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Send for Our List

The Sabbath Recorder

Babcock Building

Plainfield, New Jersey

The Sabbath Recorder

WHAT SHALL WE BRING OUR BRAVE

M. E. H. Everett

What shall we bring our brave, our own,
Who stood 'twixt us and death
And hurled the hosts of Satan back
Until their passing breath!

"Laurel to crown the victor's brow!
And graven on the shield.
The names of freedom's worthy sons
Who fell upon the field."

Nay, not the laurel's poisonous leaf
Nor any scroll of fame
For those who strove for righteousness
In their Redeemer's name.

"Bring songs of most exalted praise
The sweetest ever sung;
And in the nighttime silent tears
For those who died so young."

Not sweetest songs nor hottest tears
That ever mortals weep
Could cross the dark and cruel sea
To reach them where they sleep.

Then bring the peace long promised earth,
The peace they died to win;
On us must rest the sin.
For if they gave their lives in vain

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The Sabbath Recorder

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VOL. 86, No. 2

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WHOLE NO. 3,854

A Nation Pays Tribute To Theodore Roosevelt The entire country was greatly shocked last Monday morning, January 6, upon hearing that ex-President Theodore Roosevelt had suddenly passed away during the night. Expressions of regret were profound and universal. In the nation's Capitol all parties in Congress joined in eulogies. Flags were placed at half mast over all public buildings, both houses of Congress were dismissed, and for the first time in its history the Supreme Court of the United States adjourned out of respect for the dead.

Theodore Roosevelt possessed in large measure the characteristics of a typical American. No man ever touched the all-sided life of our nation in more ways than did he. He brought the influence of a splendid personality to bear upon economic, social, and educative affairs in a marvelous way. As Executive of the nation in a trying time; as a forceful speaker and writer; as frontiersman, explorer, naturalist and reformer, this bluntly honest but great-hearted American has made a splendid record, and it is fitting that the nation should bow in recognition of his services.

The spontaneous and universal eulogies showered upon Theodore Roosevelt when dead show how hollow and insincere were the bitter accusations heaped upon him while he was living. We are not the only ones who ask the question, "When will America conquer the vice of abusing its great men?"

Upon hearing of Mr. Roosevelt's death Secretary Daniels issued the following statement:

The death of ex-President Roosevelt removes one of the ablest of the dynamic forces this country has produced. He has blazed new paths and refused to be fettered by conventions that other distinguished men recognized. Original, forceful, courageous, he was the monitor of millions of his fellow countrymen, who will miss his inspiring leadership. I knew him first when he was chairman of the Civil Service Commission in Cleveland's last administration. Always he was a virile leader, inviting contests

and dealing heavy blows to those with whom he did not agree. His personality was dominant and compelling. He was interested in everything that concerned his country and the world. He was ready with his remedy for every ill and supremely confident that his remedy was the best. Believing in himself and the cause he espoused, he threw himself into every conflict with every power of mind and body. His last days were saddened by the death of his brave son who gave his life for his country. But his devotion to the cause for which the young man died gave him ability to rejoice in his courage and in the supreme sacrifice.

We give President Wilson's proclamation on another page.

Questions About Forgiveness While accepting the principle laid down by Christ concerning love for our enemies, many good people are at a loss to know just how far they can follow the letter of the precept in dealing with the Germans. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," is frequently quoted in these days by those who advocate international Good Samaritanism; but thousands whose sons fill graves in Flanders Fields, at Chateau Thierry and elsewhere would much rather literally heap coals of fire upon the heads of enemies who forced this war upon the world and who filled those graves. They can't do this with German enemies by feeding them.

We can not blame those who insist that caution is needed lest the Christian world shall go too far in overlooking the most heinous crime of the ages and in extending forgiveness to those who show no sign of repentance. There is peril in such forgiveness. God can not forgive an impenitent, self-satisfied, high-handed sinner, and still be just.

How can a good man consistently forgive one who has purposely injured him and glories in it, and who admits that he meant to ruin him, still refusing to promise not to repeat the offense? The one condition upon which the nations can forgive the Germans, from the murderous Kaiser down to the brutal soldiers and the people who gloried in the cruelty of the leaders, is the

condition of genuine repentance and honest confession. As yet the world has no evidence of any change of heart in those who devastated Belgium, plunged the world into war, and who did not cease their blood-curdling crimes against humanity until they were whipped to a standstill.

Germany has outlawed herself, and until she makes it possible, through repentance, for the Allies to forgive and feed her, it would be folly to do so. Her motto is still, "World dominion or death!" and the nations can not be safe so long as there is an unconverted and unrepentant German nation.

We have no sympathy with the sentimentalism that urges aid for these high-handed outlaws whose crimes have brought starvation upon millions of innocent men, women, and children.

Helpful Prayers No one can tell how much the prayers of God's people have helped along the Master's work by putting new heart into the leaders. Many a discouraged pastor has been strengthened for better work and enabled to bring success out of apparent failure, by the knowledge that his people are remembering him in their prayers. Of course the pastor prays. Paul pictured the Christian soldier clad in gospel armor from head to foot, as "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." This faithful minister appreciated also the value of the prayers of saints for his work; for he repeatedly besought them to pray for him and his yokefellows. "Pray for us," said he, "that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified." In Corinth, in Ephesus, in Thessalonica, in Rome, Paul's hands were strengthened and his heart fortified by the assurance that the saints were praying for him even as he prayed for them.

In all generations the cause of God has gone forward through the united prayers of the people for the success of their leaders. I pity the pastors and the boards of any denomination when they are compelled to feel that their people have ceased to pray for them. On the other hand, leaders who have the sympathy of their people and who know that they are being remembered in many prayers, are to be congratulated.

These thoughts have been suggested by no less than ten letters received within ten days, all of which not only show that the writers are interested in our work, but that many loyal souls are praying for their boards and denominational workers. The writers of these letters are scattered over the entire country, and we trust that members of the two boards now struggling with debt will be encouraged by the knowledge that the people are praying for them.

Here are some of the encouraging words written by those who, with their letters, sent something with which to meet expenses:

Please see that the ten dollars is given to the two boards. We desire to join the "Ten Dollar Club." We are praying that there may be enough money sent in to pay the debts and have a balance left in the treasuries.

I am praying very earnestly for our cause and feel that I ought to do more than just pray. I wish I were able to send more toward the debt. Maybe the Lord will show us the way to help a little later.

I am praying God to help the people see the need of lifting the burden in order to relieve you. I have always felt that Secretary Saunders carried a burden for us as a people which helped to shorten his days. God bless and keep you for the work, is my prayer.

Many Others Interested We know how glad
A Liberty Bond many RECORDER
readers are for every word that reveals interest in the causes we love. So we venture to quote further from letters. Here is one to Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard, received after he was prostrated with the influenza:

DEAR SIR: A little time ago I promised a Liberty Bond, for which I have now been able to pay and I send it to you for the Denominational Building. My prayer is that the good work may go on, and we may soon have the building. Am sorry so many do not take the RECORDER. It certainly ought to be in every Seventh Day Baptist home.

An aged pastor's wife sends her subscription, saying she enjoys the RECORDER because it tells her what the people of her faith are doing.

Another writes she would feel very much at a loss without the paper, for it tells what our people, whom she regards as one great family, are doing.

One writer, who has been reading the RECORDER sent to another, says: "I want

to help the denomination by paying for it, and wish it to come every week to our home."

Since the items given above were written, another letter comes from a lone Sabbath-keeper to Mr. Hubbard with \$100.00 for the two boards. The writer makes a strong plea for the people to arouse and pay their debts.

"How It Grieved Me" One of the letters
"Why Is It So?" mentioned above contains a message too valuable to be buried out of sight as a merely personal word of interest. Therefore a part of it is given here.

I have enclosed five dollars. Two dollars for my subscription, two to send the dear old RECORDER to some aged sister who is not able to pay for it, and one for the debt of the Tract Society.

How it grieved me to read in an editorial of December 16 that probably a thousand Seventh Day Baptist families never receive our denominational paper. Why is it so? It seems to me that Acts 1: 8 would be a good answer. "But ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit is come upon you: and ye shall be my witnesses . . . unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

If the Holy Spirit were in all our hearts, we would say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and our prayer would be, "Show us ourselves as thou seest us." With such a spirit in the hearts of the people, don't you think the RECORDER would go into every home, that our incomes would be tithed, and that our boards would be out of debt?

Are we not almost like Jonah down in the hold of the ship asleep? God help us to see ourselves as he sees us.

I asked two neighbors to take the RECORDER but they did not want it. I rather go without one meal a day than to go without our paper.

Americanization The publicity bureau of the National Woman's

Christian Temperance Union is sending some interesting data regarding the society's work for the Americanization of foreigners who have sought homes in this country. For many years systematic education among the "strangers from abroad" had brought excellent results, and when the war broke out the women of the union were well equipped for the special patriotic endeavor so much needed. The record of the year just closed shows something of what has been done in different States.

In Maine, where are to be found 42,855

foreign-born women, the W. C. T. U. people have been giving instructions in all lines of American home-making, and in patriotic service for the soldiers.

The State of Missouri has 87,547 foreign-born women coming from no less than ten different nations. New York State has more than a million such women; and careful research shows that in twenty-two other States there are nearly three million white women, born in foreign lands, only a little more than one-third of whom can speak English.

There is no greater work in this country than that of Americanizing this great host of women—strangers in America, and yet bound to establish homes and rear families in this land of their adoption. The W. C. T. U. establishes home-making headquarters, and trains carefully and intelligently these foreign-born women in everything that makes home desirable, leading them by thousands to adopt the watchword, "America First," and teaching them the principles of patriotism, purity, and clean living. No one can estimate the far-reaching good results sure to come from such consecrated, self-sacrificing service.

The W. C. T. U. people are leaving nothing undone that lies within their power to do, in order to enlist the sympathies of these "New Americans" for the institutions of this land and for the principles of true democracy.

Death of Again we are called upon
Rev. A. G. Crofoot to announce the passing of a faithful minister of the gospel. Rev. Alonzo G. Crofoot, pastor of the church at Marlboro, N. J., died on January 7, of heart failure following an operation in the hospital at Bridgeton, N. J. We have no further particulars. An appropriate obituary will appear later.

RECORDER readers will sympathize with his bereaved companion and with his two sons, one of whom is a missionary in Shanghai, China, and also with the little church left pastorless.

Frank J. Hubbard RECORDER readers will be
Is Improving glad to know that Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is well on the way to recovery.

"It Was a Revelation" To His People The letter to Dean Main elsewhere in this RECORDER, entitled "A Good Example," is most timely. It is from one of our faithful pastors, so many of whom have been helped by the Seminary and have gone out to do excellent work for the Master.

A proper and truthful explanation of the spirit and work of the Seminary might prove to be a revelation to more than one church, and result in great good to our cause.

Misunderstandings and persistent neglect of our best institutions are all that is needed to ruin us as a people.

"I Am Glad I Came" A pastor in one of our small rural churches writes, "I am glad I came." He is in what is regarded as a hard field, a field where difficult problems must be solved, and where it is, as he says, "sometimes hard to exercise charity and patience," and yet he writes, "I am glad I came. The work is going well and I enjoy it."

This shows a right spirit. No matter how hard the task or how difficult the problems, if one can keep up good courage, and after months of toil say, "I am glad I came to this field," he can hope for rich blessings to crown his efforts.

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER

Nov. 24, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

I am doing that which most soldier boys in France are doing about this time; writing to the best pal they ever had. When I say pal my thoughts run back into the years, and I see many things with a clearer eye and better understanding than I ever have before.

Do you remember how you used to go to the store and bring back clothes and shoes for us, and do you remember how we used to try these things on, while all the time we scarcely dared to breathe lest they should be too small or too large? And do you remember how you used to take us to school on the horses so we could have dry feet and not be sick? Then likely as not we would wade the run on our way home, or splash in the puddles until our shoes and stockings were soaked.

I remember all these things and many more. Often I pulled my shoes off and set them by the fire before going to bed. They were hard and unwieldy, the result of outdoor experiences, but when I went to put them on in the morning they would be smoothed and softened with tallow that had been applied by a parent who was ever solicitous of his children's welfare.

I remember also the expression of pleasure which showed in your face when we did well in our classes or made a record at a ciphering match. All these and many more things come to me now. Once they were not so clear to me, because as a child I was surrounded with them so that they were what I always expected. Now they are more clear to me because I realize something of the love that leads one to do these many things for a child.

I might come down to the present with other different things that show me none the less how much I owe to my first and best pal in trousers.

The years glide swiftly by when one is working for those he loves, and now instead of the boys you used to spank and trot on your knee, you have men in the service of *Our* nation.

I have told you most of my experiences, but tonight I am going to tell you in a brief way of some of the things we have done.

It was a warm but breezy morning on the fourteenth of August that the men of Base Hospital No. 54 were called from their bunks about three o'clock in the morning. We were soon dressed and had our heavy packs ready to strap on our backs. Soon after four o'clock we were through with our lunch and waiting in line of formation for the command, "Fours Right; March!" It was still dark but already long columns of troops were filing by. All we could see was a fog of dust and a dark column of Uncle Sam's troopers. We knew what it meant. We could hear the steady tramp, tramp, and hear the helmets as they thumped against the packs.

Soon there was a break in the line for our organization. The command rang out in the morning air and we swung into line on our way to meet the Hun.

One can never forget that night. We marched through the camp and out between the guards at the gates. No one

spoke—only the sound of thousands of feet marching together could be heard, and they sounded as one mighty footstep.

Two or three miles, and the docks were reached ere the first rays of the early dawn had turned to day. At the docks mighty vessels were riding lazily as they waited in readiness for us to go aboard. Then aboard, and we weighed anchor and slowly made our way through one of the famous harbors of the world—Hampton Roads. As we made our way toward the ocean we could see great grey vessels with solemn but formidable guns sticking out over the sides, steaming slowly in the distance ahead of us. Nearer were more dashing destroyers and small chasers that darted in all directions.

Overhead seaplanes were looking down for signs of a lurking foe. About one o'clock as we were steaming from the bay into the ocean we heard firing. Later we were told that a fishing smack was sunk by gunfire from a "sub" only five miles ahead.

After this we were somewhat excited, but hoping for an encounter. We had faith in our protectors. We were not molested, although on our way over different vessels often took a shot at floating objects, and the destroyers sometimes dropped depth bombs because of suspected danger. Once a whale was plugged and made to beat the water in great style. We were said to have been chased by subs, but I never saw one. Twelve days of sea life which would make a history in itself and we were sailing up a narrow channel into the port of Brest.

From here you have followed me by the many letters I have written home, so that I will not burden you with a further recital.

In common with many boys over here I have seen enough to make me hate the Germans forever. They are as cowardly in defeat as they are merciless in victory. It has been my lot to see many exhibitions of human nature that one can only see when men's souls are tried. I have stood beside the long trenches and seen our boys taken from trucks, with only a sheet to wrap their forms, and laid close together in these trenches. They were the ones who paid the price of freedom, and they went to their last resting place without a tear being shed

or a hymn sung. Yet no one who has ever experienced this sight will say that the oft-times pointed remarks of those about were not made to conceal the sorrow and depression felt within. I have also seen officers, non-commissioned officers, and men come to the operating table with a smile, when their lives hung by a thread. Yes, and I have heard officers talk of their men and of how they were slaughtered while they were on the line between this world and the next, yet they seemed not to care for themselves. I have seen and I have wondered how men can do these things so cheerfully. We have seen how those who are allowed to fight have proven themselves worthy of the "land that gave them birth."

These and many more instances have led me to appreciate what home and loved ones mean. It is not to be wondered at that the boys read their letters until they are worn dim. It is because of national spirit, fostered largely by fond parents who have won the respect of their children, that men are willing to do and die.

This letter is a feeble attempt to express my appreciation for what I owe you. I want to tell you that we are still together, pals, though far apart, and that your son is trying to do his part, and be the man you taught him to be.

Sincerely,

AUDRA.

Sgt. Audra M. Kelley,
U. S. Base Hospital No. 54,
Amer. Ex. F.,
A. P. O. 798.

SEMIANNUAL MEETING

The semiannual meeting of Michigan Seventh Day Baptist churches, will be held with the Battle Creek Church, January 24-26. President W. L. Burdick of Conference will be here. Deacons and deaconess are to be ordained. Special programs for young people are being planned.

M. B. KELLY.

"The worst feature of most of our little discourtesies to other people such as keep them from liking us is that these are ungentlemanly and unwomanly. The essence of good manners is regard for the feelings of others."

THE COMMISSION'S PAGE

READ, PONDER, GET BUSY

"Awake, awake, put on thy strength"

The work of the Commission at Syracuse was largely of a general character. It was the first meeting. The field of action was new. It required considerable time and discussion to determine its own place and function. There was no well blazed trail to follow. A good deal of scouting was necessary.

True, certain definite matters had been committed to it by the General Conference, like the defining of the duties of the Finance Board, the publication of a memorial letter to Protestants, the preparation of a manual on the ordination, recognition, and deposing of ministers, etc. But these things were referred to small sub-committees to work out by themselves later in the year. The time at Syracuse was given to the larger aspects of our work as a people, an attempt to get a real view of the present situation, and thus in the light of that view make preparations for the future, an attempt to state clearly the problems that face us as a people, and thus be able to approach the tasks of solution.

There was no time to develop in any detail a program for what has been called the "forward movement," although it was discussed again and again in a general way. A good start for something definite has been announced in the three projects that have been launched in the three previous numbers of the SABBATH RECORDER, namely. 1. The War-Reconstruction Board; 2. A Plan to Encourage our Ministers; and 3. A Plan to Encourage Young Men to Enter the Ministry. If you have in any way missed seeing this page, called "The Commission's Page," for the last three weeks, please refer to these numbers, December 23 and 30, and January 6. "s"

RECRUITING FOR THE MINISTRY

IN the charter of the new General Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church the first mentioned of the "purposes and objects" is "the enlistment and support of

candidates for the ministry and for such other forms of Christian service as now or may hereafter be, from time to time, authorized or approved by the General Assembly," etc.

The new General Board has "come to the kingdom for such a time as this," when there are more of our churches without resident ministers than at any time within the memory of man, when our seminaries are nearly depleted and the flower of our youth has been transported overseas or is in military training. The Assembly's Committee on Vacancy and Supply has recently reported but seventy-four able and available ministers who could certainly be counted upon toward the filling of the numerous vacant pulpits. From all quarters comes the appeal for ministers. A prosperous town of eight thousand in the Central West was for some time without the services of a single resident minister.

When one remembers the emphasis which a great military struggle necessarily places upon technical preparation, and when one adds the competition upon the part of the industries and professions for the services of college men in the period of rebuilding, it is plain that a vigorous agency is needed to enlist and support candidates for the ministry.

In connection with other denominations as organized under the General War Time Commission of the Churches, the board is preparing to get the appeal for the ministry not only before young men in cantonments, but also before those who are actually at the front in France. If theological preparation is not embraced in the courses to be offered by the government to young men, who, so to speak, will be marooned in Europe after the war, we may need to make it possible for Presbyterian students for the ministry in Europe to attend Reformed or Presbyterian institutions there.

Meantime, the young men in our own institutions who have been thrown into the very arms of the Church, as it were—being supported by the government in Presbyterian colleges—are not being forgotten. In conjunction with the Assembly's Committee on Evangelism a more thoroughgoing campaign for these students than has hitherto been attempted is being put into operation. The visiting ministers are being asked to spend double the ordinary time at the in-

stitutions and every provision is being made for their effective service. That these counsels may prove effective, it is more necessary even than in the past that the Church "pray the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."—*W. H. Crothers, in The Assembly Herald.*

THE CHURCHES' DUTY TO THE RETURNING SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

Authorized by the Executive Committee of the General War-time Commission of the Churches

To the Pastors of the Churches:

Our thoughts and affections have reached out for months to our absent soldiers and sailors. These men are about to return now, and the home community, civic, social, and religious, is preparing measures of welcome. The responsibility of the church in their behalf when they come home is one that naturally falls to the leadership of the pastors.

The returning soldiers and sailors will come home after having passed through extraordinary experiences. Service and sacrifice have come to have a new meaning to them. They will have ideals of clean living; less class feeling, due to a better knowledge of men of every class and type with whom they have worked and fought shoulder to shoulder. Many of them have grown in character and manhood. All are susceptible to the Gospel and Christian influence.

For these reasons and because of the military service which they have rendered our country, they will have unusual influence upon the home community to which they come.

It is, therefore, the business of the church to help conserve and develop whatever has been gained, to check and overcome whatever evils may have developed in their life, and to give them an opportunity to exercise their own talents and spirit in a constructive manner in behalf of the welfare of the church and the Kingdom.

The following are some suggestions made by those who have carefully studied these problems, that should help the pastors and the church in determining their program in behalf of the returning soldiers and sailors.

I. PRIMARY OBJECTIVE

The men will be very susceptible to the church which proclaims the living Christ, who is able to instil and sustain the spirit

of love and service in their lives. This gospel must be directed toward all phases of life in the community, social, political, and industrial, as well as spiritual and moral. This gospel must be given in its simplicity and with a direct appeal to the best that is in men. The men in their military career have been identified with an organization which does things. They will, therefore, crave identification with the church that is alive to all their spiritual and moral opportunities. Whatever, therefore, is undertaken must be real and sincere.

2. WELCOME

It is important that the returning soldier should be met with sympathy and understanding.

a. The first ones at home who will want to greet them upon their return are father and mother and the home folks. After this greeting the next one whom they should crave to greet personally is their pastor.

This may be accomplished by the pastor making the request of the home to which the boys come that they be sent to him immediately for conference. It may also be accomplished by the pastor writing to the men at once telling them his desire in this matter.

b. When the pastor meets the men, he should have not only a hearty, sympathetic, personal greeting, but should have some plans ready to tell them about.

He should tell them of a special religious service which he has planned for them. He should tell them of a congregational reception, which will be given them in their honor. He should tell them of his intention to erect a permanent memorial tablet of bronze or stone with the names of the boys who were in the service, giving special place to those who made the supreme sacrifice.

He should show them that he wants to help them to be readjusted in the community in their social and vocational life.

He should make his greeting so helpful and interesting to the boys as to create in them a desire for further personal conference, which will lead to a better understanding of their needs and the church's responsibility toward them.

3. PRACTICAL METHODS

The pastor should remember that the men are used to leadership. He should, there-

fore, be their pastoral leader. They will readily respond. Give them something to do. They are used to doing. Some of them will make good leaders. Especially the Boy Scouts would respond very readily to them, as well as Bible school classes of boys.

Get as many of the returning men as possible to speak in the young people's meetings in the Bible school and in other organizations of the church.

In preaching, don't fail to keep the men in the audience constantly mindful of the appreciation of their home church for the service which they have rendered. Remind them also of the interest the denomination has taken in them through its War-Time Commission, and the interdenominational activities through the General War-Time Commission of the Churches.

The men should also be made to feel that what has been done for them by the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and other welfare organizations, was only made possible through the generous and material expression of the spirit that the church has inculcated and nurtured in the life of those who remained at home.

The most direct access that the church had to their life while in service was through the chaplains. They should be made to know that the superior position of the chaplain in the army was largely due to the interest manifested in the chaplain on the part of the church as expressed in representation to the War Department and in direct service rendered to the chaplains by the Church Commission. The church, therefore, in a very real sense has directed their energies, morally, spiritually, and materially, while they were in military service.

If any of them signed the War Roll card of the Y. M. C. A. while in the service, take advantage of this fact. If the signing signified a reawakening of their spiritual life or signified a new confession of faith in Christ, the pastor should take advantage of these facts.

Call the men together for a conference and learn from them what they expect of the church, and also what they have in mind that they are capable of contributing to the life of the church.

See that the churches are represented on the community program of welcome that is extended to the men. In some small com-

munities it may be necessary for the church to initiate the organization of the community for a welcome to the men.

Whatever is said and done for the men, emphasis should be placed upon the fact that even though they did not have a chance to go to France and fight at the front, they were nevertheless of great significance to the army which made victory possible.

The pastor should use his influence in encouraging those who have promising qualities in them to prepare for the Christian ministry, missionaries, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, social workers, etc., as a life calling. The men while in the service pursued lines of study more or less. They acquired the habit of study. The pastor should take advantage of this and gather the soldiers into study groups for the study of religion and its responsibility to the social order of life.

4. THE MEN'S SOCIAL WELFARE

The pastor should emphasize more than he has ever done the Christian duty of employers to employees, and the need of a Christian conscience in the employees in their responsibility to the employers for whom they work.

He should especially call the attention of the employers to their Christian duty to the returning soldiers and sailors in order that they may be given a fair chance for employment.

Encourage the men to secure positions in the industrial institutions in the community as soon as possible after their return—before careless habits about personal responsibility are acquired. It should also be noted in this connection that industrial institutions are very susceptible to the men's application for positions immediately after their return.

The United States Labor Department is setting up an employment service in every community throughout the country to help the returning soldiers and sailors to find employment, and requests the co-operation of all agencies interested in this subject. The churches should have special committees ready for this co-operation in behalf of their own respective groups of soldiers and sailors. Special attention should be paid to an effort to secure for the men better positions than those which they left when

they went away, making a personal study of each individual case.

The employment committee of the churches should also give attention and help to persons who were engaged in war production, and may now find themselves out of employment.

Some of the men will come back maimed or crippled or invalided. The Government has done its part in preparing these men for self-support. The church should also do its part in preparing the community for kindly consideration of these men, that they may have a chance for self-support.

It will also be found necessary at times to give assistance to the soldiers and their families during the period of readjustment. This should not be done in the form of "charity," but in the spirit of friendliness and co-operation. In this connection, it should be remembered that whatever is done should be done in co-operation with the Red Cross Society, which has planned to help through its Home Service Department. In communities where the Red Cross Society has no organization, the pastor should write to the Red Cross Headquarters and learn what is being done.

5. CONSERVATION OF IDEALS

From what those who are in contact with the soldiers tell us, many of them will return with new and radical ideas concerning religious, ecclesiastical, social, and industrial organization. They will have a broader vision of their personal responsibility to their community than they had when they went away. They will be impatient with things that are not real, and that do not ring true. Democracy in particular will have a new meaning for them. They will demand that all should have an equal chance for self-development. They will have new ideas regarding the means of social hygiene and temperance. They will no longer endure false forms of industrial and political organization. They will feel that having fought and sacrificed for justice and righteousness, these must be applied to the social relations within the nations as well as to the relations between the nations. They will know the meaning of federation and co-operation.

6. THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE

In both soldiers and civilians during the war the spirit of service has been most

wonderfully expressed. This has taken the form of personal service even to the sacrifice of life. It has also been expressed in gifts of time and money. This should not be allowed to cease or even diminish, any more than possible, with the coming of peace. This splendid spirit of service should be turned to social and civic ends. The church should develop a program of service along every possible line, indicating the fields, and making the opportunities as concrete as possible, and should use its influence to see that those who have served so splendidly during the war, should still find the opportunity for service in building up the new world wherein dwelleth righteousness.

WILLIAM F. MCDOWELL,
Chairman, General Committee
Army and Navy Chaplains.

JOHN T. AXTON,
Major, U. S. A.
Chaplain, Port of Embarkation,
Hoboken, N. J.

December 18, 1918.

HE KNEW WHAT HE WANTED

When Dwight L. Moody was a young man in Chicago he attended Plymouth church. This was in the days when most city churches rented their pews as a means of supporting the services. Young Moody went to the church officers and asked leave to rent a pew.

"You don't want a whole pew," he was told. "One seat in a pew will be enough for a young man without a family; there is only one of you."

"There may be only one of me," replied the young Christian, "but I am going to get some more." Inside of two weeks he had found enough other young men to attend church with him to fill the entire pew.

Back to the officers went Moody. "Let me have another pew, please," he requested.

They were so greatly impressed with the earnestness of the man who later became the best known evangelist of the century that they let him have another pew, "whether you can afford it or not," as they put it.

Moody knew what he was about. Before he stopped, he had filled four pews with young men.—*From The Continent, by permission.*

MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

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

MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

In a letter from Shanghai dated November 29 Missionary Jay W. Crofoot writes of Dr. Palmborg: "Day before yesterday, after a time of doubt, the doctors decided on an operation which was performed the same day, Wednesday. Yesterday they said she was doing as well as could be expected after such an operation, and today they say her temperature is normal, but she is weak. They found that her gall bladder had been in a bad condition for a long time, and as they found pus they put in a drainage tube. There was also a bad spot in the intestines which they fixed. The doctors call her trouble 'chronic inflammation of the gall bladder with a partial obstruction of the intestines and paresis of the intestines.'" Dr. Palmborg is at a hospital in Shanghai where she has the best possible care and attention.

In his quarterly report Herbert L. Cottrell, of New Auburn, Wis., writes: "Our work here this quarter has been hindered very much by the influenza. We have had but two Sabbath morning services, the first Sabbath in October and the last Sabbath in December. . . . We had a very profitable executive committee meeting of the church at Mrs. Carpenter's last Tuesday night. We are going to have the Tract Society send the rack for Sabbath literature which they offered, and I will gladly see that it is continually filled with tracts. We discussed your letter in regard to the program of the Missionary Society for evangelistic work, and will recommend at the annual church meeting next Sunday that the church heartily co-operate with the society in its plan of evangelism. We decided to commence holding prayer meetings again, this time at the homes of the members instead of the church. . . . We decided to recommend that the church adopt the budget system for raising its finances, have an every-member canvass, and encourage

every member to give regularly, not only for the pastor's salary, but also for church expenses, denominational needs, etc." Good for the New Auburn people.

Missionary L. A. Wing, from Boulder, writes: "As throughout the country we have had a sad experience through the plague that has been sweeping through the country. We, as you see, (from his report), have had but two services this quarter, and we do not know when we will open up again. The conditions here are bad now. . . . We have been called to share with the many in sorrow and bereavement in the death of our daughter on the morning of December 9 at the Sanitarium. So added to the sense of regret for the breaking up of our church is that of our own deep sorrow in the loss of our dear one. I hope that I shall never have to send in another report even approaching in its meaning what this does." Let us remember Brother Wing and his family and the work which is his, in our prayers. These are indeed times, as was said at the covenant meeting the other evening here in Plainfield, when we have reason to pray for one another that our strength may be in the Lord.

"The Sabbatic Question" is the title of a little book of 80 pages, published in 1914 by Fleming H. Revell Company. The author is J. J. Taylor, M. A., D. D., LL. D., The following paragraphs are taken from the "Foreword." There are several other selections and quotations which I wish to present in succeeding numbers of the SABBATH RECORDER.

"Probably no question in all the range of practical theology is more muddled in the popular mind than is the sabbatic question. On this subject, as on many others, it sometimes happens that men speak with ardor and assurance in proportion to their prejudices and their lack of knowledge.

"Early in my Christian life I became deeply perplexed over the problems which the theme presents. It came about in this way. I was appointed to speak at a Fifth Sunday Meeting on the subject of Sabbath Observance. I deeply appreciated the compliment implied in the appointment, for that rather than the hope of calling forth instruction and edification was probably what the appointing committee had in mind; and

PRESIDENT WILSON'S TRIBUTE TO ROOSEVELT

A proclamation to the people of the United States:

It becomes my sad duty to announce officially the death of Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States from September 14, 1901, to March 4, 1909, which occurred at his home at Sagamore Hill Oyster Bay, N. Y., at 4.15 o'clock in the morning of January 6, 1919. In his death the United States has lost one of its most distinguished and patriotic citizens, who had endeared himself to the people by his strenuous devotion to their interests and to the public interests of his country.

As president of the Police Board of his native city, as member of the legislature and governor of his State, as Civil Service Commissioner, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as Vice-President, and as President of the United States, he displayed administrative powers of a signal order and conducted the affairs of these various offices with a concentration of effort and a watchful care which permitted no divergence from the line of duty he had definitely set for himself.

In the war with Spain he displayed singular initiative and energy and distinguished himself among the commanders of the army in the field. As President he awoke the nation to the dangers of private control which lurked in our financial and industrial systems. It was by thus arresting the attention and stimulating the purpose of the country that he opened the way for subsequent necessary and beneficent reforms.

His private life was characterized by a simplicity, a virtue and an affection worthy of all admiration and emulation by the people of America.

In testimony of the respect in which his memory is held by the government and people of the United States, I do hereby direct that the flags of the White House and the several departmental buildings be displayed at half-staff for a period of thirty days, and that suitable military and naval honors under orders of the Secretaries of War and of the Navy be rendered on the day of the funeral.

Done this seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine

so I decided to make the best possible preparation for the task assigned to me.

"To my surprise, for I was not very familiar with the teachings of the Word, I found in all the New Testament no command to keep the day which I was supposed to defend. Distrusting my right to advance a new idea and shrinking from the frowns of disapproving elders, I followed the usual course; I appealed to the law in support of a gospel institution, though my sense of intellectual honesty registered its silent protest. The few remarks which I ventured to indulge lacked the power that comes from conviction; they seemed to make but little impression on the minds of those who heard, and the arguments adduced, if they deserved the name, were never repeated.

"With the maturity of years there has come a mature conviction that the whole subject needs to be thought out anew, and a readjustment of ideas effected.

"The views herein set forth are not quite in harmony with current opinion, but if they are not in harmony with the Scripture, I more than others shall be glad to have their fallacies exposed. 'To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no morning for them'."

We shall have occasion later to refer the author to this statement.

A cablegram is at hand from Brother Velthuysen saying, "Send remittances by cheque or postal order." For a long time we have not ventured the risk of sending money to Holland. The perils by land and by sea have been too hazardous. Now it seems that the way is again safe.

The minutes for the Nortonville General Conference have arrived at the Publishing House, and the work of printing will begin at once.

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.
Ah! would thy heart but be
A manger for the birth,
God would once more become
A child upon the earth.

—Angelus Silesius.

hundred and nineteen, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and forty-third.

WOODROW WILSON.

A GLORIOUS PAST INSPIRES A GLORIOUS FUTURE

J. NELSON NORWOOD, PH. D.

Some one has given away his idea of history in the remark, "Blessed is that nation whose annals are brief." That would do when history was chiefly a record of the doings of kings, the fate of dynasties, and the glory of war. If a nation's records were brief in the light of that idea of records, of course it meant that peace and quiet reigned. But history is much more than that. It deals with the whole gamut of human achievements:—political, educational, scientific, social, business, religious, and others. A past to be proud of in any line nerves us for the future. The great things men have done may be emulated, surpassed. Old and knotty problems successfully solved, give us confidence as we face the future. They give us that much-talked-of thing called *morale*. "Would our boys in France equal the deeds of the fathers of '76, and '61?" we asked a few months ago. They did it. No doubt past achievement inspired them.

Seventh Day Baptists have a glorious, inspiring history. It can, if put in motion so to speak, if put where it can function, help our *morale*. The Seventh Day Baptist Historical Society is the logical instrument to put and keep it where it will function. Therefore, let us *boost* the society. Every shoulder to the wheel. Now, "One, Two, Three—All together. There she goes."

MEMORIES REVIVED

With many another, I am saddened by the death of Rev. L. C. Randolph.

While reading the prized RECORDER, of December 23, I was reinterested in his demise by the verses to his memory,—“Such a Warrior Can Not Die,” by Angeline Prentice Abbey.

Then it occurred to me, am I too late to tell a little story about him, that he and my husband revived when he visited us last.

When a boy he lived in the country. One day Mr. L. E. Livermore was out, with his

horse and carriage, parish-visiting. It was toward sunset, as he was returning home, and he saw, ahead of him, Lester Randolph, walking along the roadside, going after the cows. Catching up with him, he said, “Good afternoon, Lester, would you like to ride?”

Lester's heart “came into his mouth,” as he expressed it, and he wanted to say, “No!” but he hardly dared.

He was in “mortal terror for fear Mr. Livermore would talk to him about being a Christian, but, to his surprise, they rode for about a mile together and he only talked on topics that would interest the lad. On reaching the cow pasture, Lester jumped out and thanked Mr. Livermore, who drove on. Then, as Mr. Randolph told us, “I said to myself, that is the *best* man I ever saw. He never said one word to me about being a Christian and I believe he *is one*, and I wish I were, too. And I never had any peace until I found Jesus.” He added, “Do you remember the circumstances, Mr. Livermore?”

He replied, “Yes, and I knew you well enough to know that the way to reach you was to let you alone.”

“Yes, yes!” Mr. Randolph exclaimed, “you read me through and through, and since then you have always seemed very near to me!”

They have both reached the beautiful Rest-land, and I love to treasure the memory of those two servants of God.

While one may speak for the Master, “silence is,” sometimes, “golden.”

MRS. L. E. LIVERMORE.

Kissimmee, Fla.,

January 5, 1919.

PROGRAM FOR QUARTERLY MEETING AT MILTON

January 24-26, 1919

Theme—More Men for the Ministry and More Ministry for the Men.

7:45 Eve of Sabbath. Sermon, “High Esteem of the Ministry.” 1 Thess. 5: 12, 13. C. S. Sayre.

Testimony Meeting led by G. W. Burdick. “Words of Appreciation for Ministers.”

11:00 Sabbath Morning. Sermon, “The Call to the Ministry.” Luke 10: 2. G. E. Fifield.

3:00 Sabbath Afternoon. “Who will go?” Young People's Hour. Isa. 6: 8. Milton C. E.

7:45 Evening after Sabbath. Sermon, “Ministerial Compensation”, Luke 10: 7. C. B. Loofbourrow.

10:00 Sunday Morning. Business Session.

10:30 Sunday Morning. Work of the Conference Commission, presented by Mr. Allen B. West and the Rev. W. L. Burdick, Discussion.

3:00 Sunday Afternoon. Address, “Gathering Up.” John 6: 12. E. D. Van Horn.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

ENLARGEMENT

Pray larger prayers;
Alone for thine and thee
God does not keep
His treasure-troves of good.
For others ask,
And let the whole world be
Thy Father's house,
Home of thy brotherhood.

Give larger gifts;
However poor thou art,
Thou hast some wealth
To keep, or give away.
Thou canst at least
Some good or joy impart,
And cheer thy fellow-pilgrims
On their way.

Hope larger hopes
Thy heart-life to expand;
The Father's heart is large,
And takes all in;
And he can save his own
In every land.
Love thou, and hope that all
The Christ may win.

Live larger life,
Stay not in narrow places;
Take a broad outlook
Over men and days.
O little soul, be great,
Show sweeter graces;
Live, labor, love
In God's largest ways.

—Author unknown.

AS THY NEED IS

Comparatively few people know any of the wonderful stories of the faith and prayer which characterized the life of Dr. W. A. Passavant, the man who opened the first Protestant hospital and mother-house for deaconesses in America and who established a chain of institutions of mercy all over our land, beginning some of them without a penny in hand. His simple faith and absolute trust in God measured out as wonderful answers to prayer as we find in the life of George Mueller, of Bristol, England. He shrank from notoriety, so that these stories have come to light largely as told by personal friends. In a letter to his son on his seventieth birthday he said, “My soul is sick of notoriety seekers! Oh, it makes

me long for the spirit of him who after his miracles ‘went and hid himself.’” In the published account of the establishment of one of his institutions there occurs this simple statement: “A friend kindly loaned us a thousand dollars to close the sale.” At a vesper service at one of the summer conferences, Mrs. Harriet Earhardt Monroe, in charge of the Gospel Mission in Washington, told the story of faith behind that simple statement:

“I remember quite well the night Dr. Passavant came to my father's house to talk over the necessity for establishing a Christian hospital in Milwaukee under Protestant influences. For some time this need had been in his heart and many letters had come urging him to take up the work, but only a few dollars in cash had accompanied the appeals.

“Brother Earhardt,” said he, “the Lord has called me to go to Milwaukee to start a hospital for him. The money in hand is not enough to pay the expenses of the trip, but wouldn't you say that if the Lord wants that hospital established he can supply all the money that is needed? I would, and so I have decided to go.”

When Passavant reached Milwaukee he tried to begin the work simply by renting a house and opening a small hospital. He met insurmountable difficulties and was brought face to face with the necessity for either purchasing property or abandoning the enterprise. So assured was he of the will of God that this work of mercy be done that he refused absolutely to consider the suggestion that the work be abandoned, so he started on a search for suitable property to be bought. His empty pockets did not daunt him. He knew that Theodore Flidner had gone out to buy the first home for deaconesses in the Protestant Church without a dollar in his pocket, that George Mueller had taken in thousands of orphans with no “cash in hand” and he was sure he had inexhaustible supplies within his reach, as did they.

For many weary days he searched the city for suitable property that might be bought. One day when he felt that he had done his utmost and failed utterly, he realized anew that man's extremity is God's opportunity, so again he asked God to show him the site he would have. As if he were a special messenger sent in answer, a man

drove up in a carriage to take him to see a property which had just been offered for sale. As he surveyed the large mansion on a beautiful eminence which overlooked the city and lake beyond, Dr. Passavant felt that God had led him to the site he had chosen for this institution of mercy, and although his purchase funds in hand amounted to only two dollars, he never faltered. He surveyed the property and made the day following a day of prayer, committing the whole matter to the Master who bade him do the work.

No doubt was in his mind that the Lord had need of that beautiful site with its large mansion on the hill, so on Monday he unhesitatingly met the administrators. The whole property was offered to him for the low price of \$12,000—\$1,000 in cash being required to close the deal. With the confidence of a man who has certified checks in his pockets he sat down in the office with the administrators. While the lawyer read the description of the property and the terms of the sale his prospective purchaser sat silent and with closed eyes, apparently so uncomprehensive that, to make sure that he understood, the lawyer said, emphasizing especially the cash down payment of \$1,000: "Do you have objections to the terms of the sale?" "None," answered his client, simply. The lawyer looked curiously at the man before him. He was sure that this man had no \$1,000 with him. Evidently here was a dreamer who had no knowledge of the hard, cold realities of cash payments. "Do you understand that the terms of this sale require that you pay \$1,000 immediately—before you leave this room, before the deed can be delivered to you?" Again Dr. Passavant bowed his head in assent. There was about him a composure and a dignity compelling admiration whether or not his pockets held \$1,000. Evidently here was a man absolutely sure of his ability to meet the terms of the sale.

The lawyer wrote on. He reached the final words of the deed. The moment had come when the payment of \$1,000 was all that was needed to close the sale. The door opened and a servant announced that Dr. Passavant was wanted in the adjoining room. With the same absolute confidence with which he had prayed, Dr. Passavant went out to meet the messenger whom he was sure his Father had sent. A man who

had been treated in another hospital which Dr. Passavant had established handed him a check for \$1,000. With a shining face he returned to the office and laid down the check on the lawyer's desk as the deed was sealed.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN

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

ARTICLE XXV

Sending a Child Away From the Family Group An Effective Punishment for Most Forms of Naughtiness

MRS. LAURA WILLARD LAWENCE

IF YOU should ask any kindergartner what punishment she relies on in all cases needing instant attention she would probably answer, isolating a child from the group and excluding him from all work or play for a short time. Usually putting John to one side where he can see what he is missing will be sufficient, and the question, after a few minutes, as to whether he is now ready to join the class again will meet with a ready acquiescence.

Does this plan work as well in the home as in kindergarten? It certainly does, but it must be differently managed. Since there is not so much definite work or play going on in the home as in kindergarten, exclusion has to be more complete to be noticed by the child. That is to say, something more will be necessary than simply having him draw his chair to one side of the room. It must be, "Go away by yourself, John, until you are ready to be a pleasant companion again." Banishment must be complete even to closing the door. Of course, cries will ensue, sometimes screams, but they are caused by no physical pain, and the mental shock of being entirely alone and cut off from the family is generally all that is needed to stop naughtiness. After the tempest is over, the mother should go to her little one and say, "We want you when you are yourself again, John. Can we have you back now?"

Many of the minor naughtinesses, such as whining, teasing, mimicking, shoving, snatching and stamping, are easily managed in this simple way.

Just here let me say, we mothers must be careful in our choice of words for wrong

actions. Let us not call all of them bad, or even naughty. If a child is disagreeable or unkind when he is tired, we shouldn't tell him that he is bad. Save that worst word for real wrongs like slapping, sneaking or deceiving and the like. Then it will carry weight and mean something. Real wrongs must be met with severe punishments, such as depriving the child of some cherished possession.

Even a baby as young as a year old feels isolation. One of our little ones was forming a habit of throwing herself back in her high chair and screaming all during meal time because she didn't get things just as she wanted them. She was cured in less than a week by her father's taking her, chair and all, to the kitchen the minute she began and leaving her there behind a closed door until she stopped. How long did she cry? At the most, two or three minutes, and less and less each time, until she gave up the habit entirely.

Care must be taken to go to the child as soon as the storm passes, or he will begin to cry again from a feeling of neglect. The isolation method of punishment takes time, but any kind of punishment takes time except the ever easy slap and shake which do so little good and soon breed in a child the fear of physical violence.

By a little wise thinking and skilful management it is often possible to avoid punishments entirely. One method is to avoid the issue by diverting the attention. Another simple preventive is to explain actions and happenings to children, without any note of irritation in the voice. Even two and three year olds can grasp much more than most people suppose if it is only told them in language they can understand. Explain what is going to happen and why they should act in such and such a way, explain what did happen and why you asked them to act as you did. Help to trace an action and establish a connection between effect and cause.

Of course, explanation may be carried to excess. Sometimes instant and unquestioning obedience is necessary for safety. Positive commands will always be obeyed if the children know that as soon as possible explanations will follow. When a grown-up obeys blind orders he expects that the reason for them will be explained to him later. Why should not a child expect

the same treatment? This method develops the intelligent side of a child's mind, and helps much in good citizenship later on.

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

A GOLDEN WEDDING

The fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. John T. Dixon and Miss Mary L. Davis was celebrated December 23, 1918, at their home in Shiloh, N. J. It was a golden bright day for a golden anniversary; and about one-hundred thirty-five relatives and friends were present, including four daughters, two granddaughters, and one son-in-law. The dining-room colors were yellow and white; and dinner was served to over fifty persons. A large and finely decorated cake occupied the center of the table. In the evening seventy-five or eighty were present; and refreshments were served, the table being adorned with another large cake with fifty lighted candles. A short program of music and readings was given both afternoon and evening. Guests were present from many places in New Jersey, from Daytona, Fla., Westerly, R. I., and Alfred, N. Y. The gifts were many, of beauty and value.

M.

Thousands of our returning boys will spend many weeks, perhaps months, in camp before they are returned to their homes. It will interest the mothers and fathers to learn that these boys have had the first pangs of home-sickness alleviated by the sight of the hostess in the Hostess House who was the last to whom they waved good-bye when they marched away, and who was still on the job to welcome them when they returned. "Felt tough to think I couldn't go on home," said one boy, "but this place comes so near to it. I'm not kicking. Looks just like it did when we went away, and you don't look a day older. The hostess laughed; she was receiving many of such compliments, and she knew what they meant. So much had been crowded into the boys' lives since they left that they fully expected every one they met on returning to look years and years older.—*War Work Council Y. W. C. A.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

BOOKS THAT HELP

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
January 25, 1919

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—The Book of books (Neh. 8: 1-8)
Monday—Lessons bitter-sweet (Ezek. 2: 9-10;
3: 1-4)
Tuesday—A book for conscience (Heb. 4: 12-13)
Wednesday—A book for comfort (2 Cor. 1: 1-7)
Thursday—A book for instruction (2 Tim. 3:
14-17)
Friday—A book for inspiration (Rev. 1: 1-8)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Books that have helped me
(Prov. 2: 1-9)

A MULTIPLICITY OF BOOKS

On every hand there is a multiplicity of books, both good and bad. The declaration of the writer of Ecclesiastes that "of the making of many books there is no end," has become literally true. The literary editor of the *Christian Work* recently made this statement: "Despite these four years of world-war, and the extraordinary demands it has made on almost everybody, there are probably more books being written and published today than ever before."

WHAT BOOKS SHALL WE READ

Out of all this maze of literature what books shall we select to read? There are both good and bad. Some are of lasting value, others of only temporary value. One need not read worthless books for of the really good books there are more by far than one may hope to read in a lifetime. In choosing books we must carefully select, discriminate, and eliminate. This may not be so easily done. Seek the advice of those who are capable of guiding you, but do not follow slavishly the tastes of others. There should be individual tastes in reading as well as in eating. On this very subject the writer referred to above says: "No intellectual stomach will digest everything. In the choice of books we must assuredly prove ourselves either fools or physicians. To read books for no better reason than that you are told to read them is not merely to give yourself a literary indigestion, but to involve yourself deeply in the vice of hypocrisy. The admiration of master-

pieces selected by another's hand, too, is suspect. We must choose our own books as we choose our own friends." But young people need to be as careful in the choosing of books as in the choosing of friends. The influence of both may make or unmake our lives. Choose as your friends those whom you know to be good. Likewise choose for your books those that you know to be good, and there are many of them. Choose for quality rather than for quantity.

SHALL WE READ ONLY RELIGIOUS BOOKS?

It is safe to say, likely, that all seriously minded young people would give the Book of books—the Bible—the first place of importance, not perhaps at first from personal reading, but because they have been taught to do so. But as the years come and go, with increasing reading and studying of it, they will give it first place because of its abiding worth. If carefully read and studied in the early years of their lives the receding years will enhance their estimate of its worth.

There are many religious, semi-religious, and devotional books that are helpful and of permanent value, though in the realm of religion there has been much written that is not only worthless but destructive. In the field of religious literature it is as necessary to be discriminating as in choosing fiction.

But anyway, in choosing books shall we confine ourselves to the Bible and to religious literature? Decidedly, no. To do so is to become narrow and unsympathetic in our interpretation of life, for the highest and best literature is but an interpretation of life, and that which interprets life enriches and broadens life.

John Ruskin, the noted English writer, in his maturer years said of his earlier writing, "What I wrote about religion was . . . painstaking, and I think, forcible as compared with most religious writing, especially in its frankness and fearlessness; but it was wholly mistaken, for I had been educated in the doctrines of a narrow sect, and had read history as obliquely as sectarians necessarily must."

In this connection it seems not out of place to again quote in part the words of Dr. S. Parke's Cadman, though they were used in connection with a similar topic some months ago. Dr. Cadman is a man of wide culture and an able lecturer and preacher. He says: "To be really well read a man or

NEWS NOTES

FOUKE, ARK.—A few items from Fouke may be of interest to RECORDER readers.

School work has been sidetracked twice on account of the "flu": The first time by order of the Health Board; the second, only a week in duration, because the principal, Miss Godfrey, was a victim. The dread malady is still lurking near our borders but the school is in progress and gaining in impetus from week to week.

Professor Fred I. Babcock will be with us the fifteenth of January and will take a place with the teaching force as assistant principal.

The Sabbath services have also been badly broken up, but we are gradually gaining ground along this line and hope in a few weeks to be running with our usual force.

The Christian Endeavor society has just elected officers for the new year. We are all hoping and planning and praying for better work in 1919. Aside from the usual routine of meeting and closing, almost nothing was accomplished in the year just passed. "Open confession is good for the soul." We need your prayers. Our president, Mrs. Luciele Pierce, is urging us forward.

The Bible-study class is quite interesting and in a few weeks will have finished reading the entire Bible.

Mrs. S. J. Davis is still corresponding secretary, and "yours sincerely,"

C. C. Van Horn, is

PRESS COMMITTEE.

A GOOD EXAMPLE

DEAR DOCTOR MAIN:

Herewith I am sending you a money order for \$7.20, in payment of the church's apportionment to the Seminary for the Conference year 1918-1919. I might have sent it to the treasurer of the Education Society, but I wanted to tell you how it came to be paid. You can hand it to the treasurer.

At the recent quarterly business meeting of the church I took up the matter of raising our share of the budget. I learned that last year the church paid all of their share except to the Seminary. At the business meeting I expressed the wish that this year the Seminary might also be included, explaining at the same time at some length the

woman must go beyond the courses required by his or her calling, and entering boldly into the society of general literature make friends in all departments. Even well-intentioned exclusiveness is disastrous in its mental effects, a result which has been exemplified in many persons of a pious turn of mind. They have shut out the classics of biography and of fiction because of the same prejudice that closed Tauler's eyes to the beauties of nature, and with the same consequent narrowness.

"It is not too much to say that the pharisaical repulsion, the professional dialects, the stereotyped phrases which hinder religious propaganda could be considerably lessened, if not abolished, by a wider acquaintance with the best that has been said or written. The Bible will always be the chosen weapon in the armory of the Spirit, but there are kindred volumes of an elevating and inspiring kind which should be part of the equipment of a reasonable faith."

SOME SUGGESTIONS

Read books that cheer and strengthen. Read with method and thoroughness. Re-read the worth-while books. Be not too anxious to read the "best sellers."

Be able to give a definite reason why a particular book interests you. Have you a good reason?

GLEANED FROM OTHERS

A good book is like gold-bearing quartz; by the first process you only extract a certain percentage of its precious contents; further treatment secures a notable addition to the yield.—*P. I. R.*

"To reread is to chew the cud, to digest the otherwise indigestible."

To read well, that is, to read true books in a true spirit, is a noble exercise.—*Thoreau.*

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—*Lord Bacon.*

A man has no right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books if he has the means to buy them.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

No one can be truly educated or successful in life unless he is a reader of books.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

reason why. I took pains to tell them of what the Seminary had done and would do if only the young men could be found to enter the ministry. It was a revelation to them. They had never understood what the Seminary meant. When I had finished one of the officials said: "We are glad to have the pastor tell us about the Seminary. We didn't understand about it."

The outcome was that the Willing Workers' Sabbath-school class, which is the young people's organized class, assumed the responsibility of meeting the item, so please have the treasurer make out the receipt to them, and send to me.

PASTOR.

WHEN THE GERMANS CAPTURED A CANADIAN

A Canadian soldier who was captured by the Germans says in the *Farm and Fireside*:

"That journey will live long in my memory: We had to travel five miles, making a total of ten miles for the day. Being mounted, the Uhlans set the pace, and it was very fast. All were suffering intensely, and it was difficult to draw one foot after another. Perhaps one of the party would drop behind a few paces; up would ride the rear horseman. He was equipped with a twelve-foot lance, but I am pleased to say that he never used it on any of us. He had another method. He would ride his horse at full gallop at the one who was lagging, and force him into line.

"As we passed through the different towns and villages the Belgian women and children would come to their doors and windows. As soon as they discovered that we were English, they would throw us packets of cigarettes, tobacco, and chocolate. But it was heart-breaking to accept these gifts, as we knew they had to pay dear for so doing.

"We had to witness several of these women being severely ill treated. Some were knocked down and kicked, others were grabbed by their hair and received several hard slaps and blows on the head and face.

"Plodding along footsore, weary, and suffering intense pain, we arrived at a fairly large town—Moorslede—about ten miles behind the German line. We passed through the streets to the hoots and jeers

of the soldiers, who had gathered to see the prisoners.

"The next morning I was taken before the doctor. He examined my hand.

"'Will it be crippled for life?' I asked.

"'No,' he said. 'In a few months you will be working for us in Germany.'"

THE NATION'S DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO ITS DEFENDERS

AN immense debt of gratitude and recognition is due from the nation to its defenders. They have won golden opinions wherever they have been in Europe, they have been a revelation to other nations, they have shed luster upon the name of America.

No American can see what our army and navy are doing in Europe in the way of fighting, of planning, constructing, administering, no one can see their morale, spirit and behavior without being deeply thrilled with pride and gratitude.

No American can come in touch with the affectionate admiration, with the trust and faith of the allied nations towards our country without feeling even more profoundly and reverently than before the high privilege of being an American citizen, and without being stirred by a solemn sense of the obligation to do whatever he individually may be capable of doing, to prove himself a worthy servant of the Great Republic in war as well as in peace, and an earnest and sincere helper, however modestly and humbly, towards the realization of her high ideals and lofty mission.—*Otto H. Kahn, 52 William Street, New York.*

Jesus was very careful to say that the men who companied with him and learned through him to know the Father were already living an eternal life in this world. He literally offered his disciples both worlds at a time.

That meant that they would learn to find their Father present wherever they went and equally in the natural and in the spiritual. And because they knew him so thoroughly on this side the grave, the land beyond would not seem different or strange to them; it would appear simply another place where the Father dwelt in close company with their own Friend, Lord, Savior, Jesus of Nazareth.—*The Continent.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

AN "OUCH" OF PREVENTION

FREDDY," began Pater, addressing the four-year-old boy, a picture of rosy-cheeked innocence, "I have a little note, a short letter from your teacher, Miss Em."

Freddy opened wide his blue eyes with surprised interest. He had been a month in kindergarten, and Miss Emily van Holstroth was his teacher. It seemed to Miss van Holstroth better that the children should call her simply "Miss Em."

"Miss Em. tells me that you have acquired a bad habit at school."

"Wot's a habit, Papa?"

"Well, Freddy, it is something you do once and twice, and again and again and keep doing. And Miss Em. tells me that you have got into the habit of biting people; that sometimes you bite the pupils, and that today you bit her hand."

FREDDY laughed. "It's funny, Papa. It mates 'em jump twick an' say 'ouch!'"

"Was that why you bit your teacher—just for fun?"

"Naw, she put me in de torner, an' told me to loot right at de wall an' not turn 'round for five minutes, toz I bit Sally Dordon."

"Did you stay there, as she told you to?"

"Naw, I 'ooden't; 'taint nice to loot at de wall. I didn't stay."

"And when the teacher took hold of you, to put you back in the corner, you bit her finger?"

"Ess, sir; I bit 'er."

"And she said 'ouch'?"

Freddy laughed again at the remembrance. "Ess, she jus' squealed 'Ouch'."

"And did you go back then and stay in the corner?"

"No, thir, I 'ooden't."

PATER went out doors, in a few minutes returning with a slender switch. "Now, Freddy," he said, "stand here, by me. Put your left hand into my left hand. I'm going to use this switch on your little legs a few times and make you say 'Ouch!'"

Freddy's lip quivered, and he started to cry.

"Now, hold on, son!" said Pater. "There's no use in your crying. Miss Em. didn't cry; she just said 'Ouch.' I shan't hurt you worse with a switch than you hurt her with your sharp teeth. All I want you to do is to say 'Ouch' three or four times. Say it each time the switch comes down; say it as loud as you please."

"Ouch!" Freddy exclaimed, as directed, with growing emphasis. He did not cry, though his lips quivered and tears came to his eyes.

NOW, Freddy," said Pater, kindly, "every time that I hear of you biting your teacher or any one else to make them say 'Ouch,' I will take this little switch and make you say 'Ouch'—Do you understand?"

"Eth, thir," replied the boy, tremulously. "But I 'on't do it any more. It hurts."

"And there's another thing," said Pater. "You are to do what Miss Em. tells you. If you do what is right she will not put you in the corner. If she does put you in the corner you are to stay there till she says you may come out. If you do not mind your teacher, the little switch will make you say 'Ouch' several times; you understand?"

"Eth, thir. I don't want it," Freddy replied.

During the weeks following Freddy's eyes wandered occasionally to where the switch lay across the wire above a picture. It was taken down one day while the boy was at school, and no other ever had to take its place.—*Garrett Newkirk. From The Continent by permission.*

"Prejudice blinds the eyes of honest people and prevents them from loving one another. It makes one narrow-minded and harsh in his treatment towards others. It breeds hatred which is one of the works of the flesh. It causes discouragement and defeat many times; and a Christian can not be supremely happy if he allows it room in his heart. Let us renounce it forever."

"There must be something deceitful in the seeming values of the present if they look bright only in the light of time and can not endure the light of eternity."

THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER XXXIII

(Continued)

"WELL, KON, what is your plan for the future?" asked his father one day. "Have you mapped out your course or chosen your profession? College students usually settle that before they are graduated."

"Really, father, I have not made a choice, strange as that may seem," replied Kon. "The ideals of Salem College are so different from those of many other colleges that it has been the more difficult for me to decide the question. We have been told not to seek our education for the purpose of making lots of money, nor for gratifying worldly ambitions, though ambition has its place and the accumulation of material wealth for a noble purpose is all right; but each one in making his choice should try to find the work to which he is best adapted and the one in which he can render best service. I am not adapted to mechanics, though I had a little ability in that line. The law I would not choose, though I have been told repeatedly that I'd make a good lawyer."

"And why not the law? Is it not an honorable profession?"

"I see no reason why one should not choose that if he has the proper motives and strength of character to resist its temptations. There are many aspirants for the honors of law along political lines. And there are plenty of pettifoggers and real estate lawyers, none of which appeal to me. I firmly believe that the college should send out merchants and bankers and grocers and architects and the like, and among women better housekeepers and cooks and laundrywomen and workers in all the occupations open to womankind. Grandfather always contended that the farmer needed what is called the higher education as much as any one. Intensive farming is yet to be done as never before. There is no better calling than that of the farmer. The matter of foodstuffs of the best quality is a great question these days. The world has not yet discovered that farming is a great profession as well as occupation and that wonderful discoveries and great inventions are yet to come along these lines from educated farmers. This occupation will some day be sought by men of great wealth and industries—men who see in it opportunities to distinguish themselves and be among the world's benefactors."

"I think you are right there, Kon, but just now most men think an education such as you have obtained would be thrown away by settling down on a farm, especially a Plainfield farm in the county of Otsego. They are talking here about your entering the ministry or medical profession or something that 'counts' as they view it," said his father.

"Some day they will see the mistake of that idea. And some one must pioneer the way and suffer reproach by using the best talent and most finished college education in farming, even among these old hills where land is beginning to be worn out. This valley and these hills ought to be among the most productive."

"Have you thought of becoming the pioneer along these lines?" Horace Greeley says, 'Go west, young man.'

"But the west will some day be filled with people and this will be a nation of three hundred millions; then western men will begin to talk about going east and taking up land that will be cheap, and cheap because men here have not yet known how to farm it. Why should not the college man start in it now and show what can be done among these stones and on these hillsides? It will be a tough job, I confess, but it will be a benefaction and serve this generation better than any other thing I know. Yes, and it would make a better people morally and socially," said Kon.

"I confess to a little selfishness, my boy, and almost hoped you would distinguish yourself either in the medical profession or the ministry, but it is not for me to decide your career. God will lead you to your life work if you have taken him into partnership. I am a firm believer in the leadings of his Spirit to whatever he sees men are capable of doing and doing well. Your Aunt Nancy down east said the Lord elected that she should be the best bread-maker and darning of stockings in Connecticut and she has certainly won distinction along that line. I am not sure about predestination but I am sure that she has the ability and willing heart and lowly mind and has done her duty well and served her family and neighbors so that they honor and respect her," said Mr. Wells. "What she might have done with a college education I can not say, but I feel sure that might have been a help even in darning socks and making bread."

"The making of bread is no mean art," replied Kon, "and domestic science is yet to be a great study. I am not sure but that Susie and I have a mission that will lead us to work among these farmers all over the town and adjoining towns in organizing clubs and associations to introduce the science of farming and housekeeping and cooking and everything pertaining to their physical, moral, social and religious well-being."

"It's a great field, I grant you, and worthy the consecrated efforts of a college man. But now, honestly, what do you incline to do?" said his father.

"Well, father, I plan to stay with you this summer and do my level best in the field and wherever I can be of service, and in the meantime I will try to settle my profession or occupation for life. Already the Forks Cornet Band wants me to lead them to improvement, and the men up on the hill have asked if I could direct a farmers' institute such as they have heard of, though few have ever attended one. Several young men have asked me to tutor them two evenings a week in preparation for college and I guess I can find something else to keep me out of mischief. Susie thinks of starting a class in domestic science among the girls who will never be able to go to college, and seven music pupils are promised her. My! her mother is the proudest woman on the hill and says that she never before knew what an education could do to make a home more neat, tidy and happy and meals of such variety and so nutritious.

And by the way, father, Susie and I think it would be well to set the wedding day in September. I did think that I ought to settle my life work first, but probably that will not interfere. Susie says she is opposed to a long engagement seeing we have known each other all our lives. What you think of it, mother?"

"It is as you and she can agree. You are old enough to know your wishes and decide your course," replied the mother.

In a few days Kon and Susie were together again to plan for the future.

"Which is the more delightful, Kon, to be in college or at home?" asked Susie.

"I hardly know," he replied. "College has been thoroughly enjoyed, and I find myself with renewed vigor and ambition, and a wonderful store of memories and ideas. It is good to be back to the old fireside with dear ones, and especially with you, dear, and planning life's work and mission. It is so good too, to better appreciate these grand hills and woods and the beautiful valley before us. See those pretty elms and maples hanging with such wealth of leaves; look at the orchard with the falling flowers and the promise of richest fruit soon to come; every day gives us a succession of beautiful pictures with a never-ending variety. And what pleasure we get from the beauty of the sky! All day long is a song of gladness but the day does not end the joy of it. Remember how we used to study the stars, Sue? Remember how you read to me from Southey,—

"How beautiful is night!

A dewy freshness fills the silent air:
No mist obscure, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky;
How beautiful is night!"

"Turning the subject, Kon, what studies have helped you the most these past four years? Your languages or mathematics or what?"

"I can not name them directly, but all knowledge that has taught me how to make a living is better than a dozen diplomas in ancient languages, and the ideals college life has given will help make our home more beautiful and holy. But time is passing, what of our wedding day?"

"Yes, that is what I wanted to talk about. Are you willing to have it in September?" asked Susie.

"September it shall be if that is your wish. I'll then have some better plan for the fall and winter and as to where we will go or stay."

"Would it not be nice to stay here among these hills, Kon, and make our parents happy, and seek the welfare of our neighbors and the towns about us?"

"It would if that is the thing to do. There is surely opportunity everywhere to do good and make the most of ourselves. I have seriously thought of this for some time, but I find it so difficult to decide the matter. I'll have to work up capital for the means to do all that is in our hearts to do; and to do that here needs years of careful improvement of this stony soil.

But while doing that we might find plenty of mission work that needs no great wealth to accomplish."

And so they talked and planned as young ambitious people do with a rosy future before them. How few expect any sorrow, or mistakes made and hard discipline. Health is not to fail, wealth is not to vanish, friends are not to forsake them; all, all is the bright path of happiness and prosperity. So let it be. It is well that youth crosses no bridges before they are reached,—and yet why not take the far look wisely?

The summer passed. Kon helped his father on the farm. It was a happy summer and Susie was near. Kon was active everywhere and Susie busy with preparations for the wedding, while she taught music, helped her mother about the house and had a class in domestic science composed of the girls of the town.

It was a pretty little country wedding; no pomp and show, no diamond ring ceremony, no long trailing dress, no flower girls, no costly presents, no journey east or west, no treats among the crowds; just a plain simple wedding with the few near relatives and old schoolmates and neighbors. The dear old pastor of the "First Brookfield" performed the ceremony and the cornet band from the Forks serenaded them and left a token of appreciation of Kon's excellent management of the band. But not least, in fact the most appreciated, was a pretty painting sent by Miss Evelyn Troy and hearty loving congratulations.

"Dear girl," said Susie. "Out of suffering has come peace and a beautiful life; I almost envy her. How few young women could do what she has done and wish the best of everything good to those who had been the cause of greatest sorrow. It is a great heart in a beautiful body and hers will be a great life."

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Carlton, now of Baltimore, sent congratulations. Probably unknown to her husband Mrs. Carlton enclosed a slip of paper on which was written, "I am not happy, but I know you are. I have lost something, wealth can not buy that only true religion and God can give. I look to the future for some change but do not know how it can come."

"Poor Hazel," said Kon. "We know what is the matter with her life. No one can stifle convictions and sacrifice principles for matrimony or wealth and be truly happy or even truly prosperous."

Ethel and her husband were at the wedding and it was a happy reunion once more. But dear old grandpa and grandma were not there. Somewhere, in some way, they were still having the far look and it must have been a beautiful view.

How many college students are planning to go back to the farm? Is it not about time that medicine, law, the ministry, mercantile and banking business took a back seat, good and needful as they are. And the blame, if any, is with the farmer who has not until of late appreciated the fact that a broad education makes a better farmer and a more productive farm. So slow are the masses to believe that. False pride has long had possession of the college student, who

has possessed himself with the idea that it is beneath him as a scholar to return home and till the soil. He must shine in the world; he must do things worth doing; he must make money and get to himself fame and influence. And shame on so many college teachers that they have encouraged the nonsense. All labor that helps the world to live well is dignified and a necessity as it were. But there is no calling more needful and more honorable or one that brings more satisfaction than successful farming. And unless more men of education return to the soil, the time will come when the government will have to draft, as military men, sufficient help for the farm and compel them to work as the government compels men to fight its battles to save democracy to the world and preserve the liberties of men and nations. Looking forward with hope for progress in the future we see that knowledge of nature, properties of matter, increased knowledge of the phenomena which surround us will afford advantages to our children far more than we have dreamed of. The extension and improvement of farming as a science, an art if you please, will raise men and make them more the masters of themselves and of the nations, more capable to appreciate and enjoy what God has given them in nature. The other professions are not to be neglected and will not be, but God made man to find his greatest happiness, leaving religion aside, in the outdoor world, making the earth yield its treasures of fruit and grain and vegetable and in that very work doing the greatest good to his fellow-men. We talk of serving God as though it meant mostly churchgoing and mission work among heathen and social settlement work, while farming is looked upon as a necessary evil to be continued by cheap ignorant labor. But what does Burbank think of it and other men of like genius who work miracles in the soil? The time must come when greatness is not to be a great general or captain in an army, or a profound doctor of law or divinity. The great men of the future will be tillers of the soil. They will be college men, literary men also, musicians also, artists also, but those accomplishments as a side show. They will be men who love and serve God, men of prayer and men of service in the truest sense. This progress may be slow but the future is full of hope and the limits of man's destiny can not be seen.

"Father," said Kon, "did you ever think what Job meant when he said, 'Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee'? Will not progressive farming be a speaking to the earth? Will it not make us more and more to appreciate the beautiful world in which we live?"

"I think it will, my son. 'God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.' Very good, Kon, but somehow many people have lost sight of that when it comes to tilling the soil. That is drudgery, and the kitchen is drudgery, and the barn is drudgery. Distorted visions! Poor souls, they look for beauty behind a counter, they want to find the 'very good' things God has for them, in an office with shades to the windows. Job lived in the open air and beheld the cattle, as did David, on a thousand hills. He saw the products of the land, and was wise and pious and great.

Show me a poet equal to Job—whose riches, by the way, were not from law and medicine and other professions, as good as these professions may be; show me a musician and writer of hymns better than the little shepherd of Bethlehem, later on the king of Israel. Show me a greater warrior and general than Moses who had to leave his court of Egypt with all its wealth and grandeur and go to the mountains and valleys and work in rural districts forty years before he was fitted for his life work, the leading of Israel out of slavery to become the chosen nation of the earth. To my feeble mind, changed now somewhat from hearing you talk of staying on the farm, these pale office men are walking through this beautiful world as ghosts, in the world but not of it. I do not mean spiritually not of the world. Eyes have they, but they see not the beauties of nature; ears have they, but they hear not the songs of the farm."

"I read the other day that 'the study of natural history has the special advantage of carrying us into the country and the open air'; and that is also the advantage of farming. Oh, I do not mean as men farm it here just now, working sixteen hours a day and taking the boys out of school at fourteen to work, as though a crop of potatoes were of more value than education, and the weeding of turnips the only virtue, and the study of science and art a crime. The towns are beautiful, I know. They teem with things of great interest. But Milton wearied of London, and Gray wrote when he longed for the country,—

"The meanest flower of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise."

Happy the father and son who can talk of God's great earth and its products which are for the happiness and good of man.

But Kon had not yet quite settled his life mission.

(To be concluded)

A SOLDIER'S APPRECIATION

Recently a woman well known in America, who has devoted all her time to relief work since the war began, was visiting a hospital. The commanding officer had sent a military car for her. She entered the car just as an ambulance filled with wounded passed by. As she noticed the thin, pale faces, tears came into her eyes. The soldier-chauffeur asked if she was ill.

"No," she said, "these are tears of gratitude and pride."

"Madame," replied the boy simply, "if I thought that my being a soldier was worthy of but one of your tears, I should feel that I had not lived in vain."—*Red Cross Magazine.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

MINUTES OF SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD MEETING

The regular meeting of the Sabbath School Board was held in Whitford Memorial Hall, Milton, Wis., Tuesday night, December 17, 1918, at 7.45 o'clock, having been postponed from Sunday, December 15.

The President, Professor A. E. Whitford, presided and the following members of the Board were present: A. E. Whitford, E. M. Holston, G. E. Crosley, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. L. A. Babcock, D. N. Inglis and A. L. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by E. M. Holston. The minutes of the last meeting were read and the Secretary reported that notices of this meeting had been sent to all members of the Board.

The Committee on Publications reported that Rev. M. G. Stillman had consented to do editorial work on the *Helping Hand* this year and that Rev. W. D. Burdick would continue to write a Sabbath lesson for each quarter during the year. The report also showed that work was progressing in the matter of graded lessons; that a census of the children in the denomination is being taken in order to know how large an edition to prepare. The report was adopted.

The Committee on Field Work made a report of progress which was adopted.

The Treasurer's quarterly report was presented and adopted as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT

From September 15, 1918, to December 15, 1918
General Fund

1918	Dr.	
Sept. 15, balance on hand		\$867 19
Sept. 16, Curtis F. Randolph, Alfred, N. Y., Church		6 70
Oct. 3, Roanoke Church		66
Oct. 3, Alta C. Van Horn, Farnam, Neb., Church		1 25
Oct. 8, Irving A. Hunting, Plainfield, N. J., S. S.		2 17
Oct. 8, A. W. Vars, Plainfield, N. J., Church		4 31
Oct. 14, I. F. Randolph, New Market, N. J., S. S.		2 50
Oct. 30, Mrs. Arlie Bently, Berlin, N. Y., S. S.		2 75
Nov. 2, A. W. Vars, Plainfield, N. J., Church		4 35
Nov. 10, N. C. Clarke, Farina, Ill., S. S.		2 29
Nov. 10, Mrs. Cady S. Rogers, New London, Conn., Church		1 12

Nov. 21, H. D. Clarke, Battle Creek, Mich.	5 00
Nov. 23, Mrs. H. Gillette Kenyon, Hopkinton, R. I.	20
Nov. 23, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Crandall, Portville, N. Y.	25
Dec. 8, Mrs. H. D. Witter, Gentry, Ark.: Destitute Armenians and Syrians, Church and S. S.	16 58
Dec. 8, Curtis F. Randolph, Alfred, N. Y., Church	10 71
Dec. 8, A. W. Vars, Plainfield, N. J., Church	19 48
Dec. 8, A. B. West, Milton Jct., Wis., Church	2 36
Dec. 15, Mrs. Cady S. Rogers, Waterford, Conn., S. S.	1 13
Dec. 15, P. R. Simpson, Jackson Center, Ohio, S. S.	10 13
	<u>\$961 13</u>

1918	Cr.	
Sept. 16, W. E. Rogers, Pennants		\$ 8 00
Sept. 16, Dr. A. L. Burdick, postage		5 00
Oct. 3, Mrs. T. J. Van Horn, editing "Junior Quarterly," 4 qrs. 1918		17 50
Oct. 14, Mrs. Herbert Polan, editing "Sabbath Visitor," July, Aug., Sept. 1918		30 00
Nov. 11, Grant Davis, legal paper, Henrietta Babcock Bequest		50
Nov. 21, Mrs. Herbert Polan, editing "Sabbath Visitor," Oct., Nov., Dec., 1918		30 00
		<u>\$ 91 00</u>
Balance on hand December 15, 1918		870 13
		<u>\$961 13</u>

W. H. Greenman, Treasurer.

The following bills were allowed and ordered paid: the S. S. Council and International Lesson Committee, \$12.50; Janesville Press, for printing and envelopes, \$6.05; Milton Journal Telephone Co., for printing, etc., \$8.00; postage, for use of the Secretary, \$15.00.

It was voted that the President be authorized to procure needed stationery.

Upon motion it was voted that the following resolution be adopted and placed in the records of this meeting:

Resolved, That the members of the Sabbath School Board wish to put on record their profound sense of loss occasioned by the sudden death of the Rev. Lester C. Randolph, D. D., who has been a member of the Board since its headquarters have been located in Milton. His practical knowledge of Sabbath-school work, his valuable suggestions in the making of the plans of the Board, his stimulating paragraphs on the Sabbath School page of the SABBATH RECORDER, but more than all his vision of hope in the great future of the growing kingdom of God, were all a great inspiration to us.

We yield in sorrow to the unfathomable mysteries of God and pray that he will give us wisdom and strength to carry out his purposes in the great work of strengthening the Sabbath school.

The minutes were read and approved.
Adjourned.

A. L. BURDICK, Secretary.
(Continued on page 64)

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

OUR CHRISTIAN ANCESTRY

D. BURDETT COON

Pastor of First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church, Ashaway, R. I.

In Acts 2: 41; 3: 25; and 5: 14-15 you will find these words:

"Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls."

"Ye are the children of the prophets."

"And believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes of both men and women. Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them."

It is sometimes well for us to recount the valiant deeds of our forefathers. I listen with pleasure to your telling of the courage and heroism of your fathers and grandfathers. It is a source of no little comfort and inspiration to me to remember that my father was a staunch defender of the Seventh Day Baptist faith. Then am I glad to know that my grandfather was a Seventh Day Baptist. Yes, it often lends strength and courage to me as I remember that my great-grandfather was a strong and good preacher in the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination. I think it does not harm me to know that his brother was another preacher in the same denomination, and that he had a son, Elder Daniel Coon, who was probably the greatest evangelist among our people in his generation. But the memory of these things does not minister to my pride. Quite the opposite. For how can I be proud and haughty when I compare the devoted, self-sacrificing, self-denying deeds of my forefathers in loyal, courageous defense of the truth, with my own weak and faltering and unworthy efforts in that line? No, the memory of my worthy sires, while inspiring and lifting me in the times of discouragement, still brings to me a feeling of personal meekness and humility and unworthiness. I remember hearing Col. Ed. Crow, of Civil War fame, once tell of his experi-

ence in one of the first great battles in which he was engaged. In the midst of the din of the awful strife and confusion, when bullets were flying everywhere and companions were falling on either side of him, there came opportunity for him to run to a place of safety. He had never been so frightened in all his life before nor so tempted to run from his post of duty. Then he remembered that his name was Ed. Crow; that in his veins flowed the blood of a valiant father who never flinched in the time of danger; that his grandfather had been among the staunchest defenders of his country in the time of its greatest danger. These thoughts fired his holiest ambitions, and he faced the battle to the very finish.

We have a religious ancestry, the memory of which may well stir all our hearts and rouse our lives to noblest Christian service in the midst of every danger that shall confront us. "Ye are the children of the prophets" may well be said of us. We should feel that we can do no other than stand by the principles for which they fought and died. We might well pause to seriously consider the splendid deeds of our denominational forefathers in America and in Europe. But it is not to these I wish to call your special attention today. Please go with me farther back that we may consider together some of the beginnings of our Christian ancestry.

The Christian Church with which we are connected was born in a great time, and had on its first roll some mighty giants. Fortunate indeed for us if we properly estimate the place such giants as Peter and John and Andrew and James and Matthew and Paul and others in that far-off day filled as heroes of the Christian faith. Some one has wisely said, "He who regards not the past, cares little for the present and less for the future." The Christian Church was once in its infancy, so far as age was concerned. But in life and experience it was never a baby. In the start it was never in an incubator or hospital. It was never rocked in a cradle of luxury. In its inner life it was never weak and effeminate and insignificant. Scorn and hate and the lash might clothe it round, but it was never pampered with baby clothes. The early church never needed to be amused and entertained with rattle boxes and hobby-

horses. It sprang into life with power and glory divine. On that Pentecostal day at the declaration of the gospel of Jesus the bands of sin that were binding three thousand souls were cut loose, and these souls were born into the kingdom of God at once. In less than a year nearly fifty thousand people had come into the Christian Church. In the face of fiercest opposition and most bitter persecution on the part of national law and human authority and the religious autocracy of the Jewish people, for us to witness such phenomenal growth should stir the blood and faith and hopes of the most languid and indifferent among us. Of course it was the manifestation of the Holy Spirit's power. But what splendid heroes did he make of those common folk of that day! Think of their intense earnestness, their daring fearlessness, their persistent prayerfulness, their increasing strength and unbounded devotion. They did the strangest and most unexpected things. But all in line with truth and righteousness. They were often in the midst of greatest religious excitement. They witnessed many strange overturnings and revolutions in home and society. In the midst of the greatest sensations of their age caused by their religious faith and life they kept a clear head, a strong heart, and a steady hand. Theirs was ever the onward and upward march. What a heritage is ours! Are we living up to the mark they set? Must we hold up our hands in horror at everything that looks like religious excitement and sensation when we see these everywhere in the early church? Shall we taboo, without examination, everything that crosses the path of our religious quietness and ecclesiastical etiquette? Shall we stand aghast at every honk! honk! of the religious alarmist whose car is forever standing still in the road in everybody's way? Let us put the car in order and speed it on its way, or send it to the junk heap where it otherwise belongs. Away with the thought that loyalty to the Bible and to our Christ means a blind adherence to a dead past. The church was born in the mighty deep of a terrific world storm. Amidst the excitement of lightning's flash and thunder's crash and forked tongues of fire did our ancestral church come into life and being. Our faith is the faith of warriors staunch and true, tried and strong. It has been a faith of conquest and of victory.

It outlives all the changes of nations and peoples. While kings and princes fall from tottering thrones the stalwarts of the Christian faith go grandly marching on. Out of the hardships of those far-off days, out of the praying and out of the preaching and out of the poverty of the smitten and the persecuted and the suffering and the dying have come the Christian advantages we enjoy today. What boldness, what strength, what courage were required of those championing the cause of Christ in that time! Behold, what inspiration for us today!

Who were the preachers of this strange religion; a religion that went counter to many business methods of the day; to social custom and habit; to the political life of the time; and to the prevailing dictates of the religious leaders of that generation? Who were these proclaiming a doctrine that made its subjects willing to be ostracized from society, cut off from all business relationships of the past, shut out from many of the common avocations of life, driven from synagogue and temple service, many times compelled to leave home and loved ones in the defence of religious convictions so deeply seated in heart and life that death itself held no fears for them? Strange, strange indeed! These preachers were not then counted among the great ones of earth. Men from the common walks of life; men whose hands had been calloused with toil; a tax collector; a physician or so; and a few fisherman who had been handling fish and nets on the Sea of Galilee so recently. Men who a little before had been quick and hot of temper. Some of them profane; some of them liars; perhaps all of them selfishly ambitious for worldly power and glory. These unlettered and unlearned men as the world counted such; untouched by the great schools of Athens or Alexandria or even by that at Jerusalem; these men picked up from places remote from the great centers of intellectual and religious life; these men touched by a personal knowledge of, and experience with, the Lord Jesus Christ; changed, transformed, redeemed by grace divine; these men were stirring the world with the greatest thought and life that ever concerned human souls. These were the mighty preachers of that day. They had a message from God for every life. None were so lowly, none were

so sick, none were so tempted and tried, none were so beaten, and baffled by sin that they were beyond the kindness and love and sympathy and help of these messengers of our Christ. The sick and the suffering, the downtrodden and the oppressed, soon knew full well that they would find true friends and helpers in such men as James and John and Peter. The sympathy of the Christ in the hearts of these preachers reached out as far as man's need. Great healers of all diseases were they. Better far than any ordinary physicians, for they healed the souls as well as the bodies. "And believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes of both men and women." Thus we see something of the magnitude of their work as it touched the inner life of the soul's deepest experience in the great throngs. "They brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them." See them coming. What a motley crowd. God bless the good neighbors who hastened to the homes of the poor, the neglected, and the forsaken, to bring out these ragged, emaciated, crippled and sick ones so tenderly upon beds and couches into the sunlight once more where they could look into the faces of these missionaries of the cross and be made whole through faith in the name of their Savior. No wonder that on that brightest day of all their history they desired to come near enough so "that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them." How are people affected when they see you coming? Do they scurry across the street or hurry to their places of business to get away from your presence? If you do for them after the manner of these our early Christian ancestors they will gladly listen for your footstep, anxiously look for your happy smile, and quickly extend their hand for your hearty handclasp, and long to live under the shadow of your Christly influence. How we love those who have really helped us, who have delivered us from trouble, who have soothed our sorrows and bound up our broken hearts! This is the work of our blessed Lord. This is the work to which he has called us. This great, weary, disappointed, defeated, sin-cursed world, filled with hearts that are bleeding, and lives whose hopes have been blasted and blighted, is in greatest need of the sym-

pathy that the followers of Jesus alone can give. This is our mission, this is our message, bigger with possibility for serving God and man than has often been found by king or emperor. Herod never knew; Nero never knew; Constantine never knew; the Hohenzollerns never experienced such joy as you and I may experience and give to others. Heaven's gate swings wide for the champions of the Christian faith and life.

We do not know the names of the "multitudes" coming that day for the healing of body and soul. But we can see their wan but expectant faces crowding the streets as these Christian heroes were passing that way. Here they are. The lame, the blind, the deaf, the fevered, the forsaken, the despairing ones. For many of them all hope had doubtless all but departed long since. Now they are to be forgiven and cured of sin and sickness, and sent on their happy way. Beautiful picture this. Fitting representation of what Christianity has been doing for the world ever since that day. What Red Cross, and Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A., and many other organizations backed by Christian churches all over the land have been doing for poor, unfortunate, starving ones during these recent months and years of a dreadful world war is but the speaking forth of a warm Christian heart to a cold and needy world. Millions upon millions of money, and then millions upon millions more have gone from the homes of the rich and poor all over the land for helping the really needy across the seas without regard to their creed or manner of life. Just to see and know the need has been enough to stir the heart and conscience till purse and basket and store have been opened everywhere to relieve the hungry, the sick, and the distressed. It has seemed that everybody has been eager to help. That is good. That is splendid. That is Christlike. Now let us be alive to the needs of the people right about us. It may be there are people very close at hand, possibly in our own home or in the home next to yours, who are really morally and spiritually sick. They may be in direst need just now of the sympathy, kindness, love, and spiritual help and inspiration you are able to furnish. This is your mission and mine. This is the mission of the church. Better not to be than not to do this. Come on, dear

brothers and sisters in Christ. Let us all give a lift. Let the memory of the valiant deeds of our Christian ancestry, and the conscious need of the present hour witnessed on every hand inspire every one of us to live so close to the Master that our presence will be a blessing wherever we go. Let us prove by words and smiles and gracious deeds that we have felt and experienced the power of the divine Son of God. Let even the shadow of your life carry with it a trail of blessings for all who come within its touch. Let sunshine and goodness spring forth from your life even as light from the sun. Let kindness, and sympathy, and sweetness drop from your life even as luscious ripe fruit drops from the bough. Be a power in the sphere where your lot is cast for molding and shaping Christian character. Let the Christ take such strong hold of you that you will be a Peter, strong and true.

MORAL EDUCATION

"Righteousness exalteth a nation." A nation rises no higher in true greatness than the standard of morals maintained by its people. As history has proved, a primary reason for the downfall of empires was their moral degeneracy. Therefore, in order to win the war at home as well as abroad, it was necessary for our country to conserve her moral forces.

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union has accomplished a large proportion of this work through the medium of moral education. Striving for the protection of girls in war time she co-operated with 82 agencies of 47 different classes: such as the Juvenile Courts, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., city officials, church federation settlement, travelers' aid, Business Women's Council, patriotic leagues, community nurses, police matrons, anti-vice committees, Council of Defense, homes for girls, welfare leagues, and speakers in the field.

In 50 per cent of the States the curfew law has been enforced as a war-time measure; 85 per cent have police women.

In 94 per cent of the States the members co-operate with the local welfare committee to prevent the loitering of girls around camps, parks and other public places.

In 90 per cent they have secured inves-

tigation of questionable neighborhoods, boarding houses, hotels, cafés and soft-drink stands.

In 94 per cent of the States the same effort has been made to raise the standard of patriotism in girls that has been made to create "the soldier spirit" in boys, and in 97 per cent girls of high-school age have been challenged to fit themselves for the demands of the reconstruction period by completing school work.

Special effort has been exerted in camp communities: 83 per cent of the States endeavored to prevent the employment of young girls in the stores; 92 per cent tried to secure the best possible supervision of the amusement places frequented by girls and men; 73 per cent did their best to safeguard thoughtless girls seeking employment in camps so as to be near their friends in service.

In order to secure the co-operation of mothers and teachers in the need for special instruction to girls in war time, 39 States report splendid work done along the lines of personal effort, special lectures, public meetings, mothers' and child welfare meetings, child study courses, and work through the churches. Among the literature distributed were: Parents' War Problem, 19,500 copies; Young Girls' War Bit, 19,500; Policewomen, 5,500; and Secretary Daniels' Leaflet, 13,300.—*National W. C. T. U. Bureau.*

"SMILE! SMILE! SMILE!"

The Anglo-Saxon sense of humor and adaptability will never be understood by the German race. They profess to despise these traits, as symbols of weakness and superficiality. The truth is they are baffled by them; they render the Anglo-Saxon race unconquerable. The man who can force himself to retain his sense of humor and good spirits when he is half-dead from privation or illness is the one most likely to survive. "The merry heart goes all the way; the sad one tires in a mile."

One of the most precious American qualities, and one that should be carefully nurtured for the future welfare of the individual American and of the nation, is the ability to "pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile!"—*Red Cross Magazine.*

HOME AND ALLIED RELIEF

"A mother's a mother the world over." Because of this fact the appeal for war relief work took fast hold on the hearts of the "organized mother love"—Miss Willard's name for the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union—and at once the well regulated machinery of the organization was set in rapid motion. In every cry for help from the famished and orphaned children of Europe, each true woman heard the cry of her own child. As a chaplain in France wrote concerning the men in a certain field artillery who were adopting a great number of French orphans, "There seems to be a good connection between their heartstrings and their pursestrings," so the pursestrings of the W. C. T. U. were loosened and their time was devoted to this patriotic work.

More than one thousand fatherless children were adopted by them and \$34,732.87 was contributed to the National French Orphan Fund. They also made 81,509 garments, costing approximately—including shipping charges—\$6,200. These garments were turned in through the Committee "Children of the Frontier," having supply stations in New York City, Cambridge, Mass., and Chicago, and also through the Red Cross.

As the war progressed the cry also arose from homes in our own land where the man of the family had been called to the colors, and from the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors in the hospitals.

Not relaxing in their efforts for those overseas, the women also included those at home in their mother love and increased their efforts. Adding home relief to foreign, they provided needy cases with food, clothing, fuel and money. To the sick and wounded men in service they gave their jellies, fruit, candy, cookies, eggs, etc.

In all this work there was co-operation with the following agencies: Home Service of the Red Cross, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., War Camp Community Service, Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense, and the Belgian and French Relief Society.

The mother heart of the members of the W. C. T. U. has found ample opportunity to comfort other anxious and troubled mothers, to pray with and for those whose

sons have paid the supreme sacrifice, and to minister to the wounded. This year the enlarged need increased their field of operations. In practically every State an abundance of flowers were distributed in the base hospitals and among the families of men in the service—*W. C. T. U. Bureau.*

A MISSIONARY MARTYR

"AND thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God led thee," was the command given to the children of Israel. And now in studying the ways in which God has led his children we may often find profit and encouragement.

The late Charles H. Sprugeon said that he was in Dr. Campbell's house one day, and was told by him that a minister was preaching at Whitefield's old Tabernacle in Moorfields, one evening, when there were present, under very strange circumstances, two young men who had fallen into dissipated habits, and who had made an appointment with each other for the commission of some gross sin that very night. Had they committed what they had planned, it may be that they would have plunged themselves into a career of vice from which they might never have been extricated.

They were passing by the Moorfields Tabernacle, and as they wanted to know the time at which they were to meet for this unholy purpose, one of them said to the other, "Go in, and see the time; there is sure to be a clock in there." But the clock was not placed behind the preacher as in some churches, but the other way; so that the young man had to go some little distance further in than he intended, in order to see it.

"If I remember rightly," says Mr. Spurgeon, "the preacher that night was Matthew Wilks, and he was just uttering some quaint remarks, something that arrested the young man's attention and held him fast in the aisle. His companion waited outside for a time, but it was cold; so he thought he had better go in, and look at the clock himself, and fetch his friend out. He went in: the arrows of the Lord pierced the heart of both of them, and the second of these young men was John Williams, the famous missionary, and at last the martyr of Erromango."—*Christian Missionary.*

MARRIAGES

BURKHART-COTTRILLE.—At the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage, Salem, W. Va., December 22, 1918, by Rev. Ahya J. C. Bond, Mr. Joseph O. Burkhardt and Miss Addie Cottrille, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Cottrille, of Industrial, W. Va.

DEATHS

TREMAINE.—Robert A. Tremaine was born in Pomona, Cal., July 9, 1901, and died at Phoenix, Ariz., November 13, 1918, of influenza and pneumonia.

He was the only son of Fred A. and Lottie Tremaine. He had lived in Los Angeles since 1914. He was employed as a helper on the government experiment farm near Phoenix, when taken with the dread disease. He was a very attractive and interesting young man, of fine abilities, with a wide and inviting field of possibilities reaching out before him.

His grandmother, Mrs. A. Tremaine, lives in the family. Her girlhood home was at Adams Center, N. Y. She with his father, two sisters, Alberta, who is a stenographer in the First National Bank of this city, and Genora, and other relatives and many friends remain to mourn his early departure from the scenes of this life.

G. W. H.

SAUNDERS.—Near Berlin, N. Y., December 2, 1918, Charles Murry Saunders, son of Charles and Hannah Hull-Saunders, aged 78 years and 6 months.

Brother Saunders was born in the town of Berlin, N. Y., and spent most all his life near his early home. He was naturally of a retiring disposition, but a model of quiet nobility. In his thirty-second year he was married to Miss Phoebe S. Rathbun. To them were born two children,—Mrs. Antoinette Saunders Kimble and Charles M. Saunders. Both these live near the old family home, where they can cheer and comfort the afflicted mother.

Mr. Saunders was a veteran of the Civil War, faithful to his country. He was also a veteran of King Immanuel's Army, having served for Jesus more than thirty-five years. He was a member of the Berlin Seventh Day Baptist Church.

G. H. F. R.

WHEELER.—Phoebe Ann Johnson was born in Shiloh, Cumberland Co., N. J., December 25, 1836, and died in Walworth, Wis., December 7, 1918.

She was the oldest child of Joseph and Emily Ayers Johnson. Her mother died when Phoebe was twelve years old, leaving her to care for four younger children. She came west at the age of eighteen and attended school for a time at Big Foot Academy.

On December 25, 1856, she was united in marriage to Osborne J. Wheeler. To this union was born one daughter who lives in the State of Washington. On the 12th of October, 1861, Mr. Wheeler heeded his country's call for men to put down the rebellion and enlisted in Company F, 4th Regiment of the Minnesota Volunteers. On September 13, 1863, while at home on furlough, he died of disease contracted in camp.

Since her husband's death, Mrs. Wheeler has lived a widow. She united with the Walworth Seventh Day Baptist Church in June, 1856, since which time she has been a faithful member.

Funeral services were held from the Seventh Day Baptist church, December 9. Pastor Loofbourrow officiating, and the body was laid beside that of her husband in the Cobblestone Cemetery.

C. B. L.

LOMBARD.—Loretta Adelle Lombard, daughter of Elder and Mrs. L. A. Wing, was born in Blockville, Chautauqua County, N. Y., February 11, 1892, and died of pneumonia, following influenza, at the Boulder (Colo.) Sanitarium, Monday morning, December 9, 1918, after an illness of two weeks.

At the age of fourteen, Mrs. Lombard removed with her parents to DeRuyter, N. Y., and during her father's pastorate there, was baptized and united with the DeRuyter Church.

Immediately after her marriage, two years ago, her father having accepted a call to serve the Boulder Church as pastor, she and her husband removed to Colorado with them, and here she spent two of the happiest years of her life, the climate working a great improvement in her physical condition.

About April first of this year, desiring to unite with the church in Boulder, she received, at her request, a letter from the DeRuyter Church, but this matter had not been attended to. She was a regular attendant at the services of the church, and on her last Sabbath there, sang as a solo one of her favorite songs, "In the Secret of His Presence."

She leaves a husband, B. Harry Lombard, and her parents, to mourn her loss, also a brother, Hubert B. Wing, whose division is with the Army of Occupation in France.

It had been her desire that Dr. F. O. Burdick, for whom she had great respect, conduct the services, but on account of pressing professional duties he was unable to do so. Elder Farnsworth, chaplain of the Boulder Sanitarium, had them in charge. Her physician and his wife were in attendance, also her nurses, both of whom gave expression to the thought that she was the sweetest patient they had ever had; and the many floral offerings gave an expression of the esteem in which she was held.

She was buried from the home of her parents, Tuesday, December 10, and laid away in Green Mountain Cemetery, at the foot of the mountains she so much loved.

ALLEN.—Amanda Fisher Allen was born August 10, 1844, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Norris, in Bridgeton, N. J., December 14, 1918, aged 74 years, 4 months, and 4 days.

On February 22, 1866, she was married to Thomas Allen, who died a few years ago. She leaves three children, two sons and a daughter, also grandchildren and other relatives to mourn their loss. In early life she joined the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church, and later removed her membership to the Marlboro Church, of which she remained a faithful member till death. She was a kind and helpful member of the community and a good worker in the church till sickness kept her from these ministrations.

Funeral services were held at the home of her son George, by her pastor, A. G. Crofoot, at Marlboro, December 18, 1918, and burial was in the Shiloh Cemetery. A. G. C.

DAVIS.—Martha E. Pierson Davis was born at Watson, Lewis Co., N. Y., May 27, 1837, and died at her home in Walworth, Wis., December 14, 1918, at the age of 81 years, 6 months, and 17 days.

She was married to Francis Edwin Davis, of Watson, N. Y., October 18, 1855. She came to Walworth as a bride and has resided here for the past sixty years. To them were born two sons,—Fred I., and Edwin Francis who lived to be eight years old. Her husband enlisted and served his country in the Civil War with the 22d Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers, connected with General Sherman's army. He died in the U. S. hospital in Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Davis has been a faithful member of the Walworth Seventh Day Baptist Church for many years and has always lived an earnest Christian life. She leaves to mourn her loss her son, Fred I. Davis, and his wife, four grandsons, one granddaughter, and three great-grandchildren. She also leaves one sister, Mrs. Mary Langworthy, the last member of their family of five girls and three boys. She will be missed by her friends and neighbors.

Funeral services were held from the Seventh Day Baptist church, Monday, December 16, conducted by Pastor Loofbourrow, and the remains were laid to rest in the Walworth Cemetery. C. B. L.

VAN HORN.—Lucy O. Babcock, daughter of Jacob and Isabel Babcock, and wife of A. J. Van Horn, was born at Humboldt, Neb., August 12, 1867, and died at Garwin, Ia., December 25, 1918, aged 51 years, 4 months, and 13 days.

Sister Van Horn made a profession of religion when about fifteen years of age and united with the Carlton Seventh Day Baptist Church at Garwin, Ia. She retained her membership with that church until removing with her husband and family to Gentry, Ark., in the fall of 1902, when she transferred her membership to the Seventh Day Baptist church of that place, in which fellowship she continued until called home.

On August 10, 1889, she was united in marriage with Mr. A. J. Van Horn, and to them were born two children,—a son, Harold A., who returned from the service of his country in England and France just in time to reach his mother's side a few short hours before her death, and a daughter, Leola, who has been permitted to aid in the care of her mother during

her long sickness of nearly three years except recently when the mother made a short visit with friends and later spent three weeks in the Sanitarium at Battle Creek. She was taken to the Sanitarium by her husband in the hope that, if her recovery could not be realized, at least her life might be prolonged until the return of Harold from England, upon which her heart seemed so firmly fixed.

It was the writer's privilege to visit her several times during her stay at the Sanitarium, and there was that of courage and hopefulness in her bearing which would almost disarm the doubts of her friends. Even though she felt she was growing weaker and had expressed a desire to be taken home, at her request she was taken in a wheel chair by her husband to the vesper service held in the Sanitarium parlor on Sabbath evening, December 20, where she joined in the first song of the evening until too weak to make further effort.

She leaves to mourn her loss her husband, the son and daughter already mentioned, her aged mother who has been cared for, by her, for some years, a sister, Mrs. Eleanor Stillman, of North Loup, Neb., a half sister, Mrs. Willamina Colet, of Enid, Okla., besides several nephews and nieces, children of Mrs. Alma Bond, a sister who preceded her to the spirit land, and a host of friends who bow in sadness with the bereaved family.

Pastor Hurley being a brother-in-law, the undersigned conducted a short service at the home on Sabbath afternoon, at 2 o'clock, December 28, 1918, and burial was in the Garwin Cemetery. J. T. D.

PERSELS.—Albert Henry, son of John and Clarissa Persels, was born in Allegany Co., N. Y., February 9, 1835, and died at the home of his son, C. E. Persels, Farina, Ill., December 27, 1918, aged 83 years, 10 months, and 16 days.

When about four years of age, his father having died, he was given a home with an uncle, Isaac Persels, of Niles, Mich. When a young man he removed to Milton, Wis., and on December 2, 1862, he was united in marriage to Miss Lucretia Randolph, Rev. O. P. Hull officiating. They lived on a farm near Milton until the spring of 1866, when he came to Farina. Purchasing land now owned by James Green, he prepared a home to which he moved his family in the autumn.

Mr. Persels was the second of a family of five children, three of whom survive him. They are Mrs. C. M. Leonard and Miss Cornelia Persels, of Milton, Wis., and a half sister, Mrs. C. B. Marshall, Stillwater, Minn. His own family of six were Ida, who died in 1844, C. E. Persels, of Farina, A. D. Persels, of Mattoon, Mrs. C. M. Young, of Memphis, Tenn., Birdie, who died in infancy, and F. B. Persels, of Okmulgee, Okla. His companion was taken from him December 12, 1902. Since that time he has made his home with his children.

On February 19, 1870, he was baptized by Elder C. M. Lewis and became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church, remaining an esteemed member till the end. He was identified with the Farina Lodge A. F. and A. M. almost

from its beginning, serving as treasurer for many years.

Mr. Persels was a factor in the growth and business interests of Farina almost from its beginning. He has been farmer and merchant. He was proprietor of the box factory for more than thirty years. He was one of the first to engage in the growing of berries and held a substantial interest in the business continuously till very recently. Another of the familiar landmarks of our village is fallen, a man who was respected for wholesome manners, integrity of character and sincere friendship. He will be missed, not only by his immediate family, but by the large circle of friends and associates.

Funeral service was held Sunday at the residence of C. E. Persels; conducted by Elder L. D. Seager, Pastor Greene being ill, and interment was made in the Farina Cemetery. L. D. S.

THE ROLL-CALL

Upwards of seventeen million Americans have enrolled as members of the Red Cross for the year 1919. While the results of the Christmas Roll-Call have not reached the expectations of some of the projectors of the Greater Red Cross movements, they are withal very gratifying. There is no gain-saying that America's army of mercy has been perpetuated on a grand scale. The country and the Red Cross organization may well feel pride in the achievement.

Seventeen million persons in a single organization is a mighty big thing, just of itself. Numerically the persons thus registered almost equal the voters of the United States who cast their ballots for presidential electors at the election of 1916. The national spirit which the army of mercy reflects in concentrated form is something to thrill the world in the dawn of a new peace the same as it did in the depressing days of war. The power for service of such an organization is incalculable.

The Roll-Call was not a campaign for money; its only purpose was to enlist the human and the spiritual elements in a great work—a work of "Carry On" which the world war has idealized. The financial side of the equation was presented only in the charter requirement respecting the dues of the members of the organization. The significant thing is not that so many million dollars have been contributed, but that every single dollar represents a bona fide member of the American Red Cross. That alone is the glory of the Roll-Call and the thing of which we all are proud.

When the idea of universal Red Cross

membership was developed the war still was raging. Had it continued there is no doubt that the enrolment would have shown really stupendous figures. But happily the hostilities were brought to an end, the natural effect being to curtail much of the enthusiasm which war stirs in the hearts of men and women. Any feeling, however, that there would be a reaction inimical to the permanency of the American Red Cross on the boarder lines planned, has been dissipated by the Roll-Call. Under the circumstances its result is wonderful. It further is to be borne in mind that physical circumstances, notably the prevalence of the influenza epidemic, greatly embarrassed the Roll-Call in many parts of the country.

The result should be an inspiration and a stimulus to all the active Red Cross men and women in the land. It should be an incentive for every chapter to carry on with still greater energy. A noble start has been made towards the goal that originally was set. With concentrated interest the attainment of the universal ideal in the years to come is by no means impossible.—*Red Cross Bulletin.*

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENS THE WORLD

At the gateway of our country stands Liberty, her hand held high in the heavens, and in that hand the great torch, and we say, "Liberty Is Enlightening the World." Thousands of these men and women and boys and girls fall to their knees or, stretching out their arms to America, weep with deepest joy when first they see our great State of Liberty with her torch lifted on high. We must never, never let that torch be stricken to the ground. That light is God's great light. That light says to all the world that we believe that all people, whether they come to us from France, or Italy, or from other nations, whether they are rich or poor, are created *free and equal*, and that it is possible for people of all nations to live side by side or even in the same houses in peace and happiness.—*School Bulletin.*

The world's center of gravity has shifted from the Mediterranean and the Rhine to the Atlantic and the Mississippi, from the men who spoke Latin to the men who speak English.—*John Fiske.*

SPECIAL NOTICES

Contributions to the work of Miss Marie Jansz in Java will be gladly received and sent to her quarterly by the American Sabbath Tract Society.

FRANK J. HUBBARD, Treasurer,
Plainfield, N. J.

The address of all Seventh Day Baptist missionaries in China is West Gate, Shanghai, China. Postage is the same as domestic rates.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church, of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in Yokefellows Room, 3rd floor of Y. M. C. A. Building, 334 Montgomery St. Preaching service at 2.30 p. m. Bible school at 4 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Friday evening at homes of members. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Rev. William Clayton, pastor, 106 West Corning Ave., Syracuse. Miss Edith Cross, church clerk, 1100 Cumberland Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, Pastor, 65 Elliott Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago, holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Moneta Avenue every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock. Preaching at 3. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor, 264 W. 42d Street.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Society holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible school. Junior Christian Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor, evening before the Sabbath, 7.30. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. Rev. R. J. Severance, pastor, 1153 Mulberry Street.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church, of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2.45 p. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium) 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsonage, 198 N. Washington Avenue.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of White Cloud, Mich., holds regular preaching services and Sabbath school, each Sabbath, beginning at 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor and prayer meeting each Friday evening at 7.30. Visitors are welcome.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Mornington Hall, Canonbury Lane, Islington, N. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held, except in July and August, at the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park, N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

Seventh Day Baptists planning to spend the winter in Florida and who will be in Daytona, are cordially invited to attend the Sabbath school services which are held during the winter season at the several homes of members.

"If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree—
If I knew you and you knew me."

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D. Editor

Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager

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(Continued from page 55)

Sabbath School. Lesson V—Feb. 1, 1919

THE GIVING OF THE MANNA. Exod. 16: 1-36.

Golden Text.—"Give us this day our daily bread." Matt. 6: 11.

DAILY READINGS

Jan. 26—Exod. 16: 11-20. The Giving of the Manna.

Jan. 27—Exod. 16: 21-30. To Be Gathered Early.

Jan. 28—Exod. 16: 31-36. The Pot of Manna.

Jan. 29—Matt. 6: 25-34. Our Daily Bread.

Jan. 30—John 6: 1-14. A Multitude Fed.

Jan. 31—John 6: 27-35. The Bread of Life.

Feb. 1—John 6: 48-58. Living Bread.

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

"The stars shine over the earth,
The stars shine over the sea,
The stars look up to God above,
The stars look down on me.
The stars shall shine for a thousand years,
A thousand years and a day,
But God and I will live and love
When the stars are passed away."

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OH, GOD, FORGIVE

Oh, God forgive me that I fail to see
The heroism now surrounding me,
Nor count that hero great, whose spirits fall
Because his body poorly fed does quail
Beneath a task which he is set to do—
A task too hard for him—that we the few
In idle ease on luxuries may live:
My God, that we forgot him, oh, forgive.

All day my Brother labors in the field;
Labors that the brown Earth may richly yield
Its strength of substance, that my life may live,
I do not think of him—oh, God, forgive.
And this my Sister in the sweat-shop stands,
Her heart so human, struggling with weak hands,
'Till Death, more kind than Life, says: "Cease to live."
Oh, God, I thought not of her—oh, forgive.

Within the heated depths of darkest mines,
Ten thousand slaves of poverty one finds—
They never see the sunshine. In the dark
They labor on till Death does stiffen stark
Our Brothers' forms. Let their starved spirits rise
To life in Light, in homes beyond the skies.
We thought not of them, laboring to live—
Remembering now we pray: oh, God, forgive.

The firemen rushing to the burning home,
The sea-men who o'er angry oceans roam,
The builders of the iron trails which link
This world of men, from ocean's brink to brink,
The men who swing great bridges high in air,
And those whom pestilence can never scare—
These all are heroes, and among us live
We seldom think of them—oh, God, forgive.
—Madge E. Anderson.

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