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The Sabbath Recorder

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

No land-locked soul, hemmed in and stagnant, but a living arm of the oceanic Being out of whom he drew; such was Abraham Lincoln. He shared in the mystery of Godliness as well as that of genius. The mingling of pathos and power, of tragedy and triumph, in his entire fabric, his complexity and his simplicity: the balance and adjustment of his varied endowments; and their unrestrained consecration to the grandest interests, have made him our paragon. Not a cold monumental saint, but a divine-human creative, toiling, suffering, enduring, treading a path of darkness and of death, submitting to the cruel caprices of an outrageous fortune, and compelled to witness the slaughter he abominated, in behalf of a Union dearer than life itself, . . . we can never dismiss him from recollection. His shining covers every quarter of the firmament. His work abides. . . . We know, beyond a peradventure, the sovereign conceptions of God, of man, of society, which ordained his magnanimity, his tranquil confidence, his unselfish and exemplary career. Knowing these, happy are we if we actualize them, without fear or favor.

—Rev. S. Parks Cadman, D. D.

—CONTENTS—

Editorial.—He Knows My Troubles, His Help Is Assured.—Who Can Separate Us From the Love of God? —Personal Religion Is the Result of Personal Choice.—Growth in Grace.—The Truest Source of Hap- piness.—Prepare for a Recorder Drive.—Fifty Years a Reader—Can Not Spare It.—Concerning the Ser- mon in the Recorder.—A good Sug- gestion for the Y. P. S. C. E's.— Greater Church Morale Needed by Our Young People 161-163	day Message.—I Need My Child, Yet He Is Thine 175
A Study of Man—His Origin and Na- ture 163	Tract Society—Treasurer's Report . . 176
An Open Letter on the Sabbath 167	The Eighteenth Amendment 178
From One of Mrs. Wardner's Class . . 168	Sabbath School Lesson for Mar. 1, 1919 178
Missions and the Sabbath.—A Letter From China.—The Sabbath for Man (poetry) 169	Young People's Work.—Our Goal and Budget.—Toilers of Japan.—The Tenth Legion 180-182
Some Soldiers' Letters 170	An Opportunity for Church Spirit in the Victory Loan 182
Woman's Work.—America's Prosperity (poetry).—One Mother's Birth-	Who Are L.S.K's? 182
	Training Little Children 183
	Resolutions of Respect 184
	Our Weekly Sermon.—We are Well Able 185-187
	Orson Cyrenus Ormsby 187
	A Winter Walk (poetry) 188
	Men in the Service 189
	Marriages 191
	Deaths 191
	Resolutions by Marlboro Church . . 192
	An Expression of Sympathy 192

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A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.
 Vol. 86, No. 6 PLAINFIELD, N. J., FEB. 10, 1919 WHOLE NO. 3,858

He Knows My Troubles There are times
His Help Is Assured when life's burdens
 are heavy, when the heart is faint and the hands are weak, when courage is at low ebb and everything looks dark. Then the heart yearns for sympathy, and we long for a friend who fully understands our case. Happy are we if at such a time we have one who is hopeful, inspiring, sympathetic, and who has that in his soul which acts upon us in our dejection as the sunshine acts upon the flowers in springtime. No gifts of the hand can equal in value the gifts of love and sympathy from one who has known all our troubles and who really cares for us in our disappointments.

Helpful as a fellow-man can be, there is a limit to human sympathy, and no mere man can so completely comprehend the inner life of another as to meet and truly satisfy the longings of a soul in trouble. It is difficult to make the best human friend fully know our deepest emotions and understand our sorrows.

All this is different when we come to the divine Friend and Brother, who has been touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He knows our frame, sees the innermost cause of our distress, and his sympathy and power to help are wholly without limit. The one who comes into close communion with this all-wise Friend will never have to say, "Nobody cares for me."

This thought of the comforting power of Jesus is well expressed in the lines given below, written by Fanny E. Stafford.

Somebody knows when your heart aches,
 And everything seems to go wrong;
 Somebody knows when the shadows
 Need chasing away with a song;
 Somebody knows when you're lonely,
 Tired, discouraged, and blue;
 Somebody wants you to know Him,
 And know that He dearly loves you.

Somebody cares when you're tempted,
 And the world grows dizzy and dim;
 Somebody cares when you're weakest,
 And farthest away from Him;
 Somebody grieves when you've fallen,

Though you are not lost from His sight;
 Somebody waits for your coming,
 Taking the gloom from your night.

Somebody loves you when weary;
 Somebody loves you when strong;
 Always is waiting to help you,
 Watches you, one of the throng
 Needing His friendship so holy,
 Needing His watch-care so true.
 His name?—We call His name Jesus.
 His people?—Just I and just you.

Who Can Separate Us From the Love of God? The divine love which goes out in sympathy toward us must be prompted by God's knowledge of our weakness and our utter helplessness. It is because he remembers that we are dust, because he sees the lowest and meanest things in us, the heavy down-sag of our deadness to spiritual things, our tendency to despair, that our heavenly Father pities us as his needy children. The sympathetic outgoings of his heart are never withheld on account of our slowness or our imperfect growth. On the divine side there is no limit to the Father's love and sympathy.

If we come short of realizing the Savior's presence, the fault is on our side and not on his. Our iniquities may hide the Father's face, our own faultiness may obscure our vision, but let us not forget that God still loves us, and is always present to help, and strengthen, and uphold according to his promise. Nothing can separate us from the infinite love of the all-wise, all powerful Father.

Personal Religion Is In recognizing the divine agency in a man's conversion, some people seem to overlook the personal human element in religion. No one will become a Christian without the direct aid of the Holy Spirit, any more than a bud will become a blossom without the influence of the sun. But the incoming of the Spirit awaits human choice, and religion is not a sort of divine aura that comes upon a man from above

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in some mysterious and forceful way once for all. It is always the result of personal choice, and its development depends upon constant effort in the line of Christian service.

The call of God to a religious life is not a call to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself. This demands purposeful choice, and persistent, watchful efforts to overcome self and to enthrone Christ.

Growth in Grace Every Christian grace is the product of religion in a life of service for God. Some would have us believe that whenever a grace is manifested it is as though God had interjected it made to order, slipping it into the soul as a man slips a picture into a magic lantern. Graces are not handed out to man in any mysterious, supernatural way. They are the simple fruits of righteous living. They take their form and color from the heart. While we pray for the graces of faith, hope, and love, we should remember that prayer alone will not bring them. They must be wrought in us through labor, patience, self-sacrifice, and suffering.

Men's graces must get the better of their faults and sins just as the corn in our gardens gets the better of weeds, by *growth*.

The Truest Source Of Happiness We have been greatly moved by some of the stories of wealthy men and women who left their homes during the war and went overseas to minister to the sick and suffering. Some who had seemed to live for self only, whose lives had been constant rounds of pleasure, have been among those most heroic in efforts to help their fellow-men.

It is a great thing for one to rise to an emergency such as has so recently confronted the Christian world, and to realize that he has not been sent into the world to make of himself a center around which everything in his small life revolves, but to lose himself and his selfish interest in that larger life where all men are brothers, where each strives for the good of all, where the Golden Rule is recognized and where happiness is the result of sacrificial toil and noble achievement. How much deeper and ful-

ler is the joy of one who thus puts himself in touch with the world's workers and seeks happiness by serving others.

Prepare For a Recorder Drive We trust that all our pastors and Endeavor leaders have received a letter from a committee of the Tract Board regarding a special SABBATH RECORDER drive to take place a few weeks hence. The committee is asking six of our friends to write articles for a rally service number of the RECORDER, which will appear in March. These writers have been given living topics designed to arouse interest in the denominational paper. Every church will be asked to make the second Sabbath in April a day of special united effort with pastor and people co-operating in the program.

The slogan will be, "The RECORDER for every Seventh Day Baptist home." Let everybody get ready for the most effective drive we ever made.

Fifty Years a Reader Can Not Spare It A friend who is a shut-in much of the time says she has read the SABBATH RECORDER over fifty years, and although she lives where she could read one taken by another, she prefers to take it herself. Two reasons are given which reveal loyalty to our cause: her subscription helps the Tract Society, and when she has read the RECORDER she can pass it on to one who does not have it.

Concerning the Sermon In the Recorder The hoped-for "Weekly Sermon" did not come. We watched the mails to see if anybody had responded to our request for one, but in vain. Illness in the home made it impossible for the editor to prepare one. Secretary Shaw's "barrel" was open in his office, and during his absence we deliberately slipped in and captured one of his sermons preached some three years ago. It is published without his consent. While some parts of it were written more especially for the time in which it was given, 1916, most of it is quite appropriate in 1919. Indeed there will never come a time when it will not be profitable for Seventh Day Baptists to read such a sermon. We need Calebs today and shall need them to-

morrow. We can not get out of the wilderness without them. Scarcity of Calebs kept Israel out of Canaan forty years after they were well able to possess it.

A Good Suggestion For the Y. P. S. C. E.'s An "Interested Reader," a lone Sabbath-keeper, writes the editor as follows:

The interest I feel in the young people of the denomination, and the sense of loss that comes when I read of the passing away of any one of our ministers, prompts this suggestion. Could not the young people's society of each of the different churches arrange to send at least one member to Conference?

Is not Conference worth it? Would not the delegates catch inspiration enough to carry back and so make it worth while? Perhaps some societies do this already. If they do, could we know about it in the RECORDER?

The suggestion is a good one. Nothing is more desirable than live and growing interest on the part of the young people in denominational work, and there is no place like the General Conference to arouse such interest. The more our young men and women can attend these annual convocations and take part in the work there, the brighter will be our prospects for a living denomination in the next generation.

Greater Church Morale Needed by Our Young People What do I mean by a greater church morale among the young people? Let me assure the boys and girls it is a forward movement well worth striving for. We hear much about morale in the armies. At the battle of the Marne, the great question was not how much territory would be yielded to the foe, but would the morale hold out. In the army, morale is that intangible, almost magic and indescribable something essential to success. It is the spirit of co-operative comradeship that holds the men true to the purposes of the war and prompts them to stand by one another even to death.

This unconquerable spirit is seldom seen in the raw recruit; but it comes by constant practice, by stern discipline, as the result of faithful and regular training. Morale is the moral pulse of the army, the backbone of unyielding courage, the possession of a confidence and faith that will hold even against the most terrible odds.

As morale is the essential thing in the army so we should make it a power in the church. If it can be well developed among the young people it will be of priceless worth to our cause. All true team work, every co-operative movement in which many unite for service requires a morale that binds them together as one whole. Genuine Christian living, habitual attendance at church and prayer meetings, unquestionable loyalty to the church, enthusiastic service for the good of others—these things will give morale to the army of the Lord which no enemy of righteousness can break down.

A STUDY OF MAN—HIS ORIGIN AND NATURE

GEORGE C. TENNEY

The dictum of Alexander Pope,

"Know, then, thyself; presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man,"

has been before the world for two hundred years, and still the prevailing neglect of this line of study of which we, ourselves, are the central figure is astonishing. In such a study attention should first be given to the most direct and authoritative source of knowledge in all matters relating to the welfare of the race. It will be of very great interest to turn to the pages of that Book that has led the upward and onward march of human development and progress throughout the ages, and which, even in these days of active investigation and critical intelligence, is coming into higher esteem and recognition than ever before.

Let us give consideration to what the Book has to say about the origin and nature of man, and the directions there given for the conservation of the human individual in health, in life and true happiness. In a book of unquestionably divine origin, written especially for the benefit of the human family, we should certainly expect to find the most wholesome instruction and counsel in regard to the care of the body and the development of the soul, and the close relations existing between the mind, the spirit and the body, and how closely their interests are interwoven.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN

There have been many theories advanced as to the manner in which the human family originated. Many of these have not been satisfactory to the average thoughtful mind. To follow a line of investigation that leads us, in seeking our origin, to some disreputable beginning, is not an attractive pursuit to any one having a dignified opinion of himself. In bright contrast with such vague theories is the positive statement made in the Scripture that at the beginning man came forth from the hand of his Creator, a perfect and noble being, made in the likeness and image of the Creator, whom he was taught to regard as his father, and to address by that title.

This lucid account of the creation of man given us in the Bible has many and great advantages over any of the unverified theories extant or extinct. It gives to those who receive it a consciousness of the dignity of his birthright. It inspires every one who appreciates his privileges with the purpose to honor that relationship with the very best there is in him. It gives to all who receive this birthright the privilege of calling this beneficent Creator "our Father" and of trusting him for all those things that an infinitely wise and good father could do for us.

To the ordinary mind it is far more congenial to believe in such origin than to look back through the mists of unnumbered cycles of ages to an author that spilled our beginnings like spawn on some slimy shore and left those elements to develop, through slowly revealing aeons, through the various stages of life and sensibility up to the point we have now reached, without any care or love, to be swallowed or to survive as luck would have it. We much prefer taking the short cut in establishing our relations to God rather than to try to conceive that we originated in some primordial germ in which life was spontaneously evolved, and then compelled to develop through protoplasmic forms until, after the lapse of almost eternal ages, we have reached the stage of conscious existence and intelligence.

How much more pleasing is the conception of our origin as it is stated in Holy Writ: 'And God said, Let us make man

in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth on the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." There is, let it be repeated, more satisfaction in that unsophisticated statement than in all the speculations of men whose greatest ambition seems to be to place God as far from the human family as possible, if not absolutely to ignore him.

The creation of man is thus tersely told: "The Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." This simple statement has not always been received with all the candor that it deserves. But notwithstanding the cajolery that it has excited in thoughtless minds because of its unblushing simplicity and directness, nothing better or more sensible or scientific has ever been suggested. There is another declaration by one of the prophets that goes with it. It declares that "All flesh is grass." Grass is a product of the earth; it, too, is formed of the dust of the ground, and it may be said truly that we subsist upon grass. True, we are not amongst the grazing animals, but grains are produced on different forms of grass, and grazing animals are almost universally used for food when animal food is used. So, not only was the first man formed of the dust of the ground, but every human being born since that time "if of the earth earthly." In our common phraseology we speak of "Mother Earth" as the Hindu speaks of "Mai Ganges" and the Egyptian, of "Father Nile." We speak very correctly.

The Bible also teaches that every individual that comes into the world is a distinct act of creative power and intelligence, the same as was the first man. The science of embryology shows us the various stages in the development of organized life, and we are wont simply to assign the birth process to the department of physical phenomena. But of the vital questions, What is the origin of life? Neither nature nor science gives us any satisfactory clue. The origin and

transmission of life, the operation of the vital processes are shrouded in a mystery so deep that the most careful student of biology can give us no solution. The Bible alone lifts the curtain and lets us into the sacred oracle, the worship of God.

The psalmist says of his own creation, "Thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me [knitted me together, R. V.] in my mother's womb. I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well. . . . Thine eyes did see my substance yet being imperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them" (Ps. 139: 13-16). Thus we see that each individual is intelligently and thoughtfully created after a definite plan as to every detail. To this creature the Creator imparts his own life, and this fact furnishes the only solutions to this great question of the mystery of life.

Every human being is thus an offspring of God, designed for a noble and unending existence. The care and training of this wonderful human being is committed to those who are actively responsible for its appearance in the human family. They are held responsible for the physical, intellectual and moral development and culture of their young. Gradually the child reaches the point where he assumes the responsibility under God of his own culture, but there is no point where the individual does not come under responsible care, nor is the responsible party left in ignorance for one moment as to what is the right thing to be done.

Ignorance in child culture is at this day unnecessary and inexcusable. The Bible is replete with the most practicable and fundamental instruction. Parents are clearly shown the duties of parentage. Children are emphatically taught to be obedient. Instruction is given as to proper food, to the causes of sickness and how to avoid disease. The sanitary care of the body and premises is faithfully outlined along such principles of hygiene as have never been excelled by human investigations and regulations. Not only is the physical welfare of the children carefully

guarded, but the education and training of the child in intellect and morals is clearly indicated in the Scriptures of truth. Those who will take the trouble to study will find in the Bible the most advanced and approved methods and principles of human culture carefully laid down in plain terms.

*Sanitarium,
Battle Creek, Mich.*

THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT AND THE CHURCHES

CHARLES S. MACFARLAND, FIELD SCOUT COMMISSIONER

The war has raised anew the whole question of the education and development of our boys, physically, morally and spiritually. It is a problem and an opportunity above all for our churches.

Today, as never before, the nation has begun to realize the potentiality of its boyhood. Pertinent indeed is the question: What will be the effect of this when, in a few years, it becomes dynamic? One instinctively wonders whether the boys of this day are being properly prepared for the unparalleled responsibilities so soon to be theirs.

We feel the need of providing our boys with a training that will give them physical preparedness for the service of the nation without running the danger of imbuing them with the spirit of militarism. The Boy Scout Movement meets this need of the hour. It has had its effectiveness during the war and has won for itself a large place in our national life. It is the one movement which, while emphasizing physical development and moral principle, also deepens the relationship of the boy to the church. Its statement of principle, its forms of obligation and its whole spirit are such as to attach the boy more closely to the church and secure his interest in it. Its administrative machinery is so adjusted as to make effective this relationship.

Of all the many good movements engaged in the arduous task of boy-training there is, perhaps, none quite like the Boy Scouts of America. This movement has mapped out a thoroughly feasible plan, practical in every application, whereby boys will be inspired with a real desire to become good

Christian citizens. The Scouting program offers the boy a host of wholesome activities in which he, as a natural boy, is intensely interested. It stresses particularly life in the open—woodcraft, camping, hiking and other pursuits, whose enjoyment requires an intelligent acquaintanceship with nature. A Scout does not take up these things in a haphazard fashion; he soon grows to look upon nature as the handiwork of God and derives untold inspiration from it, when rightly guided.

An outdoor life, led wisely, gives rise to many good works. The ideal of service to others stands out prominently in the Scouting program. Before a boy can officially become a Scout, he promises on his honor to do his best

- "1. To do his duty to God and his country, and to obey the Scout law.
- "2. To help other people at all times.
- "3. To keep himself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

It should be noted that the boy is not obliged to promise to do all these things, but to do his *best* to do them. This, of course, means that he will try all the harder to do them, for to do otherwise would be to confess being only one's second best. Practically, this pledge takes the form of the daily good turn and larger acts of service. Throughout the war, Scouts did yeoman service in all the Liberty Loan and Thrift Stamp campaigns. They collected carloads of fruit pits for gas mask manufacture; they located acres of black walnut trees for use in making airplane propellers; they circulated literature broadcast for the Committee on Public Information.

Such an influence as this brings out the best in any community. The boy takes pride in himself and, as a natural consequence, in his environment. He straightway sets out to better the conditions which he finds round about him. Clean-up, safety first, health, and other similar drives have been pushed to a successful conclusion by Boy Scouts in numerous cities and towns. Scouts tackle these things, not as matters of necessary routine, but with a spontaneity and enthusiasm that inevitably brings results.

The plea of those who have this movement nearest at heart is not so much for more boys—it is for leadership for the

many boys who are eager to become Scouts. The need for Scoutmasters was never so urgent as it is now, at the dawn of a veritable new era. If Scouting is to expand until it becomes a factor in the development of the American youth, leaders of the highest calibre must step forward.

The church is the obvious place to turn for such leadership, and the church need have no fear that it is directing its energies in the wrong direction. A prominent clergyman of Oklahoma City said recently: "I regard the Boy Scouts of America as being worthy of the fullest endorsement of the church. It is a part of the church of God without any denominational brand upon it. Character construction on righteous lines is the biggest job of the church, and that is the dominating purpose of the Boy Scout Movement. If we pay more attention to this work of construction at the beginning of the boy-life we shall have less reconstruction work in the lives of moral and spiritual wrecks."

It is clearly incumbent upon the churches of America to answer the appeal now being made by Scouting officials for Christian leadership. It is an opportunity for the churches to make their influence felt in a tangible way.

Many churches, to be sure, have already incorporated Scouting in their regular activities. It has fitted in admirably with the week-day program. Troop meetings are held on appointed nights in church parlors and parish houses and the boys have unconsciously been led to take a renewed interest in the church.

There is, however, room for much wider support of Scouting on the part of the churches. If the citizen of tomorrow is to be a leader in the church, the church must not fail him now. In furnishing the right sort of leadership to the Boy Scouts of America, the church will fulfill a great trust.

I urgently advise our pastors to make a thorough and immediate study of the Boy Scout Movement in conjunction with the work of their churches, not only on account of the wonderful record of the Scout Movement, but also to interest the churches in providing Christian leadership with a live successful program for their boys.

AN OPEN LETTER ON THE SABBATH

To a friend in the ministry.

DEAR BROTHER: You no doubt remember the conversation we had upon this subject a few years ago when you said you had never given the matter any careful study. That, having been educated for the ministry in the M. E. Church, you had never had occasion to question their position on the subject. You also said that you now purposed taking up a careful study of it. You also remember, no doubt, my suggestion and warning not to do it *unless* you were sure that you were strong enough to follow the dictates of conscience wherever it might lead. Feeling sure that an honest investigation of it would lead you to accept the Sabbath of Christ, and believing that your faith in God would be sufficient, I cherished the hope that you would have the courage to give it careful study.

The fear of losing your old friends and associates in religious work may have deterred you. Possibly you even feared that you would not be strong enough to follow the dictates of conscience and concluded it best to leave it alone. In the face of the light you have already had upon the subject, do you not find it "hard to kick against the pricks"? Would it not be better to follow Paul's example and forsake the false doctrines and teachings of the church and stand up boldly for Christ and the teaching of the Bible? Paul did not fear the persecution of the church, which he knew was sure to follow. Take courage and follow his example. Possibly you have not given the subject that careful consideration you had hoped to do. That feeling which is akin to fear may have prevented. I know it would be hard for you to break away from the traditions of the church. I presume Paul had the same difficulty.

The study of the Sabbath from the Bible standpoint reveals the fact that Sunday observance rests solely upon tradition, that is, in so far as it pertains to the Christian church. But when considered from a secular standpoint it is found to have other foundation than tradition. History reveals that it had its origin in pagan worship of the sun. Its present name points to its origin. History also shows that Sunday

was brought into the Romish church early in the second century or late in the first, merely as a sop to the pagan world. Of course, you do not realize that in the observance of Sunday you are doing homage to Baal, although you certainly are. Thus you break, not only the Fourth Commandment, but also the second. You are thus perpetuating the memory of Baal and sun worship, instead of refreshing the memory on Jehovah and his Christ by keeping holy the day that was blessed and sanctified for that purpose.

I have written thus plainly that I might arrest your attention and direct your thoughts to a more careful study of the subject. If you wish to renew your study of the question, first read once more the twentieth chapter of Exodus, then Matthew 5: 17, 18, 19, and James 2: 10. If you wish to examine farther, both pro and con, write to the SABBATH RECORDER for Sabbath literature.

Your friend and brother,

T. C. DAVIS.

Alva, Florida.

LINCOLN NO FRIEND OF WHISKEY

THE liquor dealers are always hurling awkward boomerangs in their own defense, and don't seem even to have sense enough to know when an argument whirls around and hits back. They pick it up and throw it viciously again. Thus they continue their bungling efforts to use Abraham Lincoln's name as a "card" for their business. Their alcoholized stupidity isn't capable of realizing that every mention of the greatest American in that degrading connection exasperates against them a hundred times as many people as it could possibly incline toward them.

Such would be the effect even if their claim of Lincoln's once having been a saloon keeper were true. But the very document which they circulate to connect him with the business shows that the license taken out in 1833 for the sale of liquor in Lincoln's grocery store in New Salem, Illinois, was granted not to the firm but personally to his senior partner, William F. Berry. Berry's drunkenness afterward put the whole business bankrupt, and he ran away from his creditors, leaving Lin-

coln to struggle along for fifteen years paying off the firm's debts out of his personal earnings as surveyor and lawyer.

Perhaps it was this experience with the tipsy runaway, which helped to turn Lincoln's animosity against liquor; more likely he already detested it when he made Berry take out that saloon license individually; but whatever he may have thought about the whiskey trade when he lived in New Salem, it is perfectly well known that in his mature later years at Springfield he was a vehement antagonist of both the sale and the use of intoxicants—and that in a day when there was far less public opinion on the side of temperance than there is now—a-days.

The quotation which the liquor men use as from his lips—"prohibition will work great injury to the cause of temperance"—is one they can not verify by any authority; but Nicolay and Hay's standard biography of the great emancipator is authority for the letter which he wrote in 1842 to George E. Pickett—who twenty-one years later led Pickett's charge at Gettysburg—exhorting that young man to "recruit for the victory" which would "proclaim that there is not one slave or one drunkard on the face of God's green earth." So no matter what Lincoln thought or did in 1833, this shows that less than ten years later he was passionately persuaded that slavery and intemperance were curses to be fought with equal relentlessness.

And that he continued of the same opinion to the very hour of his death we know from Major Merwin's testimony, who tells how on the day before his assassination the noble President said that with slavery conquered, intemperance was the next evil which America must abolish. To try now to array Lincoln's hallowed figure in the defense line of the business which he so thoroughly hated is veritable sacrilege.—*From the Continent, by permission.*

Everything that the Young Women's Christian Association is doing for white women, it is also doing for colored women. It is among the first of all organizations to recognize the valuable contributions the colored race made toward winning the war, and is making in times of peace to industry. *War Work Council.*

FROM ONE OF MRS. WARDNER'S CLASS

Editor SABBATH RECORDER,
Plainfield, N. J.

DEAR SIR: Have just finished reading an article in the January number, written by Mrs. Martha H. Wardner, and I want to tell you that "The Deborah Class" was a wonderful class, and I for one, received more benefit from that class in the ten months while I lived in La Porte than I have in more than twice that length of time since. But the secret of the success of the class was the beautiful life of its teacher.

It was my great privilege to live in the next apartment to Mrs. Wardner. And through her every day simple but beautiful life I received many inspirations, for Mrs. Wardner lived the life of which she talked to us about in the class.

Many times the teaching of the class or these semiannual socials would tax her strength to the utmost, but she smiled as we would talk it over although her body was aching.

She was loved by every one who knew her in La Porte and I know wherever she might be, it would be the same. For to know her is to love her.

The reading of her article brought back many happy memories and I wish all who read that article could feel the heart throbs of the most lovable teacher.

Thanking you for your time and patience.
By a former member of Deborah Class.
MRS. A. C. WEBER,

342 So. Pierce St.,
Lima, Ohio,
February 4, 1919.

AT CHATEAU THIERRY

Instead of the gray-green legions that not so long ago poured into Chateau Thierry, there is a different army fast occupying the famous little French town. The American Red Cross, that practical institution, is shipping ducks, chickens and rabbits into the "shell shocked" city that is fast returning to normal life. Barn yards, whose population had been evacuated along with other refugees, are once more lively. Cheerful and significant "cackles" greet the French housewife and chanticleer once more summons the rosy dawn.—*Red Cross Bulletin.*

MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

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

A LETTER FROM CHINA

Rev. Edwin Shaw,
Plainfield, N. J.

DEAR BROTHER: I had the privilege of reading your letter to the Mission when Mrs. D. H. Davis called on me yesterday, and I take this first time I have been allowed to write, to write to you.

I can not remember just what I have written you about coming home. You say Mr. Crofoot had written that I had my passage engaged for December 23, and I did for awhile. But as I found the only at all reasonable way I could go was by Japanese steamer, second class, and that it would cost much more money to go down to San Francisco and across the continent that way than by a northern route, I decided not to leave for America till in the spring when I could go the northern route all the way, without so much discomfort to myself and those with me. You know I expect to bring my girl E-ling, and I may possibly bring another girl to study nursing. Nothing is certain these days about steamers. Suffice it to say I hope to come in the spring or early summer, and my plan is to go straight to Milton, get rooms and get settled and be there ready for school in the fall. It seems to me now that Mr. Crofoot, Dr. Crandall and Miss West have been so recently over the ground, I might "stay put" for a while and not go around preaching.

I am so sorry the boat on which Dr. Crandall had engaged passage was taken off. Sorry for the extra expense it will make and for the delay in her return.

I suppose some one has written of my sudden illness and emergency operation while here in Shanghai on a visit. Fortunate I was here if it had to be. The doctor found a part of the intestine almost black with venous stasis, which cleared up as they handled it, and a septic gall-bladder, which they opened and drained as in operation for gall stone. That was twenty-two days ago. Today I am sitting up and walking about some, and tomorrow I ex-

pect to go to Miss Burdick's to occupy Miss West's room till I am able to go to Lieu-oo. When Dr. Crandall comes I expect to come in to Shanghai, help a little about the school work, and take things a little easy till I leave for America. Just now Dr. Bessie is having to hold the fort alone, I am sorry to say, but it is only one of the experiences we are "in for" in China.

Love to Mrs. Shaw.

Sincerely yours,

ROSA PALMBORG.

Red Cross General Hospital,
Shanghai, China,
December 19, 1918.

THE SABBATH FOR MAN

R. G. DAVIS

The Saints of God should each observe
The Sabbath he provides,
And let it's royal truth be known
Wherever man abides.

The law includes the Sabbath-rest,
That men may truly know;
And rightly keep God's holy day
While toiling here below.

It waits in this our gospel age,
Allegiance to secure,
And keeps the eyes of erring men
On treasures that endure.

Jehovah blest the day for all
Who dwell beneath the sun;
A respite from the cares of earth
Till future joys are won.

Vain are the efforts to revoke
The Sabbath made for man,
Why should a mortal thus attempt
Whose life is but a span?

The Fourth Command is not for men
To change or disapprove,
The Sabbath from its lawful place
No earthly power can move.

God's moral precepts each belong
To his unchanging plan,
They constitute a perfect law
To guide the steps of man.

"There are one hundred thousand women in Washington who live in other women's homes. Some are forced to live, six or seven, in one room. The Young Women's Christian Association is furnishing homes for hundreds of these girls at a nominal price."

Only he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of others.—*Phillips Brooks.*

SOME SOLDIER LETTERS

Extracts from a letter written by Frank A. Langworthy, of Plainfield, N. J., to his wife, dated January 11, 1919.

I wrote you that I would probably be out of Paris for awhile on a trip. Well, I've been and returned, and had one of the most enjoyable experiences I have had since leaving home last August.

I drove a Ford (Y. M. C. A. car) up to Brussels to take a young man, Joseph Hotermans; to his home there, to look up his parents, brothers, sisters and friends, and to see how they were faring since the armistice was signed and the Germans had cleared out of the city. You see, Joe (as I will speak of him) is a Belgian. He is thirty years old. He served in the Belgian army and was seriously injured in 1915, shot through the left lung and received such a wound in his head from shrapnel that it was necessary to use a silver plate. After spending several months in the hospital he was discharged from service and has been with the Y. M. C. A. in the office at garage No. 1 for nearly a year, I believe. Owing to the fact that he has done a great deal there in looking after business, and as interpreter (the Belgians speak French, except that in some parts of Belgium there is more or less Flemish mixed with the language), the "Y" gave him the use of a car to go and take things to his people. These things, mostly eatables, he has been getting together ever since the armistice was signed, and he had a nice lot of them, about five-hundred pounds, I should think. I was asked to go as driver because Joe has never driven much, and besides he doesn't have good enough health to make the trip alone. As it turned out, I drove every one of the 500 kilometers (about 310 or 325 miles) both ways because Joe didn't care to drive at all, and really wasn't well enough to.

We left the garage New Year's morning at 6.30. A French driver piloted us out of the city by way of the Rue St. Denis and we headed in the direction of the war zone. A direct line would have taken us through many of the now prominent-in-history battle fields, but we made plans to go out of our way so as to see more of the effects of "German Kultur" on the northern part of France. At 9 o'clock we were in a fairly

good-sized town, I can't remember whether it was Chantilly or Senlis. It showed the effects of considerable bombing, several houses having been blown to pieces, also the main bridge across a tributary of the Oise river. We crossed on a temporary bridge. But the thing that interested me most was the ringing of the chimes on the old cathedral which hadn't received a scratch. The chimes were beautiful and I couldn't help thinking how, all over France that New Year's Day, the bells from the churches and cathedrals were ringing out the old year and ringing in the new with tones of joy and meaning that France had never known before. Because this is the beginning of a new age of world peace and liberty, we believe that murder and such wreckage of property as we saw that day, will not or can not again be imposed by one nation on another.

We went through Campiègne to Roye; here we had to fill the radiator. The town was all shot to pieces and hardly any one around. Finally we met a man and inquired where we could get water. He took us to a building, which we noticed by a sign in the back yard used to be the "Hotel du Nord." In a shed near by was a large hand-wheel pump which was in working order. We filled the radiator, put extra gas in the tank and fixed up the car for the next run. As it was nearly noon, we got out our lunch and went into one of the buildings to see if we could find a place to sit down. "Nothing doing," so we laid our things on a window sill and ate our lunch as we walked around to see what kind of pranks the shells had cut up in striking the buildings.

It was a dandy day to drive, cool, with a cold wind at times, but not freezing. Some cloudy, but all the time the sun made you think it was just about to come through. We were thankful it wasn't raining for it had rained for several days previous.

From Roye we went through Chaulnes to Péronne. Here we turned to the right and went out nearly to St. Quentin, then swung back through Cambrai. On all of this stretch the country all around was a continual scene of destruction, wreckage and munitions of war. The roads were wretched, as they were full of small shell

holes, all large ones were filled. I think we must have driven at least two kilometers on what the British call the "sleeper-track." This was made of planks about four inches thick and twelve feet long. The road was two plank lengths in width, making it about 24 feet wide, was well laid and I rather enjoyed it because it gave me a better chance to look around and see the country. This was built over roads that had been literally shot to pieces. Farther on, before coming to Cambrai we met six British tanks in motion on this road, going toward St. Quentin. At one place we could just squeeze the little "flivver" by and you can imagine my interest as we watched them creep by us. A little farther on, we saw a battery of about sixty over in a field, just as they were left at the time the armistice was signed, and in many a place I saw one hung up in some hard spot to get over, and "Fritzie" had gotten the range and put it out of commission and there it was stuck, waiting for the "salvaging brigade." We of the saddest sights along the way was that of the graves of the English and American boys who had fallen in the battles. There were hundreds of German graves, too. At the top of one of the small rolling hills, I saw one lone grave and on the wooden cross was an American boy's helmet. I couldn't help thinking how much some father and mother would like to be as near as I and visit that grave.

From Cambrai we went to Valenciennes, arriving at 6 o'clock, one hour after dark. We stopped at a British truck station, filled up with gasoline, then went on into the city to see what the chances were of staying all night. At the British officers' club we were told that there wasn't a place in the whole town, that we couldn't get a bed for 50 francs (\$10.00) for the night. Instead of being able to stay we had at least twenty refugees ask us for a ride to the next town. We pulled up in front of a light, got out our lunch bag and had our "supper," then went on toward Mons. Joe didn't mind it, he was going home and was willing to ride all night, but I was getting rather tired, as I had hung to the wheel all day.

We drove on until 11 o'clock, turned across some railroad tracks that seemed to be the beaten path, but being somewhat in

doubt and spying a light in a small railroad station, I told Joe to go in and inquire the way and see whether there was any place in the town where we could stay all night. It was beginning to rain now, a cold, nasty rain, the wind shield was blurred, lights poor and I felt as though I had gone the limit. You can just picture my joy when Joe came out and told me to head the car up to the steps of the little station, bring in our things and stay all night. We took our suit cases and blankets, put all the curtains on the car, and went into the station. The keeper was a Belgian, about fifty years old, and one of the most kind-hearted men you could ask for. It just did you good to look into his face. He had a nice coal fire and one electric light. He set some chairs up by the fire, had us take off our shoes and put on some wooden shoes or slippers that he had under a bench. Then he brought in a bench the same height as the station seat, placed them side by side, put our blankets on, fixed up coats and sweaters for pillows and put us to bed, and I tell you it gave us a kind of a "comfy" feeling, when we heard the rain beating against that little station, to think we were warm and cozy inside, and had a chance to get a little sleep before making the final run to Brussels.

I got up at 5 a. m., cleaned the sparkplug and got the car in order while Joe and "Monsieur" packed up our things. We were headed in the wrong direction the night before, so our friend went with us for a ways and piloted us out of Mons. It was now 6 o'clock and still raining some, but at daylight, 7.30, it had stopped entirely. At 9 a. m. it had cleared entirely and was more like a day in spring than winter. All the ride from here in was through beautiful country. The road was wide, practically straight, with a row of big trees on each side for miles before getting into Brussels. The country on either side was rolling, no steep grades or hills in sight, and the grass was a beautiful green. I never will forget that morning. I told Joe that little story, how, after the storm on the ocean during the night, when all on board thought they were lost, the captain's little daughter, with a few words inspired hope and confidence in all and "they kissed the little maiden and spoke in better cheer, and

landed safe in harbor when the morn was shining clear." He thought it was fine. He speaks very good English and of course we preferred that to talking French. I could explain, but will not take the time.

Several times Joe said to me on the way up, "I believe I will die of joy when I see my mother and father"; and oh, he was such a happy fellow when we struck the city, as he piloted me to his home. He hadn't seen the folks for over four years and only one or two letters had passed between them since the armistice. Arriving at the house Joe clutched me by the arm until I could hardly drive. He jumped out, rapped on the window for them to unlock the door. I was going to stay with the car until after the meeting, but Joe insisted on my coming right in. Well, that greeting between that mother and son, and those sisters and brother, would bring tears out of a cast-iron man.

After a somewhat jumbled Belgian-American introduction, I went back to the car to unload our things. The girls followed me right out. One of them, "Elza," was good-sized, strong and not afraid to work, and helped me carry in Joe's three boxes, none of them weighing less than a hundred and twenty-five pounds. Joe was the happiest fellow you ever saw. This was the climax for him, he was very tired and we didn't let him do anything hard. We put the car in the barn of the people next door, then went in the house to wash up, and get an afternoon's rest. I was very tired, too,—only two and a half hour's sleep in twenty-four.

The interesting part of this whole trip was that everything was a continual surprise to me. My preparations were made on short notice and I had but little idea of my part except that I was to be the driver. I found them to be a family of culture and refinement, with a fine home. Mr. Hotermans had been a man of much means previous to the German invasion, but had lost his business and a great deal of money. He is short and rather thick-set, good natured and very generous-hearted. Mrs. Hotermans is tall and rather spare and has a noble face. A whole story is expressed by her features, part of which is a story of over four years of Bosche rule without

knowing what was coming next, yet not a trace of ill-feeling or hatred for the Hun. I was really much impressed by her nobility of character. William is a fine looking fellow, strong and well built, a little over eighteen years old. He reminded me a little bit of Robert Spicer. He is the youngest. Next older is "Elza" (Elizabeth) twenty years old and then Harriet about twenty-two. They are all fine looking, bright and well educated. There are two other brothers, one married and living in Brussels, and one in England at present, for his health. He has lung trouble from a wound received in the war.

Well, you should have seen Mrs. Hotermans, Elza and Harriet *do things* to help Joe and me get cleaned up and made comfortable. You would have laughed to see one on either side taking off my puttees and heavy shoes. They brought some slippers for me, had me take off my coat and put on my sweater, and combed my hair. I surprised Joe by being able to speak quite a little French, and told the girls that you knit my sweater, also socks. I just received the pair you sent for Christmas, the day before. Every one admired the sweater.

They were all delighted because I was an American and just did everything they could to make it pleasant for me as well as their brother Joe. I kept telling them not to put themselves out so much, but they told me over and over that nothing was too good for the Americans. We had a light lunch and then I was shown up to my room and went to bed for the rest of the afternoon. I learned afterwards that the girls gave up their own room for me. They had six or seven bed-rooms, but the Germans had taken all their mattresses and they had been able to replace only a few of them. The Germans, during their occupancy of Brussels, took all the brass doorknobs and all brass pieces they could get their hands on, also woolen goods, clothes, blankets, etc.

At five o'clock I got up, went down stairs and met Mr. Hotermans and William, also a sister of Mr. Hotermans. We sat down to dinner at 6.30. They were all happy because Joe was home, and being very kind-hearted and hospitable people, I don't know

when I have enjoyed anything more than that first meal with them. One thing that touched me deeply was when they all rose to their feet, and in the French and Belgian custom expressed their wishes for the good health of my "bonne femme dans Amareek" (my good wife in America). They thought of you more than once and I have several little things the girls gave me for you.

The next evening we were all invited to Mr. Hotermans' sister's home at No. 10 Michel St. Ange. She is a maiden lady, very well to do and has a really *grand* home. She could speak good English and we had an excellent visit. Joe's oldest brother and wife were invited, too. This was a 5 o'clock tea. After that we had a little entertainment, music, readings, visiting, etc. Joe's brother Nicholas is a very accomplished violinist, his wife a fine singer and pianist. Harriet is a nice soprano singer. Elza and Joe are good "readers," and as they all performed, you can see that we were well entertained for the evening. I had the worst touch of homesickness I have had since leaving. It was such a fine home-gathering, a real home atmosphere; *all* my friends, but not *one* of the dear familiar faces of our little gatherings in Plainfield.

The third day we spent in sight-seeing around Brussels and calling on Joe's old friends. That evening after dinner, the young folks and I had a regular time. I started it by going out to the kitchen and offering to help the girls wipe the dishes. At first they didn't want me to, then all of a sudden, Harriet took off her apron which was trimmed with the "Stars and Stripes," and said, 'twas just the thing for me to do. After that, William brought out some games and we had a *regular home* time. Mrs. Hotermans told me I was her son while there, and I was proud of the adoption for she is one of the finest mothers I ever met. They took me in as one of the family and it seemed strange to me so many times, to think of being there in that Belgian home and having such a royal good time.

The last day of our stay, Sunday, a fine dinner and time was planned for the evening. Some friends, Arthur Desguin and wife, were invited and at the table I was nicknamed President Wilson. Then, as

Desguin could speak a good deal of English, we called him King George V, and passed the titles around until each had one, and such a time as we had. One laughable incident happened which I will never forget. Of course, I do not *always* understand *all* French that is spoken, and it seems that the girls made the remark that they were going to America to see the greatest country in the world, and, maybe marry American fellows, because they believed they were the finest of all, etc. Having a keen sense of my responsibility as "President Wilson," I said to "King George V," "Would your Royal Highness please tell these fair daughters of Belgium that the same thing is true of our land as of others; that we have the good and the bad, and that I would advise them to look for the very best, as the best is none too good for Monsieur Hotermans' daughters." Almost as quickly as you could say it, they were on their feet, with glasses high in air, shouting, "Vive 1 'Monsieur 'Fronk,' Vive 1 'Monsieur 'Fronk'." It seems I made a hit without suspecting it until afterwards.

We retired early that night and were up at four next morning to start on our trip back to Paris. In the hall, just before leaving, Mrs. Hotermans came to me, touched me on the forehead with the forefinger, then crossed me over the heart, and told me it was a prayer for our safe journey back to Paris. I accepted it in the spirit given, thanked her profoundly, put my arms around her neck and gave her the French kiss. She is a noble character. Then the whole family bade us "good-by" with expressions of good wishes for our trip and sorrow at our early departure. We left them at 5.30 a. m., we stopped at Palais Hotel and picked up a U. S. army chaplain who asked the day before for a ride to Paris. We rode all day, at 10 o'clock that night we were 66 kilometers from Paris, and by the time we had found our way through those measley crooked streets of those little French towns, it was 2.30 a. m. next morning when the bright lights of my present home city showed up, and, believe me, it was a joy next to what it will be to see again the dear old City of New York.

DETAILS OF CARROLL WEST'S BRAVERY

Two letters published in the *Journal-Telephone*, Milton Junction, Wis.

A friend of Carroll West recently received the following letters which will be of interest to his many friends among our readers. They were written in France December 6, 1918.

"Your letter to Lieutenant Woods, that Carroll West died of wounds, made me feel rather sad at heart. Although a soldier, and having witnessed many horrible sights, the thought of one passing from this world who has fought by your side, a brave and fearless soldier, well, it just tightens the strings around your heart. Perhaps the story of how Carroll met with his wound would be of interest. Our company orders were to attack with the attacking battalion. Sergeant West was on my platoon which protected the left front of the attack. Our attack of September 30th was successful and Sergeant West's work with his section was highly commended.

"On October 2nd in front of the Bois de Agons the Bosche attempted a counter attack on our position. We were directly behind the front line infantry positions. I directed Sergeant West to take a section, which comprises two guns, and protect the right, while I would be on the left. It was while stopping this attack and sending them running to the rear that he was wounded. I saw him carried to the rear, but never received notice of his death.

"Sergeant West made many friends in the company. He was quick to learn and mastered the knowledge necessary to a good machine gunner's sergeant. Had the war been of longer duration and he had not been wounded, he would have been recommended to attend the officers' school here in France. He recently was recommended for distinguished service, which has been forwarded to the adjutant general of the Army of the American Expeditionary Forces.

"If his personal belongings can be found, will see that they are forwarded to his parents. Extend to them for me just one little statement, 'Glad to have known him.'

"Sincerely yours,
ELI D. BERNHEIM,
"1st. Lieut. 12th M.Gn. Bn."

"Your inquiry regarding Sergeant West reached me on the march, and I'm replying immediately with the only means at hand, as I know how much you must long to hear some intimate details regarding him. First, let me say that your letter contained the first information concerning him since his evacuation from the battle field.

"He was wounded in an action in which you well may be proud to have had him take part in. Our company was on the left bank of the Meuse River, just north of Verdun, and had attacked a few days previous from those famous scenes of French glory, 'Le Mort Homme' and Hill 304. We had gained about 7 kilometers and were just northeast of Montfaucon, a blasted city between the Meuse and the Aisne Rivers. Our division was a kilometer in advance of any division on our right or left and our company of machine guns were with the front line infantry on the left flank. The position was one of the most important ones in the whole line, and we were opposed by some of the picked divisions of the German army.

"On the 2nd of October there was a German counter attack started and Carroll West's guns were ordered forward. He was not, under my direct command at the time, being in Lieutenant Bernheim's platoon, but from his account, his wounding was of the kind an American could be proud of. As he was leading his section forward he was met by a hail of machine gun fire, one of the bullets striking him under the left arm. I was in hopes that the ball had not found a vital spot, but from your letter it must have been so.

"I am writing you details exactly as related to me, believing from the courageous tone of your letter that you prefer the truth, and if there are any other things that I can add or do at any time, you may write me as a friend of Carroll West's which privilege I might have had, had opportunity offered.

"Sincerely yours,
"EVERETT D. WOODS,
"1st Lieut. 12th M. G. Bn."

Something each day—a deed
Of kindness and of good,
To link in closer bonds
All human brotherhood.

—Cooper.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

For all time to come we should perpetuate for our children's children that great and free government which we have enjoyed all our lives. It is for this the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birth-right.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

AMERICA'S PROSPERITY

They tell me thou art rich, my country: gold
In glittering flood has poured into thy chest;
Thy flocks and herds increase, thy barns are
pressed

With harvest, and thy stores can hardly hold
Their merchandise; unending trains are rolled
Along thy network rails of East and West;
Thy factories and forges never rest;
Thou art enriched in all things bought and sold!
But dost thou prosper? Better news I crave.
O dearest country, is it well with thee
Indeed, and is thy soul in health?
A nobler people, hearts more wisely brave,
And thoughts that lift men Godward, make
them free—

These are prosperity and vital wealth!
—*Rev. Henry van Dyke, D. D.*

ONE MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY MESSAGE**A Ratification Story**

On the top floor of an apartment house in a city on the Atlantic coast, two women stood at a window looking out over the sea. The elder was regally beautiful, the younger dainty and bewitching. Both seemed lost in thought as they gazed upon the expanse of water and the passing ships. Suddenly lights flashed and the younger woman spoke:

"O mother, see, they are all gleaming. How beautiful they are. I don't wonder that you have always loved the lights along the shore. Father often told me how you felt about them."

"Yes, Margaret, the lighthouses have always meant much to me. When I was a small girl I used to go to a hill near our old home in the little village not far from the coast, and watch for the coming of the lights. They seemed like stars close by—like friendly stars, if they were small, always twinkling with cheer, and beaconing with strength if they were the great lights.

I came naturally enough by my affection for them, for my mother regarded them with intense love. We often stood together as you and I stand tonight, gazing out to sea, as she told me that the shining lights stood for protection—that they were protection. She loved the whole world and whatever protected humanity from disaster, found a warm place in her heart. That is why she was, from its beginning, a worker and a leader in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. That is why she labored for prohibition. She knew that just as these shining lights along our coast protect the sailors from danger and death on the rugged rocks, prohibition safeguards voyagers on life's sea."

"Yes, mother, I understand what you mean, and isn't it wonderful that so many States have the prohibition lighthouses and that soon we shall see the great illumination of national prohibition?"

"Margaret, it is almost beyond belief that our dreams are coming true. My one regret is that I can not do more and greater things to help."

"Why, mother, how could one do more than you? All your life you have worked for this, you know you have—outside your home as well as with your children, who are truly brought up in the faith. Some of us are young folk yet, and can not do much, but some are voters, and they will do their part in this protective struggle. Mother, mother, tears are in your eyes. What is the matter? Are you not sure that all your children are on the side of prohibition?"

"Margaret, darling, I wish I knew. Perhaps I am moody and over-anxious, but I am wondering just how far your brother John will feel he is called to help. You know he is a power in affairs in his adopted State. Although that State is 'wet,' we hope it will ratify the prohibition amendment. I have greatly wished that my son might lead our forces there to victory, but he has not yet told me what he means to do, and somehow I wonder why. Tomorrow is his birthday—and mine, and tonight I have been thinking of that other night years ago—the night before my first son was born. I looked out at my friends, the lighthouses, as they sent forth their protecting beams, and with tender thoughts of the coming child, I prayed that he might be one who

would serve his fellow-men. I believe this is my son's great opportunity for service and I pray that he may not let it pass."

For a while neither spoke again, but looked long out to sea and at the shining lights.

That night a young girl's message sped to a good man whose decision was nearly made to support a great cause and yet he still hesitated.

The man read the message with wet eyes.

"Yes, tomorrow is her birthday, dear radiant soul! I wanted to send her something more intimate and personal than the costly gift I often bestow, and now I know what it shall be. My mother's eyes, with their prophetic vision, see what men of worldly ambitions fail to note. She is right, always, and I am glad that while she is still on earth I can show my love and willingness to follow her."

The next morning the mother read with joy her birthday message: "How far the light has shone. I'll work for ratification in this State."

And she was satisfied.—Union Signal.

I NEED MY CHILD, YET HE IS THINE

I love my child; I do not want to spare him yet To go and live beyond the skies, e'en tho' it is a blessed place,

The most sublime promotion he could have; It may be selfishness, but I would keep him here for many years.

I need him so, and I believe the world has need of his rare gifts,

Our home would be a dismal place without his springy step and cheery smile;

And tho' he may be many miles away from home across the sea,—

Yet still he's mine, and I await the day for his return.

If he is called from earth I can not hope for his return,

But I can go to him, tho' it may be, oh, many weary years.

I know, dear Lord, that he is thine—that thy right is supreme,

And I must say, tho' heart may break, "O Lord, thy will be done."

—Angeline Abbey, in Glencoe Enterprise.

I try to increase the power God has given me to see the best in everything and every one, and make that best a part of my life. To what is good I open the doors of my being, and jealously shut them against what is bad.—Helen Keller.

TRACT SOCIETY—TREASURER'S REPORT

For quarter ending December 31, 1918

Table with columns for Dr. and Cr. entries, including items like 'Balance cash on hand, October 1', 'Contributions for Debt', and 'Cash paid out as follows'.

Table listing financial entries such as 'G. H. Schneider & Co., 1917 taxes', 'Publishing House Expenses', and 'Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps'.

E. & O. E., January 6, 1919.

F. J. Hubbard, Treasurer.

Examined, compared with books and vouchers and found correct.

Asa F. Randolph, O. B. Whitford, D.D.S., Auditors.

January, 1919.

Receipts for October, 1918

Table listing receipts for October 1918, including 'Contributions: T. A. Saunders, Milton, Wis.', 'General Fund', and 'Income from Invested Funds'.

Table listing receipts for November 1918, including 'Contributions: H. D. Clarke, Battle Creek, Mich.', 'Electra A. Potter Bequest', and 'Publishing House Receipts'.

Receipts for November, 1918

Table listing receipts for December 1918, including 'Contributions: Mrs. Sarah Spooner, Brookfield, N. Y.', 'Miss Eva Langworthy, Brookfield, N. Y.', and 'Publishing House Receipts'.

Mrs. Mary L. Lewis, Mayfield, N. Y.	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Crandall, New Auburn, Wis.	1 00
Dr. W. H. Tassell, White Mills, Pa.	13 00
Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Waldo, Venango, Pa.	2 95
Lucia M. Waldo, Venango, Pa.	1 00
Rev. O. S. Mills, Battle Creek, Mich.	3 00
A Friend, Lowville, N. Y.	20 00
Maitilda M. Lanphear, Proberta, Cal.	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Richmond, Proberta, Cal.	12 00
Mrs. E. D. Richmond, Proberta, Cal.	1 00
Mrs. Susan Loofboro, Milton, Wis.	8 00
Dr. Rosa Palmborg, Lieu-oo, China	10 00
M. Louisa Davis, Jackson Center, Ohio, debt	5 00
S. G. Burdick, Cuba, N. Y., debt	10 00
D. S. Allen, Port Lavaca, Tex., L. S. K.	10 00
Mrs. Morgan R. Smalley, Shiloh, N. J.	1 50
George P. Kenyon, Shinglehouse, Pa.	9 00
G. W. Lanphear and wife, Milton, Wis.	3 00
"China"	10 00
Dr. L. M. Babcock, Milton, Wis.	10 00
Christen Swendsen, Viborg, S. D.	50 00
E. D. Davis, White Cloud, Mich.	2 50
Mrs. Ada V. Saunders, Fouke, Ark, Denominational Building	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Crandall, Holtville, Cal.	50 00
Phoebe E. Phillips, Utica, N. Y., Thanksgiving offering	1 00
Alice A. Peckham, Watson, N. Y., Thanksgiving offering	1 00
Mrs. Elmer Kemp, Augusta, Ga., Thanksgiving offering	6 00
Miss Margaret Burdick, Milton Junction, Wis., Thanksgiving offering	5 00
Mrs. Franklin Fitz Randolph, New Milton, W. Va., Thanksgiving offering	3 50
Mrs. R. E. Loofboro, New Auburn, Wis., Marie Jansz	1 00
James Van Ameyden, Syracuse, N. Y., Denominational Building	50 00
C. C. Babcock, Riverside, Cal., Thanksgiving offering	25 00
Gillette F. Randolph, Clarksburg, W. Va., Denominational Building	50 00
R. C. Burdick, Plainfield, N. J., Denominational Building	50 00
Ladies' Aid Society, Friendship, N. Y., Church, Denominational Building	50 00
Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Thorngate, North Loup, Neb., Denominational Building	50 00
Mrs. Nellie E. Black, North Loup, Neb., Denominational Building	100 00
First Brookfield, N. Y., (Leonardsville) Church	11 30
Plainfield, N. J., Church	29 47
Plainfield, N. J., Church, Thanksgiving offering	30 00
First Alfred, (Alfred, N. Y.) Thanksgiving offering	73 42
Second Westerly, (Bradford, R. I.) Church, Thanksgiving offering	23 72
Salem, W. Va., Church, Thanksgiving offering	103 50
Hammond, La., Church, Thanksgiving offering	6 50
Dodge Center, Minn., Sabbath School	4 57
Pawcatuck, (Westerly, R. I.), Church	122 47
Gentry, Ark., Church	2 55
Members Lost Creek, W. Va., Church	53 00
North Loup, Neb., Church	38 80
George B. Shaw, Thanksgiving offering, Sunday services in the field	16 88
Farnam, Neb., Church, General Fund	20 00
Farnam, Neb., Church, Marie Jansz	5 00
Waterford, Conn., Church	3 00
Berlin, N. Y., Sabbath School	5 00
Walworth, Wis., Church, debt	10 00
First Syracuse, N. Y., Church	2 50
Second Brookfield (Brookfield, N. Y.) Church	7 00
Collections Yearly Meeting, New York, New Jersey, Berlin, N. Y., churches	11 46

Publishing House Receipts:	
"Recorder"	587 30
"Visitor"	84 83
"Helping Hand"	120 24
Tracts	3 65
"Junior Quarterly"	27 74
	\$2,048 35

THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

LOIS R. FAY

The ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment (the so-called Prohibition Amendment) by the required number of States to make it a law of the land, is a triumph that merits hallelujahs and songs of praise. Who would have thought that the opinions of a few despised prohibitionists a score and more years ago would become such a mighty irresistible influence! It has been accomplished, "not by might, nor by [earthly] power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

This is the Spirit which wins. It will win for the Sabbath as certainly as it has for temperance. We can not see ahead how it is to be accomplished. We feel weak, and powerless, as we look at the great billows of Sabbath desecration surging over the land. In numbers we who believe in the Sabbath of Jehovah are as few as prohibitionists once were, apparently a minority, but actually—when working in harmony with divine spirit—even one is a majority. Let renewed courage arise, to continue steadfast and persevering in the struggle for the right observance of the Sabbath, the day Jehovah made for man. The times of reconstruction are also times for reformation, and the present is an open door of opportunity which all should prayerfully enter, through the guidance of the Spirit of the Lord of Hosts.

Sabbath School. Lesson IX—Mar. 1, 1919

THE REPORT OF THE SPIES. Numb. 13: 1-14: 38.
Golden Text.—"This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith." 1 John 5: 4.

DAILY READINGS

Feb. 23—Numb. 13: 17-25. The Spies Sent Out.
Feb. 24—Numb. 13: 26-33. The Report of the Spies.
Feb. 25—Numb. 14: 1-10. Why Israel Failed.
Feb. 26—Heb. 4: 1-7. Shut Out by Unbelief.
Feb. 27—Ps. 46. Our Refuge and Strength.
Feb. 28—1 John 5: 1-12. Victory Through Faith.
Mar. 1—Rom. 8: 31-39. More Than Conquerors.

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*.)

WHAT'S COMING?
SABBATH RECORDER RALLY SERVICES

When?

Second Sabbath in April—12th. Mark your Calendar.

Where?

In all the churches, groups and homes of L. S. K's of the Denomination.

How?

Beginning with the Friday night prayer service, you are to pray for an awakened interest in the *Sabbath Recorder* among Seventh Day Baptists.

Then

Sabbath morning your pastor will preach a sermon that will arouse your interest and increase your appreciation of your denominational paper to a degree that will make you determined to never be without it in your home.

In the Afternoon

The young people will have something to say about the *Recorder* that will be interesting and instructive.

What Next?

By this time you will be ready for what will follow in the next few days. A committee of young people will call upon you for your subscriptions for the *Sabbath Recorder*—the most valuable paper that you can have in your home. *Don't refuse.*

OUR OBJECTIVE

THE SABBATH RECORDER IN EVERY SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HOME

ONE THOUSAND SUCH HOMES ARE WITHOUT IT

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

OUR GOAL AND BUDGET

Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength and with a full realization of our responsibility for Christian service we pledge ourselves to the following activities as the least we can do for Christ and the Church.

1. Reconsecration of self to the home church work.
2. Wider interest in and more active support of mission work at home and abroad.
3. Every society doing individual work to win individuals to Christ.
4. Extension of the organization of societies so that there shall be at least one society, Junior, Intermediate or Senior, in every church in the denomination.
5. At least ten per cent increase in membership of each society.
6. At least twenty-five per cent increase in Quiet Hour Comradeship.
7. At least twenty-five per cent increase in membership of Tenth Legion.

The young people's budget for this year is \$1,200.00, divided as follows:

Dr. Palmborg's salary	\$300 00
Fouke School	200 00
Fouke building fund	100 00
Missionary Board	100 00
Tract Society	100 00
General missionary work	175 00
Salem College library fund	75 00
Young People's Board	100 00
Emergency fund	50 00

TOILERS OF JAPAN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
February 22, 1919

- DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Toilers oppressed (Jas. 5: 1-6)
Monday—Toilers protected (Deut. 24: 14, 15)
Tuesday—Servant and master (Eph. 6: 5-9)
Wednesday—A model master (Acts 10: 1-6)
Thursday—A brother in Christ (Philemon)
Friday—Christianity's brotherhood (Matt. 23: 1-12)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Christianity and the toilers of Japan* (Matt. 16-20) (Missionary meeting)

The present topic is the first of a series of missionary topics for this year dealing with what may be termed industrial missions, that is, the relation and application of Christianity to those of non-Christian lands, who must toil for their daily food—whose lives are often made wretched by the ceaseless necessity of grinding toil.

APPLIED CHRISTIANITY

Those who believe and preach and teach Christianity have found that salvation in-

cludes man's body as well as his soul—that the amelioration of the pitiable conditions of his daily life is often the key that unlocks the door to his spiritual life. Christianity is the only thing that can satisfy man's spiritual hunger, but it is first necessary that his stomach should be filled with a reasonable amount of food and that the conditions of his earthly existence be made at least bearable. Christianity does both. It sees to it that man's spiritual life is satisfied, and applies it to his present existence by feeding, clothing and sheltering his body, and by eliminating and preventing those things that have been responsible for man's hurt.

Just as this is being written the newspapers bring the information that relief is well on the way for the stricken people of the Near East, including Armenia. Three fast-sailing ships with cargoes of food, clothing, medical supplies, farming implements and so on are on their way. This is applied Christianity. What the people of these stricken and devastated countries need more than anything else just now are the necessities of life that will make life bearable until they can again re-establish their homes. Then how grateful they will be that Christian America ministered to their needs in the time of utter distress.

TOILERS OF JAPAN

We are told that "thirty-four years ago there were about one hundred and twenty-five modern factories in Japan. At the present time there are at least twenty thousand," while "more than one million men, women and children are working in the mills and factories of modern Japan." The United States alone buys millions of articles, such as tooth brushes, paper napkins, cigarette mouth-pieces, made in these factories.

But again, we are told that "many of these factories are little better than prisons." The workers are compelled to work from twelve to sixteen hours a day, with often not more than five to seven minutes allowed for lunch time, while "lunch is frequently eaten while standing, or without leaving the running machine." "Little girls, scarcely in their teens, must rise every day at four-thirty and work from six in the morning to six in the evening; and, when the pressure of war orders is heavy, up to eight or nine or ten o'clock

at night. Many of the factories are dark, crowded, poorly ventilated, excessively hot; and in the cotton-mills the air is generally filled with tuberculosis-provoking dust." Little provision is made for cleanliness and comfort. Accidents are frequent, due to lack of proper safety devices. Tuberculosis toll is of necessity heavy in all factories. Of course the laborers are underpaid, and that means underfed, with a consequent unbearable existence. "Drunkenness and crime are common among the factory population." The factory law of Japan is characterized as "medieval," so inhuman are its provisions. Not until 1916 was there any factory law at all.

WHAT JAPAN NEEDS

Japan needs the ameliorating and humanizing influence of Christianity on behalf of its toilers.

Here are some of the things that missions are doing for the toilers of Japan.

Note this. "Christian agencies in Japan are alert to the needs of the factory population but find themselves inadequate to the situation.

"Homes for factory girls, close to the factories in which they work, are conducted by the American Board in Matsuyama, the German Evangelical Association and the Canadian Methodists in Tokyo, the Church Missionary Society in Osaka, and the Episcopal Board of Missions in Kumazaya. In these homes, living conditions are ideal.

"The Young Men's Christian Association maintains night schools and employment agencies. Recently the provision of good moving pictures and a lecturer to explain the pictures, has been a useful extension of energy.

"The Salvation Army is doing a large work among the unemployed men, housing, feeding and financing them until they are able to find steady employment. Another piece of their 'Good Samaritan' work is the 'William Booth Sanitarium' on the outskirts of Tokyo, but built for the treatment of tuberculosis patients among the poor.

"Several other missions have tuberculosis sanitariums, and in 1912 the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of Foreigners in Japan was founded as a result of missionary effort.

"A Japanese Christian pastor, Rev. Yosh-

imichi Sugiura, has been the means of placing several hundred 'down-and-outs' on their feet and making them self-supporting and self-respecting citizens in independent businesses."

For further and fuller facts about the toilers of Japan, our Endeavorers are referred to the mission study book, "Ancient Peoples at New Tasks," by Willard Price, to which the editor of the Young People's Department gives credit for the interesting facts above. Some of our societies are using this book in their mission study classes. It contains much interesting and valuable information.

THE TENTH LEGION

For several years our Christian Endeavor goal has included an increase in membership of the Tenth Legion. This year we hope to secure a gain of at least twenty-five per cent. In order to do this we must have more of our Endeavorers acquainted with the origin and purpose of the Tenth Legion.

This tithe-givers' league originated in the New York City Christian Endeavor Union in 1896 through the suggestion of Mr. W. L. Amerman. The plan worked so well in New York that it was soon adopted, and has since been promoted by the United Society of Christian Endeavor. Thus it is a national enrolment, having for its motto: "Render unto God the things that are God's." Membership is not limited to Endeavorers, but is composed of those who are willing to give God the tithe. The name itself is suggestive, bearing reference to Cæsar's famous Tenth Legion, and it implies the great results that may be accomplished by united effort and the inspiration of numbers.

The Jews of the Old Testament, in common with many other ancient nations, were required to set apart at least one-tenth of their income for religious purposes, but that is not the reason for the practice of tithing among Christians of today. The real secret of tithe-paying is the desire to have a standard of generous, systematic giving for definite religious work.

This idea has appealed strongly to thinking men and women the world over. The standard may not be practicable in every case, but should be made a matter of conscience. Statistics show that since 1897

the Tenth Legion has grown at the rate of nearly two hundred members a week. Surely Seventh Day Baptists need the inspiration and fellowship of this band of workers. It is said that personal consecrations means purse-and-all consecration. Endeavorers, have you consecrated your purse?

ETHEL C. ROGERS,
Supt. of Tenth Legion.
Dunellen, N. J.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR CHURCH SPIRIT IN THE VICTORY LOAN

JOHN PRICE JONES, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
OF PUBLICITY

One of the outstanding features of the various Liberty Loan campaigns has been the manner in which they have brought members of different communions into closer contact, and promoted a better and more sympathetic understanding. Church union as a physical merging may or may not have been brought nearer, but there can be no question that all of the churches have shared in the spiritual enrichment of service for high ideals.

The Victory Liberty Loan which will soon be offered should strengthen these bonds. The united work done in days of war must be continued until all of those who have fought abroad for the spread of American ideals have returned to recognize what has been accomplished along the same lines by the organized forces of Christianity in the United States.

Our Government appeals to all true Americans to "finish the job." The spirit of America itself refuses to permit it to be unfinished. But beyond the appeal of the Government and the urge of Americanization is the demand of humanity that every church should work to the utmost for this cause which is in very truth the cause of humanity.

Surely these are the days when we should all stand with our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. We must go even beyond humanity to show that those who have worked unitedly in the cause of humanity have done so under the impulse of revealed religion. The more that is done for the boys who have to be brought home, and for the boys who can

not yet come home because they have their own job to finish, the more definitely and forcefully can we present the gospel of the Prince of Peace to the hundreds of thousands who shall return to America with new cravings for the consolations of the spiritual life.

This is the last of the great popular loans—that is to say, this is the last opportunity for us to use the appeal of our Government as a text for thrift, for service, and in some cases, for the glory of temporary sacrifice.

Let us envisage the possibilities that this opportunity offers, then, having clearly before us the future opening before the churches, let us begin at once to organize, to exhort, to appeal and to pray for the success of the Victory Liberty Loan.

WHO ARE L. S. K'S?

ANGELINE ABBEY, GENERAL SECRETARY

Many most kind, appreciative letters have come from Lone Sabbath Keepers from various parts of the country, in response to the "Message" sent to them early in November. The most of these breathe forth intense interest in all denominational activities, and contain a contribution or the promise of one later, or the assurance that the writer has sent an offering recently to some of our many worthy causes.

Many of those who have written belong to some Seventh Day Baptist church somewhere, and are contributing to that, but wish to help on the Lone Sabbath Keepers' apportionment also. Some are in doubt as to whether they should be numbered with the L. S. K's, as they attend church on the Sabbath a part of the year. Some feel that they are doing all they can to help support the home church, and so wish to have their names dropped from the L. S. K. list because they can not pay through this channel also.

There is no membership fee required to belong to the Lone Sabbath Keepers' Association. We need your name, and we think you need the association, without regard to what you can or can not pay. That is to be a free-will offering. While we believe in, and urge upon all, the practice of tithing, it is left entirely with the conscience of each individual. If the Sabbath-keeper is away from one of our churches for a part of the year teaching,

or at a winter resort, or at a summer resort, or if he lives so far distant that he can not attend the Seventh Day Baptist church regularly, although he may be a church member and may be very much interested,—he is a Lone Sabbath Keeper. The object of the L. S. K. Association is to seek to help and encourage the isolated one in ways of Christian living and to give him an opportunity for systematic, united work for Christ and the Sabbath.

If any one who is many miles from the home church and whose name is not on our L. S. K. list, reads this, will you not please send your name and address to the secretary? Also if you would like a read copy of the RECORDER or know of a friend who would like it, let us know. Friends are waiting and anxious to send the paper to those who do not take it. "One is your Master even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

New Auburn, Minn.,
Jan. 28, 1919.

TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN

Suggestions for mothers; issued by the United States Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., and the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West Fortieth Street, N. Y.

The Real Mother is as Careful to Train Her Child's Character as to Provide for His Physical Wants

ARTICLE XXVI

MISS HARRIET FRANCES CARPENTER

A YOUNG mother recently related an occurrence which had repeated itself on several occasions in her home and which she had found most trying. She said, "My children go and get their clean stockings and tie knots in them in connection with a game they play, and often when I start to dress the children I can't find a single stocking that hasn't been tied tight several times. One hot summer afternoon, I lost patience. 'Anne,' I exclaimed to the eldest, 'Why do you cause me such annoyance, day after day?' 'What are mothers for?' she asked, and I saw that she was right."

I gravely asked this thoughtless mother if it would not have been better for Anne to aid in the task of untying the stockings, being led, by sharing the toil, to feel grateful for the many times her mother's patient hands had done it for her.

"Oh, she couldn't untie them," she answered, with a shake of her head.

"Had she tried, and found it impossible, she might, of her own accord, have stopped knotting the stockings," I replied.

"But I wanted to take the children to pay a visit, and there wasn't time enough to let her try!"

"Then oughtn't she to have forfeited the pleasure of going with you?"

She stared aghast; then, with a pitying look, burst out: "It's easy to see that you are not a mother! No mother could do that—her mother-heart would not let her!"

I was silent for moment, then remembering that physical and spiritual motherhood are not necessarily embodied in the same person, explained without impatience the effect such indulgence would have on the child, and pointed out that the most loving mother takes as great pains to train her children's characters as to provide for their bodily wants, and that the greatest love is that which is most far-seeing. But to the end the mother stoutly held to her conception of the "mother-heart."

A scene observed at a later hour in the day revealed this mother, regardless of her "mother-heart," in a fit of ill temper administering a violent shaking to the the said Anne.

"Nora," complained a mother to her sister, "your namesake spoils all of our rides in the new car. She just will go, and then she wants to come home immediately, and kicks and screams all the way. Sometimes we set her out on the road and ride on, but she knows that we will have to come back, so that doesn't do any good! You're a kindergartner, Nora, you must break her of it."

"Leave her at home until she shows that she understands that she should not spoil the enjoyment of others," advised the aunt. But this the mother flatly refused to do, and the miserable rides continued.

Some time later the mother went on a visit and the aunt was left in charge of her refractory niece. I saw her riding in the automobile several times without the offender. Then one day the small figure sat in its usual place and in the aunt's arms was the two-year-old brother. They called at the door. "Are you having a pleasant

outing?" I asked little Nora. "Yes," she beamed. "I used to spoil our rides; now I'm showing little brother how to make everybody have a good time."

"We had to go without Nora for a few days," remarked the aunt quietly, "but now she is trying to think of others as well as of herself."

In this case the aunt was more truly the mother than the child's own parent. For she understood that mother-love should be something more than the gratification of a passion, and this insight gave her the courage to face the child's passing disappointment for the benefit of her future welfare.

What seems of slight importance at the moment assumes a quite different aspect when considered in the light of its future results.

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

THE APPEAL TO THE HEROIC

In every day the call to the side of Jesus Christ has been an appeal to the heroic. And the response to that call has been like the summons of the soil to resistance and to aggression, to resistance of evil and to aggression for righteousness. Looking at the matter of the Christian profession from certain angles it would appear to be a matter of ease and comfort, and all that. The idea of resistance seems to have a place in the theory and not in the practice of the Christian life and service. But when one takes into consideration that the Christian life is really the entrance into the fellowship of Christ's sufferings the matter assumes a different aspect.

May it not be that because so many regard the Christian life as a matter of convenience, ease, comfort and respectability there is so lamentable a lack of activity among the followers of Jesus? And by activity is meant not a mere formal, empty fussing about; but real downright work for the Master; work that counts in the upbuilding of the kingdom of God.

It is interesting to remind ourselves that Paul was very careful to give his dear friend Timothy a right idea of the obligation of the Christian fellowship. He put

the matter under the figure of a struggle, and he urged Timothy to make a fight of it—a fight for his emancipation from the thralldom of unrighteousness. He urged the youthful Timothy not to take his religious life too easily. And in that Paul was taking a leaf out of his own notebook, for he had never taken his life of fellowship with Jesus Christ as an easy thing. In season and out of season he was serving the Lord. Wherever there was a difficult task there he was to be found.

And why? That was the real man in him that spoke in such an hour. No one really wants to do something that is easy. An easy victory over an opposing ball team counts for little. An opponent who can be overthrown without much effort is not worth much. What we desire in school and in college sports is a rival worthy of our steel.

It is to the difficult things that Christianity calls men and women today. It is an appeal to the best there is in them to go forth and endure hardships like good soldiers. Calvin used to say that we are in danger of calling people to effeminacy and softness in Christianity. We seek to amuse them rather than call them to a campaign that is hard and difficult.

Let it be understood, then, that the call of Christianity is a call to the difficult, a call that is worth the while. We are followers of Jesus Christ, of the one who willingly went the way of the Cross.—*The Christian Advocate.*

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

WHEREAS, Our heavenly Father has "called home" our sister and president, Flora I. Mosher,
Resolved, That the members of the Ladies' Aid Society at Andover, N. Y., feel they have lost one of their most willing and earnest workers, and while we feel deeply our loss and "mourn with those who mourn," we bow in submission to him "who doeth all things well."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family; also that they be written in the secretary's book and published in the SABBATH RECORDER.

"She is gone—
Life's work, well done,
Life's race, well run,
Life's crown, well won,
Now, comes rest."

CARRIE H. GREENE,
ALICE E. CLARKE,
LELIA D. LIVERMORE,
Committee.

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

WE ARE WELL ABLE

REV. EDWIN SHAW

Preached at Plainfield, N. J., March 18,
1916

Text: "Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."
Numbers 13: 30.

The inspiration for my remarks today, or perhaps I better say the suggestion for my sermon, came to me while I was reading an article in a magazine. This is not, I know full well, the generally supposed or conventional idea of the source of a preacher's sermon. You are apt to think of a man when preparing his message for the pulpit as being in the quiet of his study, on his knees with an open Bible before him. Is it not so? Well, that is true, or should be the true picture, but like other pictures it is typical, often true in fact no doubt, but really typical. The quiet of his study means thoughtful meditation; the man upon his knees means an attitude of reverence and dependence upon God; while the open Bible is typical of revelation from God, a message from the Father. And I have no doubt that many a sermon has been suggested and inspired by the quiet stillness of the forests, by the rugged strength of rocks and hills, by the murmur of the mountain stream, by the perfume of a flower, by the twitter of a happy bird, by the laughter of children at their play, by the crying of a hungry baby, by a smile of cheer or an act of kindness, by a storm that breaks upon the sea, by a beam of sunshine in a darkened room,—the open Bible stands as a symbol for these and a myriad other ways in which the Father speaks to his children. And I hope and pray that this ideal picture of the man upon his knees before an open Bible may be in very truth a symbol of my attitude of mind and heart as I read and study in book and magazine and paper, as I study men and women and children whom I meet, as I look out upon the new day, and the winter time and the coming summer as I go about my work which differs only in details from yours—for tasks are tasks, and work is

work, and responsibility is responsibility, and duty is duty. And I wish that every one of us might make this same picture ours, and feel that as we undertake the labor of each day and prepare to meet the duty of each hour, our attitude towards that task is one of reverent dependence upon God, with an open heart, an open ear, an open eye, to feel, to hear, to see messages and direction and help from the Father.

This suggestion or inspiration flashed upon my mind, and then I sought the Bible and read and read, and thought and thought, till I decided upon the story of the ten men sent on a special errand, and upon the words which one of them spoke when they returned and made their report. Caleb said, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." And you may give to my sermon the theme, if you care for a theme in name, "The Courage of Caleb." Caleb had Joshua on his side. Against these two were the other eight men who saw no more clearly than did Caleb the perils and dangers of the undertaking, who saw just as clearly the great opportunity that was before them, who knew just as definitely about the physical equipments at hand, but who did not have the courage to go forward. They were cowards, and they wandered about in the wilderness till they died, possibly some of them patting themselves on the back for their tact and shrewdness in keeping themselves and the people of Israel out of trouble with the people of Palestine. But they were cowards according to the decree of history. They did not have the courage of Caleb—who, seeing the same splendid opportunity and with the same knowledge of the situation, said to the people, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." Caleb knew about the perils of the undertaking, he knew of the fenced cities and the sons of Anak, he knew that there would be a contest and a need of sacrifice and that he might very likely be among those who would fall wounded or slain in the battle, but he saw the opportunity of possessing the promised land. He saw the opportunity of entering into the success for which they had cast aside the bondage of Egypt, and for which they were then on the way, and he, in courage and confidence, said, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

I am thinking of Joseph. I fancy there was many another young men who had just as good an opportunity as Joseph had, but he was a coward and failed. Joseph saw the struggle, he knew of the peril and danger and conflict, but he had courage and went bravely forward.

I am thinking of Daniel and his three friends. I fancy there were many other fine young lads of Palestine that were taken to Babylon, who had just the same opportunities that came to Daniel and his companions, but they were cowards; they lacked the courage and the quiet confidence which made Daniel and the other three heroes forever.

I am thinking of John and Peter in those early years of the Christian church. The opportunities were alike for all, but we read that with great boldness they preached Jesus and his resurrection. They had a courage born of holy confidence, and though it brought them to prison and to persecution, they never faltered in their loyalty and in their trust and they said with Caleb, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

And I am thinking of Paul, and how his friends advised him and besought him and begged him not to go to Jerusalem where there was so much opposition to him, and how he said, "What mean ye to weep and break mine heart? For I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." He knew there was a contest, a struggle, a battle, awaiting him, but he was no coward, no scheming ecclesiastical diplomat, and he met his opportunity with a sublime courage that has, by its very example, made an important triumph.

And there was Luther. We must not think there were no other men who had his opportunity. There were many others but they had not his courage, a spirit like that of Caleb who in the presence of what seemed to the rest overwhelming opposition, said in quiet steadfast confidence, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

Seven score years ago thirteen little colonies along the Atlantic coast, under the leadership of Washington and other men just as brave and loyal, saw before them an opportunity, an opportunity of real liberty and freedom. It was a partly open door but barred by many dangers and for-

tified against by the prejudices of centuries. But these men were brave and they were courageous, they were not cowards, and in spite of opposition and in spite of war and bloodshed, they went boldly forward, and our own beloved nation was brought forth.

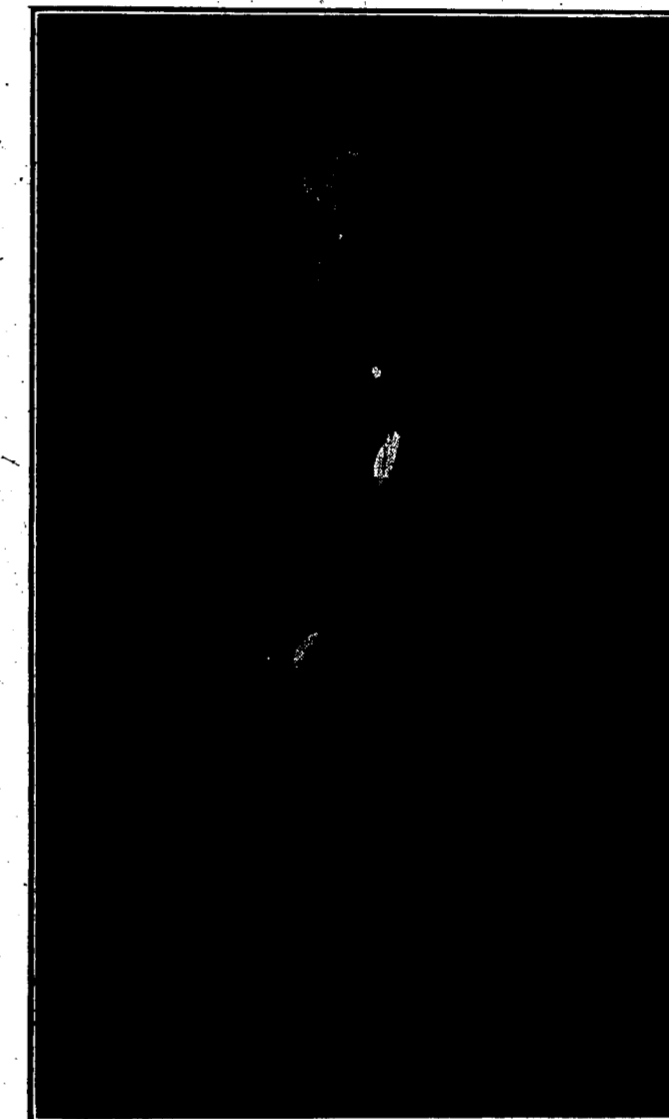
Lincoln in his address on the battle-field of Gettysburg said that we were then by this cruel war testing whether a nation thus begotten could long endure. Through his leadership, with a new vision of a new opportunity, courage again, undaunted courage amid the most baffling and stupendous opposition, won the victory; and a larger freedom, a wider liberty was the result.

Less than two years ago another opportunity, spelled in letters large and red, came to this same nation, the child of Washington and Lincoln. When the mighty will of rule or ruin made but a scrap of paper of a solemn promise, a binding treaty between the nations of the world,—of which our own nation was a party,—and the soil of Belgium was trespassed by a mighty foe, there was an *opportunity* clear and plain before this nation, an opportunity to make a protest. I shall not say it was cowardice that kept us still; few of us understood the situation then, it came so terrific and so sudden. But looking back across the bloody days it looks like cowardice. At any rate there was not the courage of Caleb and the opportunity was lost and has not yet been met, an opportunity to protest and strive for freedom larger than along the Atlantic coast, or from sea to sea, a national freedom larger than a freedom without regard to race or color within the nation, a freedom among all nations, a world-wide freedom. So far we have failed. Our courage has not been like that of Caleb. Perchance we shall be condemned to wander for forty years in the wilderness till this generation has passed away, before we shall see the courage needed to enter the promised land of world-wide peace and universal freedom and unshackled liberty.

But we need not look so far away to see the lack or worth of courage such as Caleb had. Here right before us is an opportunity. But it requires a struggle, it calls for sacrifice. We call it a "campaign," an evangelistic campaign. And we shall meet with opposition. The giants of evil are in the fenced cities of indifference, and

ORSON CYRENUS ORMSBY

Orson Cyrenus Ormsby, son of Orson Satterlee Ormsby and Harriett (Peters) Ormsby, was born at Candor, N. Y., August 7, 1894. He had two brothers, George and Delfry, of Alfred Station, N. Y., and one sister, Mrs. Sarah O. Doty, of Trumansburg, N. Y. When he was but a lad his mother died. Later his father died also, and the home was broken up. After that he lived a part of the time with his sister and a part of the time with his brother Delfry.



As a boy Orson was regular in attendance at church and very faithful to the Junior Society of Christian Endeavor. In 1911 he was baptized by Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell and became a member of the Second Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church.

After his country entered the war he was drawn into military service, and went from Trumansburg to Camp Slocum in May, 1918. Later he was transferred to Camp Hancock. About the last of July he was sent overseas, and served in a machine gun company. He had been on the firing line much of the time for a little more than two weeks, when he was killed in action Octo-

these forces for the gospel are but as grasshoppers in their sight. But the purpose of the campaign is a lofty, high and noble one. It is a land flowing with the milk and honey of better living, a fertile land wherein can grow all the precious fruits of Christian character. Because we see the greatness of the task, the dangers of the road, shall we draw back and say it is no use, and say "It will do no harm to try, but we can never win"? Rather, friends, in the confident courageous spirit of old Caleb, let us now say with him, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

And then again, as a church and as a people standing here almost alone for the Sabbath as a sacred day ordained of God, observed by Jesus Christ, what shall be our attitude and the spirit of our lives? Is there no opportunity before us? Have you been spying out the land? And what is your report? I know there are those who say, Yes, indeed, the Sabbath is a blessed goal towards which we should proceed. It is rich in blessings, a fertile land for godly living, but there are giants in the way. The fenced cities of Biblical arguments against the Sabbath have been taken. But the giants have dugged for themselves deep and secure the trenches of "it doesn't make any difference which day you keep," and "one day is just as good as another," and "the Sabbath is a Jewish institution any way," and "it would be unwise and foolish to try to change a custom observed by almost every one," and from such trenches they can not be driven, and from these defenses they will turn back in vain all efforts to overwhelm them. It is no use, we can not do it. Shall that be our report, yours and mine? And shall we all be condemned to wander yet another forty years in the wilderness till this generation shall have passed away, before we go forward to enter the promised land of the Sabbath of Christ? Shall we? God forbid. Rather, with the courage born of conviction of truth and right, knowing well and understanding the perils of the way and the forces that oppose us, trusting in the mightiness of love and the compelling attractive Cross of Jesus Christ, God help us all to say with good old Caleb, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

ber 15, 1918. Soon after that his name was read in the casualty lists in the papers, but as no official notice of his death was received by the members of the family, they waited, hoping that it might prove to have been by mistake that his name was printed. Late in January his sister received official notice of his death, and a memorial service was held in the Second Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church, Sabbath morning, February 1, as a tribute to one who had given the last full measure of devotion to the cause of righteousness among the nations. His star in the service flag was changed to gold. The pastor preached on the text, "Suffer hardship with me, as a good soldier of Christ Jesus" (2 Tim. 2: 3).

Orson was not a leader in church life, civic life or industrial life; he was just an ordinary young man. We like to think that he was a good soldier. He made the supreme sacrifice. As he is the only one,—so far as we know,—of the Second Alfred Church who lost his life in the conflict, he represents his church at the front. From him we would gain inspiration and courage to use our ordinary capabilities in the front line, as good soldiers of Christ Jesus.

W. M. S.

A WINTER WALK

M. E. H. EVERETT

It does not need the summer time
To make the woodland dear,
For trailing club moss, emerald fern,
And the dwarf yew are here.
On a fallen bole, I see
The cheerful chickadee.

I watch the birch trees' slender boughs
Betwixt me and the sky;
They sway with every little breeze
That flutters idly by,
And, interlacing, show to me
How perfect is a tree.

I pluck a green leaf from the fern,
How smooth and thick and bright!
Once, breaking through the crystal snow,
They gave my soul delight.
Back roll the long years lived in vain,
I am a child again.

Reluctant are the feet that turn
To seek the haunts of men,
For, half unveiled, my eyes have looked
In memory's eyes again,
And golden youth and hopes untold
The forest trees enfold.

Coudersport, Pa.

POPPIES IN THE BARBED WIRE

Albert E. Legg, Chaplain 116th U. S. Engineers, contributed this article to the "Pick and Shovel," the regimental paper which he edits.

They grow luxuriously, these poppies do, in northern France. Every soldier must have noticed them as he passed the fields. A chaplain tells us of seeing their bright hues in the cemeteries, amid the white crosses. He tells us of the millions of yards of barbed wire that had been twisted into an impassable network of spikes for the second line of defense, but which had become a mass of green and scarlet, as if the grass and poppies, growing unchecked, were seeking to hide this ugly and threatening sign of war. This was not camouflage, but nature's genuine attempt to beautify and transform the planting made necessary by the hatred and enmities of men.

The poppy typifies forgetfulness. It is the flower of sleep and pleasant dreamings. As such it may be suggestive of this Christmas time as it comes after the slaughter of years, and wings its message over ruined and devastated acres. Some things can never be forgotten, nor should they. The results that follow untamed ambition and lust must ever be held in the memory of men as a warning, and to those who are guilty must be meted out a punishment to chasten and refine, but the vision of a new future can be made equally if not even more pre-eminent. To plan now for peace and an enduring peace seems possible. This crusade for righteousness and liberty stirs the imagination of the construction builders of good will. The union of the varied peoples, the commingling of society, the comradeship of the individual army and of the armies of the nations, give foundation for the age purpose interpreted by Jesus, "Peace on earth, good will among men."

Other flowers have grown in these days. About the tomb of Lafayette the forget-me-nots have bloomed in a strength hardly expected of this tiny plant. Amid the poppies, though other flowers shall be cultivated, we shall not forget our buried ladies, nor their sacrifice at the "barbed wire." Some remembrance will ever abide with us. It is for us to determine that in their name and in the name of Christ who led them "west," we shall plant the flowers that have in them joy and healing for the nations.

Our task shall be to make the rose of Sharon blossom even in the desert. Yes, the barbed wire is there! It is worse than foolishness to deny the evil intent and act that made it necessary. The earth is scarred by the deep trenches and open craters of the conflict; humanity must ever bear the marks

of the wounds, but the poppies will grow, the forget-me-nots bloom in beauty and the rose can, with care, be perfected. This is the faith of the Christmas season. The hideousness of the present can be covered and glorified by the future.—*Christian Advocate.*

MEN IN THE SERVICE FROM SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HOMES

ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.

Carley, Francis
Greene, Carlton
Horton, Corp. Kenneth
Langworthy, Virgil
Williams, Clayton
Williams, Ernest

ALBION, WIS.

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

ALFRED, N. Y.

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

ALFRED STATION, N. Y.

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

ASHAWAY, R. I.

Babcock, Lawrence
Babcock, Walter
Briggs, Charles B.

Briggs, Leverett A., Jr.

Coon, John T.
Coon, Walter
Crandall, Ahvern
Crandall, Julian
Greene, Lewis R.
Hill, Albert
Hill, Frank M.
Langworthy, Harry
Langworthy, Lloyd
Lewis, Walter T.
Mathieu, Winifred
Murphy, Orville
Riffenberg, Fred
Smith, Arthur M.
Spencer, Elmer
Spencer, Paul
Turnbull, John
Turnbull, Peter
Wells, Edward
Wells, Forest
Wells, Nathanael

BATAVIA, ILL.

Clement, Neal Gilbert

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Bottoms, Lieut. Roger
Confer, Oren
Elisworth, Carlton
Evans, Leslie D.
Evans, William C.
Hargis, Gerald D.
Hoekstra, John
Kinney, Master Engineer C. B.
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Brissey, William
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Maxson, Guy
Sutton, Guy T.
Sutton, Holley

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Daggett, Q. M. Sergt. C. S.
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Langworthy, Reginald
Lewis, Clinton
Van Horn, Herbert C.

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Bond, Howard
Clarke, John Milton
Crandall, C. L.
David, Marion
Kelly, Kelso
Rogers, Shirley Z.
Seager, Harry Bernard
Seager, Ross
Smith, Clark

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Davis, Karl
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Saunders, S. Perry
Saunders, William M.
Van Horn, Harold A.
Van Horn, Harold E.

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Babcock, Stephen

GRIMES, OKLA.

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Davis, Corp. Max H.
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Richardson, 2d Lieut. Robert
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Richardson, Corp. W. Albert
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Greene, Louis
Hemphill, Russell
Hiscox, Raymond H.
Hiscox, Robert M.
Kenyon, M. Elwood
Kenyon, Spicer
Lanphaer, H. Wayland
Loofboro, Lloyd C.
Maxson, Albertus B.
Nash, Major Arthur N.
Peabody, T. Edward
Stillman, Harry P.
Stillman, Sergt. Karl G.

¹Died, January 12, 1918, at Camp Green, N. C., of cerebro-spinal meningitis.
²Killed in action on the Ypres Front, in France, November 6, 1917.
³Died, November 17, 1917, at Fort Sill, Okla., of cerebro-meningitis.
⁴Died at Spartanburg, S. C., April 29, 1918, of pneumonia.
⁵Died at Jackson Barracks, Mo., February 9, 1918, of measles and pneumonia.
⁶Died from wounds received in action on the Western Front, France.
⁷Died in France May 28, 1918, from effects of gas.
⁸Died at Ithaca, N. Y., of pneumonia, while in Students' Army Training Corps of Cornell University.
⁹Lost with U. S. S. Herman Frasch, October, 1918.
¹⁰Died at Camp Mills, L. I., of influenza.
¹¹Died of wounds received in Battle, October, 1918.
¹²Died at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, October 6, 1918.
¹³Died at Alfred, N. Y., of pneumonia, while in Students' Army Training Corps of Alfred University.
¹⁴Died at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., November 6, 1918.
¹⁵Died of pneumonia, September 18, 1918, at Haines Memorial Hospital, Brighton, Mass.
¹⁶Died at East Lansing, Mich., November 2, 1918, of pneumonia, while in Student Officers' Training Camp.
¹⁷Killed in action in France, October 12, 1918.
¹⁸Killed in action in France, October 3, 1918.
¹⁹Killed in action in France, November 4, 1918.
²⁰Killed in action in France, September 15, 1918.
²¹Killer in action October 15, 1918.

MARRIAGES

BURKHART-COTTRILLE.—At the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage, Salem, W. Va., December 22, 1918, by Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond, Mr. Joseph O. Burkhardt and Miss Addie Cottrille, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Cottrille, were united in marriage. They will reside at Industrial, W. Va.

A. J. C. B.

DEATHS

CRANDALL.—Lloyd Rudolph Crandall was born in Ashaway, R. I., July 24, 1890, and died of influenza and pneumonia at the same place Jan. 9, 1919.

When three years of age he went with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Julian Crandall, to Elizabethtown, Tenn., where they spent ten years. Aside from these years his home has always been in Ashaway, R. I. After graduating from the Westerly, R. I., High School in 1908 he spent two years in Alfred University, N. Y. Then returning to Ashaway he entered business with the Ashaway Line and Twine Manufacturing Company. In a little time he became the secretary and treasurer of this company, holding the position till his death. He soon became a leader in nearly all social, business, and public circles of the community. He proved his ability and efficiency in all these lines of varied activities. When our country entered the great world war he

spent many sleepless nights debating the question whether he owed it to God and the cause of democracy that he enlist in the service. At length settling it in his mind that he had a larger duty with his home and local business and church and community his heart was at rest while he put himself into promoting these interests. He headed the War Work and Red Cross drives in his town, and was most active in doing what he could to hasten a just conclusion of the war.

In 1905 he attended the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference in Shiloh, N. J., where he received such religious encouragement and inspiration that he requested and received baptism soon after. He united with the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, R. I., in 1914. For some time he was president of the local Christian Endeavor Society, and was also president of the local Y. P. S. C. E. Union. He served some length of time as superintendent of the Sabbath school. At the time of his death he was president of the board of church trustees, which position he had filled for two years. All these places of trust and honor he filled with commendable earnestness, faithfulness and efficiency.

On September 5, 1912, he was united in marriage with Mary Hulda Hill, daughter of Hon. Frank Hill, of Ashaway. There remain to mourn their loss his wife, two little girls, Elizabeth Jane and Mary Esther, his father and mother, and two brothers, Julian T. and Marcus A., a sister, Harriett, all of Ashaway, and another sister, Mrs. Ernest Cole, of Winchester, Ky., besides many other relatives and friends.

The funeral service was conducted from his home by his pastor, D. Burdett Coon, assisted by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, of Westerly, R. I., and Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, of Yonkers, N. Y., both former pastors of the First Seventh Day Bap-

tist Church of Hopkinton. Burial was made in Oak Grove Cemetery.

D. B. C.

BOND.—Jonathan D. Bond was born in Fayette County, Pa., February 24, 1846, and died at his home in Milton, Wis., January 2, 1919, being 73 years old.

On December 18, 1874, he was married to Miss Martha C. Bunker, at St. Paul, Minn. To them were born three sons, Major E. D. Bond, of Newport News, Va., Harold H., of Amindon, N. D., late of the Y. M. C. A. service, overseas, and L. M. Bond, county agent at Elbow Lake, Minn., all of whom were privileged to attend the funeral. Besides the three sons, he is survived by his wife, two sisters, Mrs. J. B. Morton and Mrs. J. J. Dennett, and one brother, S. M. Bond, all of Milton.

Very recently Mr. and Mrs. Bond went to St. Paul for a visit with their sons, Earl and Roy, and the day after their return their son Harold, on his way home in North Dakota from France, surprised them and spent a few hours with them, thus providentially, they were all permitted a recent visit with their father.

A good father, a loving husband, a generous citizen, a Christian gentleman, a kind friend and an efficient member of the church has gone. We mourn his loss with heartfelt sorrow and commend his bereaved family to the God of all grace.

The funeral service was private and was held at the late home Sunday afternoon. His pastor, Rev. F. H. Burdick, assisted by President Wm. C. Daland, conducted the service. Music was furnished by a mixed quartet, Professor A. E. Whitford, and Howell Randolph and the Misses Anna Plumb and Alberta Crandall, and interment was made in the Milton Cemetery. M. J.

RESOLUTIONS BY MARLBORO CHURCH

WHEREAS, God in his divine Providence has seen fit to call to his eternal reward, our beloved pastor, Rev. Alonzo G. Crofoot, who had by his loving, judicious and faithful services endeared himself to the hearts of all his church and congregation,

WHEREAS, We realize that we, with the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination, share in the loss of one who was faithful to all its interests, who consecrated his own life to God's ministerial calling and gave a son to the China Mission field; be it

Resolved, That we as a church strive to live as he prayed that we might live, "That he being dead yet speaketh"; and

That we extend our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of deep sorrow to the widow, Mrs. Lena Crofoot, and the two sons, Jay and Claud; be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow and sons, to the SABBATH RECORDER, and spread upon our minutes.

MR. AND MRS. WILBURT DAVIS,

MR. AND MRS. LUTHER DAVIS,

MR. AND MRS. REUBEN J. AYARS,

Committee.

"Read yourself full; write yourself clear; pray yourself clean."

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

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AN EXPRESSION OF SYMPATHY

At a regular meeting of the Milton Junction Woman's Christian Temperance Union held January 21, 1919, a resolution was adopted expressing the heartfelt sympathy of the society to the president, Mrs. A. B. West, in her grief at the loss of her son Carroll who died in France, a hero, while fighting for his country and in defense of all true men, women and children. In this her time of sorrow, we, her sisters, trust her to the heavenly Father, who alone can soothe the wounded heart.

MRS. A. S. MAXSON,

MRS. EMMA GILBERT,

MRS. R. C. MAXWELL,

Committee.

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale, Help Wanted, and advertisements of a like nature will be run in this column at one cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion. Cash must accompany each advertisement.

MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS—Ask the Sabbath Recorder for its magazine clubbing list. Send in your magazine subs when you send for your Recorder and we will save you money. The Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J. 12-17-19

WANTED—By the Recorder Press, an opportunity to figure on your next job of printing. Booklets, Advertising Literature, Catalogues, Letter Heads, Envelopes, etc. "Better let the Recorder print it." The Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J. 12-17-19

STRAWBERRY PLANTS—Dunlap, Gibson, Dr. Burrell, 100, \$1.00; best Everbearing, 50, \$1.00; 100, \$1.75; Everbearing Red Raspberry, 50, \$1.00; all prepaid. Quotations on large orders. Practical grower thirty years. A. A. Whitford, Milton Junction, Wis. 1-20-19w.

WANTED—A competent single man to work on a dairy farm for the coming season, beginning March 1 or sooner. Write Box 79, Walworth, Wis. 2-3-2w.

WANTED—Young man of good habits, to learn baker's trade. Good chance for right man. Address, 249 West Main Street, Battle Creek, Mich. 2-10-3t.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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For three years—Rev. Alva L. Davis, J. Nelson Norwood, Ira B. Crandall.

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Let us make it FIVE THOUSAND before March 1.

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

The Sabbath Recorder

Is God the Father of the soul? Is life really worth while? Is the grave a gate into freer and more abundant life where lost things are found? St. Paul found in Christ the answer to these questions, and it was an Everlasting "Yes." Indeed, he found—as, later, Browning learned—that the fact of Christ accepted by the reason, by the heart, answers "all questions in the world and out of it." What is the proof? It is the fact of Christ; the fact that out of the darkness of the universe, out of the tragedy of humanity, out of the waste and welter and woes of life such a Figure arose, such a Face shone, such a Voice spoke, such a Life was lived and still lives. There are many beautiful things in the world. There are sunsets that are sacraments, songs that set us dreaming, flowers that touch us with a wild, sad joy, and faces that are gospel books. But the one ineffable beauty of the world, the sublimest possession of humanity, is the vision of God in Christ! Once we see it, nothing is too good to be true, no ideal is too high, no hope too radiant! Eye has not seen, ear has not heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to dream a dream too fair to be fulfilled. No wonder St. Paul lived victoriously; no wonder all his great arguments end in a song of praise.

—Joseph Fort Newton, in Christian Work.

—CONTENTS—

Editorial.—The Lester C. Randolph Fund.—Secretary Shaw in Battle Creek.—"There Is a Lad Here."—Is There a Lad in Your Home?—Read Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn's Address on Men for the Ministry.—Lieutenant Colonel Richardson and His Titles.—Which Do You Believe? Which Is More Reasonable?—It Was President Daland's Father.—John Barleycorn's Funeral at Salem.—Problems of Demobilization—Two Opinions.—Far-reaching Influence of the Small Church	193-196	Woman's Work.—The Cry From the Four Winds.—The Value of Education.—Workers' Exchange.—In Memoriam—Minutes of Woman's Board Meeting	209-212
More Men for the Ministry and More Ministry for the Men	196	"Lead Us Not Into Temptation"	212
The Commission's Page.—The Commission	200	Beautiful Tribute to His Fallen Pal	213
Semiannual Meeting of the Michigan Seventh Day Baptist Churches	201	Training Little Children	214
Charge to Deacons and Deaconesses of the Battle Creek Church	202	Young People's Work.—Our Goal and Budget.—Obeying	215
Missions and the Sabbath.—The Sabbath.—Christ's Example in Sabbath Keeping.—Monthly Statement	203-206	Randolph Memorial Endowment Fund Tract Society Receipts for January, 1919	216
A Study of Man—The Office of the Human Body	206	A Final Call to Bible Schools Regarding Armenian and Syrian Relief	217
		Children's Page.—The Sermon for Children: The Parrot and the Dog.—The Figure Five in Nature	218
		Salem College Notes	219
		Golden Stairs (poetry)	219
		Adrian E. Witter	220
		Our Weekly Sermon	221
		Sabbath School Lesson for March 8, 1919	221
		Deaths	222
		The Joy of Forgiveness	223