The Sabbath Recorder

SUPERSENSIBLE

The harp is ever singing to itself
In soft and soul-like sounds we cannot hear;
The stars of morning sing, and soundless waves
Make God's commands run swift from sphere to sphere.

Each flower is always sending incense up
As if in act of holy worshiping,
Till fragrant earth is one great altar, like
To heaven where saints their prayer-filled censers swing.

The stars send out a thousand rays, writ full
Of mysteries we can not read or see,
Of histories so long, and going forth,
So vast, the volumes fill infinity.

Celestial presences have walked with man,
Alluring him to Nebuchadnezzar's height;
Transfigured forms in tender light, too oft
Invisible to our low range of sight.

O Source Divine of things so fine and high,
Touch all thy children's souls with power to see
That vibrant earth and air and boundless sky
Still throng with immanent divinity.

—Bishop Warren, in the Independent.
Come to Salem!

Nestled away in the quiet hills of West Virginia, far from the hustle and bustle of the big city, Salem offers easy access to all young people who wish to pursue a Christian education.

Salem's Faculty is composed of earnest, hard-working men and women, who have gathered their learning and culture from the leading universities of the United States, among them Yale, Harvard, Michigan, Columbia, Cornell, Alfred and MIT.

Salem's College buildings are attractively situated in stately buildings, and first-rate in their equipment. Salem's faculty is composed of earnest, hard-working men and women, who have gathered their learning and culture from the leading universities of the United States, among them Yale, Harvard, Michigan, Columbia, Cornell, Alfred and MIT.

Salem offers courses of study in College, Normal and Arts. Salem is well equipped in Art, Music, Expression, and Commercial work. The Normal Course is designed to meet the requirements of many of our students are considered among the most proficient in the teaching profession. Academic courses have been grouped in the College, and entrance requirements are flexible.

Salem has been conducted on a basis of education and moderation. We encourage and foster the spirit of true sportsmanship. A new gymnasium was built in 1916.

We invite correspondence. Write today for details and catalogue.

The American Sabbath Visitor

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

President—Charles B. Clark, M. A., Pd. D., Box 'K,' Salem, West Virginia.

American Sabbath Tract Society

The Sabbath Visitor

Published weekly, under the auspices of the Sabbath School Board, by the American Sabbath Tract Society, at Salem, N. J.

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THE SABBATH VISITOR

Single copy, per year... 60 cents

Ten or more copies, per year... 50 cents

Communications should be addressed to The Sabbath Visitor, Salem, N. J.

Helping Hands in Bible School Work

A quarterly, containing carefully prepared articles on the International Lessons. Conducted by the Sabbath School Board. Price 25 cents per year; 7 cents per quarter.

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A quarterly, containing carefully prepared articles on the International Lessons for students conducted by the Sabbath School Board of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference. Price, 15 cents per year; 5 cents per quarter.

Send subscriptions to The American Sabbath Tract Society, Salem, N. J.

The Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund

President—H. M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.

Vice President—Rev. E. H. Davis, Newark, N. J.

Secretary—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.

Treasurer—Rev. E. H. Davis, Newark, N. J.

Gifts for all Dimensional Interests solicited. Promote and pay your share of the Memorial Fund.

“Something Yet For Me to Do”

A man’s heart may be all but broken, and yet, in repining he may find healing and comfort. The skies may be darkened and the roads ahead looked headless, but the new purpose which comes may make him happy as a child. This should be the case where one is consecrated and loyal enough to say in all sincerity, “Lord, I will do what you want me to do.” It must have been so with David when his plan for building was

God’s Heroes

When a man finds himself confronted in the business world with temptations to turn away from the faith of his fathers in order to make better living, and after a great struggle deliberately puts self aside, turns his back upon the glowing allurements of worldly prosperity, and accepts the more difficult way, with work not quite suited to his liking, God must count him among the heroes of faith.

The real victory of faith is to trust God in the dark and go cheerfully to whatever work he gives. It is heroic to bear the cross in a humble position and to toil at harder work with smaller pay in order to obey God and be true to his Sabbath when the world offers larger openings and more attractive work for him who will yield to its enticements. We all know men for whom we have the greatest admiration because for years they have worked to disprove the theory of a Sabbath only for the “elite.”

God knows their struggles, and even though the world at large fails to recognize the nobility of such lives, he will not let them go unrewarded. “Great peace have they that love thy law.”

Thwarted, Yet Thankful

When king David had conquered his enemies and secured peace and prosperity, he planned in his heart to build the house of God, for it seemed not good for him to dwell in a palace while the ark of God had only a tent. His heart was in the work and he was ready to go forward and build the temple, but Jehovah had other plans for him. There were certain reasons why it was not best to commit to David that great project; therefore it was withheld.

Though sorely disappointed David made no complaint. He accepted the conditions placed upon him and went cheerfully forward with all preparations, in order that his son might be ready to begin the work immediately after his own death. It is remarkable that in the face of such a dis-
thwarted. He is a wise man who, upon finding he can not do what he has set his heart upon doing, says cheerily, "There is some work yet for me," and then sets about accomplishing it. Failure in one line of work spoils the mind and is not greatly successful in some other. The most foolish thing a disappointed man can do is to sit down and sulk and blame another for his failure. There is not a man living who can truly say, "There is nothing for me but to quit." But he can change his mood for finding something else to do that those coming after us to finish. God knows all our discouragements and will reward every one according to his spirit and purpose.

**Story of the Picture**

"Folded Hands." There is a little masterpiece of art, admired by many, called "Folded Hands." It has hung in various studies and art galleries and has furnished inspiration for workers in Europe and America. Its story illustrates the value of sweet, brave resignation when one has discovered that he can not succeed in his chosen life work and must give up his hands on the mantel. The next day, when the etching had been filled in, the discouraged one was shown the picture of himself as he looked when with folded hands he had made a sad surrender of his life so bravely and uncomplainingly. "These hands," said his fellow-worker, "may never paint a picture, but they will now certainly make one that will move men's hearts in years to come."

And so the picture, representing the spirit of self-surrender, has of late years studied under the same master. It was evident that one of them possessed real genius, while it seemed to the teacher that the other lacked in those qualities necessary to the making of a great artist. The parents of both boys doted on their sons and could not bear to think of their failure. Both boys tried hard and were faithful in their efforts.

Years passed and the boys grew to be middle-aged men, and still the one could not measure up to the artist's standard. Finally it was proposed that they each should make an etching of the passion of Christ. This they did, and when the two pictures were brought together one was found to be cold and lifeless while the other was full of life and beauty. This convinced the one that he could never succeed as an artist. He had reached the years when it would be difficult to change and yet he knew he must lay down the painter's brush and secure a living in some other kind of work. For a moment he buried his face in his hands; then in broken tones, but without a murmur, he exclaimed, "The Lord has not given me the gift of an artist, but I believe he has something yet for me to do. I have been blind to my shortcomings too long and have lost so much time." Right there the other broke in, "Oh, be quiet just one moment!" and seizing a pen skillfully he drew a few lines on paper while the other leaned with folded hands on the mantel.

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Strength and Weak Hands

There is comfort for his failure. There is not a man living filled in, the discouraged one was shown the Picture. There is a little masterpiece of art, adored by many, called "Folded Hands." It has hung in various studies and art galleries and has furnished inspiration for workers in Europe and America. Its story illustrates the value of sweet, brave resignation when one has discovered that he cannot succeed in his chosen life work and must give up his hands on the mantel. The next day, when the etching had been filled in, the discouraged one was shown the picture of himself as he looked when with folded hands he had made a sad surrender of his life so bravely and uncomplainingly. "These hands," said his fellow-worker, "may never paint a picture, but they will now certainly make one that will move men's hearts in years to come." And so the picture, representing the spirit of self-surrender, has of late years studied under the same master. It was evident that one of them possessed real genius, while it seemed to the teacher that the other lacked in those qualities necessary to the making of a great artist. The parents of both boys doted on their sons and could not bear to think of their failure. Both boys tried hard and were faithful in their efforts.

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**Strength and Weak Hands**

There is comfort in this passage of Scripture, "Strength ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees," because it shows the Lord's sympathy for the consciously weak. The Master cares for the weaklings of the flock and calls upon his ministers to give them aid and solace.

When Bunyan's Christian was climbing the Hill Difficulty, he found hands and knees were none too strong. He could not run or even walk, but had to go clambering on hands and knees. All through the Bible hands stand for work and knees represent devotion or prayer. The gospel of work is greatly needed in the church today. If work is symbolized by hands, how many weak hands there must be! No wonder the call comes to strengthen them.

If weak hands need strengthening, so do feeble knees, for these represent prayer. A Christian can not climb the Hill Difficulty and can hardly so much as clamber when he comes to the steep and difficult places. Feeble knees are poor help to weak hands. Doubts and fears are sure to come to weak-handed and feeble-kneed Christians, and so they lose their way or fail in their work. When Jesus, in his condition of travail, parents in their homes, teachers before their classes, social workers confronted with the problems of suffering humanity, all find hands of difficulty that force them down upon hands and knees; but the gracious Lord knows all about it and has promised to be a present helper in every such time.

Be of Good Courage

I think it was Mr. Moody who said: "I never knew a case where God used a discouragement in man or woman to accomplish any great thing for him." These words are worth more than a passing notice, for we all have our times of discouragement. Even the mighty Elijah was helpless and filled with misconceptions while he lay under the juniper tree and thought of himself as all alone in God's great work. But he had not gone to Horeb again if he had not gone to Horeb, and by personal communion with Jehovah received new courage.

Mr. Moody's words were true indeed. If a minister gets "blue" and goes into the pulpit discouraged, and complaining that his people do not rally as they should to the work, his discouragement will soon reach the pews and his congregation, too, will lose heart.

Fellow-workers in the Kingdom, let us strive against giving way to discouragement, knowing that we are servants of the mighty God and that he will give the increase if we go on in the right spirit. By thus giving way we shall fail to do our best. When overcome by sadness and despondency we can not draw men either to ourselves or to the cause we stand for; we lose confidence and lack life-giving energy. Our work is done half-heartedly and God can not bless it. Soldiers march best to stirring music, and so the soldier of the Cross will be stirred to better service by inspiring, hopeful leaders whose hearts are strong and courageous.

When Others Too Were Praying

When Nehemiah was greatly burdened over the broken-down walls of Jerusalem, he turned to God in earnest, fervent prayer. And we see by that prayer (Neh. 1:11) that he believed others, too, were praying for the same thing. It was a great help for him to know that many others loved Jerusalem, desired to see it built up, and were also praying for the prosperity of Zion.

A man feels supported and strengthened in his own heart and can pray better when he knows that he has many friends who desire to help and are praying for the cause he loves. Again, a man can work better and accomplish more when assured of the sympathy and prayers of his fellows. Successful work for the Kingdom of God is so dependent upon prayer that many a worker longs for the united petitions of his people. If ever the feeling comes to a pastor or missionary or other worker that people are not praying for his success, that they are indifferent to the broken-down walls of Jerusalem and have lost their desire to fear the Lord and to aid in his work, then that very feeling will become a handicap.

We need the united and sympathy of all our people if the walls of our Zion are to be built up. I always love to think of the hearty response given to Nehemiah, when, after his night ride around the city, he told the people of the great need and they said, "Let us rise up and build." So they strengthened their hands for this good work." It was only by united prayer and faithful work on the part of the people that Nehemiah was, a little later, able to say, "So built we the wall, . . . for the people had a mind to work."

**Your Contributed Dollar**

In the Recorder Where It Goes

On September 3, p. 310, we gave words and figures shown on a chart prepared by Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard, and displayed at Conference to let you see in graphic form where your dollar goes when contributed to the Tract Board for use in the Master's work. On the next page is a picture of the chart itself with its one hundred cents of the divided dollar. We know you will be interested in it, as it shows just what proportion of each dollar given goes to the various lines of work we have in hand.

"Living an aimless, useless life, means floating to the Niagara of self-destruction."
American Sabbath Tract Society

How Your Dollar Was Spent

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sabbath Reform Work</th>
<th>45 cents</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Holland: De Boodschap, Rev. G. Wilbur.</td>
<td>5 cents</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. British Isles: Rev. T. W. Richardson</td>
<td>4 1/2 cents</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. Canada: Rev. George Seely</td>
<td>4 3/4 cents</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. British Guiana: Rev. T. H. Spencer</td>
<td>1 cent</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. Los Angeles Cal. Church</td>
<td>1 cent</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. Committee on Revision of Literature</td>
<td>35 cents</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. Home Field: Sabbath Evangelist</td>
<td>8 cents</td>
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Deficit on Publications

| Sabbath Recorder | 3 dollars 5 cents |
| Sabbath Visitor | 5 1/2 cents |
| Helping Hand | 11 cents |
| Quarterly | 2 1/2 cents |
| Tracts and General Printing | 2 1/2 cents |
| Pulpit | 3 1/2 cents |

Missionary Work

| Italian Mission, Rev. A. Savarese, New Era, N.J. | 3 dollars |
| Hungarian Mission, J. J. Rovava, Chicago | 1 1/4 dollars |

Miscellaneous

| Traveling Expenses of Representatives to Conference, Associations, etc. | 2 dollars 1/4 |
| Presidents' Traveling Expenses | 1 1/8 dollars |
| Stenographer, Postage, etc. | 1 1/8 dollars |
| Secretaries' Expense, Salary, Rent, Clerical Help, Postage | 3 3/8 dollars |
| Incidental | 1 1/2 dollars |
| Linotype (debt) | 15 dollars |
| Legal Expenses, Treasurers, Ex., Stenographer, Postage | 10 dollars |

Notices

Following is the notice of change in the membership roll of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, Gentry, Ark.:

"The Sabbath Recorder moved away to other places in Milton, North Loup, Foute, etc., so that the congregation now has plenty of room, in fact so much room that it almost seems lonesome for those who are there.

Professor Fred I. Babcock was in Gentry the same time that I was there. He was on his way to Foute where he is to be the principal of the school for this coming year.

T. J. Van Horn as general missionary for the Southwest has his home at Gentry and is pastor of the church. This is a very large field and a very promising field. We might well have three men on this field, one each for Texas, Arkansas, and Oklahoma, spending all their time in holding Sabbath evangelistic meetings from place to place.

The problem is, how to support them. For two reasons we cannot expect the support from the field to any large extent. The people are as a rule rather poor and do not have the means. And then they have not been trained in giving. In some places the country is almost overrun with preachers, men who support themselves and preach as occasion offers. And the plan of supporting a man to give his full time and energy to the gospel ministry is not common on this field. But I have the feeling that as a mission field for our people it offers exceptional opportunities.

I feel like making public acknowledgment here for the kind helpfulness at Gentry of a Mr. Phelps, a retired farmer of North Dakota, who with his wife is spending all their time in holding Sabbath evangelistic meetings from place to place. They spent the winter last year in Gentry, coming as strangers. This summer they have been as far west as Colorado, coming back through northern Texas. Through his friendship for Mr. Van Horn he practically put himself and his automobile at our disposal while we were in Gentry, giving us the opportunity to go about the town and country with ease and dispatch, especially the trip to the Beck Schoolhouse region. The church at Gentry feels quite equal to the occasion.

His home is in Albion, Wis. He is a graduate of Milton College and has been a teacher in the public schools of Wisconsin for several years. He is to be the pastor of the church at Foute while teaching in the school there. While at Gentry he preached Friday evening and Sabbath afternoon, helpful sermons, which were much appreciated by the people. Out at Beck's Schoolhouse he taught a class in the Sunday school before the preaching service, a difficult task for a stranger, but he was quite equal to the occasion.

NOTES BY THE WAY

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

Gentry, Ark.

After turning aside for the two-day visit at Belzoni, Okla., as reported last week, Van Horn and I went on our way north through eastern Oklahoma to Poteau, then to Watauga and then to Gentry, Ark., leaving Antlers at two in the afternoon and arriving at Gentry about eleven at night. Most of this trip was through mountainous districts, until darkness came on. Fine fields of corn and cotton were in the valleys, with smaller patches of sorghum and millet, and in the gardens peanuts, sweet potatoes and cow peas, with orchards of apples and peaches. And weeds, weeds, weeds, all along the roadsides, and in the fence corners, and in the fields, everywhere. But this last is not characteristic of Arkansas and Oklahoma alone. I see it from the car windows every place I have been on this trip into the fifteen States that I have thus far visited since the General Conference.

I was very favorably impressed by the country at and about Gentry. Sunday afternoon we went twelve miles west out into Oklahoma to Beck's Schoolhouse for a preaching appointment, and this gave an opportunity to see something of the land in that direction. I am told that this has been a good year, much better than last, when it was very dry. It is a good fruit country, and I liked the climate. The air tasted fresh.

The plateau region of the Ozark Mountains give an altitude favorable to the atmosphere. Gentry is quite a town, with a goodly number of places of business and fine, comfortable looking homes. The Seventh Day Baptist church building is said to be the best one in town. There was a time when its seating capacity was taxed to the limit with chairs in the aisles on Sabbath days, but so many people have moved away to other places, Milton, North Loup, Foute, etc., that the congregation now has plenty of room, in fact so much room that it almost seems lonesome for those who are there.

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soon. It is a good place to live, and other
people wish to be coming there, as well.

Memphis, Tenn.

The trip from Gentry to West Virginia
was a little farther by St. Louis, but I am
glad that I decided to return by that route.
Here I had the pleasure of visiting for the
first time two homes where there are Sab-
thath-keepers.

In the one is a dear lady, a Mrs. Harber,
well along in years. Accepting the Sabbath
she has become a non-resident member of
the church at Gentry. She lives with a
married daughter. She told me that an-
other daughter with her husband had very
recently accepted the Sabbath and just com-
menced its observance. They with their
family of five children were

In the other a young man, in the automobile business with
his sisters, the youngest a child of about
three unmarried

In the course of human life God has estab-
ished times and seasons that in their
nature more particularly forbid any exces-
sive interest or anxiety for the increase of
worldly possessions. The early stages of
human life are designed to be free from
anxiety and thought for the storing up of
properties, and provisions for the things of
this life. If the minds of the young be
overcharged with anxiety and care for gain
and the possession of goods, clothing and
money, it will have a deleterious effect in
the ASF.

As the Israelis were humiliated under the
Syrian yoke because of their sins, the
prophet and teacher of their religion did
tell it proper to receive such gifts from
the Assyrian conqueror, lest by such an act
of reception of confidence in, and dependence on, God, who is abundantly
able and willing to supply the needs of all
those who walk in obedience to his will.
Further the prophet sought to teach the
Sabbath general that his healing was not
accomplished by the power of man, but that
it could come only from God, and
could not be purchased with money or
earthly treasures; and that he might see
the power and goodness of the God of
Israel to him. It was more important in
the eyes of the prophet that these things
should be impressed upon the minds of
Israel's conqueror, than that he should
receive gifts and properties for himself.
The present time is a time of war, which
has swept like a whirlwind from nation to
nation, which none can escape. May not
this be the preparation for the battle of
the great day of Almighty? It indi-
cates the approaching harvest of the earth,
for it is becoming ripe, and ready for him
who sits upon a white cloud to thrust in
his sharp sickle and reap; “for the harvest
is ripe, . . . the press is full, the feds
overwhelm; for their wickedness is great.”

Commotions and unrest pervade all lands,
and wars and rumors of wars abound in
greater proportion than has ever before
been conceived of by man. The terrors,
wastage and distress of the war now pro-
gressing are beyond comprehension, and
the mind is not fitted for work capable of turning the whole world into
anarchy and confusion. Labor trou-
bles, mob violence, and resistance to au-
thority exist everywhere. Spies and ene-
mies, both home and foreign, fill all lands
with apprehension. Resistance to draft,
race and color antipathies, the strides of
Catholicism in trying to seize the reins of
government, and the I. W. W. and anarchy
menace, are indications to some that the
dissolution of earthly governments is at
hand. As yet the world may have seen only
the beginning of sorrows coming on the
earth as God's judgments on a wicked
world.

Is this a time to receive money, to add
farm to farm, to build mansions and plea-
sure grounds, to get maidservants and maid-
servants, and to live sumptuously every
day?

A Southern clergyman of the Presby-
terian Church was enjoying his first visit
to the Niagara Falls, when he got into a
worthy, representative of the Best spiritual and educa-
tional culture of the Southland. On reach-
ing the point where the Falls appears
at its best, he was seen to lift his silk hat,
and then, standing in silence for a moment,
was heard to speak with some emotion: “My God! My God!”—Selected.
EDUCATION AND CITIZENSHIP
REV. CLAYTON A. BURDICK
Conference Paper

At such a time as this, when so much is being said about citizenship, when tests of true citizenship are coming in so many ways, far more than in common times do we need to understand what makes for good citizens.

I am speaking to a people who believe that not only do we have a citizenship in heaven, but that we have one on earth as well and that we owe fealty and honor to both. I think the most of us believe that God has intended that we should be formed into states and nations for safety and protection of life and property. If the apostle Paul was inspired, then we must believe that “there is no power but of God; and the powers that be are ordained of God. Therefore be not ye subversive of this power, with-standeth the ordinance of God: and they that withstand shall receive to themselves judgment.” I am speaking to a people who believe in law and order and not in anarchy or injustice. We do not think any man ought to be allowed to do as he pleases when, by so doing, he jeopardizes the life or happiness of others; nor even concede him that right when he injures himself; for being a part of the community, when he weakens himself, he weakens the community.

Of course, if every one was a perfect Christian, there would be no need of governments. The law of kindness would be in every heart. Such a time as that is yet a great way off. Now, the law of selfishness is ever present, leading the nations into war and causing us to see so plainly at the present hour. It is seen among the classes in all lands today. Each body of men seem to think that all other bodies are trying to obtain an advantage over them and they must accomplish that object first. Notice how there is no care for the welfare of others in the action of such groups as the I. W. W., who, because they can not rule in everything to their own advantage, burn and destroy that which is not their own, but which belongs to the people. One hardly knows which is the more vicious and traitorous, these or that class which have enriched themselves greatly at the expense of the whole people by unjust profits on the necessities of life. As long as the world is as it is, we will have to have law, and governments to enforce that law.

In the years before us we are going to find many hard and intricate questions to face and solve. Perhaps never before in the history of the world has there been a greater need of an educated citizenship than at the present time and that time which will see the great war finished. The exigences of the events which we are facing will make us study well the path in which we are to travel and choose well, or else find ourselves amid the ruins of national life. Questions of what is termed Democracy. What does one mean when he uses that word? Does the president of a college mean the same thing by it that the anarchist means? Do you and I want the ignorant, the man of untrained thought to settle what shall be the policy of this nation in its future? I know you would not like to trust the destiny of our dear land to a class of unbelieving and ignorant demagogues.

What, too, shall we do in regard to the future control of the prices of the products of field and mine which now we are, for the first time, attempting to regulate? Shall we try to protect the consumer as well as the producer? Shall we try to keep in line with the farmer, “We will guarantee you two dollars a bushel for your wheat,” and not say to him, or to the trader, “You must not ask more than that”? What are we to do when the war closes, along these lines? I am not one who fears the invasion of our nation by the army of a foreign foe, but I do fear the invasion of foreign principles and doctrines. On an educated citizenship will our safety in the future depend.

We notice how much is made of educated citizens in war time. In the large number of imprints and circulars for recruiting corps for officers did you notice that it was from among the best trained in the schools of the country that these were taken? Here were your college and university men, men who were ready to enter the professions and businesses of life and very few, if any, who had not a good high school education. It will be no less necessary for our leaders in times of peace to be men of the best minds, if we wish to win out.

You are to know that the education for citizenship I am advocating here should be prefixed here by the word, Christian. Without this, I should be fearful still. There is no question which relates to our national life but is bound up with right and wrong. Some, like that of prohibition of the liquor traffic, come very close to our religious convictions and work. We need an educated Christian citizenship to settle these in the right way and for all time. Here, again, would you like to have these questions dealt with by an ignorant and unworthy sectoral view? There is no principle of government that is likely to claim our attention, about which we would not feel safer if the intelligence of the land should have the settlement of it rather than the ignorant should have a voice in it.

Seventh Day Baptists have ever been at the fore, not only in advocating higher standards of education but in seeking it for their children. They should not desist now; for only by the well trained mind and broadened views, such as education gives, will our children be able to weather the tempestuous times that appear to be just before us.

EVALUATION
LOIS R. FAY

An editorial discussion concerning the subject of evolution and the Bible has recently been printed in the Sunday School Times, and various important conclusions have been made. One is concerning the oft quoted theory that man evolved from an ape, concerning which the editorial says:

At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held in New York City in December last, the question of man's relation to the ape was considered, with special reference to the question of the "missing link." A notable change of view was expressed in the editorial, and it was raised whether the ape is related to man by ascent or descent. The text of the most recent authoritative publications on the subject is quoted and it is stated that "the apes are to be regarded as degenerate branches of the pre-human stock." This means in effect that "man is not descended from the ape but the ape from the man."

This has been the opinion of a considerable number of humble minds ever since there has been a discussion of the subject by the press, and also the pulpit, which has not always maintained the integrity of this and similar subjects. It is well to have the suppositions and oppositions of scientific theory exposed to the light, that they be not permitted to overthrow the inexperienced faith of struggling souls.

Of the order of descent of animal life so carefully arranged by scientists in museum exhibitions, this paragraph from the same editorial is of interest:

Skeletons of creatures from the lowest monkey to the highest type of man himself may be arranged in exact order. So may automobiles, from the first rude and crude and grotesque models of twenty years ago, to the majestic landolet of today. But there is no model evolution here, no germ in one automobile that has produced the next better by forces within, through natural selection, in any sense whatever.
There has been nothing more than a suggestion of some change that might be made for the better, and this suggestion was in a mind without, and from the mind within, and through a new creative act. The orderly progress in the natural history museum proves no more than a suggestion in a mind without, and from the mind within.

It is well known that if any single cell of life, in plant, insect or animal, can take in from without, the issue is death. There is no such thing as development merely from without. For development to be complete, it is necessary that there may be progress there may have come about only through a suggestion in a mind without, and been produced by a creative act within.

There has been nothing more than a suggestion of evolution first became popular, it was thought to express a gradual, roll of the evolution of animal.
WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE R. CROSLEY, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

NEWS FROM LIEU-OO

DEAR Recorder Readers:

Most honest people on this side of the globe are still asleep, as it is only four o'clock and no sign of daylight, but I have been vainly trying to "go to sleep again", so I thought I would waste no more of the precious quiet hours, but arise and relieve my conscience of this letter to the Recorder which has been burdening it for some time. There seems to be little to write, which is sad.

Great heat the latter part of June and first of July, and such a long time of drought concerned we could hardly ask more, with the prospect just now of the rain.

There have been accident cases lately, and I am glad to see that people are actually learning that if they will come to me or send for me immediately, before they have put any of their usual remedies on the wound, the chances are of a speedy healing without suppuration. I was called out one evening lately to a case of hemorrhage from a cut deep between the thumb and hand. The man had been bleeding profusely for over an hour, with a Chinese doctor trying to stop the hemorrhage with cold water and medicines. He had begged them to send for me but the Chinese doctor insisted that he was using western methods and that I could do no better. At last in spite of him they sent for me. I went as fast as I could go, immediately called for boiled hot water, pulled off the stuff the doctor had put on, so I could see the condition, and in about a minute after I got there had the hemorrhage entirely stopped by simply pressing the thumb tight against the hand. Then I washed up the hand and bandaged it tightly in that position, with not the slightest hemorrhage afterward. It was almost a greater shock to the hundred onlookers to see it stop so suddenly than the hemorrhage itself had been.

He had healed without the slightest trouble, but it will be a long while before the man recovers his strength, because of the loss of blood.

We are not having many patients in the hospital. One who went out recently because she felt she could not stay longer was also an eye case. When she came in she could see no light even, the eyelids were terribly inflamed and what I could see of the eyes themselves did not make me very hopeful, but I urged her to stay because I felt sure absolute blindness would be her fate if she didn't. When she went home she could see everything, but the lids were not yet healed, never could be, and she will probably have a relapse. That was another sad case. The husband works in Shanghai, does nothing to support her, but uses his wages to support another woman in Shanghai, and leaves his poor little wife with a child and his own blind mother to support and care for, and she herself under­ sized in both body and mind, lame with chronic rheumatism, and also afflicted with this severe eye trouble, probably contracted from the blind mother-in-law! How these sad things weigh on one's heart, even though they are so common. One never gets really used to them, unless the heart gets hardened.

Daylight has come, the sun is just peeping over the horizon, the physical world just now is beautiful with the green trees against the blue sky, thin fleecy clouds floating about, and the fields richly laden with their crops of cotton, rice, corn and beans. Sounds and signs of life are appearing, a few early risers are seen on the roads, and the smoke is arising from the chimneys of the homes round about, as the early breakfast is being cooked.

I think my letter is long enough so I will close. I am thinking much these days of Dr. Crandall and Dr. Sinclair and their possible doings and of the great Conference to be soon in Plainfield. May God be with them all, and with us.

Your friend,

ROSA PALMBORG.

ANNUAL LETTER OF THE WOMAN’S EXECUTIVE BOARD

To the Women of the Local Societies of the Seventh Day Baptist Conference and Lone Sabbath-keepers:

"Grace unto you, and peace be multiplied." - 1 Thessalonians 1:2

DEAR Sisters (in local organization or isolated): In distances we are widely sep-
arated, but in spirit and oneness of purpose we may be constantly growing nearer and nearer together. How we hope you will accept this letter as a personal message to each one of you, far and near. We esteem it a privilege to give you this in this way, and trust you will receive our greeting with pleasure.

The accounts of the women's meetings at the recent Conference show an unusually large attendance, and the best of interest manifested by all present. It makes a good starting point for the year. Let us continue the earnest feelings displayed in those meetings throughout our work the coming months.

Now that the board scholarships for our three schools, Dayton, Min. Misses Babcock, are in full it was thought best to increase the contributions for the Twentieth Century Endowment Fund. The plan of expending money sent for this fund was plainly stated in our letter of 1913, as quoted from the annual report of the Education Society in 1913, page 210. At that time Miss Agnes Babcock, of Leonardsville, N. Y., who has served the board most efficiently for eight years,—and who has recently been called to the heavenly home,—was influential in placing before our women the idea of better educational advantage for our young people, and it was largely through her efforts $500 was pledged that year (1913) for that fund. In memory of Miss Babcock's devotion to the cause of our schools it is proposed to raise the sum of $300 this year for this fund.

The Ministerial Relief Fund is another worthy object that has been rather neglected of late owing to the needs of other calls. Some have remembered it with donations, all of which have been gratefully received. It was decided to raise, at least, $250 for this purpose.

How thankful we are that Dr. Bessie Sinclair has so providentially spared to us! She will soon go to Lienoo, China, to take charge of Dr. Palmberg in hospital work. We want to raise $100 toward her salary for the year.

In order that in our efforts to sustain the cause of foreign missions we do not neglect the needs of the home fields, it was thought best to pledge $150 for evangelistic work in the Southwestern Association where, as has been said, Pastor T. J. Van Horn has a parish of more than 3,200 square miles, and where one may travel for sixty miles without even seeing a church. In this way we may help to send the gospel to those who are in need of it and are waiting for it.

'The Woman's Board, as you know, is an auxiliary of the Society. Our budget shows the items that are pledged yearly to its support of missionary work. Any other cause of missions to which you may wish to contribute if sent through the treasurer of our board will reach the object for which it is sent, and credit will be given on our pledge.

For a long time we have not been satisfied with the support we have given the Tract Society. Here is the home of the SABBATH RECORDER, so dear to the hearts of all loyal Seventh Day Baptists, that it stands for the truth concerning the Sabbath, and aside from the high moral and spiritual character of its articles, it comes to us, week by week, as one lone Sabbath-keeper expresses it, "like a letter from home." "We can not get along without it." "It is a tie that binds us together as a denomination," are some of the things that are said about it. We must subscribe for it liberally, and thus help to pay the expense of publication, then read it faithfully, and pass it on to others.

Tracts are another means, and a very important one, of spreading the gospel. If you cannot not cross the ocean; if you can not preach as Paul, you can give or send a tract that, under the blessing of God, may win the fight. For a long time we have not been satisfied with the support we have given the Tract Society. Here is the home of the SABBATH RECORDER, so dear to the hearts of all loyal Seventh Day Baptists, that it stands for the truth concerning the Sabbath, and aside from the high moral and spiritual character of its articles, it comes to us, week by week, as one lone Sabbath-keeper expresses it, "like a letter from home." "We can not get along without it." "It is a tie that binds us together as a denomination," are some of the things that are said about it. We must subscribe for it liberally, and thus help to pay the expense of publication, then read it faithfully, and pass it on to others.

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The board appreciates the work our women have done the past year, and the spirit of good-fellowship that has been shown in many ways, and we again entreat your sympathy, prayers, and co-operation as in the past.

If this brief outline of work is not quite clear to you, or is not in all respects exactly according to your own impressions, will you not feel free to write to any member of the board at any time? It is your work and ours together. Watch the Woman's Page of Recorder for further explanations and details, and do not forget to write something yourself, occasionally, for this page.

Your own local needs, also, appeal to you, and ask for a large share of your energies. This is as it should be. The terrible tragedy of the world war affects us all, and we must every one do our part in the work for Red Cross societies are calling. The most that we can do seems pitially small and insufficient but we can be brave, hopeful and trustful.

Let us seek a deeper consecration to God, and with "Service" our watchword may we be used of him in the work of the coming months.

In behalf of the Woman's Board,
METTA P. BABCOCK,
Corresponding Secretary.
Milton, Wis.,
Sept. 18, 1917.

A HOLIDAY GREETING OF YEARS AGO

Below we publish a little poem by the late Mary Babcock Clarke, written as poems a year ago as a Christmas greeting for the annual meeting of the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church. The manuscript, in her own handwriting, was sent us by her aged husband, William L. Clarke, president of the Missionary Board.

Brother Clarke is now one of the company referred to in the last stanza of the poem, waiting to be gathered home. He is "sharing in the peace of God, abiding in his love," and only waits by the river banks for the messenger to bear him to the other shore, where the dear one awaits his coming.

In Christmas time or glad New Year, Though sententiae far they roam,
The children of dear friends 
Delight to be at home.
From East or West they gather in, 
With clasping hands and smile, 
While song or speech or merry jest
The fleeting hours beguile.

Not wasted time, for hope and joy Grow fast like happy hope. 
And brighter mid the wintry blast 
Bloom s love's unfading flower.

Then fainting hearts new courage take 
Earth's ills to bravely bear, 
And trembling souls grow strong again 
Life's work to do or dare.

Brothers and sisters all, are we Who gather here today, 
As children of one family 
We work and sing and pray, 
United by a common hope, 
A common love we share. 
We claim each other's happiness, 
Each other's burdens bear.

What blessing shall this meeting bring For those who gather here? What helpful thought for purposes To mark another year?

In union there is strength, and they Who keep the path, 
Shoulder to shoulder, firm must stand, 
If they would win the fight.

May not some hearts new courage take To work for God and truth, 
Some hearts who dimly saw in age 
The holy fires of youth? 

May not some hearts shake off the dust Of worldliness and sin, 
To witness by the outward life 
A higher life within? 

May not some weary hands rest And strength and comfort find here, 
With which to walk a thorny path Of toil, another year

Some struggling soul perhaps may feel 
When in temptation's way, 
With saving power, the friendly touch 
And handclasp of God.

May we not all, as friend with friend, By common purpose led, 
A closer fellowship obtain 
With Christ our living Head; 
In singleness of heart, to serve And follow him, as guide. 
With zeal to wipe away the tears of sin 
The souls for whom he died!

The time for service here is short, 
The years will soon be passed 
And the company 
Be gathered home at last.
But sharing in the peace of God, Abiding in his love. We work, and was the gathering Of all his saints above.

CONTRIBUTION OF SALEM CHURCH TO GOVERNMENT SERVICES

PRESTON F. RANDOLPH

Salem Sabbath-keepers are loyal to the government. Eight offered their services. One was too young. Seven are enlisted: two captains, two lieutenants.

Frederick Swiger, a son of Deacon F. M. Swiger, was appointed captain in competition with a number of young men among whom were two sons of the governor of the State. Captain's portly bearing will honor any company to which he may be assigned.

Ernest Sutton, principal of the schools at the West End, resigned his position there to enter the government service. He is now at Hattiesburg, Miss., with Company K, First Regiment, W. Va. Volunteers.

A. S. Childers, a soldier of the Civil War and an important officer in the church, contributes to the service two worthy sons, both graduates of Salem College: Elsworth W. Childers, whose present address is Lieutenant E. W. Childers, Ohio Engineers, Company F, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.; and William Childers, Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va., Battery D 314, Field Artillery.

Hurley S. Warren and his roommate, Burdett Costlow, both college students, purposed to enlist. Burdett Costlow was on examination found to be too young. Hurley S. Warren passed splendid examination and is in Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss.

Harold Randolph, son of Ray and grandson of Preston, volunteered soon after the call and was sent with others to guard a long distance from Hattiesburg. They were in daily training there. Recently he was sent south with others through poisonous swamps and detained for a time where they had to boil their drinking water. From there they were taken to Camp Shelby, some distance from Hattiesburg. Miss.

Edward Davis, M. D., volunteered and was assigned to the training camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind. He is in training there as lieutenant of the medical corps.

ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the churches of Iowa was held with the Church of God at Marion, Iowa, August 24-26. Over fifty delegates attended. Among these were Rev. Charles Sayre, of Albion, Wis., Rev. H. C. Van Horn, of Dodge Center, Minn., and Loyal F. Hurley, of Garwin, Iowa, who did the preaching.

The sermons, five in number, coming as they did from such honest, earnest, whole-souled Christians, were interesting, inspiring and instructive.

At the close of the Sabbath-school hour a generous contribution was given for the local Red Cross society. On Sabbath afternoon was held the Junior Hour, which was a new feature of the meeting. An interesting program, successfully carried out by the juniors, showed their interest in the work and might well be a lesson to older ones, and others who lack enthusiasm.

At the business meeting the Sunday morning, the resolutions concerning our relations with the Council of Federation of Churches, as presented to the Los Angeles (Cal.) Church, were read and earnestly discussed, resulting in a unanimous vote to adopt the same in full.

Elder Cramer read an interesting essay, which was requested for publication in the Sabbath Recorder.

The interest of the services was helped much by plenty of splendid music, given in solos, duets, trio, a ladies' quartet from Welton, and a men's chorus. A small orchestra of three instruments from Welton was also a big help in the congregational singing and was much appreciated.

The meeting was full of the feeling of harmony and good will, which helped greatly to make it interesting and a success. We all felt that the time had been profitably and pleasantly spent.

After singing "God be with you till we meet again," good-bys were said, with the hope that we might all meet again.

Lottie Babcock, Secretary.

WORD FROM ATALLA

SABBATH RECORD: I noticed in Secretary Shour's report to the Recorder of September 17 that the Atalla Church had no stated pastor. We are very glad to say that we have one, Rev. Verney A. Wilson.

Mrs. Maude Hawkins.
cataclysm from heaven. But I doubt whether that time will come until we have done our part, in the slow, plodding fashion in which all reforms have been brought about, to bring that event nearer.

QUOTATIONS

Lyman Abbott summarizes the aim of democracy as the diffusion of happiness, through the development of character, by a process of gradual growth, the secret of which is the indwelling of God in humanity, the end of which is the brotherhood of man.

There are always selfish men who are willing to adulterate goods, to secure unfair concessions which will give them an advantage over their competitors, to avoid restrictive laws (for example those on child labor), which lessen profits. Shall we stoop to such methods?—J. W. Jenks.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MEETING

Ask one or more to report on the recent progress of the prohibition movement. What States are now “dry”? Discuss the law closing distilleries for the period of the war; the possibility of a constitutional amendment forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, etc.

Another good topic for discussion would be the ways in which the Christian Endeavor Society has been trained to be a better citizen. Could the society do more than it is now doing along this line?

Little Genesee, N. Y.

MEMBERSHIP INCREASE

The members of the Second Brookfield Christian Endeavor Society were very pleasantly entertained at the home of Pastor and Mrs. Hutchins, on Thursday evening, September 13. A short business meeting was held at which time the constitution of the society was read and several new names signed. The time passed very quickly with acknowledgment of Christ as your Savior, and contests and the young people in the presence of scoffer or saint, and the opportunity to put his spirit in service without affection or severity.

But it is to the business world that I am supposed to confine my remarks, and it is in the industrial field that the spirit of the Master has its largest sphere of activity and expression.

This spirit finds expression first of all in the pay envelope of the employee, that which a man gets in exchange for his labor, and, second, in the changed relations that are coming about between capital and labor, between employer and employee.

In most of the large plants of this country it is the fixed purpose of the employers to pay wages, not so much because they are forced to by threats of strike or labor troubles as because they want to. Employers wish their help to be men, not serfs; thinking machines, not tools; and to feel that they are a part and parcel of the business. Not all plants are able to pay the big wage that is said to be paid by the Ford Motors Company, namely $5.00 per day, but big concerns are thoroughly interesting themselves in the personal welfare and social well-being of their men.

The operation of the profit-sharing plan is gradually becoming an established custom of big institutions. Its operation cultivates a better relationship and begets a good spirit, the spirit of contentment and satisfaction in the hearts of the workmen. This is good for the development of both the social and religious life in the homes of the workers.

You may say that this is merely good business sense and that its operation yields a compensating return. I’ll grant this and on the other hand contend that good business is after all a progressive step toward best business, and best business is neither of finance were chosen quite as much for their questionable shrewdness as for their high ideals of finance. The disgrace and ignominy crushed their lives, and in short time one was an expatriate and two were dead of a broken heart,—not figuratively but actually so.

Today the successful companies vie with each other in the careful conservation of their policyholders’ funds.

You may say this upheaval and bettered condition was due not so much to a new spirit as to the result of an outraged public sentiment. This doubleness is true in part, but the successors of these deposed kings of finance were chosen quite as much for their recognized Christian principles as for any exceptional qualifications as insurance executives.

The spirit of the Master will henceforth prevail in these great institutions, and boards of directors will insist that they to whom so great holdings and opportunities are intrusted shall be men conspicuous not so much for their questionable shrewdness as for their high ideals of business ethics. Hereafter the Golden Rule will be the supreme authority in these institutions, and the Golden Rule is never operated by proxy.

For a great many years there has been one line of labor that has been much neglected, and where industrial conditions have not improved, on lines where the loss of life has been frightful. The character of the help accounts somewhat for this indifference as it is composed largely of the Slavs of southern Europe. We had become so accustomed to read from time to time of this and that appalling
calamity that our sense had become blunted, and we passed these accounts by with scant concern on our part and as a necessary adjunct of the mining business.

Only recently, or comparatively so, has this indifference given place to a quickened up fortunates. There that one so often brings to me:

The French Prussian war there were manifest some signs of humane treatment of prisoners. During the varieties wars and conquests in Africa a form of justice has tempered somewhat the treatment of the natives but without any deep concern. During all these years the barbarous Turk of the East and the re-vengeful Mexican of the West revealed in their savagery the extent to which brutality and barbarity can go when the Master's spirit is lacking.

But it fell to the lot of this nation in its conquest of the Spanish possessions in the East to demonstrate to the world what the rule of Christ and the spirit of our conquering people. Our treatment of these little brown cousins of the Philippines was so considerate, kind and generous that it was with difficulty that they could be dislodged from the delightful state of prisoners of war. The financial recompense to Spain of the value of her possessions, and the safe return of her army and citizenry were acts of unselphlove and love such as the world had never before known. If ever there was an example of noble altruism and the Christ spirit it was manifested in this policy of our government.

The awful measures of war that have been devised and employed by Germany and Austria in their ruthless aggression in superinducing death by disease, suffocation and slow poison are a sad commentary upon the so-called ethics of modern warfare, and in the employment of these horrible agencies of death the Allies have not been altogether blameless. But the savagery of attack and the cruelty of conquest find no corresponding expression in the treatment of prisoners of war; captives though they be they are safe. Revenge, hatred and indifference have completely given way to a mammoniminity of spirit and an expression of compassion the like of which the world has never seen. Every means that science has yet devised to care for the injured and restore to life and health the crippled are being employed and hospitals on the battle fields of Europe, and in this service this land of the free is sending its best surgeons, physicians and nurses gladly and without price to do its big bit in this work of mercy and humanity.

If there be one thing more than another that will in time help to obliterate the hatreds and distrusts between the European nations that are now at war it will be not indemnity for the restitutio of territories, nor even the end of hostilities and the return to peaceful pursuits. It will be the memory of those deeds of love and service that were showered upon the helpless prisoners to be recalled when this cruel war is over and they each return to their respective lands but desolate homes.

Some may be pleased to term this service an expression of a kindlier humanity that has come into the world; that much it is but it is more than that. It is the spirit of the Master that prompts the surgeon, the nurse, the Red Cross, and the other messengers of mercy to sacrifice their own lives, if need be, that those who suffer may be cared for and comforted, and that they who are wounded may be restored to health and usefulness. The spirit of the Master is coming into the hearts of men and women as never before in this troubled world of ours. It is coming into the offices of big business quite as much as it is into the shop of the small dealer. It is coming as a fixed policy in the administration of great industries as it is in the petty dealings of everyday life. It is coming in national life and eventually into international relations as it is being manifested in the administration of states and municipalities, and his spirit is coming to stay.

My dear Sabbath Recorder is That friend of many years, Which always brings a touch of joy Where'er its form appears It speaks of peace, it teaches love For all that's right and true And minds well stored their treasures bringing Its pages to renew.

When grandma discovered that drinking five cups of tea a day left her fingers trembling, her head dizzy, her nights sleepless, she said, "I must get rid of this habit—right away!"—a good name for five cups of tea a day, there being exactly five letters in the word HABIT. "Suppose," said grandmother, "I get rid of this habit by drinking one less cup a day?" So she drank four cups, but still bad HABIT. "Suppose," said she, "I drop one more cup; I must get rid of this habit," Still, a bit of the HABIT was left. "Well," she mused, "I won't be beaten by a few cups of tea. I will leave off another cup of tea, and only drink two hereafter!" But she still had it. "Then," she exclaimed, "I'll only treat it as in the other way." Even then, she had the HABIT. "I have it!" cried grandmother. "How childish I have been in my way of getting rid of this habit! I must stop drinking even one cup of tea," which, when she did, completely did away with the troublesome HABIT.—F. K. Brown.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

THE SABBATH RECORDER

I have a friend more than friend, For through the world's worker, That one so often brings to me. I many voices hear, Which speak in truth's convincing tone Of what I joy to know, And warm in no uncertain sound From wrong we should forego.

Offtimes when clouds obscure my sky, In hours of vague unrest, Uncertain of the dusky way, Doing is judging what is best, 'Tis then my mind may rest upon A word of happy thought Which, as a weekly visitor, My precious friend has brought.

When grandma discovered that drinking five cups of tea a day left her fingers trembling, her head dizzy, her nights sleepless, she said, "I must get rid of this habit—right away!"—a good name for five cups of tea a day, there being exactly five letters in the word HABIT. "Suppose," said grandmother, "I get rid of this habit by drinking one less cup a tea a day?" So she drank four cups, but still had HABIT. "Suppose," said she, "I drop one more cup; I must get rid of this habit," Still, a bit of the HABIT was left. "Well," she mused, "I won't be beaten by a few cups of tea. I will leave off another cup of tea, and only drink two hereafter!" But she still had it left. "Then," she exclaimed, "I'll only treat it as in the other way." Even then, she had the HABIT. "I have it!" cried grandmother. "How childish I have been in my way of getting rid of this habit! I must stop drinking even one cup of tea," which, when she did, completely did away with the troublesome HABIT.—F. K. Brown.
PETS OF A GREAT MAN

To write of Charles Kingsley, the author of that loved book Water Babies and not mention his pets would be to deprive young folks of something very delightful to know.

Kingsley loved every living thing with all the big, generous heart of him, and as a natural result every living thing loved him—his cats, dogs and horses giving him a devotion that was almost human.

His riding horse followed him about like a tame tabby cat and the far-famed dogs of Eversley Rectory—Dandy, Sweep and Victor—moped and grieved during his absences until it was frequently feared that they would die.

Dandy was a terrier, "long, low, with short, crooked legs, big paws, a broad head with plenty of room for his brain, and soft brown eyes that expressed every thought in his heart as plainly as if he had had the gift of speech, the only human attribute denied him," writes Rose Kingsley, in an article about her father's dogs. Dandy was his learned master's shadow and made it his especial duty to accompany him on his visits among the people of the parish.

Sometimes Dandy attended church, and when he did, "he behaved with his wonted discretion," says his mistress, "calmly lying down on the top of the high, old-fashioned pulpit steps, looking around on the amused congregation as much as to say, 'If you attempt to annoy my master, I am here to defend him.'" Dandy lived to be thirteen years old and when he died Kingsley himself dug a grave and placed a stone at its head, engraved, "Fidelis Fideles. The faithful to the faithful."

Sweep was another of the Eversley dogs—a great black retriever noted in several ways. One thing was his ability to wear a pet cat all over the place by grasping her head in his mouth. Miss Puss and he were devoted friends, and for years she would very complacently allow him to bear her about in this fashion to amuse guests at the rectory.

Sweep did not like the church bells, and whenever they began to chime he began to howl, and as he did this while racing over the lawn full speed, the musical announcement of service time became also a time of much unholy glee to the small folks at the rectory.

Victor was another dearly beloved pet of the great author. He was a dachshund of the royal breed, for he was given to Kingsley by Queen Victoria herself from her own kennel. He was "five inches high and a yard long when he was grown," says his mistress. And he acted like a spoiled child and ruled the house. He insisted on sleeping in my bedroom, and if he was put out his shrieks roused the house. He had very aristocratic tastes. No power on earth could make him go down by the back stairs, and if the maids invited him to the kitchen he would leave them to go down their own way, and running round by the front stairs, would meet them at the kitchen door.

"Victor had not the least objection to the bells, but he felt it right to show his sympathy for his dear friend Sweep, upon the principle that imitation is the sincerest flattery. So as soon as the bells began, out of the house shot Victor. Over the lawn, along the garden paths and through the yard he followed Sweep in his agonized race, tutting when his friend turned, stopping when he stopped and adding shrill yelps and howls to the big dog's lamentations."

When this little dog fell ill the man whom even royalty loved to honor laid aside his busy pen and for two nights and days nursed the suffering little animal. And when Victor's big, wishful eyes closed forever, their last glance was for the kindly man whom he had loved all his life with the devotion of his dogish heart.

It is good to know these "little things" about the great ones who have given us our literature. It is even better to read and then make our own something that Charles Kingsley wrote for one of his own children not so very long before his busy life ended: "You can find a work to do, and a noble work to do, chivalrous work to do—just as chivalrous work to do now as if you lived in any old fairland, such as Spenser talked of in his Faery Queem. Now you can be as true a knight-errant, or lady-errant, in the present century as if you had lived far away in the dark ages of violence. So, for your own sakes, if not for God's sake, keep alive in you the sense of what is, and you know to be, good, noble and beautiful, and I don't mean beautiful in art, but beautiful in morals."—Baptist Boys and Girls.

ON THE TRAIL

No. 3

REV. GEORGE W. HILLS

At Fresno we found Mrs. B. D. Maxson, in a very critical condition of health. The other members of the family are well, but very much burdened and solicitous for the afflicted one. We could not call at the home of Mrs. Maxson and daughter Genevieve called upon us at the Segnoa Hotel.

Mrs. Edna Davis is still in the city. She was a highly esteemed member of our church while I was pastor at Nortonville, Kan. A very pleasant evening was spent with her and her husband at their home. A short distance out from the city are Mr. and Mrs. Starr Williams, on a raisin-grape ranch. Mr. Williams is an old Lost Creek (W. Va.) boy.

It seems that nature has tried to outdo herself in the valley in the vicinity of Fresno, in producing fruit of the greatest excellence. When you come to Fresno come during the very last of August or the first of September. Eat figs, peaches, grapes and if you have ever found better ones anywhere, give that piece of information to Starr Williams. He will be anxious to know where that country is.

You will think the San Joaquin valley weather too hot for comfort, but you must remember that that surplus heat is a necessary factor in depositing nature's sugar in the fruit.

Our next calling point was at Trimmer, Cal., on the rushing Kings River, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. This place is reached by auto-stage from Sanger, on the railroad about thirty miles away. About half of the distance is over typical mountain roads, with frequent places that suggest that the last crop of stones has not yet been gathered. The plains part of the road is very good; the most of it is oiled.

Here at Trimmer are Brother and Sister C. N. Maxson, who once lived at Lost Creek, W. Va. They have been at this beautiful nook in the mountains for twenty-six years. They own the store, blacksmith shop, great barn and hotel. They keep the postoffice, and have more than a thousand acres of land on which Trimmer stands. Should they remove their worldly possessions, not a scrap of Trimmer would remain.

The patronage of this place comes from residents of the community, from cowboys, prospectors, tourists, city people seeking rest, foresters and Indians, for a radius of many miles. In one direction it extends more than sixty miles up into the mountains.

This is a beauty spot, nestled down on the river in a little valley of fifty or sixty acres, in a triangle, surrounded by mountains that smile their welcome to every comer.

Next month the government plans to begin work on a reservoir dam a few miles below here, and convert this great cut in the mountains into an irrigation water supply for about one million acres of very fine land in the valley below.

The dam is to be three hundred feet high. This will raise the water at Trimmer to a depth of about one hundred feet.

When the government is ready to take this place over into its full possession, Brother and Sister Maxson plan to find a home among our own people again, where they can have the many advantages and privileges of church life, which they have been so long deprived of and for which they so much long.

Grief can take care of itself; but to get the full value of a joy you must have somebody to divide it with.—Mark Twain.
**SABBATH SCHOOL**

**REV. LESTER CHARLES RANDOLPH, D. D., MIDDLETOWN, WIS.**

**WHAT WE HAVE DONE AND WHAT WE MAY DO**

**BANNER TO RITCHIE**

The banner goes this year to Ritchie, as announced at General Conference; average standing 63.5 per cent. Albion and Milton are tied for second place with 60.5 per cent. Syracuse and Plainfield tred on their heels at 59 per cent and 58.5 per cent.

The other schools that reported for both February and May were Milton Junction, First Verona, New York, Gentry, Grand Marshall, Walworth, Brookfield, Marlboro, Greenbrier, Chicago, Salem, Rockville, and Windfall Lake and New Auburn, Wis. Nearly all of these schools ran near enough the leaders so that an extra effort would have put them in the front.

Fouke and Welton both had a higher standing in February than Ritchie, but did not report for May. Farnam and Waterford also had a very creditable showing in February. The other schools reporting for February alone were Jackson Center, Middle Island, Shiloh, Boulder, Dodge Center, Petrolia, Riverside and Stone Fort. Many of these schools lost out by having no workers' meeting, and several by having insufficient data.

Alfred had the remarkable standing of 75 per cent for May, but did not report for February. The other schools reporting for May alone were Farina, Berlin, Lenardsville, Independence, West Edmeston, Connersport, Cumberland, Hartville and Nor- 

**ANYBODY'S RACE**

It is noteworthy how many schools would have had a good chance for first place if they had had a workers' meeting, if they had reported for both months, if they had given complete reports, if they had put more punch into their work, etc. Study the score card carefully, and let us all get earnestly into the campaign. The score card is merely a device to help us take account of stock, to furnish a standard, to stir us up to good works. It is a good instrument for the purpose. Use it. Let every school report for both months the coming year.

**RAISE THE STANDARD**

Then let us raise the standing all along the line. We all should have a higher percentage than the winner had this year; 63.5 per cent is not a passing mark in our colleges and high schools. Every school should aim to reach at least 75 per cent. Why not? The requirements are not unreasonable; a 100 per cent school is not impossible; 95 per cent could very readily be reached. Six points: percentage of church members in Sabbath school (all should be); attendance of pupils; attendance of officers and teachers; percentage who studied lessons; percentage attending workers' meeting; percentage of collection based on five cents per member.

Don't wait for February and May or any other months. Get busy now. Set the standard and keep pushing. The Bible-school work is the greatest work in the world, for it is associated with Christ in building his kingdom in the hearts and minds of men.

**Lesson III—October 20, 1917**

**The Temple Rebuilt and Dedicated—Exa 3: 11-17**

**Golden Text:** Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. Ps. 100: 4.

**Daily Readings**


(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*).

**A LETTER THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN**

**JOHN T. FARIS, D. D.**

Prepared for the religious press by its own co-operating committee in the interest of Food Administration

What would an American mother do if she should receive a letter like the following, from her son, "somewhere in France"?

"DEAR MOTHER:—I didn't think much of the talk of the necessity of food conservation before I left home; I thought that there always had been food enough for all, and that this was something that would be. But since I have come over here I have had my eyes opened; I have talked to some of the thousands of prisoners who are coming in every week from the German trenches, and have learned something of the scarcity of food in their own land; I have been in the homes of both poor and rich in France, and have seen how carefully every bit of food is handled. And I realize today that unless you save immense quantities of food, for us, there is grave danger that the armies in France will go hungry. You know what that would mean. No soldier can fight without plenty of food. If the day comes when we can no longer fight, the great sacrifices America has made that the world may be made safe for democracy will have been in vain. And all because there are too many who felt, as I once felt, that food conservation is unnecessary.

"Save the food, Mother, and help us fight our battles."

After receiving such a letter any mother would be eager to start a campaign of food conservation in her home. She would want to put more punch into her work, etc., and would be eager to make the weekly reports on the food saved:

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While no mother has received a letter in precisely the words, the missile quoted in this article, it is not because such a letter would not be in accordance with the facts. And this is the reason millions of mothers are co-operating with the United States Food Administration. This is the reason the churches have been asked to enlist every family to fill out the weekly report cards for nine weeks, beginning October 28. Those who have been able to come in touch with the food conservation program should write to the United States Food Administration, Washington, D. C., for full information blanks, pamphlets, etc.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

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REV. ALVA L. DAVIS

Serenent preached at the General Conference, Pleinfield, N. J., August 26, 1917

Text: With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.—Isaiah 12: 3.

We are living in jostling times. We have seen our conventional standards, international treaties and international laws broken down, and we have had kittens. Our working assumption of international relationships lies in ruins. Political and economic safeguards in which we have trusted have been burst asunder as easily as toy balloons.

Yes, we are living in jostling times. We are pushed and crowded on every hand. We are prone to grow feverish and impatient, hasty and irritable in temper, discouraged and pessimistic. There are multitudes of Christians who wish to think aright and act aright, but everything is seen from the wrong angle. It may be sealed, but everything is undertaken with such a serious sense of necessity that life becomes almost a martyrdom. The sins and evils of our times are so great, the task of reform is so huge, they despair, and forget that life is full of glory, privilege and blessing.

The scarlet thread of joy runs throughout the whole Bible, in correspondence, or biography, or history, or prophecy. It is upon the lips of every saint of God from Abraham to John. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

How these words of Isaiah thrill us, inspire us! We wonder at the joy and enthusiasm that filled his soul. In spite of all the hard and difficult tasks that were his to perform, and the discouraging conditions under which he labored, he was an optimist. In spite of the decline of Israel's devotion to God, their flickering and vanishing hope, he found occasion for rejoicing. With prophetic vision he sees the great and glorious day when "every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain."

"Cry out and shout, thou inhabitants of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

I am not unmindful of the great world-conflict into which we have been drawn, of the great world-tragedies being enacted hourly, nor the task that is placed upon the Christian church. But amidst all the distracting cares, confusion of minds and appalling tragedies, the foundations of our faith stand. "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitants of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." "Hal-lelujah: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

I am not unmindful of the conditions confronting us as denomination, spiritual apathy; intense selfishness, worldly conformity, secularism and materialism, jealousies and dissensions, and the manifest lack of spiritual power. But this is no day for a narrowed vision and a vanishing hope. If difficulties multiply they are made to conquer. If obstacles increase, the dynamic of the gospel is not weak. The showbread of the Tabernacle is the continual bread of the Presence. God is with us. He is more masterful than the powers of the world. Let every child of God rejoice that he sails not without chart and compass, and rejoice most of all in the presence of the Master Pilot who can still the tumult of the people and bring calm to the troubled waters. "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitants of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

Why these inscriptions these words bring us. The same great superhuman has been ringing down the centuries. Jesus Christ was the "Man of Sorrows,—hungry, thirsty, homeless, despised. But these, said the blessed Christ, are the pathways to tranquility, joy and power. The seventy were sent out on their mission of mercy—to heal, to bless, and to prepare the way for the coming of the Christ. "And they returned with joy, saying, Lord, even the demons are subject unto us through thy name." The early Christians were a joyous company. See Paul and Silas, with backs cut and bleeding, singing joyfully praises to God. See those early Christians dying at the stake, thanking God for the privilege of martyrdom.
And the dominant note in the lives of Christians ought to be a note of joy—the joy of the object of God; the joy of fellowship with the Father; the joy of Christlike redemptive ministry.

The Right Point of View

1. And we may well ask ourselves if we find it so. Do we find the Christian life a source of joy and hopefulness? Are we drawing the refreshment and the inspiration from our connection with the church and mingling with each other that we should? How often we rob ourselves of much of the joy that ought to be ours by persistently seeing in the disciples or weakness of our fellow-sheep: by looking for their shortcomings, failures and weaknesses, instead of their virtues. It is a truism, but one that needs to be stated over and over again,—it is just as easy to see the good in the lives of others as it is to see the lovely side if we make up our minds that a person is unlovely, disagreeable, unjust, unkind, etc., we are pretty apt to find something to confirm our opinion. But if we look for manifestations of goodness, kindness, sincerity, honesty, etc., we are sure to find these.

The Right Point of View

One of the things we Christians need to do is to get a vision of a joyful Christian life, and believe in the inherent ability of the church and its members to reflect a joyful life. This is the secret, in a large measure, of the happy, joyous life.

"Brethren, even if a man be overtaken in a large measure, of the happy, joyous life.

Steadily on, and ever on, the stars move in their orbit; with never-ending regularity night follows day. Seedtime and harvest, come and go, but they can not be hastened. The greatness of Christ was indicated by the fact that he was never in a hurry. Pressed on every side by the multitudes,—the sick, the sorrowing and the needy calling on him, the mobs and rulers threatening him, he never "rushed ahead of the divine leading.

How applicable Matthew Arnold's familiar words:

"One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson, which in every wind it blown,
Though the loud world proclaim their vanity.
One lesson of two duties kept at one.

"Of soil unsevered from tranquility;
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier themes in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

"Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do the quiet men,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
Still working, living still our vain toil,
Labor that shall not be in vain.

4. Then if we are to "draw water out of the wells of salvation" with joy, all our service must be rendered in the utmost patience,—patience in our work, patience amid persecutions, misrepresentations and abuses, patience with loved ones, friends and enemies. Said our Master: "In your patience possess ye your souls."

But brethren of the ministry, I can't close this sermon without speaking of something of the joys of the active ministry. I have not had the years of service that many of you have had. But twelve years of labor in the active ministry have not been without their trials and troubles, their heartaches and their tears. I know something of the blighting effect of criticism, the withering effect of stolid indifference, and the distressing effect of an inadequate salary. But—what are these compared with the joy set before us? the joy of ministering to the sick and needy; the joy of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ's love; the joy of winning lost souls to Jesus Christ; the joy of pleasing men and women; "Be ye reconciled to God"; the joy of planning, working, watching, praying, suffering, for the transformation of evil men, the exaltation of human life into the likeness of God our Father?

Christian friends, for six days we have been sitting together in heavenly places, singing, praising God, working, praying, planning for the coming year's work. These have been glorious days, mountain-top experiences. Like Peter, when the Master was transfigured before them, we can say, "Lord, it is good for us to be here." But the hour draws near when we must come down from the mountain-top of ecstasy, glory, down to the lowlands, down where men and women are toiling and suffering, cursing and praying, sinning and dying,—down into the sweat and grime, the sin and the heartaches at the foot of the mount.

Every soul is impinged upon by the suffering, sorrowful, needy oppressed, sinful multitude. And he who has found God on the heights will always find an eager people on the plain waiting for him to declare why he has seen and heard and felt, waiting for the message he may bring back to them. And you will find it so. May God send us back to our homes, our churches, and the needy in our community with joy and grace, with thanksgiving upon our lips, inspired by the greatness of our work, and with a holy resolve to make Christ's message known to others.

Friends, we are not members of Christ's church merely to enjoy each other's fellowship, to have singing, or to listen to eloquent sermons. These are only incidental. In obedience to Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world," we are banded together as members of Christ's body to the conquest of the world. That stands paramount to every other consideration. And it is not until one loses himself in the ministry for others that he begins to know the supreme joy—the joy that abides forever.

The supreme joy of Jesus was not in giving sight to the blind, or healing the leper, or curing the woman with the issue of blood, though such ministries were wonderful. His highest joy was in his redemptive work which brought about reconciliation between God and man. And, thank God, there is no one here tonight who may not know that joy—the joy of being used of God in working out the restoration, the redemption of our broken lives.

I know that many of you are extremely anxious about the work of the church, the Sabbath truth, and the work of our beloved denomination. But, remember, Jesus is more anxious about these than we are. He is so solicitous about this work that he has appropriated the resources of Omniscience. He has given us heaven-sent wisdom, the Holy Spirit, to teach us, so we have no need to apply his wisdom to his work. Then, just as long as we are not enough, he guarantees us his personal presence. "Lo, I am with you always."

God with us. "Immanuel." If the church would but write that word ever before her eyes, what glory, what power it would bring into the world! God with his people, individually, collectively, to make effective our efforts. Beloved, with such resources at our disposal we can not fail.

A little girl sat in the floor looking at a spot of sunshine. "Isn't it funny, Papa?" she said. "Why is it funny?" the father asked. "Why, it is funny to think that the sun is at the edge of the spot." If to Jesus we have surrendered all of our lives, God is at the other end of those things which he sends into our lives, whether sunshine or shadows, joys or sorrows, realizations or disappointments. Tell them that love God, all things work together for good.

So, friends, if there is one here this evening who feels the sting of defeat or failure, over whose soul creeps the sense of discouragement, doubt or despair; over whose life hangs the heavy cloud of disappointment or sorrow,—for all such I want this sermon to be a message of hope, of cheer, of encouragement. Daily let us do our work and live our lives, with a joyful spirit, a loving smile, a hopeful outlook, and a faith that is because of God, draws our inspiration and our power from the "wells of salvation."

Consider what God can do, and you will never despair of success.—Thomas Wilson.

Words are like that floating mine which drifted out to sea during the Russo-Japanese War, and was forgotten till it struck the west coast of Japan and exploded, killing ten and wounding over 150.—Tarbell.
ARE YOU OF THE MARTYR TYPE?

Of all types of women the martyr type is perhaps the most uncomfortable in the home. Most of us have met her at some time or other. The woman of violent temper, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, sweeps abreast of her family in true hurricane style, and works disaster while she blows, but when all is over there is the calm that follows the tempest. Yet, when she wants her way, she is so determined that she will have her way.

But the martyr type blows neither fierce nor wild, but is always there with her resigned and patient air of unlimited martyrdom. And the most detestable thing about her is that she is usually a thoroughly good martyr. No amount ofwell-directed insult. No amount ofcoddling, but it soon exhausts friendship and works.

One can not get around that. There is no denying her goodness. We should like her better if there were. Yet she has the power of casting gloom upon the merriest circle. She is the shadow of her depression. The greatest pleasure that this type of woman enjoys is the knowledge that she is unappreciated and misunderstood. Her whole attitude breathes the idea, even if she does not tell you in so many words, that she is not appreciated by her family nor her friends. At first one’s sympathies are aroused, but when one realizes that the martyr actually hunger after martyrdom, that her company is going to be, are persistent night and day, then one’s sympathies change front and one wonders how such a girl or woman ever gains love. This type of woman develops more frequently after she has passed 30, and girls are apt to think, “Oh, though they may be, are persistent night and day, then one’s sympathies change front and one wonders how such a girl or woman ever gains love.” Yet one often sees the incipient martyr in youngsters. They begin by getting the idea that they are not appreciated by their family. So every uncomfortable incident is magnified into a grievance. Sometimes this attitude is only revealed in the home circle, and outsiders working with her at some time or other. The woman of violent temper, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, sweeps abreast of her family in true hurricane style, and works disaster while she blows, but when all is over there is the calm that follows the tempest. Yet, when she wants her way, she is so determined that she will have her way. No amount ofwell-directed insult. No amount ofcoddling, but it soon exhausts friendship and works.

DEATHS

MARRIAGES


BRUESSE—DAVIS.—At the home of the bride, near Salem, W. Va., September 5, 1917, by Rev. Alva J. C. Bond, Mr. A. G. Thurman Brues, son of George W. Brues, of Berea, W. Va., and Miss Goldie M. Davis, daughter of Chesley Davis. Their home will be in Harrisville, W. Va., where the groom is principal of schools.

MARRIAGE

MAXSON.—In the home of the bride’s cousins, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Leader, Topka, Kan., by Rev. W. E. Bremh, August 20, 1917, Mr. Edwin I. Maris, of Nortonville, Kan., and Miss Helena Marie Anderson, of Lewis, Kan.

DEATHS

Peckham.—Ellen Louise Peckham was born in Petersburg, N. Y., January 25, 1839, and died August 24, 1917, aged 78 years, 6 months, and 20 days.

She was the daughter of Stephen Stetson and Cornelia Peckham, and married one sister of Mrs. H. J. Martin, and two brothers, Silas C., of Petersburgh, and George Peckham, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. When seventeen years of age, she was baptized by Rev. L. C. Rogers and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Berlin, N. Y.

Although her church privileges have been few she has lived a life strong in the faith. She has been a member of the home department of the Berlin Sabbath School, and took quite an interest in the study of the Bible. She was also a frequent giver to denominational causes.

Funeral services were held at her parlor, Rev. H. L. Cottrell, from her late home in Grafton, Sunday, August 26, 1917, and her body was laid to rest in a family burying ground a short distance from her home.

MAXSON.—In Westerly, R. I., September 5, 1917, Ann Maria Maxson, in the ninety-sixth year of her age.

Ann Maria Maxson was born in the town of Westerly, October 6, 1821. She was the daughter of Rev. Silas Amos and Lucinda (Champlain) Barber, the third child in a family of six, all of whom have now passed away. In 1846, she was married to Charles Maxson, of the firm of C. Maxson & Co., contractors and builders, which for many years, did a large business in Westerly and the surrounding communities. There were two children of this union: Charles Clarence Maxson and Mrs. Abbie M. Hickox.

WHEN you come to think of it, you will see how such an immensity of prayer seems unanswered. Many more content themselves with the mere indeterminate hope which can never carry wealth by storm. Confidence has an irresistible tendency to prayer. It is almost prayer itself, that unremitting prayer of which the gospel speaks and which, of all things commanded, looks the most like an impossibility.
But, more than this, it seems to make direct prayer the necessary center of the soul. It does not so much strive to pray as that it lapses into prayer.

A special devotion to the providence of God is another means of acquiring confidence. Even temptations against the faith, which trouble it so terribly, leave an increase of it behind them when they go, like a legacy from an unkind relation. But, above all, the habit of working for God only, of doing our best for him, and caring little about its success, and of doing it secretly, which we instinctively do when we do it only for him, is the royal road to confidence in him. We must extend it to everything that happens to us. All the events of life, all the things of this outer world, must come under its influence. In truth there is a great reason for it, because, after all, human wisdom and worldly prudence are nearly as important in the common affairs of life as they are in our spiritual warfare. Is it not our experience that it is always God who does things for us, even those things which we seem to do most ourselves?

We must trust with a special trust all that belongs to God or looks like him. Our trust must be universal, prudent, and bold.

Talking is like playing the harp. There is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop the vibration as in twanging them to bring out the music.—Gail Hamilton.

"The Christian Church is no place for 'Kickers and Knockers.'"
SMITH'S BIBLE DICTIONARY
TEACHER'S EDITION
Especially Edited and Brought Down to Date by the Noted
Bible Commentators and Sunday School Lesson Note Makers
F. N. and M. A. PELOUBET

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