By special arrangement with the publishers, we are able to offer two magazine specials:

**TWO MAGAZINE SPECIALS**

High Class Reading for all members of the family offered in these combinations.

**Stories upon Stories**
with high ideals
12 Glorious Serials or Group Stories and 250 Shorter Stories and every one with "lift" in it.

**The Youth's Companion**
Indispensable in quality, lavish in quantity — no other publication in the world like it.

**THE 1918 PROGRAMME** includes the ablest Editorials written, Articles by the world's brightest men and acknowledged authorities, Current Events, Nature and Science, Family Page, Boys' Page, Girls' Page, Children's Page, Doctor's Corner and a constant run of the world’s choicest fun.

**52 Issues a Year—not 12—$2.00**
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

Send this coupon (or the name of this paper) with $2.00 for The Companion for 1918 and we will send:

1. 52 ISSUES of 1918.
2. All remaining 1917 Weekly Issues FREE.
3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1918.

The Youth's Companion, The Companion Home Calendar and the SABBATH RECORDER one year for $3.75.

**McCALL'S MAGAZINE**
LEADING AUTHORITY IN FASHION.
OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

By special arrangement with the publishers, we are able to offer this splendid Woman's Magazine to RECORDER readers at greatly reduced price. THE SABBATH RECORDER and McCall's Magazine one year for $2.45—old or new subscriptions.

Address
THE SABBATH RECORDER
18 Madison Avenue Plainfield, N. J.

---

**The Sabbath Recorder**

**THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR**

Our little times and seasons are but fragments of eternity, and eternity is ours. The sunset on which we gaze with melancholy eyes is a sunrise on the other side of the world, and the vanishing days can take from us nothing that may not be restored by some day yet unborn.—"The Land of Long Ago."

I think that where one so often makes a mistake in life is in thinking of the beautiful past as over and done with. One ought to think of it rather as existing. It can no more be lost than any other beautiful thing or fine feeling can be lost.—A. C. Benson.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday. Today is a king in disguise. Today always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience that all great and good and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank todays. Let us not be so deceived, let us unmask the king as he passes.—Emerson.

And what is going to be our truth for the new year? Is it not that the love which has never deserted us shall come closer to us, because it finds us ready to receive it; making us better, stronger, purer, nobler, more manly, more womanly, more fit for life.—Phillips Brooks.

---

**CONTENTS**

Editorial—"In Memory of My Mother."—"No Better Name Than Mother."—"The Cyclone Made a White World."—"In Memory of a Great Revival by Zion's Deliverance.—Age-long Yearnings of the Hebrew People.—Precious Promises to Israel and Judah.—Message of Rev. James F. Shaw.—A Splendid Victory for Prohibition.—Duty of Non-Combatants in Time of War. 801-806

For the Non-Combatants. 807

Reasoning Up to God 807

Woman's Work. (poetry)—"In the Sweep of His Garments." 809-815

Don't Be a Butcher. 815

A Story From Ohio. 816

Young People's Work—Planning the Future.—"Becoming a Christian." 818

Standing By Our Boys. 818

Children's Page. 818

The King's Birthday. 819

One New Year's Day. 820

Men in the Service. 820

The Dignity of Faith. 820

Sabbath School. 820

Adams Center, N. Y. 820

—Lesson for January 5, 1918. 820

Our Weekly Service. 820

Thanksgiving. 820-820

Deaths. 821
COMING TO SALAM!


eelyst away to the quiet hills of West Virginia, far from the hum and bustle of the big city, Salem quietly calls to all young people, through Christian college education, "Come!"

Salem's Faculty is composed of persons, highly trained, working, efficient teachers, who have gathered their learning and culture from the lands of the United States, among them being Yale, Harvard, Michigan, Columbia, Cornell, Alfred and MIT.

Salem's COLLEGE buildings are thoroughly modern, up-to-date in every respect. Salem has thriving Young People's Christian Associations, both on campus and home, and remember that father and mother had the denominational newspaper!

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 83, NO 26

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 24, 1917

WHOLE NO. 3799

The Sabbath Recorder

Will the children in the homes of the friends of the Sabbath Recorder be interested in giving extra money to the denomination? Remember, "Mother" people have the money. Years ago, they paid all the taxes on the Denominational Tract Society and also paid for millions of Tracts. Give generously and help to keep the Tract Society going.

(In Memory of My Mother)

In a letter to Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard, a friend in one of our oldest churches writes: "I am enclosing $50.00 for the American Sabbath Tract Society, in memory of my mother, who has passed to her eternal rest. It was with great interest that mother watched from week to week the statements in the Sabbath Recorder and the gradual decreasing of the two debts, and I know she was planning to give something as soon as she was able; for she was much interested in the work of the denomination."

I was touched by the words, "In memory of my mother." One of the sweetest, richest possessions of any life is the memory of mother's love, and one of the noblest characters in this world is a true manhood or womanhood that holds one loyal to the principles she cherished. It would be interesting to know how many of our loyal young people are moved by memories of mother to work faithfully for the ideals she loved. Many a young man has stood true in life's conflict and sacrificed for truth and duty in memory of his mother. When the allurements of the world tended to draw him from the faith; when tempted to leave the church in which he was reared; when the fascinations of a worldly life invited him to stray, he turned to the dear one who had taught him to love and know the Sabbath and the church: in life and in death, in memory of his mother. We can have very little respect for that one who goes back upon his mother's faith and forgets her love for the church and its good work.

No Better Name Than "Mother"

In all generations the people of God have found no better name for the women who have rendered great service and won distinction as leaders and benefactors of nations, than this word, mother. Adam's name for the woman God gave him was, "Mother of all living." Abraham's Sara was given the distinguishing name "Mother of nations." When Deborah helped to save the day for Israel in time of battle, when she judged Israel so wisely, the greatest name—that could be given her was "Mother of Israel."

When we think of mother-love, and what good mothers have done for the cause of truth and for the loyalty of this generation, we wonder there are not more who say, "I will be true in memory of my mother."

The Cyclone Made A White World

That was a fearful cyc

That swept over many States last week and made great havoc with the business interests of the country. While it was raging, everything seemed to go right. But when it was over, it could not face it, traffic was held up, telephone and telegraph lines were torn down, and it almost seemed as though the very Furies were let loose and bent on destruction. A day and a night went by, in which armies of men tried to repair the damage, clear the roads, and start the wheels of business. It was a cold day, and the work of righting was indeed severe. But on the second morning, with the earth bathed in sunshine, business began to take on life again, trolleys were running between high banks of snow, stores were beginning to feel the usual push of trade, and the ordinary routine everywhere was being restored.

It was necessary for me to ride two or three miles that morning, and as the trolley sped along, the scenes on every hand were simply enchanting. The storm had begun with damp pelting snow which had packed and frozen until every tree and bush were as white as the snow could make them. Tree trunks and limbs and branches were coated deep, and each twig of tree and bush was snow-covered to its...
very tip. In the light of the morning sun this old world seemed like some fairyland, and everywhere brought before my mind a
common ruin, I could but hope that the mighty One who overruled the storm would, in his own wonderful way, as he
did alone is able, bring a white world out of the
deluge of blood. Nations have sown the wind and now they are reaping the whirlwind. It has been so before in the world's history; but out of every conflict, however deadly, the Almighty has brought a better
world. We can already see evidences of greater unity among Christians, of a stronger and truer brotherhood of faithful workers for Christ and humanity than the world has ever known before. Why shall we not still have faith in him who sees the end from the beginning, and trust that out of this storm he will yet bring a white
world?

Israel's Hopes Revived

By Zion's Deliverance

No event of the war has seemed more significant to the Hebrew people and aroused greater hopes for their future in the land of promise than has the recent capture of Jerusalem by the British. The announcement that, after twelve hundred years of almost uninterrupted Mohammedan rule, the Holy City is once more in the hands of Christians, with the prospect that the Cross will displace the Crescent in Palestine, has caused a sensation throughout the world. Israel's yearnings for the restoration of Zion have suddenly received a new impetus which for Jews of every land are profoundly grateful.

The fact that the British Government last month declared in favor of making Palestine a homeland for Jews made it seem all the more certain that the promises of Jehovah to Abraham were being fulfilled when British troops marched into Jerusalem. The land of Palestine has so long been plundered and outraged under the Turk, that the protection of nations like Great Britain and the United States, both of which have expressed purposes favorable to restoration, will receive a hearty and joyous welcome.

Expressions of gratitude and hope come from leading Hebrews in Europe and America. Historic memories are revived, religious aspirations are springing up. The fact that the news of the surrender reached the world on the very day on which the Jews celebrate the victory of the Maccabees and the light of the world, makes the day of Jerusalem's capture one of profound historical interest and gives the event a large meaning for the future.

One of the leading Hebrews, Rev. Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, writes of this as follows:

-It means the opening up of a new chapter in the history of Israel. The restoration of Palestine to its former-day fertility, toward which a splendid beginning has been made by the thousands of Zionists who have returned the ancient-day honorable vocation of farming, England's conquest of Palestine may mean the solution of the world's Jewish problem.

From many testimonies published in the Hebrew Expositor we select a few words from Rabbi Marvin Nathan:

-The taking of Jerusalem by the British forces on the first day of Hannukah is certainly a remarkable coincidence. The festival of Hanuca commemorates the victory of the Jew over the enemy and the autonomy of the Syrians, a victory for democracy, the right of the Jew to work out his own religious and political destiny without interference, free from the trammels of a foreign culture. In the war in which we are fighting today for ends and ideals not dissimilar from those of the Maccabean struggle, the capture of Jerusalem is truly significant. Not only is it a great political victory for the Allied cause, but the fall of the Holy City so closely after the declaration of England and her allies the land and the national home for our people, has filled our hearts with a great hope and a deep joy. The war is not yet over. No one can foresee what turn events may take. But the century-old longing of our people of a return to their own land is nearer realization today than the boldest expectations of the past, and near that we firmly believe that this realization is practically at hand.

Age-long Yearnings

One picture that does not fade since my visit to Jerusalem is that of devout Jews from far and near gathered at the "wailing place" praying for the restoration of Israel. I watched them in their devotions both here and at other shrines held dear by them, and could not avoid the feeling that in view of Jehovah's promise to his chosen people, still relied upon by Hebrews scattered among the nations, such prayers in the spirit of ever-loyal devotion must in God's own time meet with favorable answers.

Really it was the old, old story of the people of Israel longing for their return from captivity, now, being re-established in the latter days—a prayer for deliverance from the nations among which they have been scattered:

-Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel be glad.

Save us, O Lord our God, and gather us from among the heathen, to give thanks unto thy holy name, and to triumph in thy praise. Psalm 106: 47.

O God, thou hast cast us off, thou hast scattered us, thou hast been displeased; O turn thyself to us again. Psalm 60: 1.

Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a desolation. Jerusalem is full of desolation; they have burned with fire. Jeremiah 32: 37.

The world's great city is now a heap of ruins. The Temple is no more among the heathen, to give thanks unto thy name. and to triumph in thy praise. Ezra 9: 3.

Precious Promises

We do not wonder at To Israel and Judah the heart-yearnings and constant prayers of the scattered Hebrews, when we consider the many promises in which they have faith, and which though long delayed, they expect to see fulfilled. Prophetic visions of a coming better day are still cherished, and to Israel the turn of things in Jerusalem is full of import.

For lo, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will bring again the captivity of my people Israel. I will bring them out of the places among the heathen, where they have gone, every one to his place. Jeremiah 32: 37.

Behold I will gather them out of all countries, whither I have driven them, saith the Lord; and I will cause them to return to the land of which I gave to their fathers; and I will plant them upon the mountain of my holy hill. Jeremiah 32: 5.

For I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you into your own land. Ezekiel 6: 44.

And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; I will make it fruitful and prosperous, and I will bring you into your own land. Ezekiel 6: 44.

And I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel, and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them. And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall multiply and be fruitful in the land which I gave to their fathers. Ezekiel 14: 14.

The message of Rev. James F. Shaw, of Fouke, Ark., given at the Southwestern Association in September. Most of our readers among the young class have little knowledge of this brother and his work, but those who are older remember him as a staunch pioneer in Sabbath re-form work in the Southwest some thirty years ago. He was brought up a Baptist, but under the influence of Sabbath-keeping missionaries and the Seventh Day Baptist Church became a Seventh Day Baptist and, in 1886, first pastor of the Texarkana (now Fouke) Seventh Day Baptist Church. For some years he published a paper called the Sabbath Outpost, which did a god work on this line.

As missionary under the auspices of the Missionary Board, he was influential in bringing a number to the Sabbath of Jehovah and assisted in organizing several small churches. He also led in organizing the Southwestern Association. In 1890, Brother Shaw attended the Seventh Day Baptist Council at Nashville, Tennessee, recognized as delegate from five churches in the Southwest; Texarkana (Fouke), Hewitt Springs, Miss.; Dewitt, Ark., Rupea, Tex., and Bulcher, Tex. At this council and at the Conference following in Milton, Wis., we first met Brother Shaw—as many of our people reading this picture in another page shows him as he looked then. More than a quarter of a century has brought changes, and Brother Shaw, now a man of seventy-two, is spending life's evening time in his quiet home at Fouke. May the light of a golden sunset cheer this servant of God and the hope of a glorious morning fill his soul.

A Splendid Victory

In spite of the strenuous efforts of the rum power to defeat the measure, the bill for an amendment to the Federal Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor in the United States and its terri-
on several occasions we advocated the...3:ndkill one that comes in their way; when those who foresaw the world devastated by wars, must have understood that through the practice of war nations would be educated to devastate lands. If these stand true, it will require only...Our country is at war. It was forced upon us against our will. And now we are in the final struggle of civilization against barbarism. Every hour we are in jeopardy. We hate war as much as any pacifist or non-combatant. There is no war party today but Germany, and while the days of reconstruction-instead of destruction—are ushered in. At home non-combatants may encourage treachery until anarchy reigns supreme and we have to reap the harvest of our non-combatant seed-sowing is a theory that would far better be abandoned until our loyal soldiers, commanded by our trusty and level-headed President, are able to win peace in the only way now possible—by force of arms.

**FOR THE NON-COMBATANTS**

**LOIS R. FAY**

Here is a mother who says, when asked if yet reconciled to her son's draft to a military training camp: "No! And I never shall be." Not so very far west is a congregation of several hundred persons known as the Church of God people, who made a unanimous resolution against bearing arms, at their recent conference. Then there are the Quakers, already famous as non-combatants. But what use are these pacifists everywhere? People who try to pacify fighting dogs always run considerable risk of being injured themselves. Whoever attempts to separate the idle and belligerent must possess sagacity, and an admixture of courage, to successfully check the fight. Even then the angry beast may regard its rescuer with extreme antipathy and vent its unspent fury on him as a new victim. The way would-be pacifists of the strifes of humanity usually experience danger not so very dissimilar, if a peaceful settlement or a cessation of hostilities is suggested before the infuriated ones have carried into execution their angry purposes. And if the pacifist takes a position "on the fence" so to speak, and endeavors to convince both contestants they have each made individual mistakes which occasioned present difficulties, what scorn is heaped upon the neutral party! Coward, slacker, pessist, traitor, are epithets too good for the one who will not join the fight when called upon.

One business man's view of Quakerism was very mildly expressed when he said to a member of that denomination, "Now is the time for us, Quakers, to get square with the world," implying that now, during the present war, is a chance for Quakers to lay aside once and for all their principles against bearing arms, and join the rest of the world in its war.

But viewing the work of the Quakers at Constantinople for those who have made homeless, and restoring to cultivation land made desolate by war, one must be blind indeed who does not see they are more than square with the world. The military leaders in the world's carnage may not recognize the value of Quaker principles. An army general would probably consider all the Church of God people, Quakers, and non-combatant individuals in the world, as worthless and more of a hindrance than help in the present world conflict.

But if faithless to the law of their God and in "the things that make for peace and with which one may edify another," as the apostle wrote, they are far from worthless in the divine plan. The seed they may sow wherever they may be called, will yield a harvest that may be appreciated when the days of reconstruction—instead of destruction—are ushered in. At home non-combatants may encourage all those just and fair relations in business and social dealings with another, for "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" includes vast domains of generous practice of humane dealings.

People who are so impressed with the horrors of war that they can not conscientiously bear arms, bayonet, hand grenade or other death-dealing weapon, will find people anywhere and everywhere who need food and clothing. There are many who need healing poured into their wounds and shelter given them by good Samaritans who retain no claim. There are many more needing to be shown that the way of salvation is not merely to gather the diseased and wounded into retreats that soon become places of congestion; it is also to prevent the disease and wounds by teaching fellow-man to live in accordance with divine law.

There are many who need to be shown...
that Bernhardi's principles—that war is necessary, commendable, and provocative of good—are basely unprincipled. Bernhardi
can not be convinced by mere preaching.
Such preachers are not popular; if they persist in making their voice heard
where custom, habit and civil law favor war, wrath as disastrous as that of the mad
dog may be visited upon them.
But if the words of life are accompanied
by the healing of the seamless dress of
Christ, the common people will hearken
gladly; and though civil and ecclesiastical
leaders may through envy deliver the
messengers of peace to death, and save Barbabas-like robbers alive, as was done in
the early days of the preaching of peace
through Jesus Christ, this suffering will
seal the judgment of the guilty who afflict it, and establish the gospel of peace on an
enduring basis, which shall never pass
away.
There are many who might enter into
the manufacture of death-dealing imple-
ments who need to be educated to the horror
that follows each weapon. President
Wilson called the people to enter this war
without anger, malice, or other base im-
plorations, but as the young men be-
come expert in handling the weapons put
in their hands, and the munition makers
are accompanied by the bitterest
remonstrance, and the success we asked for has
met us with a gracious and loving refusal,
which surely destroys. And therefore he
saw she were to
ask for it, I can not give my child my
nobility to my child.
If then, being evil,
I could endow her with
the common people will hearken
their free, healthy,
and desperate
effort
attractive manufactures without base motives.
By the Basis of Our行车
We know instinctively how to give bread
eight as that of the mad principal
or of the one
healing.
The brewers' propaganda pub-
lished the statements to this effect and peo-
ple believed them.
A similar gullibility has existed regarding
weapons invented and manufactured to
wound, maim, and bring to an untimely end
one's enemies. Because the propaganda of
munition makers stated firearms were the
principal safeguard for money, property,
and the honor, liberties, and peace which
we have believed it. But there is a reformation ahead
as beneficial to humanity as the temperance
reform, or the one Martin Luther helped
along four hundred years ago.
Men are not going to hoard such quan-
tities of goods that they have to keep in
subjugation with firearms their long-suffer-
ing and desperate neighbors, whom they
have taken advantage of.
They are not going to associate their
honor in such low company, nor shadow
it with such questionable dealings, that a
duel is the only way to establish that honor
in the eyes of their short-sighted associates.
Nor are men going to always armed
and in training for such a contingency, just
because that which is said to be the
man who has for sale the latest thing put
on the market by the leading arms com-
p-any.
Women will some day see that it is ac-
tually dishonestable to display their honor
in ways that make a deadly weapon in the
hands of some masculine friend its only
defense.
PARENTS will bring their boys up to find
enjoyment without participation in play that
underrates the value of life, so that in
business and in government they oppose
things that belong to the half-civilized.
Those barbaric implements with which men
in the past enforced on others a recognition
of honor, of religion, or of power, will
some day be consigned to the moldering
attitude. The folly of Germany in trying to
enforce monarchial culture by weapons of
war, will be more apparent than ever. The
folly of manufacturers in a Christian na-
tion, advertising arms to one nation for
aggressive war, rather for the defense
against the previously stimulated ag-
gression, will be a dishonorable occupa-
tion; and the minds of people will regret
the days when democracy was so blind as
to take up the most mon-
archly brandished in her death struggle.
There is indeed a great field for construc-
tive effort open to the non-combatant.

**REASONING UP TO GOD**

**THE WORDS of our Lord are always the**
expression of great principles. His
word is not merely a counsel for a single
event, but it is the guidance in all the
events that may confront us. His
mechanical teaching is not concerned with a particular
act but with the principle of action. And
in imparting this general wisdom to his
disciples, he again and again gave them a
leading principle how to think about God.
We are to take the finest instincts in human
nature, and we are to reason up to God.
God's nature is not something entirely
different from the highest instincts in our
own souls. We are admittedly evil, but there
is a certain grandeur left among our ruins. We
know instinctively how to give bread
to our hungry children. "Well then," says
our Master, "Take your stand there; take
your own conduct as your own principle of
reasoning, and dare to think that what the
finest human instincts would forbid you
to do God's will surely do it."
A

**APPLY this great Christian principle to**

the comfort and heartening of our
souls. Let us take this as the basis of our
meditation: "If ye then, being evil, know
how to give good gifts to your children,
how much more shall your Father which is in
heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that
ask him." I can not give my child my
spirit even if she were to ask for it. I
would not care to do it even if I could.
But suppose I saw something very gracious
and very noble in the life of another, some
sterling rectitude, some spirit of invincible
honor, some tender sympathy, some holy
grace, and suppose it were in my power
to secure all grace and honor and ability,
and give it to my child because she asked
it, would I do it?

Or suppose it were in my power to give
her good spirits and a generous disposition and a
mood of ready sacrifice and genial
self-forgetfulness, would I do it? Or sup-
pose I could impart to her a spirit of har-
mony removing all the rasping discord in
her soul; suppose I could endow her with
the secret of kindness, would I do it? Of
course I would not; I would be up
before the dawn in order that it might be
done even before the break of day! Well,
I am counseled by the Master to take my
own parental instincts, and not cast them
aside as filthy rags, but regard them as
desirable suggestions of the character of my
Father in heaven. If I then, being evil,
would give a royal spirit to my child if it
were in my power, how much more shall
my Father in heaven give his spirit to
them that ask him? That is the principle of
offered to me by the Lord, which he exalts
me to use in utmost confidence. My Father
in heaven is more hungry to give me his
spirit than I am to give the rarest grace
and nobility to my child.

**NOW let us change the path of our rea-
soning, and let it run in this line:** "If ye
then, being evil, know how to refuse a
razor when your little one asks for it, how
much more shall your Father which is in
heaven refuse perilous and destructive
things for them for them in our ignor-
ance?" Our reasoning is in the line of the
divine refusal as well as in the line of the divine consent. If our little
one asked for a razor on the assumption
that it was a glittering toy, if she pleaded
for it, I need forsee about her; but if she
pleaded for it, should we be move to gratify her
desire? Suppose the little one asked for
a snake, thinking it to be a fish, how then?
We should refuse the pleadings even though
they were accompanied by the bitterest
ears.

And sometimes we come to our Father
in heaven, and we ask for a snake, mistak-
ing it for a fish, or we ask for a stone, mistak-
ing it for a loaf, and the thing we ask
is denied in answer. We ask for a sharp
sword, assuming that it is a pruning-hook, or we
ask for poison under the conviction that we
are pleading for water from a mountain
spring. Perhaps we have asked for ease
and the ease has not been given. Our
Father in heaven sees that the ease we ask
for would be disastrous to our souls, that
it would mean the ministry of a rust that
consumes, and the invasion of the moth
which surely destroys. And therefore he
meets us with a gracious and loving refusal,
and in denying our request, he imparts to
us a richer blessing.

Or perhaps we have asked our God for
success, and the success we asked for has
been denied. We have had disappointment
and failure and defeat, and we have won-
The baby year stands waiting on the threshold. Wide-eyed, he peered around.

Unmindful of the fading din of battle
Which marks a forward step for liberty;
Or of the freedom newly won.
The walling dirge of sorrowing heathendom,
And the low, dreadful cry
From heathen hearts within a Christian land,
Reach not his heedless ear.
His face is toward the future.
Where, ever gleaming through the days to come,
Blaze myriad torches, red with the bright flame
Of love.

Enkindled from the heart of God himself;
And borne aloft by faithful ones and true,
These shall consume the wrong and hurt of all the world.

March on, with courage, then,
Ye bearers of the torch,
Into the coming day.
Forget the faltering past,
And gallantly press on
Till darkness and despair
Have fled forever from the hearts of men.

—M. I. L.

**IN THE SWEEP OF HIS GARMENT**

One morning last week I went out to pick the figs from a big tree midway of the garden. Peterkind, being full of bubbling desires to “keep mum,” sodded along in his little snow-white rompers, and dragged a papier pocket nearly as tall as himself.

If ye then, being evil, know how to forgive your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven forgive you?” Yes, indeed, how much more! “As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.” When the little one turns to us in tearful regret for some misdeed we just spring toward her in the spirit of forgiving long and reconciliation. And will our Father cast us aside when we turn our feet toward him in penitence and hungry hope? “When he was yet a long way off his father saw him, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him.” And so let us confidently reason upward from our blemished experiences to the perfected love of our Lord, and let us fill our souls with hope, assurance and boundless praise.

—Dr. J. H. Jouett. From The Continent, by permission.

**THE COMING DAY**

The baby year stands waiting on the threshold. Wide-eyed he peered around.

Unmindful of the fading din of battle
Which marks a forward step for liberty;
Or of the freedom newly won.
The walling dirge of sorrowing heathendom,
And the low, dreadful cry
From heathen hearts within a Christian land,
Reach not his heedless ear.
His face is toward the future.
Where, ever gleaming through the days to come,
Blaze myriad torches, red with the bright flame
Of love.

Enkindled from the heart of God himself;
And borne aloft by faithful ones and true,
These shall consume the wrong and hurt of all the world.

March on, with courage, then,
Ye bearers of the torch,
Into the coming day.
Forget the faltering past,
And gallantly press on
Till darkness and despair
Have fled forever from the hearts of men.
prize that had been offered by a big art firm in Los Angeles. They wanted to send a statue of their wares to the Exposition, and it was to be called "Patience." Taking the prize would mean a lot to Evelyn on account of the money and the name. She had been living in a little back studio in the city, working day and night, and watching the tiny bit of money her father had left her ooze away.

"That would not have been so bad," she said sadly as she sat telling it all to me in the shabby kitchen-studio, "but there was the awful tax of going to my mother's house every day to do the things that Betty could not do. Mother is a cripple, and very—my sister, as I think I've told you—is a bit defective in intellect, but she takes care of my mother and the bungalow."

Evelyn had told me from time to time about the mother and sister. I had gathered, almost without her saying so, that the mother was one of those invalids who have kept their daughter from the long that they come to think that the universe just turns around with them for a center. She had always been taken care of, and like others of us women who live care-...-free, domestic lives she had no idea of what...-measuring her worth. More bad, she was of the sort that scolds its way through life. That's a very effective way, too, for people will do anything in order to stop the sound of the scolder's voice.

Evelyn, when she first started with her sculpture work, had gone to live in Chicago. But the mother scolded her back to Los Angeles. Evelyn declared, though, that as she had to make a living, her work was a duty, and as she could not work in her mother's vicinity, she would never, never go to live with her. When she undertook trying for the prize statue, however, she was so worn with the noise of the city that she decided to come over to Pasadena. The agents for the empty house let her have the kitchen and dining-room for a nominal rent, and she brought all her little white ghosts and set up a studio there.

A prize that had been offered by a big art firm in Los Angeles. They wanted to send a statue of their wares to the Exposition, and it was to be called "Patience." Taking the prize would mean a lot to Evelyn on account of the money and the name.

She had been living in a little back studio in the city, working day and night, and watching the tiny bit of money her father had left her ooze away.

"That would not have been so bad," she said sadly as she sat telling it all to me in the shabby kitchen-studio, "but there was the awful tax of going to my mother's house every day to do the things that Betty could not do. Mother is a cripple, and very—my sister, as I think I've told you—is a bit defective in intellect, but she takes care of my mother and the bungalow."

Evelyn had told me from time to time about the mother and sister. I had gathered, almost without her saying so, that the mother was one of those invalids who have kept their daughter from the long that they come to think that the universe just turns around with them for a center. She had always been taken care of, and like others of us women who live care-free, domestic lives she had no idea of what...-measuring her worth. More bad, she was of the sort that scolds its way through life. That's a very effective way, too, for people will do anything in order to stop the sound of the scolder's voice.

Evelyn, when she first started with her sculpture work, had gone to live in Chicago. But the mother scolded her back to Los Angeles. Evelyn declared, though, that as she had to make a living, her work was a duty, and as she could not work in her mother's vicinity, she would never, never go to live with her. When she undertook trying for the prize statue, however, she was so worn with the noise of the city that she decided to come over to Pasadena. The agents for the empty house let her have the kitchen and dining-room for a nominal rent, and she brought all her little white ghosts and set up a studio there.

On this first statue, she said Evelyn as she threw off the cover of the dearest little dainty figure, "I put much time, I was so sure it was right. I found my model in a trained nurse who was caring for the most...-swept, she asked. Then she looked so sweet and kind of childlike that I wasn't afraid to go on.

"Why, one of Peter's books says that it's one thing to march in front with the will of God and another to be 'dragger in the sweep of his garment that makes the storm behind him.'"

I couldn't tell, myself, why I told her this, so I didn't say anything more. Peter's...-'swept, she asked. Then she looked so sweet and kind of childlike that I wasn't afraid to go on.

"Why, one of Peter's books says that it's one thing to march in front with the will of God and another to be 'dragger in the sweep of his garment that makes the storm behind him.'"

I couldn't tell, myself, why I told her this, so I didn't say anything more. Peter's...-'swept, she asked. Then she looked so sweet and kind of childlike that I wasn't afraid to go on.

"Why, one of Peter's books says that it's one thing to march in front with the will of God and another to be 'dragger in the sweep of his garment that makes the storm behind him.'"

I couldn't tell, myself, why I told her this, so I didn't say anything more. Peter's...-'swept, she asked. Then she looked so sweet and kind of childlike that I wasn't afraid to go on.

"Why, one of Peter's books says that it's one thing to march in front with the will of God and another to be 'dragger in the sweep of his garment that makes the storm behind him.'"

I couldn't tell, myself, why I told her this, so I didn't say anything more. Peter's...-'swept, she asked. Then she looked so sweet and kind of childlike that I wasn't afraid to go on.

"Why, one of Peter's books says that it's one thing to march in front with the will of God and another to be 'dragger in the sweep of his garment that makes the storm behind him.'"

I couldn't tell, myself, why I told her this, so I didn't say anything more. Peter's...-'swept, she asked. Then she looked so sweet and kind of childlike that I wasn't afraid to go on.

"Why, one of Peter's books says that it's one thing to march in front with the will of God and another to be 'dragger in the sweep of his garment that makes the storm behind him.'"

I couldn't tell, myself, why I told her this, so I didn't say anything more. Peter's...-'swept, she asked. Then she looked so sweet and kind of childlike that I wasn't afraid to go on.
end of my ambitious dreams. I shall leave these things until I can move them away. Maybe you will cast an eye over here occasionally.

I could hardly speak. It seemed so dreadful to have your life so empty of sweetness. So I opened the door to go. But before I knew it something else popped out without my seeming to mean it.

"Work's love. If we love not ourselves but the objects of our love—we are led straight through them up to God. And I've learned in my housekeeping and in the care of Peterkind that if I love my work and not my own particular way of doing it, somehow it gets done a lot better than the way I had thought out.

IT was that evening that a man came and looked into the windows of the empty house.

Peter was sitting by the fire, cutting the leaves of a new book of essays that had come in the afternoon. As I was thinking about Evelyn I took up the lattice and pulled back the curtains. I wanted to see if everything looked all right at her place. I had often done that while she was there, and I used to see her working away at drawings, or pouring water over her little ghosts. But now it was dark, and rain was falling—the welcome winter rain that brings out the roses and calla lilies, and gives new start to the growth of the beautiful yellow oranges. Our trees were heavily laden with lovely golden balls. Indeed, one was weighed quite to the ground, and Peter had had to wire it to the house to keep it from collapsing entirely.

"Strange how time leaves its marks," I said. I began to think very fast. There was the firm that had offered the prize. Maybe they had changed their minds. "Why—did you want to see her work?" I asked, trying not to be too eager. "It's all here, you know. She couldn't—it hasn't been moved yet. I have the back door key.

WE paddled around on the wet gravel to the back door. Peter took the candles from me, and lit them all. He stuck them high in some little cups, and that threw a pleasant, soft light over the sheeted figures. I began to pull the covers off, so eager was I to show empty house. He was rather quiet, though, and he didn't seem to look as much at the finished things as at the broken bits of plaster scattered about; and he stood a long time before some sketches in pencil which had been left lying on the sink. Pretty soon he glanced toward the dining-room.

"There are none of the statues. I suggested, and Peter took down one of the candles. The two men went into the dining-room. I stood in the doorway, feeling a bit vexed and downcast. Why couldn't he have shown some appreciation of the lovely little figures? Art men were such—Just then I heard a prolonged "Ah-h!"

and Peter gave a low whistle. I seized another candle and went in. Mr. Burton was over in the corner where I had seen Evelyn standing so long that morning. He had the candle in his hand, and he had pulled off the sheets from a figure that stood on a high slender, wooden pedestal. I went closer to see what he was exclaiming about. "Then I, too, cried out.

It was the loveliest little white bust of a baby that I ever saw. I recalled right away that Evelyn had "stolen" Peterkind several times, and the boy had great times playing "make dollys with Missy Tonic." She had never said one word about wanting Mr. Burton a little model.

But this was not Peterkind. Of course there was the shape of the head, and the darling little fat neck, and the dear little ears. But the face—it was the face of no baby I had ever seen. I felt—somehow—that it was the face of a baby that had never yet been born.

Mr. Burton suddenly covered it up. He turned away with a queer drooping of the head, as if he had walked noisily into a church service or something of that kind. We none of us felt like talking, and we covered up the figures, locked the door, and splashed around again to the front porch.

He did not speak another word, except to ask for Evelyn's Los Angeles address. When he striding down the path, dodging the wet branches of the magnolias, I slipped my hand in Peter's arm, and we started across the lawn to our house. Then we both the rain had stopped. A faint light was striking between the roofs of the houses. P e e r i n g through, we saw the clouds had parted, and the moon had come out. Its blue gleam made a giant eucalyptus look like a huge feather against the western sky.

All of a sudden it made me see what Hope was like. I who had never needed to know it for myself, was now knowing it for Evelyn. And it wasn't a bit dreary, it was beautiful; something like the stirring of a new life under the heart.

I kept waking up that night, and wondering about Mr. Burton. Could he be thinking of—no—he didn't look as if he wanted to buy that baby head. Well—what did he want, anyway? I decided to go over to the city the next day, and tell Evelyn all about it. I felt that she ought to know.

I FOUND Evelyn in a shabby little brown bungalow. She was sitting on the floor, and binding her mother's drooping legs. Mrs. Stone was sociably inclined, and she entertained me in a lively way while her daughter and yards and yards of muslin strips about her head while she called a chance to talk to Evelyn, but it did not come.

While I was planning to ask her to take a bit of a walk with me, Betty, the detective sister, wandered restlessly in and out of the room, fetched and carried for Mrs. Stone, and answered the bells back and front. Her every entrance was the signal for the mother to hurl some bitingly critical remark at her head. Betty did not answer. She limped about with her stooped figure and long, swinging arms, and picked up things and hunted for other things without any word of comment.

She had started toward the kitchen when the mother suddenly said, "Evelyn!" With a wild wail, the invalid caught hold of Evelyn's skirts and whispered for water.

I ran to the kitchen and found Betty with a glass already filled, "I saw her eating candy," she exclaimed mildly, "so I knew she'd choke in a minute."

After the alarm was allayed, I carried the glass back to Betty. She was standing by the sink, and she looked at me with a confidential nod.

"Sometimes I'm going to have a white one—made of porcelain." She pointed to the chair where the paint was worn, and washed to a mass of dark scales. "I've always wanted that. A white sink—made of porcelain." She smiled brightly.

She turned away, smiling brightly, and I went back to the living-room. I talked awhile longer with Mrs. Stone, and during this time Bettie was called to arrange the pillows for the invalid. She seemed to know just how to do it, but exactly so much scolding had to be gone through with before Bettie's first arrangement was finally accepted.

But the girl's face did not change. The smile I had seen in the kitchen lingered on her lips and in her eyes. I knew, as if I'd been told, that she was seeing that "white
sink—made of porcelain." Bettie had an ideal, and it lifted her above the rats and jars of life.

I was aroused from my thoughts about Bettie by a quick grasp on my arm. I turned to find Evelyn with her face all aglow, and her eyes sending out little sparks of fire. She was fairly glaring at her sister. I was startled at what she said.

"My Patience!"

I thought she was exclaiming at something, and I wondered a bit, for she was always such an extremely poised person about her talk. In a second she said it again—over the shoulder of Mrs. Stone’s loud beating of Bettie.

"My Patience, Rose!" she whispered.

"Don’t you see? Look at Bettie—look quick, Rose!"

But I saw—easily enough, and it brought me right up out of my chair. I saw, too, that Evelyn was beginning to tremble with excitement. She glanced at me, "I did not know—I did not dream—that it was right here with me. Rose, my high light will be reached—my master work will be done!—and Bettie will have her sink." I loved her for that anti-climax.

I was as hubbly incoherent as she, and we had nearly reached my car before I thought to tell her of Mr. Burton’s visit. She did not seem greatly impressed, and she only answered absently:

"I know—I remember meeting him. He said then that he would run over some time and see the rest of my work. I suppose he was in Pasadena and thought it was a good time to come. Oh, Rose—my Patience!"—It was no time to talk.

I told her that Peter and I would send over the things that she ought to have right away to work with, and she made a list. As I left, but barely had the car out of sight, I heard a whisper.

I saw her face all lit up with a smile, and she stood, with her hands in the pockets of her sweater coat, looking like a merry, happy little girl.

W E didn’t hear a word from her for ten days. I didn’t think strange of that, for I knew that when she started to work she forgot everything else. But I didn’t wait to hear. I went over again.

She was at work in a back bedroom which had been cleared to give room for her trap. But it was a new Evelyn who flourished at me the queer, knife-like instrument with which she was slapping around in the wet clay. She laughed aloud in gleeful welcome.

"She’s here all right, Rose," she cried, "our Patience! Come and look at her!"

I saw she jumped up to draw me over to the window near which she had been working. At that instant a stream of wild calls for Bettie rang out from the front room. I stopped and looked at Evelyn with a troubled feeling.

"Evelyn dear—how do you—are you able to get in your work—here?"

She turned and threw both arms about me.

"Rose, do you know—that when I got out of the ‘sweep,’ and went to marching in the front—with the Will, I found that the Will was going to see to it that I should have a chance to do my work."

"Rose!"

I knew then that a new voice was sounding from the living-room—one that Mrs. Stone answered with evident delight. It was the kind of voice that when you hear it from behind, you turn your head to look at the speaker. And strong rapid footsteps came along the little passageway that led to the studio door.

I didn’t stay long. Mr. Burton was like a boy in his impatience to have the statue quite finished; and he stood with his hands in his pockets, bending eagerly over the work, and marking quickly the progress that had been made since the day before. Across the passage, I glanced back through the door, and again a light straked through the parting clouds. This time it shone from the face and figure of Mr. Burton. As he stood looking down into Evelyn’s face, I knew that he knew. But in the eyes that gazed up at him, there was only the wonder of the artist to the master. As I trotted back to Peter, Peterkind and home, the sunbeams still lingered golden among the leaves of the apricot and orange trees; faint, soft outlines of the Sierra were veiled in mysteries of rose and lavender; but that beauty paled before the greater and more golden mystery I had seen in that dawning of the Love-light.—Joan Makan Plank, in Christian Herald.

DON’T BE A BLUFFER
A. L. MANOS

The word "bluffer" is here used to mean one who "blindfolds," "deceives," and "misleads" by evading an honest question as to who is he or whom he represents; or pretending to be something that he is not; or pretending to know something that he does not really know. Man can not bluff or deceive God and it is low and wicked to try to bluff and mislead his fellow-man.

Don’t be a bluffer, but be frank and honest with all men. Don’t be a Jacob, a "supplanter," and "deceiver." Honesty is the best policy.

To say nothing of the wickedness of the practice, the following clipping will illustrate the disgusting cheapness of bluffing:

"HE BELIEVED IN BLUFFING"

"A young lawyer just starting out thought bluffing a good plan.

"Hearing a knock at his door one day, he said ‘Come in, and then picking up the telephone, receiver said: ‘Hello—Yes—Well, I can not possibly say. Maybe within a week if you will call I may be able to take both cases, but just at present one is all I can handle as I am very busy.’ Then turning to the caller he said: ‘What can I do for you?’"

The man seemed confused, but finally said: ‘Sir, I am from the telephone company. I just came up to connect the ‘phone.’"

Don’t be a bluffer. "Be sure your sin will find you out." (Num. 32: 23).

A STORY FROM OHIO

Johnson’s Hall, in one of the small towns of southern Ohio, was crowded with people who had come to decide the question of circulating a "dry" petition. The first speeches had been strongly in favor of temperance action. Then Simon Stribley, a saloon-keeper, said:

"Fellow citizens, I have kept one of the two saloons in this town for the past ten years. My father ran it twenty years. We both have observed the law. No one can say we kept a disorderly place. I have $12,000 invested in the saloon business. It is the only business I know anything about. If the county votes ‘dry’ I must leave the town, for I would be out of a job."

At once the "wet" speakers took up this note of warning. He tried to stampede the meeting. "Of course, we won’t be so foolish as to drive such a good citizen out of town," said one.

In the midst of the hubbub a pale little woman rose from a back seat, and asked the privilege of a hearing, which was granted.

"Friends," she said, "you all know me. I have lived here over thirty years, and my parents lived here thirty years before me. We have never broken a law of the community. My husband, as you know, is a railroad man. He earns sixty dollars a month. On pay day he brings home from two to seven dollars out of his $75. The remaining fifty-three to fifty-eight are spent before they are earned in Stribley’s saloon. I have four children to clothe, feed and educate. To do this I take in six washings each week and keep two boarders. But this country should vote ‘dry’ Mr. Stribley would lose his,” she said, "his remaining fifty-three to fifty-eight dollars a month from my husband’s salary, but I would have it to spend in the grocery, clothing store, shoe store and other places about town. I would have a husband’s company and help about the home. True, Mr. Stribley would be out of the saloon business, but I would gladly pass over to him my two boarders and six washings. He need not be out of a job."

And then came the triumph of the “dry.” Amid cheers and laughter the meeting, by a splendid majority, voted to circulate a "dry" petition. Today, Mr. Stribley is not passing out beer, nor is he running the saloon as a railroad man. He is keeping boarders, and his parents have lived here over thirty years, and his wife says he is the happiest man in town.—National Advocate.

Some one illustrates meekness by saying that it is like one of those fragrant trees which comes in with its perfume the ax that smites into its wood. The meek man gives back love for hate, kindness for unkindness, sweetness for bitterness.—J. R. Miller.
In this antipodes.~ trying good. to hope outlook, an optimism and truth. what our own, individual duty is, and then, able to swing the balance in favor of right. the other hand., we may try to find out steadily our minds all the evil forces at work and overlook to work forthefuture,-that succeed that he did not they rightly understood, as far apart in purpose and result are often confused, although they are full of fear and discourage. We know to God (Rev. 2: 17). "Take the morrow." We know that sermon was loud and boisterous because he had recently passed through an exciting experience. The other was calm and quiet, but he doubtless loved the Lord just as much. It is said that no two experiences are exactly alike. The test of our conversion is in our attitude toward Christ and humanity. If it is our joy to do the Master's bidding, putting aside our own selfish thoughts and acts, we belong to him. If Jesus were to come today to seek his own, and we would go joyfully out to meet him, we are his. If there is fear or dread or any thought of his coming, we need a heart-searching before him, and when our fault is revealed, we need to make a full surrender to him.

**SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MEETING**

Can you see any improvement in your life that has taken place this year? Have you been able to profit by your mistakes? In what respects can our society be bettered in the coming year? Welton, Iowa.

**BECOMING A CHRISTIAN**

**ANGELINE ABBEY**

Christian Endeavor Topic for January. 5, 1918.

**DAILY READINGS**

Sunday—An awakened conscience (Acts 16: 1-6)

Monday—Faith first (John 3: 1-8, 16)

Tuesday—Repentance and faith (Acts 2: 37-47)

Wednesday—Obedience (Acts 9: 1-6)

Thursday—The result—pardon (Acts 3: 13-21)

Friday—Testimony to Christ (Acts 26: 13-15) (Consecration Meeting)

**AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE**

DOUBTLESS all people desire eternal life. There are many who would like to become Christians if they knew the way.

The first step mentioned in this week's lesson is an awakened conscience. One can never be converted unless he first realizes that he is a sinner. Conversion is a turning about. A traveler who has chanced to take the wrong road will continue in that course until something arouses him to a realization of his error. It may be something in nature,—a tree, a lake, a hill, a river. It may be some building erected by man. It may be the voice of some friend calling to him in words of warning, or the voice of a stranger he meets in the way.

When a soul out of Christ realizes his lost condition, he is apt to seek to find the way. If he has been taught to read his Bible daily, and to pray, he knows where to go for help. If he has not been in the habit of reading his Bible and praying, he needs the help of some Christian who knows the way, to pilot him.

If we had an account of the conversions recorded in that sermon we spoke, John 3: 16, it would be a wonderful record. A discouraged man, feeling that his life was a failure, was about to commit suicide. As he walked down a street in London, he found a tract containing that verse. He read it and repeated, and was converted. Not only his physical life but his spiritual life was saved.

O young people, let us preach Christ by our lives, by word of mouth and by the printed page! Let us not be afraid or ashamed to make a report of how many times has one been converted to Christ, to the Sabbath or to the temperance cause in this way.

Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost. If the converted one is seeking Christ, "it will not take the seeking Christ and the seeking sinner very long to meet", as one has said, "for they will travel toward each other.

**FAITH, OBEDIENCE, SERVICE**

Faith is the second step. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Repent and he baptized, every one of you, for the remission of your sins." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." If one fully repents and obeys, Faith, repentence and obedience bring pardon. Then grateful service follows. I keep the Sabbath because I love Christ. I was baptized and joined the church because I believe Jesus desired me to do so. I gave up some worldly amusements at that time because I thought they might drag others down, over whom I had an influence, and because I believed they would hinder me in the work my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ would have me do.

**A TEST OF CONVERSION**

That was a great experience Paul had. But Paul had been a great sinner. Two ministers at a convention, both strong spiritual leaders, had opposite temperaments. One was loud and boisterous because he had recently passed through an exciting experience. The other was calm and quiet, but he doubtless loved the Lord just as much.

It is said that no two experiences are exactly alike. The test of our conversion is in our attitude toward Christ and humanity. If it is our joy to do the Master's bidding, putting aside our own selfish thoughts and acts, we belong to him. If Jesus were to come today to seek his own, and we would go joyfully out to meet him, we are his. If there is fear or dread or any thought of his coming, we need a heart-searching before him, and when our fault is revealed, we need to make a full surrender to him.

**A FEW ILLUSTRATIONS**

FROM ENDEAVORER'S DAILY COMPANION

A man may make a new start in life, and yet live just as he lived before. To become a Christian means that we make a different...
difficulties. Then he found that...

A race counts from the starting-point, and lives a...

STAND BY OUR BOYS

[The following speech by Governor Capper, of Kansas, taken from the Mail and States, rings so true and fine, and bears such splendid testimony to Kansas prohibition and the Kansas boys that it is worth submitting it for the perusal of your readers.—G. M. C.]

To the District Convention of Woodman, at Wellington, November 17:

When I was at Camp Funston, General Wood told me that in his twenty-five years of experience in the army he had never seen anything like the revolution that had been effected in morale and discipline by establishing the dry zone. He said that under ordinary circumstances the guard house in such a camp as Camp Funston would have an average population of 200. Then, turning the telephone, he made inquiry as to the number of men under arrest, and learned there was just one. Just one man in the guard house, out of 35,000 soldiers, and his offense was not drunkenness, not brawling, but a small infraction of some little rule.

"Nothing like such order," said General Wood to me, "has ever been known before in a military camp. I find," he went on to say, "that the Kansas boys and men grade far higher in morals, obedience and stamina than the men of other states and past. The percentage of vice among them is the smallest that has ever before been found in a camp, and the discipline is the best I have ever seen. We attribute this," said the general, "to the dry zone order, and to the Kansas prohibition, the sale of liquor. These Kansas boys were brought up in a clean atmosphere—they started right."

But what General Wood said to me when I came away, I think, is the very finest, and the very highest tribute that has ever been paid to Kansas.

"You can tell the Kansas people for me," said he, "that they have got the finest, the cleanest, the healthiest, and the most vigorous soldiers in point of endurance we have ever seen. The official records prove this."

Doesn't that repay you for everything you have done in the past to strengthen the enforcement of the prohibitory law?

Recently, I visited Camp Doniphan, in Kansas, where there are 10,000 fine, up-standing, clean young Kansas volunteers. The commanding general, knowing my keen interest in the boys, lined up the entire Kansas army before me for review. I think it moved and stirred me as nothing else in my life has done. There were soldiers in that camp from other states, but the 10,000 Kansas boys, as they stood there, seemed to me a little the finest, the cleanest and the bravest I had ever seen—the flower of our young manhood.

A few days later I was at Camp Funs-}

THE SABBATH RECORDER

DR. SINCLAIR IN CHINA

Dr. Bessie Sinclair arrived safely in China on November sixteenth, and reached Lien-oo on the twenty-second.

THE JEフ AND CIVILIZATION

Ever since the Jewish people lost its national independence and sovereignty and began to live in dispersion among the nations of the earth it has lost the opportunity and possibility of continuing the work of its national civilization. It has not been identi-
"But you'll have company and have a big dinner, won't you?" asked Halford.

"No," said Lester. "You see, papa was sick all the fall, and then mother had to go to New York to have her eyes 'tended to, so there isn't any money for good times."

But I'm glad mama's eyes are better. I guess I don't mind very much about Christmas and New Year's."

"Course you do—you can't help it," said Halford. "It's a shame! But I'll have to go home now. Good-by!" And Halford jumped on his sled and started homeward. But he was so unhappy about it he could hardly eat his dinner.

"Lost your appetite, Halford?" asked his father.

"I'm thinking all the time about Lester," said Halford. "They can't have any good time New Year's 'cause they haven't any money, and I think it's a shame, and he a minister! Why can't you invite them all to come and see us, papa, to Old Fort Inn?"

"I would do it with pleasure if there were room," said Halford's father. "And now I think of it, Aunt Lois has decided not to go, and I'll ride on the seat with the driver, so if you'll give up your seat to your friend Lester, there will be room for the three of them. If you wish, I'll send an invitation at once."

"And I stay at home! Why, Papa Newell! You know I couldn't do that!" cried Halford. "You know the boys are expecting me to play hockey with them."

"I don't ask you to do it," said father. "But you seemed so anxious to have Lester over I was trying to think how we could manage to carry them. But as they know nothing about it, they won't be disappointed. So think no more about it."

But Halford found that not so easy. He could not help thinking how many things and how many pleasures he had that Lester did not have. He was his bicycle, his box of tools, his new sled, his skates and ever so many books, and he was sure now he came to think of it—that Lester was as fond of all those things as he was. But he was sure he could not give up this ride even for his best friend. That was too much. But in the evening he said to his father:

"I couldn't stay at home alone, and besides, I don't believe Mr. Lowell would feel able to pay for their dinner and everything."

"There was an uncertain and troubled look in his face. His father looked up from his paper; then he laughed.

"Oh, you are still thinking about the ride, are you?" he said. "Well, as to that, of course if I invited them to go I should pay all the bills. That would be my part, and you know Grandma Hawes would be delighted to have you spend the day with her."

Halford sighed and said no more, but that night he could not sleep. The next morning he went to his mother.

"Mamma, won't you or papa write that invitation for Mr. Lowell and all of them, right off," he said, "and tell them they must be sure to go? And I guess I'll go to grandma's today, 'cause she always likes to have me stay two or three days."

And just as soon as he could get ready he was off to grandma's. The next morning he was cracking nuts when he heard his father's great dogs of sleigh-bells, horns and shouting. He ran to the door, followed by grandma, Susan the cook, and Rover. There were his father and mother, the Lowells and all the others, and everybody looked happy.

"Hurry and get on your coat," said papa, "and you and Lester can sit up here beside me. We thought there wouldn't be much fun in going without you, after all, for the boys needed you for the hockey game."

Halford with joy climbed up beside his father, and the four horses dashed over the smooth road toward Old Fort Inn—Youth's Companion."

"The boys' and girls' clubs in the Northern and Western States, through their regular membership of 406,000 and an additional emergency enrolment of 400,000 drawn largely from cities and towns, have been an active and juvenile army in the campaigns for promoting food production and conservation. The enrolment in the regular boys' clubs in the South has largely increased, and the total membership is now approximately 100,000. In addition, 20,000 are enrolled to assist in war emergency activities."
Charles M. Schwab tells this story of how a young man on the night shift in his great works was promoted.

"How did you happen to advance that fellow?" I asked his boss.

"Well," he explained, "I noticed that when the day shift went duty, off this man stayed on the job until he had talked over the day's problems, with his successor on the night shift. That's why!"

He wasn't bound to stay a minute. It was his own time, not the company's, that he was using. Probably his fellow-workers laughed at him for giving it, but he kept on giving it every day. Every day he proved himself a giver, not just a getter. And that spirit never goes unnoticed. Wherever it is seen, whether in a man or in a woman, it marks the individual who is worth while.—Wellspring.

THE DIGNITY OF FAITH

REV. JAMES F. SHAW

Introductory Address at the Southeastern Association, Fouke, Ark.

I imagine that I could talk to this assembly on nothing more appropriate than faith. So many of you have come so far, and at so great expense, to be present in this session of the Southwestern Association, it seems to me that you have faith in some mission to be performed, some good to be brought out of this meeting; you have a particular end in view. If the object was to advance the preaching of the gospel simply for the salvation of the souls of men, we would do as well to meet with any other of the orthodox denominations seeking to further gospel preaching to save men. We would make no difference in those things that make for the uplift of man and that are common to all denominations. We should glory in any success that any denomination might have in leading men to Christ.

But there is a specialty in faith that comes to almost every man, some peculiar line of work that engages the mind and heart. All are not contented alike in the same things. We here have a common faith with others; but our special faith, our mission to promote, is the memory and practice of the life of God, the special things. We here—

THE SABBATH RECORDER

PREVIOUS PAGE


Crandall, Private C. L. (Pine Hill, Ill.), Co. G, 21st Inf;

Daggett, Q. M., Beret, C. S. (Dodge Center, Minn.), Co. B, 100th U. S. Inft, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C;

Davis, Private Marion (Marion, Ill.), Co. A, 1st Batt, Camp Fort Riley, Kans;

Davis, Dr. Edward (Salem, Va.), M. D. T. C. (Salem, Va.);

Davis, Private Benjamin, John, (North Loup, Neb.);

Davis, Capt. Carl (Fouke, Ark.), son of Capt. S. J., Co. A, 315th Machine Gun Bat, Camp Pike, Ark;


Fenner, Glen B., 96th Aerial Service Squad, Signal Corp, Amer. Exp. Force, Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.;

Filloy, Walter Judson (near Charlotte, N. C.), son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Chickering, Charlotte, N. C;

Greene, Capt. A. M. (Alfred, N. Y.), son of Rev. Charles F. Greene, Charlotte, N. C;

Green, Capt. A. M. (Alfred, N. Y.), son of Rev. Charles F. Greene, Charlotte, N. C;

Green, Private Harvey, W. H. (Canton, Miss.), Co. D, 318th Field Artillery, Camp Dix, N. J.

Harrigan, Private F. (Killough, N. J.), Company B, 41st Training Battalion, 18th Depot Brigade, Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.

Hemphill, Paul (North Loup, Neb.), Bdq. 20th Infantry, Fort Dodge, Ida.

Hunting, Elmer Leon, (Plainfield, N. J.), U. S. Army, Signal Corps, Mechanical Aeronautics, Plainfield, N. J., General Delivery

Kenyon, Mrs. M. T. (North Loup, Neb.), Naval Reserve, U. S. Submarine Base, New London, Conn.

Knight, Raymond, Co. A, 1st Battalion, 110th Inft, Camp Grant, Fort Riley, Kans.

Lampere, Joe (Milton, Wis.), Co. C, 119th U. S. Signal Corp, Camp Dix, N. J.

Langworthy, Private Floyd E. (Dodge Center, Minn.), Co. H, 110th Field Artillery, Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.


Maxson, F. (North Loup, Neb.), Battery E, 359th Field Artillery, Camp Pike, Arkansas.

Maxson, Leslie R. (Littleton, Colorado, N. Y.), Battery H, 361st Field Artillery, Camp Dix, N. J.


Randolph, Milton Pitts (New Market, N. J.), Navy Yard, Post of 554, Peoria, Ill.


Rogers, Private S. Z., Co. G, 130th Inf, House-

Boud, Private J. (North Loup, Neb.), Battalion 138, 110th Field Artillery, Camp Robinson, Sparta, Wis.


Sayre, Walter S. (North Loup, Neb.), Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

Shaver, R. E. (Mader, U. S. A. C., Sec. 602, Camp Afton, Va.);

Shaw, Eunice L. (Long Island, N. Y.), 14 Hezekel St., Chey Chase, Md.
tion is dignified. When Abraham heard the call from God to go out from his people, and the promise that God would make him a great nation, he accepted this promise by faith, and obeyed, leaving the manner of his fulfillment to God who called him.

Without faith it is impossible to be well pleasing to God; for he that cometh to him must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of those that seek after him. The poet says

"Faith works with power, but will not plead
The least event which you call it."

It knows no other ground of trust
But in the Lord alone."

THE history of Abraham is unique. As a character among men, no man is better known. He lived nearly four thousand years ago. His influence upon the world as an example of unhesitating and implicit obedience to faith has no equal. Were it not for the peculiar life of the world, we would know nothing of the age in which he lived, or of the men contemporaneous with him. He was rich; but there were other men as rich as he. But riches did not make either Abraham or them worthy of having their name perpetuated in history. As we know of his contemporaries is the incidental relation they had with Abraham.

Abraham was fearless in war, as was shown when with three hundred trained servants he attacked the combined armies of the four kings of the East, and rescued his nephew Lot. But it was not deeds of war that made Abraham famous in the world’s history. Doubtless there were of his contemporaries those who did mighty deeds of war; but their doings failed to perpetuate or preserve their names for future generations.

Abraham was a wise man, and there were other wise men, and learned, in his day; but wisdom in the things of this world did not preserve their names in history.

Abraham and the men of his day were, doubtless, as devoutly religious as those of other ages; but it was not their zeal in religion that heralded their names to posterity.

The only thing that made Abraham’s name immortal was the faith. “Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness.” It was not the innocence of his life, or perfection in righteousness that gave him acceptance with God; but it was because he believed the Lord and the Lord counted it for righteousness.

Abraham’s acceptance with God, therefore, was not on account of the works which he did. It was not because he did works to win favor. He had no thought of profit, of doing something that he might obtain the friendship of God. His faith made God his friend already. He obeyed because he considered it the duty of love and duty of trust to God, his divine Master. It was the test of respect to the Lord. It was proof of his loyalty to him. There was no thought of a bargain for wages as a return. When God said to Abraham, “Get thee out of thy country, and from thy father’s house, unto a land that I will show thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing; and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and I will uphold my covenant with thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed,” Abraham obeyed, and went out, not knowing whither he went, and sojourning in the land as a foreigner, dwelling in tabernacles along with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise; for he looked for a sign of trust, anoseverse broken up they went out, fellow, their convictions, to dwell with them they knew not whom—for but a few knew that such a people as Seventh Day Baptists had an existence in America. One in a place here, a whole family in another place, a group in another place, with fear and with trembling and yet with a joy of the soul never experienced before, took up the cross, putting their faith in God’s promise that “the sons of the stranger, that join themselves to the Lord, to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, shall be one that keep the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant; even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer.”

Turned away from almost every opportunity to earn a livelihood for themselves and their dependents, they never let faith fail them. Their social standing lost, persecuted and ostracized on account of their faith, they felt it their duty to follow God’s call. Faith became dignified as they persevered, and in its dignity it became sublime. Witnessing for the truth, they considered not the suffering and obloquy consequent. Forming themselves into little bands and churches as they learned of each other, and coming into acquaintance and fellowship with each other, they sought to strengthen each other for the work to which they believed God had called them.

And so, as a result, the Southwestern Association was brought into existence by the Sabbath converts.

To their help came our brethren from the other associations from year to year, to greet us as brethren, to uphold our faltering hands, and help in the end to obtain that strength that will help us to take rank with all our associations in making glorious the faith and work of our people and in carrying out the successful uplift of the Sabbath.

Here my strength fails, but not my faith. I ask God’s blessing upon the sessions of this Association.

ASK GREAT THINGS

The divine reproach is different from that of most people. They reproach us for asking too much. God reproaches us for asking too little. “Ask largely,” he challenges, “that your joy may be full.” If our cup looks empty, the fault may be with our asking. All great successes are the answer to great askings. The moment we begin to limit our expectations at the hands of God we register partial failure for our plans.

There is no reason in heaven why America should not go dry. Nor is there any adequate reason on earth except in our lack of urgency. We shall hardly win more than we demand. We shall not win much less than we demand when we demand with prayer and voice and vote.—George Clarke Pech.

“There are turns of the road in mountain-climbing where one involuntarily stops the East, rests for a little, and lets the eye sweep over the great panorama of nature. We take large, comprehensive views that show all detail not isolated but in true relation. Turning our eyes back on the road we have come, we see simultaneously the details that before were revealed only consequentially. We have a new test of values, a new base of interpretation. The narrow path doled out to us in instamants as our wandering foiled ascendency now stands out clearly for its entire length. Rest, retrospection and reflection are giving us a new viewpoint, a new chance to get our bearings—at the turn of the road.”

When you set out to command your gospel to men who don’t want it, there is only one way to go about it—do something for them that they will understand.—Dr. Grenfell.
You will hear from us again with a shorter lapse of time than this has been. Member of School.

Lesson 1—January 5, 1918

John Prepares the Way for Jesus—Mark 1: 1-8

Golden Text—"Behold, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!" John 1: 29.

DAILY READINGS


Dec. 31—Isa. 40: 3-5; Mal. 3: 1-6. John's Ministry Foretold


Jan. 2—John 1: 29-35. John's Testimony to Jesus


Jan. 5—Matt. 11: 2-9. John's Message to Jesus (For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand)

Forgiveness at its Flood

Really, forgiveness is a flood or it is nothing. Never can be done in degrees in forgiving. We forgive utterly, or we do not forgive at all. To dole out forgiveness—so much forgiveness for so much penitence—is a mathematical or legalistic process. And the heart knows nothing of such measures. When it lets go in the grace of forgiving, it never braces its feet lest it go too far. Forgiveness puts the recipient back in the place he forfeited. It never dogs him with the memory of his dark days. It wants him to forget. This is the significance of the robe and the ring for the prodigal at his return. Doubtless the place of the servant seemed all that he ought to ask; but it was not needed. He needed reinstatement as a son. This the father did for him, in spite of cavil and criticism. It is God's way. He buries our sins in the sea of forgiveness. He remembers them no more against us forever." He would help us to forget, that He may restore our song. What an altered world this would be if we learned from God the way and measure of forgiving. Poor midgets we, when we might be about the business of making men with the glory of it!—George Clarke Peck.

“Wisconsin is using an aeroplane in its forestry department as an agency for fighting fires. From a height of fifteen hundred feet a man can discover a small forest fire sixty miles away.”

CHRISTMAS LETTER

To Our Boys in Khaki:

As Christmas approaches, the first since America's entrance into the Great War, it finds nine of our members in the training camps, preparing to go abroad. I have counted it a privilege to write personal letters to all of you, and have enjoyed hearing from you. I hope to keep in touch with you as long as you are in the service.

Since visiting Captain Fred at Camp Sherman, I feel that I can appreciate your situation and surroundings as I could not before. I realize the fact that our Government is doing more for its soldiers—to safeguard their individual interests and their spiritual integrity—than it has ever done before, or than any other government is now doing. For this I am grateful. I am sure, however, that in army life much depends upon the ideals, purposes and courage of the individual soldier, if he is to keep himself strong and straight and morally and spiritually. We all have our temptations. It is often easier to conform to standards of life held by those around us than it is to live true to our own inner convictions.

The church has confidence in its members who have enlisted. No doubt in taking the step you were impelled by high motives. This is the very thing that gives us hope that not only will your Christian integrity be preserved during the war, but that your spiritual life will continue to develop amid its grave vicissitudes.

While your high motives, and the noble aim of the nation, call to your own best selves for constant expression, do not forget the monotony of camp life, and the daily companionship of men unchristian in word and deed, will make it difficult to live always as your best.

All have gone from Christian homes. Do not forget that the prayers and loving solicitude of home folks follow you constantly._

Sincerely,

A. J. C. Bond,
Pastor.

Christmas, 1917.

To Soldiers from Seventy Seventh Baptist Congregations:

The New York Church extends a cordial invitation to attend their Sabbath morning service (Baptist school at 10,45, preaching service at 11:30). This service is held in the Judson Memorial Church, at Washington Square, West 4th Street.

We will be glad to become acquainted with you.

Upon behalf of the Church,

Wm. C. Whitford,
Acting Pastor.

“Well, little miss,” said the grocer, as reported by the Boston Transcript, “what can I do for you?” “Please, sir, mother wants a bottle of good-natured alcohol.” If alcohol is ever good-natured, it is when it remains in the bottle. In the stomach of the natural man it is very denatured.—Exchange.

“Think of others at their best even as ye would that others should think of you at your best.”
WAR TIME THANKSGIVING

REV. ALVA L. DAVIS

Sermon preached at St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 24, 1917

Texts: Ephesians 5: 4 and 1 Thessalonians 5: 18

We are approaching our national Thanksgiving Day, and we are asked to give thanks. For what? With the world bathed in blood and tears what can our thanksgiving be? The immense conflagration of war continues to burn itself into nation after nation and threatens to envelop the whole world in its awful flames. How can we be thankful in a burning world?

Europe is one vast charnel house. The flower of American manhood is being mobilized for the struggle. The blood of our sons is mingling with that of our allies to make crimson the soil of France. Churches, schools, business, farms, professions are giving up their sons. Millions of men and women stand appalled as they contemplate the ravages of this war and the indescribable treatment meted out to the helpless and women stand appalled as they contemplate the ravages of this war and the indescribable treatment meted out to the helpless and

In the midst of these dire distresses, God does not ask us to behave as if we were sorrow and agony did not exist. But when a soldier, overwhelmed by a great sorrow, or when the sky of our lives is overwhelming with intense gloom, when, out from the night of despair and agony souls are crying out for light and help let us try to reassemble ourselves of the vital forces of our faith, and speak to each other softly of the hope within.

What, then, are the grounds for our thanksgiving in this "perhaps the blackest hour of the war the world has known in many centuries"?

Our Thanksgiving shall go no deeper, or rise no higher than the mere material, then we have the great reason for it. Our crops have been bountiful. Our people were, perhaps, never better housed, better clothed, better fed, than they are today. While the cost of living is high, wages are good. No able-bodied man need be out of employment, nor hungry, nor cold, nor naked. Certainly for these blessings today, as always, we should be thankful.

But, somehow, the thought of this kind of a thanksgiving does not satisfy. If we ever did, it is insufficient today. Thank God, we are looking beneath the surface of things. Material prosperity, money-getting and money-spending for selfish aims are repulsive to us. The birth pains of this great war reveal to us how selfish we have been. For what, then, aside from material blessings, have we to be thankful?

1. First of all, and most important of all — God. It is a natural instinct of human nature to be thankful toward God. When all goes well with us, it is easy for us to imagine that it was our hand, or brain, or wisdom that wrought us success. However, it is not difficult to be thankful when the skies are blue. But when the skies are lowering, and the days are dark, it is more difficult; and more than ever we need God. I do not mean some theory about God. But a real experience of his presence and power. The war is a fact, a gloomy reality; but none the less real is God. And in this dark hour when men are saying that God has turned his face away from his people, that Christianity has failed, let me warn you against such a statement. God is not dead, or sleeping. Christianity is not dead; it is being but reawakened. Despite all the cost of this war—the cost in life and anguish and passion and economic burden to the sovereignty of God stands sure, and the principles of Jesus are being vindicated.

Dr. John R. Mott says that the outstanding thought in the religious situation today is "the absolute centrality of Christ." And he well might have said that the war will be worth all its costs if it but makes clear to mankind that Christ is King, and that only as individuals and nations accept his sovereignty can civilization go forward.

So I dare to believe that God has chosen this time for his preparation for a harvest which will reveal his love for mankind. Behind this war, within it, and through it, surge great moral issues that can not die, because God-inspired and God-given. So in this hour of darkest midnight I thank God for the coming sunshine which will usher in the world’s best day.

2. In the second place, we should be thankful for the spirit of our nation. Our government is inflamed by no jingoism, no hatred, no revenge. She has thought of conquest, of material gain. She is spurred in her course by no undue excitement. After three years of patient bearing, the nation has put its thought and effort into its duty and came to a decision. "Now she is acting as any strong, honest man will act when any duty, no matter how hard, confronts him. Uncle Sam has an air of great resolution, a dignity of bearing, a self-possessed silence, a certain sternness of visage, that makes him seem every inch a man." (Youth's Companion).

3. Then, too, the war has raised new standards of loyalty and devotion. And we should thank God for this. We need them in our flabby age, in our Christian
DEATHS

WEBSTER—John Otis Webster was born in Hopkinton, R. I., May 10, 1854, and died at Alhambra, Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 30, 1911. He was the youngest of six children born to Capt. John and Mary Webster, all of whom have gone on before. His father was a deacon in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Rockville, R. I., and it was this church that our subject joined at an early age. Subsequently he removed with his parents to Wisconsin about 1853 and became a member of the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church.

In 1859, he was united in marriage to Theresa M., who passed on in 1911. To them were born five children, all of whom survive them: Mrs. A. C. Burdick, Mrs. F. H. Crandall, Mrs. W. A. McCarthy, Mrs. H. E. Lyle, all of Albion, Wis., and Mr. A. E. Webster, of Chicago, Ill.

C. S. S.

A PATRIOT IN BRONZE

The best preacher in New York is a silent man. You may see him standing on the corner of Broadway and facing the multitudes that hurry past, preaching without a word or gesture. His hands are bound behind his back; his lips are sealed. It is not the sermon he works on; but what a sermon! "Men and women of the jostling crowd, what seek ye? Wealth is yellow dust that will presently sift through your stiff fingers! Pleasure is like a snowfall in the river, a moment white, then gone forever!" Honor is a wreath of laurel that fades with the setting sun! Pause and consider the things that are worth while because they endure! Live today that ye may live forever!"

It is a bronze figure of Nathan Hale, the patriot spy. He entered Yale College at sixteen to study for the ministry. Five years later, while teaching at New London, he heard of the firing on the minute-men of Lexington. The blood of the young schoolmaster leaped into a flame, and he marched out of New London with a cockade in his hat. A little later he earned promotion by rowing down the North River with a few comrades and seizing a supply ship from under the guns of a British man-of-war. Salute him now as Captain Nathan Hale.

Presently a call was issued for volunteers to man a forlorn hope. The British had seized the lower part of Manhattan Island. It was evident that they were meditating a further advance. Washington greatly desired to know their plans and purposes. The choice fell upon Nathan Hale; he entered the British lines in camp, was seized by a countryman, visited all their camps, making drawings and memoranda. He knew his life was in peril. The service required of him was one which, in case of discovery, would lead to ignominious death; but the mettle of patriotism was in him. The young spy, on his way back to camp, was captured. Proofs of his guilt—the diagrams of the British camp—were found in his shoes. He was bound hand and foot and kept all night under guard and sentenced, without trial, to die. Thus his mission ended in apparent failure.

But was it failure? In the early morning he was led out to die. A scaffold had been reared in Rutgers Orchard, not far from where the statue stands. The youth was brave as a lion; he faced his death with the calm assurance of our faith, and with the calm assurance of our faith, he passed at the early age of twenty-one. It looks like an untimely death; but his and the American faith may live forever. The fulfilment of his dream of entering the ministry could not have bettered it. Life is not to be measured in years. There is more carbon in the Koh-i-noor than in a wagon-load of charcoal.

A small boy, at the age of twenty-one, is too young to die. But was it failure? He was the youngest of six children born to his father and mother. His father was a deacon in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Rockville, R. I., and it was this church that our subject joined at an early age. Subsequently he removed with his parents to Wisconsin about 1853 and became a member of the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church.

In 1859, he was united in marriage to Theresa M., who passed on in 1911. To them were born five children, all of whom survive them: Mrs. A. C. Burdick, Mrs. F. H. Crandall, Mrs. W. A. McCarthy, Mrs. H. E. Lyle, all of Albion, Wis., and Mr. A. E. Webster, of Chicago, Ill.

C. S. S.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

SPECIAL NOTICES

Contributions to the work of Miss Marie Jane in Java will be solicited at her quarterly by the American Baptist Tract Society.

Frank L. Goodfellow, Treasurer,
Plainfield, New Jersey.

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

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in Yokotekoles Room, second floor of K. C. A. Building, 320 Montgomery St. Preaching service at 7:30 p.m. Bible school at 8 a.m. and 10:45 a.m. Preaching service at 11:30 a.m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. William C. Whitford, acting pastor, 600 West 122d Street, New York.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. Sabbath school at 9:30 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Preaching service at 1:00 p.m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. William C. Whitford, acting pastor, 600 West 122d Street, New York.

The church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West and Alhambra, Sabbath and Sunday mornings and afternoons, and Sabbath School at 2:00 p.m. Visiting is most cordially invited. Rev. John E. Hooper, 1145 Euclid Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

The Sabbath Day Baptist Church of California holds regular services in room 013 Masonic Temple, 30 W. N. W. Corner and Randolph Streets, at 2:00 p.m. Visiting is most cordially invited. Rev. George A. Hooper, 2013 S. Flower St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Special Notice—The Sabbath Recorder and the Youth's Companion for 1918 and the Companion Home Calendar for $3.75. Only good when accompanied by Sabbath Recorder subscription—old or new. 12-16-18.

McGILL'S MAGAZINE—For a limited time we will send the Sabbath Recorder and McGill's Magazine to one address one year for $2.50 old or new. 12-16-18.

RECORER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

Bible, Help Wanted, and advertisements of a like nature should be put up on the Recorder in one cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each further insertion. Cash must accompany each advertisement.

MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS—Ask the Sabbath Recorder for our Excelsiorad, a handsome building in your magazine ads when you send for your Recorder. Ask to have your name and address at the top in your subscription. The Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J., 12-16-18.


MONOGRAM STATIONERY— Your monogram stamped in color on 24 sheets of high grade American Lithograph active stock envelopes to match. One or two letter monograms postpaid for $1.00. Three or four letter monograms postpaid for $5.00. No dies to buy, we furnish them and they remain our property. Address The Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J., 12-17-18.

The Free Masons of Missouri, at their Grand Lodge, passed a drastic resolution in favor of benevolent prohibition. It provides that any Mason who signs a license petition or who goes on a saloonist's bond shall be expelled from the Order.—National Advocate.

"Ohio's state government has barred the use of whiskey in all state hospitals and asylums."
TWO MAGAZINE SPECIALS

High Class Reading for all members of the family offered in these combinations.

Stories upon Stories
— with high ideals
12 Glorious Serials or Group Stories and 250 Shorter Stories and every one with "lift" in it.

The Youth's Companion

Indispensable in quality, lavish in quantity
— no other publication in the world like it.

THE 1918 PROGRAMME includes the ablest Editorials written, Articles by the world's brightest men and acknowledged authorities. Current to Medicine, Engineering, Nature and Science, Family Page, Boys' Page, Girls' Page, Children's Page, Doctor's Corner and a constant run of the world's choicest fun.

52 Issues a Year— not 12— $2.00

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. BOSTON, MASS.

CUT THIS OUT
1. 52 ISSUES OF 1918.
2. All remaining 1917 Weekly Issues FREE.
3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1918.

The Youth's Companion, The Companion Home Calendar and the SABBATH RECORDER one year for $3.75.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

LEADING AUTHORITY IN FASHION.
OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

By special arrangement with the publishers, we are able to offer this splendid Woman's Magazine to RECORDER readers at greatly reduced price. THE SABBATH RECORDER and McCall's Magazine one year for $2.45—old or new subscriptions.

Address
THE SABBATH RECORDER
18 Madison Avenue  Plainfield, N. J.

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

VOL. 83, NO. 27  PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 31, 1917  WHOLE NO. 3,800

The Tale That Is Told

After this Recorder leaves the press and before it reaches its readers, the year 1917 will have passed away with its record of successes or failures, and the year 1918 will have come with its clean page upon which we must write—yes, upon which we must write, for there is no alternative.

We have told the tale of the years gone by, and whether satisfied with the record or not, there is no changing it now. If we see mistakes, or mark where we could have done better but did not, there is now no remedy. The only wise thing for us is to do as Paul did,—forget the things which are behind and turn toward the work that is before us. We can not improve the past, but we can make a better record in the future. Standing on the threshold of this new year, would it not be wise for Seventh Day Baptists to resolve that 1918 shall witness greater consecration and more willing service for the Master than were recorded in 1917? What have we done to be proud of as a people during the year just past? It is a question each one may answer for himself. Have I grown in grace or improved in spiritual life? Is my church any stronger? Have the prayer meetings been made more helpful by my interest in them? Have extreme measures on our boards because I have neglected to support the work as I should? Have I turned the cold shoulder to any important forward movement, proposed for the good of the cause we love? Am I satisfied with the progress made by the denomination in years gone by, or am I ashamed to have the world know how slow we have been? If it seems as though the cause has made too little progress, let each one ask himself, "Am I to blame for it?"

If the tale that is told is not satisfactory, then let us look to the future and make it tell a better story. God's work can not be done haphazard; it must be planned beforehand and carried out systematically. If every church will plan for the new year with earnest zeal for the Master's cause, if every church member will faithfully do his part in the work and in the bearing of burdens, there will be no reason to regret the tale that will be told in 1918.

Will the Christmas Spirit Survive the War?

Not long ago I saw in print words to the effect that it is a farce to celebrate Christmas, since all the world has denied the Prince of Peace. The doctrine of meekness and gentleness has been supplanted by that of power and might, and the angel song of peace and good will seems out of place.

This is only one straw in the current showing how the tide of human feeling runs toward depression as the terrible world war goes on. It is difficult to think of masses of men engaged in deadly conflict, blowing each other to pieces with high explosives, hurling deadly gas into each other's faces, rushing on each other in the frenzy of the bayonet charge, starving women and children to death, drowning them in icy seas, without feeling that it is a travesty to celebrate the birth of the Christ whose one gospel was that of love—even love for our enemies.

While thousands who own Christ as their Lord and Master may be affected by this spirit of depression, and fear that the Christmas spirit can not survive the war, there are nevertheless many signs indicating that it will.

The rank and file of the armies are not willingly rushing into deadly strife. Very reluctantly have the soldiers left their homes for fields of carnage, and as the war goes on everything reveals the fact that thousands upon thousands feel the incongruity of the situation, and the sentiment is growing throughout the world that never again shall a few iron-hearted unbelievers in a Christ of love, good will, and forgiveness be allowed to plunge the world into war. Never again shall two or three kings and autocrats have a chance to drive masses into killing men for whom they have