you have her go out more?" The fresh air is the best medicine."

Mrs. Bent opened and shut her mouth and moistened her lips. Then she blurted out: "It's the garden, ma'am, it's so big and sunny, and it's empty most times. She wouldn't make any trouble at all, she's that quiet now."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Amsden sharply, comprehending at last. "Bring a child into my garden?"

"Just the sunny days when she wouldn't be no bother," mumbled the woman in her frightened voice.

"A child in my garden!" repeated the outraged owner. "Impossible! I couldn't have a child there."

Mrs. Bent untwisted her apron and began to back out of the room. "Yes'm, yes'm, all right, ma'am. But she wouldn't race much, she's quiet-like, and the garden's empty most times." Before she had finished her plea she had slipped through the door and fled back to her laundry.

"A child in my garden!" Mrs. Amsden protested to herself. "The woman must be crazy" She shrugged her shoulders, then with her scissors and her basket she went out to gather roses. But her irritation followed her as she clipped the tall stems. "Why in the world did I promise

Mrs. Thornton that I would go with her this afternoon? I am afraid I don't feel philanthropic. People catch dreadful diseases or get held up or knocked down when they go into such places." Snip went the scissors, and the basket filled with damask petals curling back from the opening buds. But one needs a heart at rest to enjoy beauty, and Mrs. Amsden's irritation still lingered. "Where did she say she was going? Some nursery where women leave their children when they go out to work. Well, why don't they stay at home and take care of their own children? A woman's place is in the home." A thorn stuck viciously into her finger. She wished she didn't feel so cross, it made her hot and uncomfortable. But when her friend called for her a few hours later she found her charming and gracious in her fresh, pretty gown with a dusky rose at her girdle.

Down through the city they rode, past the park with its fountains, past the shops on the avenue with their finery. With a lurch the car turned a corner, and the smooth asphalt gave way to rough, uneven pavement. Mrs. Amsden talked brightly with her friends. She tried not to look about her. She did not want to see dirt and wretchedness. What had she, fresh from her glowing rose garden, to do with the squalor? At last Mrs. Thornton said: "You see, this is the sort of place they live in," and Mrs. Amsden looked involuntarily. In that glance a sudden, vivid impression of a narrow cleft between brick walls cobwebbed full of clotheslines and fire escapes etched itself upon her brain. She shivered a little and said, "How dreadful!" as the motor whirled them past. Presently the car drew up at the sidewalk before a cheerful door, and as they stepped inside Mrs. Amsden heard child laughter echoing through the corridors.

In another moment she stood at the threshold of a big, sunny room filled with children. At first they seemed to Mrs. Amsden a formless tangle, like bees swarming on a honeycomb; but presently they began to take on individuality. There were toddlers with aureoles of golden hair, and there were children whose swarthy faces and lustrous eyes proclaimed kinship with sunnier skies. The visitor stood looking curiously upon the varied types of

childhood. She found, a little to her surprise, that her beauty-seeking eye lingered approvingly upon some of the child faces. "What wonderful pansy eyes!" she said to herself as a baby creeping at her feet gazed at the stranger. Mrs. Thornton picked up the baby and gave him a devouring hug, but Mrs. Amsden sat down in the chair that the matron had brought her and drew her skirts about her.

"Isn't he a darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Amsden a little doubtfully, and then she exclaimed: "But babies ought to have pretty things. It is dreadful for children to wear ugly, faded clothes."

Mrs. Thornton laughed a little. "Wouldn't it be fun to dress them up like the babies in the store windows? But then," she added cheerfully, "probably it wouldn't be good for them if we could. And there are things they need so much more," she said as her face sobered. "And now I've got to meet the director for a little conference. You won't mind staying and playing with the children, will you?"

Mrs. Amsden smiled a little wanly. She wondered how one played with these slum babies. After a few minutes the novelty of having a lady sit in the doorway wore off, and the children went about their occupations once more. Mary Rosenberg was building a tower of blocks that Dora Verger deftly knocked down at the moment of completion. Angelo was chasing a parti-colored ball, and Marcelle was nursing a doll which had long since dispensed with the superfluity of hair. Mrs. Amsden became aware of one child who stood against the wall near her and stared, stared as though the soul of her was being drawn out of her shining eyes. The girl made her uneasy. "What is it?" she asked a little abruptly.

The child started and hung her head, while one finger went into her mouth. "What is it?" repeated Mrs. Amsden more gently.

"I don't know," she answered. "It looks like a rose, but it smells like frankincense and myrrh."

"Like what?" queried Mrs. Amsden.

"Like the frankincense and myrrh that they brought to Jesus when he was a baby." And she added, as the strange lady

continued to look at her blankly. "My teacher said so at Sabbath school."

"Don't you know what roses smell like?" asked the lady after a pause.

"I know what they look like, because I've seen them in the store windows; but you can't smell them through the glass."

"This rose didn't come from a store," Mrs. Amsden said, looking down at the flower. Then she asked, "Didn't you ever see a garden?"

The girl shook her head.

"Didn't you ever see a place where trees and flowers grow, and where there are big bushes covered with blossoms?"

"Like the park?"

"Ye-es," agreed the visitor slowly, "only different, because—because—" How should she make her understand what a garden meant? She tried again. "Different because it's all your own. You plant the flowers and watch them every day and give them water and help them to grow."

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed the child brightening. "It's like the geranium I had last Easter. It had a pink blossom on it, and the lady at the settlement told me to give it water to drink, and I did, and two leaves grew on it."

"Yes, that's just it; that's what a garden is, only there are lots and lots of plants and flowers."

"But my geranium got yellow and died."

"That was too bad," answered Mrs. Amsden, her gardener's instinct thoroughly aroused. "Perhaps you didn't give it water enough."

"Mother said flowers need sunshine and air," the little one corrected gravely.

Sunshine and air! Mrs. Amsden stopped short. Suddenly the remembrance of that crowded alley, dark and chill, with its cobwebbed clotheslines, flashed over her. Of course the geranium died! How did children live where geraniums died? Slowly she unfastened the rose from her girdle. Frankincense and myrrh! Roses and the baby Jesus! How the words echoed in her head—roses and the baby Jesus! "Here, child," she said coaxingly, holding out her hand, "don't you want the rose?"

She took it shyly, and backed against her wall again with rapt face, and eyes

that saw nothing except the wonder of the unfolding petals. "And it is only one rose," Mrs. Amsden said to herself as she watched the delight on the sensitive face. She laid her hand gently upon the child's shoulder, but she started back. "Why," she said to the matron who came bustling past just then, "how thin the child is! Her bones stick out like—like rocks in a garden."

"Yes," answered the matron a little sadly, "Beatrice needs to get out of doors. You see, we haven't any open-air playground here, and the summer is hard. Beatrice was sick last spring, and she has never gotten her strength back. I told her mother the other day that she ought to be gotten out of doors more, but what can you do?" The matron shrugged her shoulders helplessly and picked up the littlest baby and gave him a drink of milk.

"But what did her mother say?" questioned Mrs. Amsden.

"Oh, poor soul! She cried and broke her heart, but what could she do?"

"But why couldn't she take her on trips to the parks or to the shore or somewhere?" she ended vaguely.

"Why, bless your heart, the woman works all day long to keep the breath of life in the two of them. You see, her husband died two years ago, and she has been struggling ever since. They get along with our help, but"—the matron's eye fell upon the rose in the child's hand—children are like flowers; they need air and sunshine as well as food."

Mrs. Amsden's heart sank as the vision of that chill, dark alley where geraniums died came over her once more. "But isn't there any place for her? There is such a lot of air and sunshine in the world, so many fields of grass, and so many green trees." Mrs. Amsden stopped short and caught her breath; then she added, "and so many empty gardens!"

But the matron had no time for speculation. Concrete facts were her material, and Teresa had just fallen from a bench she was trying to climb.

Mrs. Thornton was delayed longer than she had expected. The hands of the clock passed five and moved on toward the half-hour. A Syrian father stopped on his way home from work for his round-cheeked

WORK AT SALEM

The Salem (W. Va.) Ladies' Aid Society met in regular session at the home of Mrs. W. L. Davis, March 9, 1919, at 7:30 p. m.

Ladies present: Mrs. Wardner Davis, Mrs. Sarah Cottrill, Mrs. A. J. C. Bond, Mrs. Edward Davis, Mrs. W. L. Davis, Mrs. M. H. Van Horn, Mrs. Nettie M. West, Mrs. E. O. Davis, Mrs. Earl Davis, Mrs. Maxson, Mrs. C. B. Clark.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. Wardner Davis. Society joined in a short song service. Romans 14 was read by the president after which Mrs. Maxson offered prayer. Minutes of last meeting were read.

The January division of labor reported through their chairman, Mrs. A. J. C. Bond, \$20.00 for society's funds, making \$55.00 to its credit, \$25 of which was a gift from Dr. Xenia Bond.

The February division of labor, through its chairman, Mrs. Wardner Davis, reported \$50.00.

The March division of labor, through its chairman, Mrs. Edward Davis, reported \$28.00.

Committee to make suggestions for budget for 1918-19 reported as follows:

Missionary Society for Miss Burdick's salary, \$25.00; Miss Anna West's salary, \$25.00; Fund for Boys' School, \$25.00; total, \$75.00. For Tract Society, \$50.00. Unappropriated, \$45.00. Total for Woman's Board, \$170.00. Salem College Scholarship, \$50.00. Gift to Anna West, \$30.00. Randolph Memorial Fund, \$25.00. Parsonage Fund, \$25.00. Total for budget, \$300.00.

MRS. NETTIE WEST, *Chairman.*

MRS. A. J. C. BOND,

MRS. E. O. DAVIS,

Committee.

Voted to accept the budget as suggested.

Voted to continue payments on our Salem College Scholarship until it is \$1,000.00. We have now paid \$800.00.

Voted to extend a vote of thanks to Dr. Bond for her generous gift of \$25.00.

Voted an order of \$170.00 on the treasury in favor of the Woman's Board.

Voted an order of \$30.00 on the treasury in favor of Miss Anna West.

baby. An Irish woman came, and with many blandishing endearments for the matron claimed Patsy. Up the corridor a woman came wearily. Beatrice darted away from her corner and threw her arms about the newcomer. "Mother, mother!" she cried. "See what the lady gave me!"

The mother stopped and buried her face in the child's soft neck. Some familiar recollection stirred in Mrs. Amsden at the sight of that bowed figure. She turned quickly to the matron, "But who is she?"

"The mother? Why, just a poor sweet, little woman who is having a hard time."

"I know; but her name?"

By this time the woman had straightened up. "See my rose," the child was crying; "the lady gave it to me, and it has a smell like—"

But nobody was listening to her. The two women were staring into each other's faces. Mrs. Bent's face worked nervously, but Mrs. Amsden's social training came to her rescue. Social training to the rescue with one's scrub-woman! She knew now why the pathetic curve of those shoulders was so familiar as the woman had leaned over the child. "Why, Mrs. Bent!" she exclaimed, and once more she was the gracious lady, "is Beatrice your little girl! I didn't know. And, Mrs. Bent, won't you bring Beatrice with you when you come tomorrow? I'd love to see her playing among the roses. You see, I didn't know."

A light flashed into Mrs. Bent's eyes that spoke the joy and relief of her burdened heart; as she went down the corridor with Beatrice clinging to her hand she walked as though she were not so tired as she had been when she came. Mrs. Amsden watched the woman and child out of sight. "Oh," she exclaimed to the matron as the door closed upon them, "what do you think? She works for me, and she asked me only this morning if she might bring her little girl to play in the garden, and I refused her!"

"Yes, I understand," answered the matron quietly. "You didn't know."

"No, I didn't know. But think! she might have died for want of the fresh air of my empty garden, and I'd never have known—"*Christian Herald.*

Mrs. West reported that she is now able to procure the book, "Women of the Orient," for the Reading Circle. Several books were ordered.

Minutes read and approved.

Adjourned to meet in Reading Circle March 16, at 7:30 p. m., with Mrs. A. J. C. Bond.

SECRETARY.

GOLDEN WEDDING

REV. WM. M. SIMPSON

On February 27, 1869, Marcus Peck McHenry and Miss Prudence M. Thomas



were united in marriage. On February 27, 1919, about a hundred guests gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McHenry at Alfred Station, N. Y., to help them celebrate their golden wedding. The wedding march was played by Mrs. C. A. Vincent. Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell, a former pastor, spoke fittingly of the marriage relation. Pastor William M. Simpson presented to the bride of fifty years the groom's ring as a renewed token of their mutual love and devotion, and then offered prayer. There followed a brief program, including a biographical sketch, some recitations and music. The biographical sketch told that

there have entered into the family circle seven children and eleven grandchildren. Four children and ten grandchildren still live. The four children are: Mrs. Miles Jordan, of Summit, Pa.; Clifford C. McHenry, of Little Valley, N. Y.; Mrs. A. N. Smith, of Bradford, Pa.; and Cecil F. McHenry, of Alfred Station, N. Y.

After the program the guests were served to a bountiful three-course dinner. The afternoon was spent in visiting and renewing old acquaintances. Many beautiful gifts were presented to Mr. and Mrs. McHenry as a token of the esteem in

which they are held, and the guests departed unanimously wishing Mr. and Mrs. McHenry many more happy years of wedded life.

THE WAR-RECONSTRUCTION BOARD

REV. A. J. C. BOND, PRESIDENT

Doubtless readers of the SABBATH RECORDER, who were informed long since of the appointment of a War-Reconstruction Board, are wondering whether the new board is functioning. I am not sure whether I can answer that query satisfactorily. But I can give some account of what the board has been trying to do, and from the data

furnished each one may draw his own conclusion. These judgments of our work will differ, no doubt, because the functions of the board are not well defined in the mind of any one, hence each will have a different standard to measure the work of the board by.

Perhaps all are agreed that the end of the war, and the returning of the soldiers, are matters which should be given special consideration by the denomination. At least the Commission of the Executive Committee of the General Conference thought it wise to create a special board to care for matters growing out of the new conditions.

Three members of the board were appointed in one locality, which happened to be Salem, and ten others were scattered throughout the denomination. The local members took this to mean that Salem was to be a sort of clearing house of ideas and plans, and that the work of the board was to be done largely through the members, each acting for the board in his own particular territory. This is the plan on which we have proceeded. A list of the names of the members, with their addresses, pretty well defines the field of activity for each one.

The president having been appointed by the Commission, at its first meeting the board appointed L. D. Lowther recording secretary. As there are three members at this one address, M. Wardner Davis, the other member, was appointed to act for the Southeastern Association in the same capacity as other members in other sections.

Following our first meeting, the president wrote to all the members of the board for the purpose of counsel and suggestion.

At a recent meeting four letters were read in response to the letter sent out by the president as follows: From Dr. A. L. Burdick, Brother Claude L. Hill, Rev. William M. Simpson and Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins. These brethren expressed their purpose to co-operate in the work of the board, and some of them had already been on the job. Dr. Burdick is writing to all the pastors in his group of churches asking for information in regard to the returning boys, in order that he may write to each one as he comes back home. It was voted to send a copy of this letter to all the members of

the board, believing it would be suggestive and helpful. And this has since been done. I have no doubt that other members of the board are equally interested and active. The effectiveness of the work of the board will depend largely upon the initiative and faithfulness of the members working in their respective fields. I believe the Commission made a wise choice of men for this part of the work.

EMPLOYMENT

Perhaps there is little the board can do to aid returning soldiers in finding employment. And if there is little they can do, there is little that needs to be done in that direction. Most of the boys know what they are coming back to, and they are eager to get at the job that awaits them. However, if there is any service any member of the board can render in this line we shall be glad to be of service.

In this connection I wish to call attention to advertisements for help that have appeared in the SABBATH RECORDER recently. Why not make larger use of the RECORDER as an advertising medium in this connection? What a splendid opportunity for some young man in the Northwest to help Brother Swenson on his South Dakota farm. And then a baker is wanted at Battle Creek. Let us continue this good work to the mutual benefit of all concerned, and in the interest of denominational life and growth.

There may be those who will come back from their war experiences with new visions of life, and with new purposes. Possibly some who have had in mind teaching, or medicine, or mechanics may be inclined toward the Seminary and the ministry. Let all look out for such young men, and give them encouragement.

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM WANTS AT ONCE

Fifty young women between eighteen and thirty-five years of age to take a six-months' course in Hydrotherapy with practical experience in the Hydrotherapy Department of the Sanitarium.

Requirements: Good character; physically able to work; at least a grammar school education.

Permanent positions guaranteed to those who prove a success.

Those interested in this course of training are requested to make application to the Battle Creek Sanitarium, c/o the Nurses' Training School Office, Battle Creek, Mich.

WHAT'S COMING?

RENEWED INTEREST
ENDEAVOR TO INCREASE CIRCULATION
CONCERTED ACTION
OBTAIN NEW READERS
RENEW OLD SUBSCRIPTIONS
DEVOTE ONE SABBATH
ENTIRELY TO RECORDER INTERESTS
REMEMBER THE DATE

DO ALL YOU CAN
READ THE RECORDER FOR MARCH 31
IT WILL BE INSPIRING
VALUABLE WEEKLY VISITOR
ENTHUSIASTIC CO-OPERATION

SECOND SABBATH IN APRIL

SLOGAN

The Sabbath Recorder in every Seventh Day Baptist home.

You can not afford to be without this valuable paper in your home.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

GOD'S DAY

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
April 12, 1919

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—The Sabbath established (Gen. 2: 2, 3)
 Monday—Whose day is the Sabbath? (Ex. 20: 10; Mark 2: 28)
 Tuesday—For whom was the Sabbath made (Mark 2: 27)
 Wednesday—When does the Sabbath commence? (Gen. 1: 5; Lev. 23: 32)
 Thursday—Did Jesus keep the Sabbath? (Luke 4: 16; Mark 1: 21)
 Friday—How to use the Sabbath? (Ex. 20: 10; Matt. 12: 1-12)
 Sabbath Day—Topic, How to give God's day to Godlike Deeds (Ex. 20: 8-11)

SOME IRRITATING INCONSISTENCIES

Due to the fact that our societies are dependent on the made-to-order topics of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, every now and then there is a topic which has little contact with our particular needs, or else is presented in such a way as to be quite inconsistent with our beliefs. The present topic in the way in which it is treated in the "Endeavor's Daily Companion," the topic booklet which several societies use, is an apt illustration of what we get when willing to depend upon made-to-order topics.

The wording of the topic itself is not out of the way, but the treatment of it at once reveals some marked and irritating inconsistencies, not to say offensive misuse of Scripture. Particularly in the daily readings is the misapplication so intentional that the editor of the Young People's department has taken the liberty to substitute for them references to the Sabbath taken from a tract published by our Tract Society, under the title, "Bible Readings on the Sabbath."

Not only are the inconsistencies complained of found in strictly religious literature, but in other literature as well. More and more "Sabbath" and "Sunday" are being used interchangeably, and the wonder is that honest-minded people accede to it without, apparently, bothering themselves as to the unreasonableness of it. Why not

as reasonably make the other days of the week interchangeable?

THE TOPIC

The wording of the topic is evidently intended to suggest for consideration the right use of the Sabbath—what may and may not be done. But the topic Scripture might more fittingly have been chosen from one or more of the several New Testament passages. The Scripture selected (Ex. 20: 8-11) gives the legalistic concept of the Sabbath, but it is to the New Testament that we must go for an enlarged spiritual and humanitarian conception of its value. To be sure without the Sabbath principle as found in the Old Testament there would have been no opportunity for Jesus to spiritualize, enlarge and humanize it by repeated acts of mercy.

The Fourth Commandment teaches us that we are to remember the Sabbath; to keep it holy (whole). It is so easy to forget the obligations of religion.

We are to see to it that we get the duties of secular affairs well out of the way during the six days of the week so that when the Sabbath comes we may have that day for and with God.

The Sabbath—the Seventh-day Sabbath—is a memorial of God's creative work. When he had finished the work of creation, he rested, blessed and hallowed the Sabbath day.

The Sabbath had its place of value in the religious history of the Jews, but not until Jesus had stripped it of legalism could it become a source of highest spiritual blessing. "The Jews' idea was restrictive: Do not do this or that on the Sabbath." Jesus taught, and enforced by example, that the Sabbath is to be used not in slavish compliance with "thou shalt not," but in unselfish ministrations on behalf of others.

"The world of sin, suffering, sorrow, poverty, and of a thousand bodily and spiritual needs, is not to be deserted on this most beautiful and holy of days; but the day is to be made more beautiful and holy still by reverent meditation, devout worship, and humble service. The Sabbath was given for humanity's good; mankind is not given to it. The day is for our help and blessing; we are not in ritualistic bondage to it."—Dean Mann.

TO THINK ABOUT

How far is it safe to go in "liberalizing" our conception of Sabbath-keeping?

Are we as Sabbath-keepers in danger of a too liberal attitude toward what may and may not be done on the Sabbath?

May it be termed spiritual Sabbath-keeping if the day is spent in activities that contribute wholly to recreation?

C. E. SUGGESTIONS, METHODS, IDEAS

The above heading is the designation given to a neat little booklet of some eighteen pages just published by the Riverside, Cal., Seventh Day Baptist C. E. Society. The spirit that prompted its publication is most commendable and is in keeping with real, live Christian Endeavor—the kind that does things.

"This little booklet," says the Foreword, "is the result of the desire of the C. E. Society of the Riverside (California) Seventh Day Baptist Church to preserve in easily available form some of the suggestions and ideas that they or other societies have found useful. It is merely a collection of thoughts, plans, ideas, etc., that different members of the society have used or seen other people use. No claim is made to originality; the different ideas have been appropriated and used without any effort to discover or credit the originator, and they are put in print with the hope that they may prove useful to other societies. It is printed in the most inexpensive way possible and published with no thought of financial return. It is hoped that this is but the beginning, and that other booklets may be produced later, but no guarantee is made that this will be the case. However, with that end in view, suggestions, ideas, plans, methods, etc., will be gladly received from any one interested, and used in future editions. You are urged to send in anything that you have used, or seen any one else use; any special idea or method that has proved successful; any useful suggestion for improving Christian Endeavor work. These contributions will be credited in future editions, to the one sending them in, or to the society where they originate."

The little booklet has at least three things to commend it. In the first place, it has been published with the idea of passing on

some thing useful to others. In the second place, the booklet admirably fulfils the purpose sought for in preserving the suggestions and ideas offered in an attractive and convenient way. And in the third place, the suggestions, plans, etc., offered are those that have been used in other societies and found to be helpful. Among the many suggestions offered are those for securing better committee reports, for making statistical reports more attractive and interesting. Various kinds of meetings are suggested, such as campfire meetings, candle light meetings, a program meeting for mission study, missionary and social activities are suggested, plans for raising money, and so on.

The booklet is published at a very modest price—ten cents—and should be in the hands of all those who are seeking for suggestions, ideas and plans for the improvement of Christian Endeavor. Those desiring copies of the booklet, either individuals or societies, should send their orders to Mary G. Brown, Young People's Board Field Secretary for the Pacific Coast, 161 E. Date Street, Riverside, Cal.

**SUGGESTIONS
METHODS
IDEAS
FOR
C. E. WORK**

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3-31-tf

WORDS OF APPRECIATION

MRS. CORA SHEPPARD LUPTON

What a wonderful inheritance awaits us if we are trained for it! If we lead Christ-like lives, eternal life is just ahead!

If we have been reared in a home with the SABBATH RECORDER we can hardly help loving and respecting the Sabbath Day. We often think of an inheritance as meaning money, but there are many inheritances of greater value. Of what use is money if not put to good purposes? Money oft-times harms as well as helps. Money does not make character, and a good character can not be bought. It must be lived in honesty and uprightness.

Today I am especially thankful for my RECORDER inheritance. I remember the paper away back when it was printed on a big sheet of paper and not as handy to handle as in the present good magazine form. As a little girl, too active to sit down and read anything long, I recall how I would read the little paragraphs put in here and there at the end of columns. Oft-times a very few lines would contain such rich cream, that there was as much thought and inspiration received as from an ordinary book.

The SABBATH RECORDER was always sacred in my girlhood home. Oh, how that dear departed mother loved it! No matter what use any other paper was put to, the RECORDER was always carefully preserved. I recall that upon the death of my grandmother, there came to my mother years and years of old RECORDERS. There were bundles and bundles and bundles, a year's papers in each bundle, and mother handled them all tenderly. I remember the hours and hours she spent delving in their sacred columns and hunting out the volumes and numbers needed to complete some files, and the letter of gratitude she received from the late Rev. Wm. C. Whitford for her help in furnishing missing numbers.

If the RECORDER was taken, read and preserved in the home of my grandparents and in the home of my parents, is it any wonder that I want the RECORDER in our home? I greatly enjoy following the editorial thought. In fact I do not "put off until tomorrow" the reading of the RECORDER. We are all creatures of habit. If we think we are poor we almost invite poorness. If we

think we are rich in God's blessings we will surely conduct ourselves in a way to deserve them. I am as ready now to give a check for my 1920 subscription as I was to send one at the beginning of this year for 1919.

I am thankful for hearty, loyal Sabbath-keeping grandparents on both sides, not because they kept the Sabbath and nothing else, but because they took the RECORDER and supported the Seventh Day Baptist institutions.

I am thankful for my girlhood home with its purity and high ideals and I believe the SABBATH RECORDER a good investment toward trying to live up to an inheritance of the best things.

DEACON LEVI BOND

Deacon Levi Bond was born near Lost Creek, W. Va., April 3, 1817, and died in Lost Creek village March 10, 1919, aged 101 years and 11 months.

He was son of Abel and Sarah Powers Bond who moved to Milton, Wis., in 1845. The grandfather, Major Richard Bond, was an officer in the Revolutionary War. Farther back in his line was a governor of New Jersey and a mayor of London, England, according to a study made by one Henry Haymond of this county, whose grandmother was one of the Bonds.

Brother Levi Bond was of a family of twelve children, two of whom are yet living, one in Ohio and one in Iowa. He experienced religious faith and was united with the Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church in young manhood. His first wife was Emily Van Horn, who died about ten years after marriage, and without children. A little before the railroad was built between Milwaukee and Milton he visited his parents in Milton and tarried through one winter. In 1852 he married Susan Bond. To this union were born nine children, two of whom survive him, Abel Bond and Mary Bond Courtwright who has so faithfully cared for her father now for a quarter of a century or more.

According to the old record of our church he was elected to the office of deacon March 10, 1865, just 54 years before his decease. No man was more faithful and regular at the church services until very old age kept him. He would walk the

mile to church when well along in his 90's and he was a strong mind in Bible doctrines and class leadership. He made some study of phrenology and could thus make a fair estimate of natural character. He held in mind a good knowledge of the orthodox faith of our fathers. He was not spoiled with speculative liberalism which obtains so much among the school men of our time. He was thus the more consistent as one of our peculiar faith. He was the oldest man we have heard of among our people or in this county at the time of his death. He was beloved and respected by his neighbors who had come from far and near, both to the celebration two years ago, and to the obituary-service and burial in the old frame church cemetery, where others of the family were buried.

Funeral services were conducted by the pastor, M. G. Stillman.

He was known for his strength of character and as an example of a clean Christian standard of life. He had his misfortunes and his disappointments but bore all with great fortitude. In these declining years his mind fed upon the choice thought of revelation and heavenly vision, and he found joy in poetical expressions of the divine truth. As might well be expected with heart and soul so established in divine promises, he passed the great transition to the spiritual glory and reward with a quiet and easy submission. There is richest reward to them that love God.

M. G. S.

LIGHT AT EVENING TIME

TO THE MEMORY OF DEACON LEVI BOND—1817-1919

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

In the passing of the years many pictures are hung on memory's walls. Some grow dim with age, and others are seen in clearer outline and more vivid detail as we view them from a new angle through the intervening years. Some we would gladly forget, while others we cherish as our dearest possession. Nature is usually kind in erasing or else in touching up with brighter colors those that we recall with sadness or regret; and she kindly helps us to keep fresh and beautiful those that give us pleasure and help. Some pictures are hung in

rooms we seldom frequent, but when by some chance suggestion these doors long closed are flung open we enter in and enjoy again our forgotten treasures. Others decorate the walls of the room in which we daily live, and are a constant source of pleasure and inspiration.

It was not quite six years ago that the picture was painted on the walls of my memory which I shall here try to describe. I wish I had the power to paint it in faithfulness of detail, and with the hue and color that it carries in my own mind.

I had gone to Lost Creek to spend the Sabbath, and it was my first visit to that village after an absence of several years. It was there I really began my public ministry by preaching once a month during my senior year in college. I have always thought a great deal of the Lost Creek people, and of the old Lost Creek Church. Many good people have grown up in that church, and among them the best woman in the world. But my love for that people has increased as I realize their patience and their forgiving spirit in listening to me in my early efforts without finding fault or holding it up against me. The oldest man in the church at that time was Deacon Levi Bond. He was regular in his attendance, kind but not condescending, and he gave me encouragement. But for that picture.

It was a late Sixth-day afternoon, and I decided to walk over and call on Uncle Levi. I walked up the railroad track to his little shoe shop where he had worked for years. As I approached the open door I discovered that he was there in his accustomed place on the bench facing the west window, and with his back to the door and to me. I heard no pound of hammer, and saw no movement of arms in horizontal sweep, the familiar motion of a shoe-maker sewing his leather with "wax-ends." That straight back was leaning forward, not bent, and his head was bowed. He was evidently looking at something held between his knees, and in such a way as to let the light from the window in front of him shine upon it. As I slipped inside I discovered what it was. It was a large, old-fashioned, stiff-covered, leather Bible, one that showed the wear of a long and constant use. There

(Continued on page 416)

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

A FLAG SERMON

Text: *Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the Truth.* Psalms 60: 4.

Flags and banners and badges are only the visible tokens of invisible truths of principles—invisible, yet none the less real. I remember hearing Dr. A. H. Lewis say once in a most impressive address to students that all we see are only outward tokens of realities not to be seen with the eye but understood and felt and energized in the soul.

A flag has value only as it means something worth while, and it may be well to give attention now and then to what our own national flag, the stars and stripes, Old Glory, means. It is hardly enough to say that it means Liberty and Union and let it go at that, for the stripes and the stars and the colors represent each something definite.

THE STRIPES

After the thirteen colonies had come to be organized and began to grow, they adopted one after another flags of their own, each representing the ideals of the most active people making their homes there. Those colonists had no vision of such a nation as we have come to be. Every colony was to be a little nation by itself. It was apt to be jealous of its neighbors and zealous in defense of its own rights and privileges, and so there were some quarrels among them amounting in some cases to little wars. It was only when they felt their common rights and liberty infringed upon by England that they began to consult together for the common good—to form in a small way a league of nations. As a conflict with the mother country seemed more and more certain, prudence dictated that they must stand together in defense of the common good. By and by some one suggested that they should have a common flag, and so six white stripes were put upon the English mercantile flag. This flag was red, and when the six white stripes were put upon it there were thirteen stripes, al-

ternate red and white. When displayed it meant, "We thirteen will stand together"; and that was the first token of what in due time came to be our glorious union of States.

But they put something more than stripes on the flag—a rattlesnake, with the warning, "Don't tread on me." Now the rattlesnake is, so I have read in an encyclopedia, a pure, unhyphenated American—found only in America. Moreover he never attacks any one unless interfered with. He attends strictly to his own business, and when he is disturbed gives due warning before he strikes. He rattles out "Don't tread on me." His submarines never attack without warning, and then, not let alone, he strikes in self defense. I call him very much of a gentleman; and so I guess the colonists thought when they put him and his warning on the first flag of thirteen stripes, meaning, "We thirteen will stand together," whatever may come. And so they stand today, forming, along with the great States that have joined them, a great nation with a world-wide influence.

It becomes us, when we look upon those stripes, waving overhead, in our homes, schoolhouses, churches, to think of the brave colonists who laid the foundations of this good government of ours, and to resolve to do our part to maintain it and make it still better if we can. I suppose that if we were to hunt all the way from Georgia to New Hampshire we could find only a very few memory stones where those colony people were laid to rest. Marble slabs are not so very lasting. Last summer I visited a little old country cemetery where I saw several headstones lying flat on the ground, some of them broken in pieces. Time destroys even the stone monuments of the dead. But the good people of the colony days have left their memorial in the thirteen stripes of our flag. They will endure as long as our free nation endures, which, please God, may be—oh, how long shall I say? As long as those who live under our flag are true to the principles of which it is the beautiful emblem.

THE STARS

Betsy Ross stitched thirteen stars upon the blue field of our flag to represent the thirteen States of the new nation—the little republic that, with freedom to grow,

has come to be in its righteous ideals one of the great nations of earth; a republic that, because of those ideals, is now attracting more attention than any other nation. It was indeed a little republic at first, yet had within it—like some healthy baby we know—wonderful possibilities of growth and civic development. It came into existence under healthful conditions, and started off upon a career of expansion far beyond what the fathers dared hope. Its fundamental law provided for its growth, not by conquest, but the reception of such territory as might ask to be admitted as States. And so it has come about that in the place where Betsy Ross put the first thirteen stars we now have forty-eight. Instead of the thirteen rather small States Betsy's stars represented, we have now forty-eight big ones, reaching across from the Atlantic to the Pacific. One of these, Texas, is nearly as large as all the original States together. Whoever looks upon the stars of our flag must, if he be at all thoughtful, think of the great growth of our country—thirteen to forty-eight, all the way from ocean to ocean—from the little beginning in 1776 to about the size of all Europe.

But our country has grown not only bigger and bigger, but better and better. Our enterprising people have year by year discovered the marvelous resources hidden just out of physical sight, yet within range of trained mental vision—God's gifts to such as will search and find out and utilize his bounties. When Betsy put the thirteen stars on our flag there was the same metal in the mines, the same coal, the same timber in the forest as there is now. Steam had the same expansive force, and that mystical manifestation of energy we call electricity was then awaiting use by him who would find it out and learn how to utilize it in brilliantly lighting streets and homes and houses of worship, hitching it to our wagons, harnessing it to farm machinery, setting it to turning ponderous wheels in factories, and, finally, enabling men to rise above the earth and outfly the eagle. God greatly blesses us with raw materials, then leaves us to bless ourselves by finding them out and utilizing them for our convenience, comfort and happiness. And so it is with both the mental and spiritual resources with which he has so richly endow-

ed us. We may develop them and bless ourselves in their use, or leave them to be as profitless as the treasures in the unopened mine. Because of education—thinking, training, accomplishment—our country has not only grown bigger and bigger, but better and better. The stars on our flag are saying to those who look upon them and listen, "Think of the wonderful growth of our country in every way since we were only thirteen; dwell in grateful thought upon what has made it what it is now for you, and *keep it a-going!*" Let us, as we thus look upon the stars of our flag, look beyond them to the stars God has set in the blue of the heavens and meditate devoutly upon his greatness and goodness.

THE COLORS

From the days of heraldry red has been the color of valor, courage; white the emblem of purity, and blue the symbol of truth, loyalty; hence we have the expressions, "The red badge of courage," "As pure as the driven snow," and "True blue."

And so the red in our flag is all the time bidding us be brave in the never-ending conflict of right against wrong. It is not alone on the battlefield, amid the clash of arms, where men are called upon to be courageous, but also in the bloodless battles of peace. Moral courage is, after all, the fundamental virtue without which men would not face death for the sake of the principles of righteousness; and this high moral courage is what enables both men and women to face and conquer the evils they are liable any day to meet either singlehanded or elbow to elbow with others who are fighting for what is best for mankind. Moral courage is of a higher quality than that which is merely physical, animal—the courage of the beasts as they fight for food. Our boys over across have manifested magnificent courage. They have not hesitated to give their lives as the last full measure of devotion to the cause of humanity; and so they have honored the red in our flag. Yet none the less have their mothers and wives and sisters honored our flag in their devoted moral courage here at home. Also, none the less may we now, that peace has happily come to us, honor our flag by meeting with high moral courage the many vital civic problems the war has brought before us. In these critical

times the red in our flag is saying to all who look and listen: "Be of good courage, and he will strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord."

The white in our flag is all the time saying to us, whether we listen or not, "Keep thyself pure." The children in school say that this means to keep clean—clean hands, clean faces, clean bodies and clean clothes; and I guess they are about right. It is with them a practical matter. Our flag has a message for every day life, and in nothing is it better for us than its exhortation to be clean. Our bodies and clothing will become soiled day by day, but soap and water well used will cleanse them. There is a kind of dirt, however, that soap and water can not take away. It is the dirt left in the mouth by dirty words, and I think the white in our flag is a special rebuke to that sort of dirt and its foul influence upon the soul. When I have asked the boys and girls in school what we shall do concerning that kind of dirt I have received various answers, one of the most expressive being this: "Don't say 'em!" More than one boy has given me this answer, but I have received a yet better one, "Don't think of such things." The words I mean are such as they do not wish their mothers to hear. We all understand well enough what they are—the language no good man would think of using before a lady. I may say further, and truthfully, the language that no good man will use at all, even when only men are present. Let me ask this question: Is language that is not fit for our mothers, our wives, or our pure daughters, fit for us, my brethren? Think this over carefully and then answer it to yourselves in all good conscience.

I am sorry to say that in my boyhood I worked in the fields with men who told vile stories all day long every day—some of them members of the church. I do not now thank them, though they may be in heaven, for having poisoned my young mind with such filth. I told such stories, too—and why not, after hearing them from such men? No one ever told me they were bad, though I really should have known it without being told. It was my good mother who, in one of her many letters to me in the army, said this: "My boy, I know you are under temptation there, yet I want to

beg of you never to use words that you could not speak before me or your sisters." I can not tell how what she said affected me. I loved my mother. After thinking the matter over I promised that brave little mother of mine a thousand miles away in Wisconsin, keeping the home fires burning while father and three of us boys were in the army, that so long as I might live I would try my best not to use language unfit for her and my sisters; and I have striven all along to keep that pledge. I bless today the dear mother who thus asked me to honor the white in the flag under which I was marching and fighting. I am indeed sorry for the man who in his life favors a double standard of purity—which means purity for his women folks but impurity for himself.

The white in our flag says to us all the time, "Keep thyself pure."

The blue in Old Glory is the color of truth, loyalty—no double dealing with our fellow-men, no trampling upon the laws of our nation, state, city or village. He who honors his flag by being true-blue needs no watching to keep him out of mischief. He will not go a-fishing contrary to the law when he thinks the game warden is not likely to catch him at it. He will undertake to be true and honest everywhere and all the time. Much more might be said about the challenge to us of the blue in our flag, but this sermon is too long already; yet I must add that our greatest civic danger is disregard for law.

I began by calling this a flag sermon. I do not mean exactly a sermon about the flag, but one of which the flag is the text. I would not talk about the flag if I could not find in it something for our civic, moral and even spiritual betterment. Let me exhort every one who takes time to read this discourse to think on these things whenever he looks upon the flag that has in it so much for us.

It's a beauteous banner bright,
With its stripes of red and white,
And its field of star-bespangled blue;
Red is courage for the right,
White is purity and light,
And the blue is loyal, just and true.

To give pleasure to a single heart by a single kind act is better than a thousand head-bowings in prayer.—Saadi.

MARRIAGES

JONES-CAMPBELL.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Campbell, by the Rev. S. S. Powell, all of Hammond, La. Mr. Sam P. Jones, of Ponchatoula, La., and Miss Mary E. Campbell.

DEATHS

BURDICK.—Elizabeth Burdick, who was usually called Libbie, was born March 3, 1842, in the town of Truxton, Cortland Co., N. Y., and died at West Edmeston, N. Y., March 13, 1919.

She was the third child of Joseph L. and Sarah Spencer Burdick. Her early home was near DeRuyter, N. Y., and for several terms she was a student in DeRuyter Institute. She was married December 11, 1867, to W. Deloss Crandall, of South Brookfield, N. Y. They commenced house-keeping on the farm one mile south of West Edmeston, where they resided until 1903, when they removed to their present home in the village of West Edmeston.

Mrs. Crandall had not been in good health for a number of years, but was usually able to attend church services and the Ladies' Aid Society, in which she took an active interest.

She had been suffering for several days from a severe cold and hoarseness, but had been about the house a little each day. She was taken with severe pain about half past eight o'clock on the evening of March 13, and passed away about ten o'clock, her death being caused by heart failure.

She is survived by her husband, who is in poor health; also by two sisters, Mrs. Emmar B. Coon, of Leonardsville, N. Y., and Miss Ettie S. Burdick, of West Edmeston. The death of Mrs. Crandall is deeply felt by Miss Carrie Holmes who has been a member of this home for twenty-nine years, and who has served most faithfully. The funeral was held from the home, conducted by her pastor.

L. D. B.

DAVIS.—Floretta Jane Davis was born in New Bremen, Lewis Co., N. Y., June 11, 1845, and died March 16, 1919, while visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Louisa Barber, of North Loup, Neb., aged 73 years, 9 months, and 5 days.

Her parents were Benjamin and Candace Jane (Barber) Davis. When about eight years of age she went with her parents to Illinois near Peoria. Here in early young womanhood she was converted to Christ but because of difference in faith was denied baptism by the local minister.

In 1861 the family moved to Carlestone, near

Alden, Minn. She was baptized at Trenton, Minn., and became a constituent member of the Carlestone Seventh Day Baptist Church organized shortly after. On her nineteenth birthday she was united in marriage to Elmer E. Davis, by Rev. D. P. Curtis, then pastor at Carlestone. To this union four children were born. In 1873 her husband died and the following year the youngest child, Lucy Nell, followed her father to the spirit land.

In 1882 she with her aged mother, her fifteen-year old son and two daughters drove in a covered wagon from Alden, Minn., to North Loup, Neb., to visit relatives. After arriving she decided to establish a home at this place. This home she, her son, and later his family, have always shared together. She transferred her church membership to the North Loup Seventh Day Baptist Church and has always lived a Christian life marked by remarkable unselfishness. A considerable part of her life has been spent in tenderly ministering to the sick. While in comparative vigor she fell a victim of Spanish influenza. She is survived by three children, Mrs. Ida Brown, Edmund L. Davis and Mrs. Louisa Barber, all living at North Loup, Neb. She has eleven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren, also two brothers, F. M. Davis, of Ord, Neb., and Orville E., of Stone Lake, Wis.

In the absence of her pastor, A. L. Davis, the funeral was conducted at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Barber, by Rev. E. A. Wells, of the Friends Church. The text was Psa. 116: 15. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

Her six grandsons acted as pall bearers and the body was laid to rest in the North Loup Cemetery. "Asleep in Jesus." I. B. and L. L. B.

KENYON.—In Cleveland, O., March 5, 1919,

D. Burt Kenyon, in the 81st year of his age.

D. Burt Kenyon, was the son of Pardon Clarke and Abbie Burdick Kenyon, and was born in Greenfield, Pa. The first half of his life was spent in the vicinity of his birth. In the early 80's he moved to Alfred, N. Y., where he resided about twenty-five years. In 1905 he removed to New Market, N. J., which was his home until about seven years ago when he and Mrs. Kenyon went to live with their daughter, Mrs. W. A. Barber, and her husband in Cleveland, O.

January 1, 1861, he and Demila Arminda Browning was united in holy wedlock. To them were born three children, Mr. William B. Kenyon, who died eight years ago, Mrs. Belle Ellis, of San Antonio, Texas, and Mrs. W. A. Barber, of Cleveland, O. Besides his wife and daughters he is survived by one brother, Mr. Duty Kenyon, of Clifford, Pa., and one sister, Mrs. Emma L. Camenga, of Alfred, N. Y.

When very young he made a public confession of religion, was baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Clifford, Pa. Upon coming to Alfred, N. Y., he united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church, and in 1909 he became a member of the Piscataway Seventh

Day Baptist Church in New Market, N. J. Of this church he remained a member until his death. Throughout his entire life he has been devoted to his church, the denomination and the cause for which they stand. Mr. Kenyon joined himself to the great reforms of the day, especially to that of temperance, and worked zealously all his life for their advancement. He was a man, honest and upright, with high ideals and with enthusiasm for the truth.

The body was brought to Alfred and farewell services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, were held in the church March 9th. Interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

W. M. L. B.

CLARKE.—Mrs. Hattie Hummel Clarke was born at Marlboro, N. J., September 24, 1853, and died suddenly at the home of her sister, Mrs. R. P. Taylor, Oakland, Kan., February 27, 1919.

Brief services were conducted by the writer on the evening after the Sabbath, March 1, and her body was taken to her home in Philadelphia, Pa., for burial beside that of her husband and one son. A son and daughter survive her; also four brothers and a sister.

At the announcement of this sudden going out of life, memory and reverie at once threw on the canvas the events of more than forty years ago, when first I came in touch with this life that then was, and now is no more. It was South Jersey and the old turnpike road, up which I first traveled on foot and after dark, north from Bridgeton to Shiloh, and which extends on through Marlboro, up to Salem. Among the faces in those three years in Shiloh Academy, I distinctly remember that of Hattie, coy and smiling though I can hardly trace the resemblance between the youth and the mature and restful features in death. Her brothers and sister were also in school, Charley, Dan, Theodore and Lide. The Hummel name was a common one and the families prominent. Deacon John Hummel, the father, lived at Marlboro, and from his farm I believe it was that the rich loads of marl were hauled for the enrichment of the farms thereabout. His brother, William Hummel, recently deceased at Battle Creek, Mich., at an advanced age, was the town wheel-wright on one of the five corners of Shiloh. Their truck wagons hauled truck to market and the enclosed family carriage hauled the pupils to or from the school. Deacon Hummel was a religious worker, an earnest exhorter, and of the same faith as that of the church at Marlboro, and the big and older church at Shiloh, which was then nearly one hundred and forty years old, and now over one hundred and eighty. These were what might be called peculiar people. They believed in the Bible—all of the Bible, the Old Testament and the New, the law and the gospel, the Ten Commandments, including the Fourth. Hence they kept the Seventh Day Sabbath. They believed in Jesus Christ, not as a good man, but as God-man; not as a great man, but as one with the mighty God, the everlasting Father. They believed in Christ, not as a pattern or inspiration

simply, but as a Savior, a divine redeemer from sin unto salvation. Because they believed in the Bible and a divine Christ, they believed in a future life and hence could meet death unafraid, and with another shout, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where thy victory?" In such an atmosphere and faith was this sister trained and we can but believe that hers was the believer's victory.

Friends, is not this the anchor that the world needs in these sifting and shaking times? Lawlessness and anarchy have broken loose since the close of the world's awful war. Nations are casting aside both divine and human restraints—and show neither fear of God nor regard for man. The world needs an inspired Bible, a moral law, a divine Christ, and a wholesome respect for God and his word. I appeal for the restoration of such a faith in the Church of Christ and the councils of nations.

G. M. C.

BURDICK.—Albert Clarke, was born in Hopkinton, R. I., August 2, 1840, and died at Albion, Wis., March 7, 1919.

He was a veteran of the Civil War, was in the battle at Gettysburg, and marched with Sherman to the sea. After the war he came West and settled at Albion, Wis., where he made him a home; and on July 21st, 1869 he was united in marriage to Elnora P. Coon. To them were born two sons, Laurance W. and Claud L. This companion died March 21, 1883.

After a time he was married to Dora A. Webster of his home town, and to them were born four children, Mrs. Maud C. Whitford, Roy W. (deceased), J. Roy, and Baby Belle (also deceased).

Brother Burdick was a gifted man, and in the early days of the Albion church he was an inspiring leader and worker. He was a great help to his pastors, with whom he freely counselled concerning the interests of the church. He was an able speaker, at one time supplying the pulpit for nearly a year while the church was without a pastor, and frequently preached when the pastor was away.

The funeral was held at his home church, and a large company of friends and neighbors and a dozen or so of his G. A. R. Post were present. The service was conducted by his pastor, Charles S. Sayre, and the burial was had at the Evergreen Cemetery.

C. S. S.

We need better personal relations everywhere. It is the great need of the world just now. All that looks dark on the horizon of modern life is really the result of bad personal relations. And it can be cleared up by a new growth of genuine friendship among us.—Henry Ford.

Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world (James 1: 27).

(Continued from page 410)

this good man, ninety-six years of age, his week's work done and his tools laid aside for the Sabbath, sat facing the west and with the glow of the sunset sky lighting the page, reading the Word of God. It had been his guide through a long life, and on it he could safely lean in his old age. It was all so beautiful that I paused to take it in. Picture it for yourself. Here are its elements: The setting sun and the Sabbath ushered in, the tools already laid aside, but the old man still seated on his bench reading the Bible. You can make a fairly good picture from these things, but not the real picture if you did not know Uncle Levi Bond.

And now the sun has set at the close of the long day of his faithful life. The tools have been laid aside forever, and the bench is no longer occupied. The Sabbath of eternal rest has dawned. Not even his old Bible is needed now, whose pages his dim eyes loved to scan, and which brought him comfort and hope. "And they shall see his face; . . . and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever."

Eat less; breathe more.
Talk less; think more.
Ride less; walk more.
Clothe less; bathe more.
Worry less; work more.
Waste less; give more.
Preach less; practice more.—*Selected.*

To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying, "Amen," to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager

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Sabbath School. Lesson III—April 19, 1919

OUR RISEN LORD. Matt. 28: 1-10

Golden Text.—"He is risen, even as he said," Matt. 28: 6.

DAILY READINGS

Apr. 13—Mark 15: 25-38. Christ crucified
Apr. 14—Mark 15: 39-47. Christ's body in the tomb
Apr. 15—Matt. 28: 1-10. Our risen Lord
Apr. 16—Luke 24: 13-31. After the resurrection
Apr. 17—1 Cor. 15: 1-11. The resurrection a fact
Apr. 18—1 Cor. 15: 12-24. Christ the first-fruits
Apr. 19—1 Cor. 15: 50-58. Victory over the grave

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

"I wouldna say M'Tavish canna learn the game," remarked Sandy, as they trudged home from the links; "but it will be deefficult for him." "Aye," agreed Donald. "At times he will be like to bust, what wi' being so releigious and tonguetied."

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We may at this time believe, and with all reverence say, that the Powers that govern the universe have called our New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old. We can not leave the world where it was in the closing days of July, 1914, free to begin all over again its maniac self-destruction. The unaccomplished mission of the United States is the reconstruction of the society of nations on the basis of liberty, democracy and brotherhood. Throned tyrannies, and the despotisms that wage war upon democracy, may continue for a day, for a year, for a century; but they have one Enemy who is Everlasting. God Almighty makes war upon the obsolete. And by all signs and portents on the earth beneath and in the heavens above, the place of America in the re-creation of the world has been set by him who called the United States into existence first to save and then to spread liberty upon the earth.—Charles F. Aked

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