SABBATH RALLY DAY
May 18, 1918
IN SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCHES

Suggestive Programs are being prepared for the observance of Sabbath Rally Day the week of Sabbath Day, May 18, 1918.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD will furnish copy for the program to be used by the Sabbath Schools.

PROGRAM adapted to the use of the women of the denomination for their meetings will be supplied by the Woman’s Board.

BY THE YOUNG PEOPLE’S BOARD will be provided copy for programs to be used by the Christian Endeavor Societies.

BRAINS of a young pastor will suggest a program for the weekly prayer meeting of the church.

A PASTOR long in the service will prepare a program to be used by Baraca classes, Men’s clubs, and Men’s Bible classes.

THE TRACT SOCIETY will assemble, print in a single leaflet, and distribute these programs to the churches and Sabbath Schools. It will also be published in the SABBATH RECORDER sometime in April.

HONOR THE SABBATH, make it a delight, in love and loyalty to Christ the Lord of the Sabbath. Begin now to make plans in all departments of the church to observe this denominational anniversary.
SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

President—Frank J. Burdick, Plainfield, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Alva Davis, North Kansas, N. Y.
Treasurer—Rev. William C. Whifford, Alfred, N. Y.

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Vice-President—William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary—W. C. Ballard, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Joseph A. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.

Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(Incorporated, 1916)

President—Corresponding Secretary—Frank J. Hubbard, Chairman.
Recordings Secretary—Rev. A. H. Davis, Salem, Va.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

President—Rev. Alfred W. Whifford, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.
Treasurer—W. H. Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY

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Corresponding Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
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SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

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Recording Secretary—Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.
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Recording Secretary—Miss Eliza Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Marjorie Burdick, Milton, Wis.
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Recording Secretary—Rev. A. D. Bond, Salem, Va.

BOARD OF FINANCE

President—Grant W. Davis, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Miss Beatrice Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.
Treasurer—Dr. Albert S. Massom, Milton Junction, Wis.

BOARD OF PULPIT SUPPLY AND MINISTERIAL EMPLOYMENT

President—Rev. Iras Cowdrey, Weston, R. I.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Frank Hill, Ashaway, R. I.
Treasurer—J. Hubbard, Janesville, Wis.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

For the joint benefit of Salem, Milton, and Alfred, N. Y.

American Sabbath Tract Society, solicits gifts and bequests.

"Stand by Them!" The President is calling upon the entire nation to prayer. May 30, our National Memorial Day, is the time, and every Christian in America should respond to the call. It may be that the nations have depended so much upon human forces that God has been, all too nearly, left out. There is nothing that gives moral stamina to an individual like sincerity; he prays for divine help. And when a nation bows before the throne of God in united, humble supplication for power and wisdom and guidance, that nation is in the right way to success.

The boys in France will watch those in the homeland to see how they respond to this call. Every indication that America is not thinking primarily of worldliness, its love of pleasure, its selfishness, and is seeking the power from on high, will bring cheer and courage to the boys who are giving themselves to make the world free. There are many ways to stand by them. We do this by our conservation of food, by investing in Liberty Bonds, and by our prayers. This last way is so important that appears to come from the front. One soldier, Mr. George W. Osmond, "Somewhere in France," has put his plea in verse:

Stand by them, O ye of the homeland,
Your own boys in a war-wasted zone; 
Now step forward, all ye men:
Stand by them in prayer at the Throne.

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Now step forward, all ye men:
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List now, the dull beat of their marching,
They are nearing their furnace of fire; 
Banish thoughts of your personal pleasure; 
To your tasks! Carry on! Never tire!
You have given, you think, to the limit—
Must you still feel the hurt and the pain?
They are turning their faces towards perils
Without man-crushing burdens.

Brave lords, each one, and undaunted,
They have yielded their all for the right;
They are lonely, sore-tempted—they need you;
Their life is a desperate fight.

Lift up prayers, matching enemy's terrors,
Out of hearts swept clean of all greed.

Stand by them: 'Tis the call of tomorrow,
Of a world that has been made wise.
They are shouldering a man-crushing burden—
Stand by them, thou Lord of the earth.

Home Influences

Yesterday was Mother's Day. It has meant more to
many boys in the army beyond the seas than to any before. It is meaning to mothers in the homeland whose boys are risking all to make safe, now and in the future, the principles on which their homes are founded.

In many places Mothers' Day was celebrated this year as Parents' Day. This seems especially appropriate, for the world needs a Father's Day as well as a Mothers' Day.

Parents of boys who march under the Stars and Stripes in Europe will be glad to receive assurances of the excellent morale of the American army, and will rejoice to learn of the religious environment surrounding the soldiers. An American pastor who has visited the camps brought back many brief messages from the boys to their home. A pastor at the Christian Advocate publishes a list of excerpts from soldiers' letters "to show the spirit of the men" and to gladden the hearts of those who are anxious about the spiritual welfare of their loved ones. We give here but a few of these extracts.

"Mother: I am doing my best to live up to what you and Pa have taught me."
"I am well, and from henceforth I shall live the life of a man."
"Dear Mother: I pray every night for help to make me live the life that will be worth living."
"Dear Mother: I have decided to live as you and father tried to get me do. I have been doing so since I was in England, where I went to church the first time for a long time, and feel as though I were right. It is the only way to live."
"Dear Mother: I keep your teachings to me when child sacred to my heart now and forever."
"Darkest Mother and Father: I am living the life you want me to live. I am being the man you have prayed I'd be."
"Don't you worry while I am here, as we are
fighting for our country, and for our friends' country, and I feel that God is with us, and that we are fighting the devil, and I feel that we will win with God's help.

In these hours of trial, there is only one thing that will help you and me—"The Belief in the Eternal Right to the God. All my physical and mental plans are nothing to the holy moments in which I realize the beauty of sacrifice for the right thing."

"DEAR MOTHER: I am well and am praying every night that I will come home. Please tell Father, and keep his spirits up, and he will find a different boy when I arrive home."

"FATHER AND MOTHER: I am well and better in every way when I left the U. S."

"DEAR MOTHER: Healthy, happy and working hard for a good cause. Mother, do not worry about me. I am not going to return as good and pure as I was when I left you all."

"I am well, dear Mother, and am leading a new life, a life of God. Give my love to all, and let God keep you all well."

"DEAR DAD: I am a better man today than the boy you shook hands with last September."

"Tell the boys to be men, for the flag needs men."

"DEAR MOTHER: I am well, dear Mother, and am leading a new life, a life of God. Give my love to all, and let God keep you all well."

"DEAR MOTHER: I am dropping these few lines to cheer your dear heart, and I want to assure you that wherever I go, wherever I'll be, I'll come back to you a straight and clean upholding the purity, because my life is for you and the dear brothers and sisters at home. God bless and keep you all."

An Old Message

We give this week an article by Preston F. Randolph, of Salem, W. Va. It was prepared some forty years ago for an association, and its author being unable to attend, was read by Dr. A. H. Lewis.

Brother Randolph sends it with the suggestion that it may not be quite as good as the article on the Sabbath Recorder, and we hope our readers will enjoy the article.

Christian Forbearance

The New Testament is full of earnest teaching upon the grace of Christian forbearance. Forbearance of God with his wayward children is shown to be the pattern that Christians are to follow, and they are exhorted to "walk with lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." This grace well developed and lovingly practiced becomes one of the most wonderful educators. It is the sign of a truly enlightened conscience, of a genuinely Christian heart.

Charity is clased with the grace of forbearance and belongs to it. According to Paul, a man may talk with the tongue of an angel, possess the gift of prophecy, and become a martyr for what he thinks is truth, and yet be as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal—"nothing if the spirit of charity be wanting."

A three-fold blessing comes to the world when the spirit of Christian forbearance actuates one's life. By a natural reaction, the soul that cherishes it is blessed. He is led to self-control and to kindly feelings towards his fellows; it becomes a tower of strength to its possessor.

The spirit of forbearance greatly benefits the erring one; for it shows him that its possessor, though opposed to his beliefs or his position, really has his welfare at heart and is not trying to hurt him. Again, the effect of Christian forbearance upon all outsiders, observers, the interested parties in any controversy, is always good. Thus, aside from the blessings that come to the immediate opponents, such a spirit acts like a benediction upon the entire community where its influence is felt.

Steering Between The Rocks

It was an evening in the springtime when our good ship Celtic entered the Straits of Messina, between Italy and Sicily. The western wind was sinking behind Mt. Etna, and as the evening shadows gathered, the softened rays of a full moon took the place of sunlight. Under it we steered our way through the historic waters toward the narrows made famous by the Greek story of Scylla and Charybdis—rocks on either side of a whirlpool that swallowed up ancient mariners, exacting from every ship a heavy toll of human life. Traveling people had converted the great ship she made her way through the narrow, crooked channel between the rocky points. Cautionely she moved amid the swirl of eddying currents, turning nearly at right angles twice, just at the proper time, and sailing safely through into the open sea again.

The dangers of bygone years have been overcome; the sailors of today are masters of the situation; and no longer are mariners distressed over the dangers of steering between the rocks. How has it come about?

First, each generation of sailors has studied well the charts; those who preceded, improved upon the methods of other days, and accepted modern methods of safeguarding life.

Second, not only is the successful ship of today well equipped and up to date in all its appointments, but its crew is well organized. There is but one head or central power in command. There can be no cross-purposes, no side issues as to policy, no strike or mutiny among officers or men. Everything runs like clockwork. The captain has his counselors—wise, loyal, prudent men they must be—with whom he consults. Each one fills his allotted place, and after plans and policies are carefully made, the men lose their zeal for the verities of the gospel, there is danger of disintegration and death. To continue in such a state, satisfied, to drag along with little or no progress, is but to commit denominational suicide.

A sin-cursed and sorrow-burdened world is to be saved; society permeated with false theories of life, and dominated by harmful and degrading customs is to be rescued from thraldom; the people must be aroused from luxurious ease and indifference, and the church, in error as to God's holy Sabbath, must be awakened to see the truth. By what instrumentality can this be accomplished? It can not be done by cold, negative, inactive lives. Cold orthodoxy, however well approved, can not convert, enable, sanctify men. Nothing but positive convictions of truth, zealously and honestly put into life—incurably in live, enthusiastic Christian practice—can effect this.

We need to be impressed anew with the fact that all influence for good is born of conviction. What we believe with all the heart, and put into life—what we are, as exemplified in what moves men. The kind of living that assimates truth and makes live, wide-awake Christians of us, will prove a life-giving message to sinful men.
Concerning Wages and Salaries

Much is being said concerning the scarcity of candidates for the ministry. Almost inevitably the conversation turns upon the small salaries, and the financial outlook for ministers is usually the first reason offered for such a scarcity. While there are other reasons to account for so few ministers, several of which are serious, no doubt the small compensation has a great influence in the case. Some one has taken pains to show, by careful estimates, that the average wages in fourteen industries is twice as large as the average salary in fourteen Protestant denominations.

Something is wrong when a common laborer shoveling dirt, without having had to spend a dollar for education and equipment, is paid more money in a year than the average minister, and when an ordinary school-teacher can earn two or three times the amount of the pastor's salary. Gradually the people are awakening to the necessity of better support for their pastors. But for some reason they do not yet seem to understand that the purchasing power of $1,500 now, in a pastor's hands, is no greater than $500 or $300 was ten years ago. The present financial outlook for the minister and his family is not conducive to the bringing of many young men into the ministry.

Are There Other Reasons For So Few Ministers?

Sometimes we hear complaints to the effect that there are so few young men in our schools looking toward the ministerial profession, and men are led to ask what are denominational schools for if not to prepare men for denominational work? I heard such a question discussed not long ago, and am sure some things of interest can be said in this line. It is natural for a denomination that has been endowing schools for several generations to look for fruits—fruits that can be counted as special to the upbuilding of the denomination. Is the denominational school and religious spirit in our schools such as to strengthen the purpose of possible candidates for the ministry and hold them true in the faith of their fathers until they are ready for the Seminary? This is an important question, but we think the most important one is back of the school.

The inquiry must begin in the homes that furnish material for schools. Let me ask Seventh Day Baptists if they think the spiritual atmosphere in their homes is conducive to the production of devout, consecrated candidates for the ministry? If not, why not? Does not the blame for worldliness that drowns out the spiritual life rest upon the homes rather than upon the schools? Can we expect boys who live in homes where the ministers' calling is slightly spoken of, where parents are more concerned about worldly positions and business prosperity than about spiritual manhood and the ability to do good—can we expect boys, after twenty years under such influences, to come out ministers of the gospel? If here and there one does enter the ministry, it must be by a miracle of grace.

If Seventh Day Baptists need one thing more than another, it is a revival of spiritual Christianity in the homes—a new and living zeal for the things we hold as a people, the things our fathers loved, the Sabbath for which we stand. Such a renewal of the spiritual life would soon settle the questions that sorely trouble us now.

The Building Fund Is Growing

On another page will be found a list of those who have, thus far, given to the fund for the proposed denominational building. Thirty-five persons have already pledged Liberty Bonds or given cash to the amount of $2,102.00. This is a good start, and we look for the movement to go forward with greater enthusiasm as the days go by. We regarded more and more as the one movement in which the entire denomination can unite to strengthen our cause and fit us for better work.

Western Association

In our last Recorder we published the tentative program of the Western Association, to be held at Independence, N. Y., June 14-16.

The copy came too late for any explanation to be made, as the editorial forms were already closed. We therefore give here the words of the Corresponding Secretary regarding the matter.

"On account of commencement at Alfred, and owing to local farm conditions in Allegany County, the Executive Committee has decided to hold the sessions of the Western Association on that date."

It was thought that this arrangement would allow delegates to the Central Association to attend commencement at Alfred in the week preceding the association.

"A RELIGIOUS REST DAY"

So far as words go one of the storm centers in connection with certain documents now pretty well known is the phrase, "A Religious Rest Day." But if we would give to it a consistent, rational and necessary meaning, the storm would probably become a great calm.

First. According to our faith the Sabbath was made, divinely, made, to promote human welfare. Whether we accept it as the gift of God, or not, whether we use it for worship, or work, or play; whether we honor or dishonor it, it stands as a part of God's creative work.

Secondly. But we ourselves may make any day of the seven a religious rest day by using it for religious purposes and for rest.

Such use, however, by no means makes the day a Sabbath. Whether we are religious or non-religious; restful or restless, on the Sabbath, neither make nor unmake it. But it makes a great difference to ourselves how we spend the day. Our First-day friends therefore may turn the Sunday into a religious rest day, just as any other day may be made a religious rest day; but this does not make the day a Sabbath. The documents referred to above therefore did not recognize Sabbath qualities in the Sunday of the Christian Church. The Sabbath is a unique day.

ARTHUR E. MAIN. St. James Mercy Hospital, Hornell, N. Y., May, 1918.

Bonds of big brewery companies are selling at forty or fifty cents on the dollar, or have defaulted on their interest, according to reports; and the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate says: "As one reads over this depressed list he has a dim recollection of hearing that prohibition does not prohibit, and something of the effect that there is more liquor sold under prohibition laws than under permission statutes."—National Advocate.

MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

The men of the Second Brookfield Seventh Day Baptist Church have organized themselves into a club, for the purpose of promoting opportunity for social fellowship, and for the purpose of providing work for the church. It was my privilege and pleasure to be a guest of the club at its first meeting which was held at the parsonage where a supper table was set for about thirty-five men. Between the courses and after the supper speeches were made by members of the club and by the three invited guests. A simple constitution was adopted and officers elected. The spirit of Christian brotherhood was evident. The launching of this men's club promises strength and value to the work of the Brookfield Church. Unconsciously but certainly those who enter into the work and enjoyments of such a club will grow stronger in church and denominational loyalty. Long live and prosper the men's club at Brookfield!

Another privilege and pleasure that recently came my way was a day spent with Pastor Davis of Leonardville as he met two preaching appointments on Sunday. The round trip by horse and carriage covered a distance of about twenty-five miles. The two Baptist churches at Burlington Flats and Burlington Green are served by one pastor, who just now is ill and unable to speak. Pastor Davis has been supplying the pulpit for several weeks. It was a beautiful day, the roads were fine, except for a stretch of about four miles where a road machine had been operated recently, we had a good horse, and I had good company. It does us all good now and then to spend a full day in close companionship with our brethren in the ministry. We come to know and understand each other better, and are bound together by the stronger tie of Christian fellowship and brotherhood.

I also spent one whole day with Pastor Hutchins at Brookfield. We went calling, two hours in the morning, and then went to Lake at the end of Beaver Creek, then on foot, making frequent stops of short or longer duration as seemed wise in each case. The walking was
I did not visit Adams Center on this trip, but Adams Center in the persons of the pastor and his family came to me at Scott. Pastor Ehret is the proud owner and driver of an automobile, and for the last days of rest he with Mrs. Ehret and little Miss Aurbeth made a midweek visit to Scott, at the time I was there, and I had the privilege of a fine visit with him at the home where he was being entertained. Then at West Edmaston Pastor Burdick and wife spent an evening at the home where I was stopping, and so I had an opportunity for a visit with them there. Again in Stony Spring evening was passed at the home of Pastor Clayton, where for the first time I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Clayton. And at DeKuyter Pastor Hurley and wife and I talked of other times and other places, of present times and present places, and our common problems as ministers of the gospel, and as members of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination.

Then there were friends who are not pastors of our churches whom it was a privilege to meet again, so many I can not venture to mention any by name, those who were my school-teachers on the prairies, those whose names were long ago engraved on the memorial wall where once stood a house, the birthplace and childhood home of Rev. Abram H. Lewis. The lilac bushes and a few hardy flowering plants show here the front yard once welcomed friends and strangers to the home by the side of the mountain brook. As Thorngate and I stood a few moments on this spot, I had a feeling that I wished every pastor in the denomination might have the privilege of visiting the places just to get the inspiration that comes from such associations. And I wish that somehow many of our boys could also come into touch with the influences of the life of such a man as Dr. Lewis, for as a people we sorely need strong consecrated earnest young men who are glad and eager to give their best as leaders in our churches, pastors in particular. Similar thoughts also came to me as Pastor Davis and I stopped the horse for a moment as we came down the hill near West Edmaston to read again the tablet that marks the place where Rev. Arnold C. Davis lost his life by accident; a young man, in the full vigor of a hopeful, helpful, promising career of great usefulness.

Yesterday the largest funeral that I have seen for a long time marched past the mission premises. Of course it is impossible to remember the details of such a long procession as there was in honor of the deceased naval officer, but it began with a guard of French police consisting of two French officers on horseback and ten Amazons with bicycles, and ended with about forty carriages.

Among those between were three brass bands; three companies of soldiers with arms; three half companies in uniform, but carrying wreaths; about forty men carrying honorific mottoes on boards; about forty of the wonderful silk "umbrellas" with streamers; one motor car; about forty men in white mourning suits, including two or three sons whose grief was concealed (?) by a canopy carried around them; about thirty naval officers in full dress uniform, cocked hats, epaulets, etc., and others too numerous to mention. No wonder China is poor!

Marriage is generally considered a pleasant subject than funerals. One of our schoolboys, who has hopes of going to America for education after his graduation from our high school course here this term, has received a note from a young lady. It is my opinion that he should get a college education in one of the excellent mission colleges here before going abroad, and I find other educators agree with me, but he says if he does that his parents will not let him go abroad and great joy to this year.

He is only nineteen years old.

When he did not return at the beginning of this term it was at once suspected that he must be getting married, and when I wrote and asked him about it he wrote back: "The cause of my not returning is just what you surmised, my marriage. But I was compelled to do it as it was not my opinion at all." He is back now, however, and may be in America before fall.

It seems to me unfortunate that the nearest the old-fashioned Chinese, like his parents, ever get to eugenics is the dictum of Mencius, "The aim of every Chinese is to be a philosopher.

In his words it is written, "There are three things which are unfilial, and of these the greatest is to have no posterity."

West Gate, Shanghái,
April 8, 1918.
them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Can artist's, pencil paint a more glowing sketch of domestic bliss, or poet's pen describe with brighter figures a faithful parent's home life? It is said that Agassiz placed a fish in a vessel before a student who came to him for instruction in natural history, and told the student to look at that fish. He had not seen hundreds before, and saw nothing new there. He waited hour after hour for further instruction, but was simply told to look at that fish. The next day the same lesson was repeated, this time the student impatient with nothing to do; and in his impatience began to count the scales on the fish, to watch the motions of its fins, and to see much that he had never noticed before. He became interested, and, through weeks of study of that fish, laid the foundation of a thorough knowledge of the science. He became an eminent naturalist. Now if you ask for the "Best Mode of Instructing our Youth," your essayist can do no better than to cite Moses' method, and secure a thorough study of it. In that method, the relation and mutual love of teacher and pupil, the teacher a parent, the pupil a child, the term of pupillage, all the years of childhood: the manner of teaching, by familiar conversations; the age of the pupil, tender, impressionable; the lessons to be taught, God's wonderful doing in the child's duties; the places and the hours for instruction, all these are divinely chosen and will bear the longest study, the closest inspection. Listen to it again: "These words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Can any normal teacher give you better suggestions for imparting instruction, more explicit directions for teaching children? We may have seen this a hundred times, and may think there is nothing new in it. But there certainly is. "Thou shalt not understand, or appreciate at least, far more than in Agassiz's fish. We have scarcely begun to be interested in the first lesson. Else why so many godless children, old and young? Why so much Sabbath-breaking? so many Sabbath-deserters? so many who show by their daily life, by obstinacy, by profanity, by idle, wasteful, wicked habits, that they do not know God's law, nor his dealings with the children of men? There certainly is a fail-sure plan, a sure way, to bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." It is more reasonable to suppose that the failure is in our understanding or carrying out Moses' plan, than to conclude that the Bible instructions are wrong. If we search the Scriptures, we shall find that they insist again and again upon parents teaching the Word of the Lord to their children, if they do not, the parents are blameworthy. At Sinai, the Lord said, "Gather me the people together and I will make them to hear my words," and adds, as a final reason, "that they may teach their children." The Psalmist says, "He commanded our fathers that they should make them (the testimony and the law) known to their children, that the generations to come might know them, even the children which come after them; for they looked upon the holy things of God, and added, and his second great speech repeats in nearly the same words what he had just said (and if they are repeated here, do not grow impatient, but begin at least to count), "Lay up these words in thine heart, and in thine ears. Gather thee together and established a Sunday school; and we bless his memory for it. But faithful parents do not need a Robert Raikes. They will not leave their children to be strangers among the children of the world; nor will they suppose that the Bible school is the place to simply send them. We have outgrown the Raikes idea, and have established week-day schools for the free instruction of the child, and have found that their children become "practical Christians and efficient workers in God's vineyard" shall neither neglect and leave their children to be gathered into the Bible school, nor send them there to the care of others, when they themselves might attend with them. It is all well enough, or for teaching the young only, the sooner Christian parents get above the idea of a Sabbath school, the better for the religious teaching of their children. Let us have rather a Bible service worthy of the attendance of all. By all means let the children attend the public instruction in the Word. If any are not able, or are not faithful to take them, then let them be gathered there by others. But God's way is the safest certainly. In the Bible school the children are taught to the public ministrations of the Word, talk with them by the way, talk of the Bible lesson, as Moses suggests, watch over them there as well as by the way, and enforce it by pleasant talk of the Bible lesson taught. The parent who can attend church, but who sends his children to the school says thereby, "You are a child, go now to Sabbath school; it is not your place, you are a child, go now to Sabbath school, up a child you need not go." Though he neither says this in words, nor thinks it, yet his example teaches it nevertheless, and teaches it more forcibly than precept can. Example is powerful. Moses said of the things commanded, "Keep therefore and do them, for this is thy wisdom." There is wisdom in the performance. A parent's acts, his example, will enforce his precepts or neutralize his instruction. This should be remembered in the child's duties; the places and the hours for instruction, all these are divinely chosen and will bear the longest study, the closest inspection. Listen to it again: "These words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Can any normal teacher give you better suggestions for imparting instruction, more explicit directions for teaching children? We may have seen this a hundred times, and may think there is nothing new in it. But there certainly is. "Thou shalt not understand, or appreciate at least, far more than in Agassiz's fish. We have scarcely begun to be interested in the first lesson. Else why so many godless children, old and young? Why so much Sabbath-breaking?
EXAMINE TRANSLATIONS
LT.-COL. T. W. RICHARDSON

People who know no language but their native tongue may be surprised to learn that it is often very difficult to translate with full force from one language to another, even when the translator is well acquainted with both. There is no such word as "home" in French, so it has to be translated by a word that does not carry its full meaning.

Friends who translate for us are not always to be trusted, for they sometimes destroy the force of the subject deliberately, and often with full intention to do so.

Fifty years ago, my father, my brother and sister were at Nice in the south of France. My sister had the idea of printing the Teetotal pledge in French. For instance, "In the end of the sabbath," is rendered in French, "Après que le Sabbat fut passé." "After the Sabbath was passed." The Greek, "Opse de Sabbatstone," "Even-time evening but Sabbath," or "Even-time but of the Sabbath." The German Bible preserves the "Evening-time" but introduces in the next clause a "holy-day!"

In the fourth commandment in the French Bible the word, "Sabbath," does not appear at all. Fortunately the "seventh-day" does. Instead of Sabbath they have "le jour du repos"—"the day of rest," and to the French mind that is just "Sunday." Imagine some one in a discussion saying, "Sunday isn't Sunday but Saturday"; then you have much what we appear to be saying. In French, we are arguing for the Sabbath.

In translating the Bible into Chinese, the board was going to put Sunday in the place of the Sabbath. Fortunately the best Chinese scholar on the board happened to be a Seventh Day Baptist—it was the Rev. Dr. Solomon Carpenter, I believe. He had to threaten to leave the board, to prevent the outrage. As they could not afford to lose him, they gave in, but even then it was under a compromise.

Beware of false translations.

It is not necessary to be a "slumber" to do Christ's work in the slums; our gifts will help support trained workers who will labor there while we are busy at home.

National Advocate.
for a Bible and when Miss Burdick asked in surprise if she had had none she said that her next Sunday visitor was reading daily in her old one and wanted her to take it for her use.

The Sunday before this wedding we attended another bride's feast—that of a former pupil of the school. The next younger sister graduated last semester and a second sister has been here for a Bible and when her father, N. Y. The society is raising quite a goodly sum which will be the care of the home here, and there she will be interested in a few words from the band that has studied in a school and continue her studies. The oldest has separated for her marriage next year. The trip is made April, West Gate, Shanghai, China.

Perhaps, some of the Recorder readers will be interested in a few words from the Women's Aid Society of Brookfield, N. Y. The society is raising quite a bit of money this year, but in a different manner than heretofore,—in fact, most of it comes by putting our hands deep into our pockets. Some like this way of procuring funds, especially among those are getting a little older and have not the strength to use which they formerly put into work of this kind. Others prefer the old way of serving meals, etc.

The latest venture of the society was an "experience" social held at the pleasant home of Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Brown, April 24. The rooms were tastefully decorated with spring flowers and pussy willows, and showed forth a bright and cheery welcome. Music of a high order, both vocal and instrumental, together with the "experiences" which were original and unique, constituted an interesting program. Special entertainment was provided for the young people, and dainty refreshments were served to all by the committee in charge. Net proceeds, $30.45. A MEMBER.

EARNING A DOLLAR
Mrs. H. C. Brown (Read at the "experience" social described above)

The Ladies' Aid of Brookfield town is not only old, but of some renown; "Forty years young" if it is a day. Quaint vigorous still, you will all say. Meetings are held with regularity. The weather having no consideration. This new year came at this place well. Dropping the mercury far into the well. January second, thirty below. But forth to the Rogers' we all did go. Things were moving just jolly and funny. When what should come up but the question of money:

Some one who coins money to burn
Moved us poor mortals a dollar to earn.
The motion was seconded inside a minute;
Before we knew it the whole bunch was in it.
Three months were granted this Hercules task,
All by yourself and no one to ask. Neither barter nor trade nor exchange stands.
All must be earned by your own two hands.

Earning a dollar for some is quite tame,
But to tell how you did it is part of the game. But dear me! I must stop making rhymes and conjure some way of earning some dimes. When I was a young one,

Red Cross work is all well and well
If one could only do it to sell.
My head gets dizzy how'er I turn,
When I contemplate a dime. Time enough, that's nothing but fun.

Since Uncle Sam controls the sun,
In Joshua's time the sun stood still
While he fought the enemy on the hill;
Faithful Joshua! What would be said
If our making an hour every day
A thought came to me in this extra hour—
What is time? What is power?
Since this great sum must surely be earned,
Why not active professions have learned?
Why not charge in a modest way
For services rendered for a single day?
Surgess's ante was done.
Since eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

The next case that came, while my place was filling
The thought came, now I can earn my shilling. The articles were deep, the doctor sighed As he straightened his back when the last stitch was tied.
My hand was steady, I had stood the test. I, too, was tired, I had done it best. A few days later, when the bill came in, I asked for my pay with a very broad grin. Um-um, that was something quite new.

A "stunner" you say, however true. With a slight ejaculation a dollar was paid. And it is forth coming for our dear Ladies' Aid.

MINUTES OF WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING
The Woman's Executive Board met at Professor A. E. Whitford's on May 5, 1919. The following members were present:


The President opened the meeting by reading Psalm 113 and Mrs. O. U. Whitford led in prayer.

The minutes of April I were read.

As Mrs. A. E. Whitford has been seriously ill for some weeks the Treasurer's report was read by Miss Nettie West. Receipts were from the sale of jellies and other items. Disbursements were $25.50. The report was adopted.

Letters were read from Mrs. Lucy Sweet, Long Beach, Cal., and Mrs. Hummel, of Hammond, La.

The Corresponding Secretary reported having written to the Associational Secretaries asking them to request the Woman’s societies in their respective associations to use the programs provided for their use in the Sabbath Rally programs as printed in the Sabbath Recorder of April 29. Mrs. Babcock read letters from Mrs. Stillman and Mrs. L. Adelaide Brown, both of West Edmeston, N. Y. Mrs. Brown's letter was in acceptance of the office of Central Social Secretary for all the balance of the present year, to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of Miss Ethlyn Davis to Battle Creek, Mich. The Corresponding Secretary also reported a letter from the chairmen of the Committee of Reference and Counsel of Foreign Missions Conference, telling of the appointment of F. P. Turner as Secretary of the Committee. The President read some extracts from letters written by Mrs. Lucy Carpenter during her first stage to China and soon after her arrival in China.

The Committee having the Woman’s Board Conference program-in-charge made a report of progress. The minutes were read, corrected and approved and the Board adjourned to meet with Mrs. West in June.

A. B. W.,
President,
Dottie B. Maxson,
Recording Secretary.

THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"
REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

Chapter II

(Continued)

"MUST I learn all my duties of motherhood by apprenticeship?" said Mrs. Wells one day, as they again took up the subject. "I wish I had some good up-to-date books or magazines; if there are any on such subjects. The coming nurse will be obliged to take a three years' course in some school before being permitted to handle cases so serious as diseases are. The future barber, too, will have to get his personality around a man's face and neck. The man running a stagecoach will have to have some training. I tell you, Kon, we little know what all these means mean to me."

The young man sighing. "Of course, I am almost sick to see so many mothers cram the stuff into their babies' every time they cry, and spend a half day rocking them to sleep when they need the time for so many other sacred duties. Mrs. James was talking about what
experience will do for us mothers, but I told her that experience was only an assistant. Webster says the thing that lasts the longest does it take some people to obtain experience? About the time their babies are all dead, they wake up with a little experience.

And even then some fail of experience. I just had to laugh one day when I heard three women discussing this matter of proper care of babies. Mrs. Jones in her positive way was laying down some rules when Mrs. Phelps spoke up, excitedly. You can’t turn loose a child. I have had seven, and they are all in their graves, poor things!' But you shall have the books, Eunice, if we can find them. There is a new farming paper started in New York that tells farmers how to improve stock and raise grain and all that which we have been supposed to know for hundreds of years. Farmer Jones said it was some kid-glove gentleman who wanted to fleece farmers by telling them what he knew of farming while he was living on the third floor of some city tenement. But I'll venture to say that the editor has an experimental farm in old Connecticut and that from experiments he will give advanced ideas of great benefit to us. I'm going to take it.

It took my father twenty years to find out by personal experience how to do some things that a good book could have taught him in a year, the way this book gives the experiences and results of many successful farmers. Yes, experience is an assistant, but for one I believe mothers as well as farmers and mechanics can benefit from study, who, otherwise, would be as much out of the way as knowledge. Mrs. Jones had great faith in his wife's ability to progress beyond the average woman.

"Now," said his wife, "suppose I had to wait for experience in cooking and never had a suggestive cookbook. I received yesterday in the mail you brought up that new book we saw advertised, and have been looking it over. Sakes, Jon, I'll give you something. I never knew what I was doing that book given the experiences and results of many successful farmers. Yes, experience is an assistant, but for one I believe mothers as well as farmers and mechanics can benefit from study, who, otherwise, would be as much out of the way as knowledge. Mrs. Jones had great faith in his wife's ability to progress beyond the average woman.

Just then a rap was heard on the door. Mrs. Wells responded and in came Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Richards, neighbors a mile away.

"Delighted to see you, neighbors, have been wishing you'd come. Wanted to talk with you about many things, but now, first, wanted to tell you about the new boy. Of course he must be the finest in the state, as every mother thinks."

"Of course," remarked Mrs. Richards, "and we will have to agree with you in general, or to keep peace, really, there is a fine specimen. What is his name?"

"Walter, after his great-great-grandfather who was a soldier in the King's army and distinguished himself. But this Walter is not to be a soldier. I've marked him for the ministry, but my husband smiles at that and has little faith in parents marking out the trades and professions of their children. Time will tell. By the way, Kon was telling me that one day he saw your son making a miniature farming mill. What does that indicate?" asked Mrs. Wells.

"That indicates," replied Mrs. Richards, "that he has a taste for mechanics and is at such work all his spare time. I only wonder that he is dedicated to the practice of medicine. Guess I'll have to let him work out his own salvation."

"Mrs. Wells, my James is sick and it looks as though he was coming down with measles. I've been trying to teach him all I could get down him, kept him from drowning himself in all the water he wanted to drink, and ordered a bottle of whiskey sent up; but he seems to grow worse. Dad said I'd better send for Dr. Whitford, but you can tell me what to do," said Mrs. Cook.

"I wish I might be permitted to suggest something, Mrs. Cook," said Mrs. Wells. "You just give that boy all the water he wants, open those windows, throw that whiskey to the ants, let him have all the fresh air he can breathe, make him eat a week, taking nothing but very light food and milk. Then, if you want a doctor, don't send for Dr. Rine. He is way behind the time and all he thinks of is making a slow cure and getting his money. He'll bleed the boy half to death and knock all his teeth out with calomel, and then if the boy dies, be sure to tell what a great cure he made. You send for Dr. Whitford, of Bridgewater. He is de-

voting his talents to the prevention of disease, and money has little to do with his practice though of course he must have some money. He will do more than to look at your tongue and feel your pulse. He will sit down two hours if another patient, is not at death's door, and tell you all about your physical make-up and how to care for this living temple, and try to get you so to live that you will not need his services or that of any doctor. That's my idea of a doctor."

"My land, Mr. Wells, Mrs. Dickenson said she would rather have a cat doctor her than Whitford. He had the impudence, when calling, to tell her that she ought to give her baby boiled milk, cooled off of course, and not to nurse the child. Now everybody knows that the mother furnishes the best food for a baby."

"Yes, Mrs. Cook, in most cases, but Mrs. Dickenson of late shows symptoms of consumption and also, though you may not know it, has a small cancer appearing. The doctor was right. Why do you not get some up-to-date books on these subjects? Wife and wife now discussing the advisability of getting some such magazine or book, 'dealing' with the problems of motherhood. I think we will," said Mr. Wells.

"Oh, bosh! Mr. Wells," exclaimed Mrs. Richards. "You're a crank. Are you going to take all the reverence out of motherhood? I believe the most sacred thing in the world is the home. In the home the most sacred thing is the relation of mother and child. You can't get experience out of books and papers."

"You are right as to what is the most sacred thing. But that does not forbid helping your wife to acquire knowledge and the study of the sciences that are revealing so much of late. There is no atmosphere of parental dignity taken away, no invading of the sanctity of motherhood, and fatherhood by profiting from the results of others' experience and study. I'd like to see a lot of you mothers turn schoolgirls awhile and compare notes and take a course in child welfare and the study of the body as well as the study of these innocent that are dying off like rats for want of proper care. You women have your kind of idealism, ignorant, many of you, that much idealism must change as the years go by— I mean change its forms."

"Well, if you aren't a preacher or lecturer, Mr. Wells, you've missed your calling. Now I believe that we mothers have been raised up for generations without going to any school and in classes to be told how to be mothers. The idea of thus becoming a laughing-stock."

"And Mrs. Richards spoke with emphasis."

"And I think," said Mrs. Cook, "that I'll give it up if we can't learn to be mothers by being mothers."

"Do you want your child educated by a man who never studied medicine but learns to be a doctor by being a doctor? Want to send your boy to the district school to be taught by one who knows nothing of schoolbooks and the principles they teach but is learning to teach by trying to teach?"

"Oh, that's different, but in the sacred relation of mother to child, I think there isn't much to improve on. If some old maid has a mania for the improvement of mothers, we'll of course give her trying to lecture. Maybe she'll write a book on how to nurse and bathe babies! Wouldn't that be a fine idea?"

"And Mrs. Cook laughed merrily."

"May I have an idea to express?" said Mrs. Wells. "I have not a great enough tribute to one, but I know my mother's experience and if it were put into a book, it would be a great help to many ignorant mothers. That is why I want books and why I believe that nurses can greatly improve and not wait for a lifetime of personal experimenting. Mother said she was twenty years old when married. My brother was born when she was twenty-one. Mother said she had to know the world of improvement. And I'd like to know why we can't improve as well as men do in the raising of stock. Mother said she was just afraid that she'd touch her child in giving him his bath, fearing he might fall to pieces! Then, when he cried, she rocked him four hours until she almost dropped out of her chair. Father would get up nights and walk the floor hours when the boy had the whooping-cough. They fed him milk after every illness and he seemed sick, and the cow was sick, too, and died soon after. Could not that milk have been diseased? Was there not some way of finding out about it? The milk was brought to us in a pail that was

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simply rinsed, and about every other day. Some good up-to-date book might have told better than that. We used water from our well, and there was surface drainage. Then some old woman told mother that it was bad for the baby to have any sugar, though today we know that pure sugar is of value in certain quantities. They were poor and saved eggs and the like, and took much nourishment in all sorts of foods that was needed. They put the boy in a great feather bed and loaded him down with clothing and he was always having hard colds. They closed all the windows and crammed the cracks with cloth and kept the room so hot. They stufed us kids with molasses and vinegar for our colds, It is a wonder we all lived until mother got some new ideas and made a great change in methods of living. Then we began to improve and became a healthy-family. Now would we be less mothers, and our office less sacred, if we had a few weeks with a schoolteacher training and schooling even in motherhood and had all these things explained to us by competent teachers?"

"Why, Mrs. Wells, motherhood is a divine endowment. Is it a thing that can be taught? What is a baby becomes into the world, a mother spirit comes and a mother gift to care for it. A schoolbook can't give it nor a notebook and pencil help it," explained Mrs. Cook.

"Mrs. Cook," said Mr. Wells, "if that mother who had seven children and lost them all—that woman to whom you couldn't tell anything about caring for children—if she had had proper training in diet, care of rooms and right kind of clothing, had known the value of pure air, the curse of alcohol, the effect of proper living on her part, and also what her own disposition had to do with her children's health, she might have had several children left to bless her life. But she was ignorant, and no intuition, or 'divine providence,' or 'mother gift' in her ignorance could save her children from the many storms in which they lived. A few good books from well-taught and experienced writers and even a school for such a purpose when she was of school age would have given her knowledge of greatest value. Some day you will see schools open to the education and training of district schools that will teach them more about cooking healthful dishes than all the women in ten past generations have ever known. You will see schools that teach boys carpentry and mechanics, such schools as, if you now had them for your boy, would teach him in three years what it will now take him twenty to learn from his own experiments unaided. And some day the boys will learn in the district or town schools all about soil and plants and grains, things that the most of us is never known and never will know, and the future farmer will get ten blades of grass where one now grows and ten bushels of grain where two now grow and of a better quality. And some day the future mothers will have known at sixteen years of age more of the care of children than mothers today find out after they have had a large family. It's coming, I see it. Old Markum tells me that."

"Old Markum! What are you talking about, Mr. Wells? That old hill is as dumb as the moon about things." And Mr. Richards was astonished.

"Yes, old Markum Mountain teaches a great deal. You go up there and spend a day and sit on the old 'Projector' and look north and south, and stop and think, and think, and you'll think of things that do not come to you in feather beds, and you'll get more health than a pond full of molasses and vinegar can give. Just try it some day. Let's have a picnic the first opportunity and I'll show you what Markum teaches."

"Well, this is interesting anyway," said Mrs. Cook. "I even like it better than ordinary gossip. We haven't said a word about religion, though; that's awful."

"I think we have said a great deal about practical religion," remarked Mr. Wells.

"Religion should help us in the care of our bodies and minds and prepare the way all the time for a future race of beings that will be ready for the coming of the Lord. Religion is not all about predestination and communion and baptism, as important as they may be, I wish I had studied for the ministry. But then, people would kick me out of the pulpit."

After all had gone and there was rest from work, Mr. Wells remarked: "Just wait for our grandchild to get his college education." (To be continued)

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**YOU NG PEOPLE'S WORK**

**REV. ROYAL R. THORNHA GE, HOMER, N. Y. Contributing Editor**

**SERVICE IN CHURCH AND COMMUNITY**

C. C. VAN HORN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, June 10

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**DAILY READINGS**

Sunday—Edifying (1 Cor. 8: 1-13)
Monday—Supporting (1 Cor. 16: 1-5)
Tuesday—Atoning (Heb. 10: 1-10)
Wednesday—Hospitality (Heb. 13: 1-3)
Thursday—Moral cleansing (Isa. 1: 10-20)
Friday—Moral uplift (Hosea 14: 1-9)
Saturday—Topic, Service in church and community (Mark 12: 28-34) (Consecration meeting)

This is a good topic for consecration meeting. A soul, to do good service, acceptable service for the Master, must be wholly consecrated. Here are a few Bible utterances which might very appropriately be used by any one desiring a thorough consecration. "If there be here a sinner, wash me, I am white as snow," and, "I will be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." And then, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Prayers like these will not only make us fit for the charter line in Christ's service but will send us on "over the top" into the enemy's country.

If we are really imbued with the spirit of the Master, we can not stand in idleness. Our happiness, our growth, our very life depends on the amount of energy we put into our efforts, our service for our King. Opportunities for service will not be wanting if the hands are willing, the heart eager and filled with love. A pleasant word, a cheerful smile even a hearty handshake will oftentimes change the trend of a person's life, stop the tendency to drift in the downward way. Young converts or new members in the Christian Endeavor are often diffident and unaccustomed to the ways and the work; frequently oversensitive. These should have our careful and prayerful consideration. Take them under our wing, and, if possible, send them to a college or some other school that will teach them the thoughtless neglect that is so disastrous to the young and uninstructed. A word of sympathy and good cheer now and then will avert many a heartache, will save many a discouraged, tempted one from yielding to the promptings of the enemy.

A little incident which came under the writer's personal observation may help to illustrate the thought, and impress it on the minds of the readers.

Several years ago the Northwestern Association was held with one of our churches in Iowa. Some of the delegates stayed a little over time to enjoy an outing that had been planned for the occasion. The object of point was a beautiful valley opening into the Maquoketa River. At the opening of this valley was "an old deserted mill." On one side, in the dense shade of the wood, on a thick carpet of blue grass, they spread and partook of the noonday meal; on the other side, and only a few rods away, the hillside was a precipitous rocky bluff, at one point rising in a perpendicular wall to a height nearly one hundred feet.

Several of the older ones of the party passing around the foot of the bluff near the river brink found a way of ascending the bluff. After they had gone up there was, was strung with pebbles and dried grass, making the upward climb very laborious. A little girl, scarcely three years old, started, as children will, to follow. She had gone but a short way when she cried to those ahead, "I want to go, too. Papa, Mama, help me up!"

No one heard her; if they did no heed was paid to her cry for help. Her little feet grew weary; she felt bruising her tender hands. A little while longer she struggled upward and then with one longing, pleading hand toward those above her, she turned to come back down, but instead, with tear-dimmed eyes, she started directly toward the precipice. A young man coming leisurely up the hill heard her cry, her call for help. He watched her a moment as she, blinded, hurt and disappointed, rushed toward the pitfall.

He called. She paused and looked around. "Ida, come here, I will help you up." He held out his hand. She turned and came toward him as fast as her poor tired feet could carry her. What a change! When she looked into his face and saw the love-light burning there, her rosy lips parted in a smile; the tear-dimmed eyes grew bright with hope. All the pain was forgotten in the joy of the moment. She
placed her chubby hand in his and together they went on to the top.

The tragedy was averted; the precious life was saved.

Dear friends, is this not this an exact portrait of the spiritual tragedies going on all around us today, and oftentimes before our very eyes? Souls, precious in the eyes of Jesus, are rushing, unchecked, unheeded, unloved by us, into the vortex of iniquity, lost forever—souls whom we, by a kindly word or thoughtful act, might save. We may not know just when to speak the word, but it is far better to speak one word out of time than to miss saving a soul.

"Silence is golden," but "a word spoken in due season, how good it is!" If we are indeed servants of Jesus we must "sow beside all waters." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." God will send the rain and bring the increase. Our efforts may be rejected, spurned at the time, but in God's own good time results will come.

Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay. Whatever is more than these comes of evil.

We may rest easy on this point: there is not one in a thousand that will say too much when talking of the things that lead to God and eternal life.

If we would confess our faults, one to another, instead of backbiting; bear one another's burdens, instead of increasing the weights that so easily beset, our service value in the church would be increased beyond provisioning.

If we would be sure that the seeds we scatter by the wayside are taken from Christ's storehouse, how different would the harvest be; how greatly the value of our service and influence for good in the community would be increased.

How many of us go forth to the duties of the day with a prayer on our lips and in our hearts for the guidance of the Holy Spirit? And again how many of us can close our day's work with the song, "One more day's work for Jesus"?

"They that loved the Lord spoke often one to another." Do we show our love for the Lord Jesus in this way? How many can answer yes? Hands up.

Is there one in your society who is not a Christian? Do you know why? Did you ever talk with that one about the love of Jesus?

Is your Lookout Committee doing its duty?

Some one suggest a plan for more effective service in the church.

What more can our society do to interest the community at large?

Are you doing your "bit?" Why not?

What we are fighting for

ROBERT E. SPEER
Chairman of the General War-Time Commission of the Churches

There ought to be no doubt among Christian men as to what we are fighting for in the war, as to the great moral and spiritual ends which justify it.

We are fighting to put an end, if we can, to war and to the burden and terror of armaments. It can not be too often said that it is a war against war that we are waging. Both militarists and pacifists often deride this idea, the former because they do not think it can be, the latter because they do not believe that war can ever be ended by war. But there are millions of men who hate war and believe it must be ended and who are able with conscience and determination to support because it seems to them unavoidable and necessary as a struggle directly aimed at war itself. They did not want war.

The precipitation of the war by Germany outraged all their deepest convictions, and the principles and convictions and practices as to the nature and method of war on the part of Germany seem to these millions of men to be intolerable on our earth. To give them unhindered room would mean the world an impossible home for free and friendly men. They must be destroyed. War against them is war against war. It is war for peace.

This purpose also nerves the men at the front on whom the burden falls heaviest. They see the irrationality and wickedness of war more clearly than any one else. What sustains them is the thought that they are enduring it so that no one else may have to endure it. The thing is so dreadful that it would be worth every day it endures to make sure that the world will not have to go through it again.

We are fighting against aggressive autocracy. Not yet against autocracy itself.

We disbelieve in it and we fear it, but if any nation wants it for itself and can have it without letting it imperil all other nations thus far we have said that we have no right to settle the question of its justice. Each people has the right of self-government. But we can not sit quiet and let autocracy, unwilling to stay at home, go abroad to rule the world. It is the strongest nation invading other nations, attacking the rights of humanity, perpetrating wrong and injustice, that must be resisted and bound to keep the peace, just as the strong man breaking the laws of society and perpetrating wrong and injustice in the state must be bound from wrong.

We are fighting against the claim of nations to be above the moral law. A state can not endure if one class of its citizens is allowed to excuse itself from the moral obligations which bind all others. And the world can not endure if any nation is allowed to set itself above the principles of truth and justice and righteousness which have their ground in the character of God and the tradition of individual life and must be the foundation of national life and of international relationship. It is moral anarchy for any nation to set itself and its interests above the laws of God, which are laws of universal right and justice.

We are fighting against the idea of power as its own law, against the ancient claim of might to be its own right. This idea, if yielded to, puts an end to civilization. If we merely match might with might and try to disprove the claims of might by superior might, we are acting the very law we attack. But if we use might for right and hold it subject to right, and repudiate utterly the principle that it is or can be anything apart from right, we may safely and we must unyieldingly oppose this false order worth living to show men that they must and can behave now as citizens in a manner worthy of the Gospel of Christ, to maintain in the soul the conviction of the lion's strength we have or can get from God against the falsehood of power as its own warrant for aught that it can do. The very essence of evil is in this falsehood and must be destroyed.

And we are not only fighting against great futility, we are fighting for a new world order of concord and peace and justice.

Just as in each nation the elements which had to be combined were compelled to give up their separate claims to the end that a righteous and stable political order could be established, so now we realize that the world must in some simple and practicable way be reorganized to provide some instrumentality of international justice which will settle our business by peaceful and judicial processes, as men settle their difficulties among themselves without murder or any violence. To carry mankind forward by such a big advance is worth any sacrifice necessary to win it.

All of these things ought to have been won without war. They have not been. Against our wills the great war which involves these issues came out and laid hold upon us and, whether we would or no, we had to take up our part. And now that duty can not be played with. Asking God for his forgiveness for all that has been wrong of ourselves, humbly trusting his grace and seeking his strength, we are to take up our task in the spirit of those who know only one fidelity, the fidelity that knows no yielding until its task is done. Without hate or pride or wrong-doing, without using against evil the evil we deplore, without malice directed against the enemy toward all men, including our foes, with patience and tenacity and deathless devotion, we are to do the work that has come to us until it is done and done to last.

It is the business of the Church to keep clear and unencumbered these moral ends which alone justify the war, to warn men against hate and evil will, to strengthen in men's hearts the sense of deathless devotion to duty, to encourage faith in the possibility of establishing on the earth a righteous order worth living and dying for, to show men that they must and can behave now as citizens in a manner worthy of the Gospel of Christ, to maintain in the soul the conviction of the lion's strength we have or can get from God against the falsehood of power as its own warrant for aught that it can do. The very essence of evil is in this falsehood and must be destroyed.

The Sabbath Recorder
CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE LITTLE BOY WHO DIDN'T KNOW HIS FAMILY

Once upon a time a little boy dreamed that he went to heaven. He had been thinking about heaven during the day, wondering about it, and wishing that he might go there to make a visit, without staying forever, and that very night he made his visit.

When he realized that he was really on the way to heaven, he wondered still more. He supposed that, of course, he would find only the people there who had died, and since he did not know any little boys who had died, he feared that he might be lone­some in heaven, so he did not really worry about it—he just wondered.

When he arrived he looked for the great gates which he had heard about. There were several of them, but the most beautiful of all was labeled plainly "For Children." He wondered how one entered, but now it was too plain. The gate stood wide open to receive all the little children who were constantly passing in, and no one questioned his entering with the rest.

The Little Boy looked about to find a familiar face, and though he had not seen one of the children before, every one looked so friendly that he did not feel at all strange. In fact, he thought to himself: "How nice it is to be among a lot of children of my own kind. At school there were so many dirty ones, and foreigners, and they were so different from me! I'm glad that all of us here are Americans!"

In his pleasure he smiled happily, and a bright-faced boy beside him said, "It is nice here, isn't it?"

"Yes," said our Little Boy. "So much nicer than at home! I mean the boys seem nicer. There are no poor ones here."

"No poor ones here," said the other. "But oh, you should have seen my home before I came here! The house was almost tumbling down, and we were happy if we had one real meal a day. Father was hurt in the mines, so that he couldn't work, and mother could not always make much money; but, I tell you, she did as much as two ordinary mothers, and we all helped as much as we could. It is nice here!"

It made the Little Boy feel quite strange to find that he had been so friendly with a really poor child, even now that he knew, the poor boy did not look poor. He seemed just like the Little Boy himself.

He ran on a little farther till another child stopped him—a beautiful little girl this time. "I am it, dear," she smiled. He looked at her to make sure that she was not a poor child, then smiled back.

"Yes, there are so many of our own kind here—no dirty ones or poor ones, you know." The little girl looked sober for a minute, then replied: "Of course not here, but at home I was dirty!" He saw, mother had to work all day long, and just could not look after me as she wanted to, though she always told me to do the best I could myself. She used to do our washing in the night, after her day's work was done. But it surely is nice here, isn't it?"

Again the Little Boy was surprised. How it was that she seemed just like herself! Again he ran farther on, this time stopping in a group of children, who beamed back, and said, "Isn't it nice here?" This time there could be no mistake—they were surely of his kind, and the Little Boy smiled back, "Yes, there are so many of our kind—no foreigners, you know."

"But do we not all belong here?" asked one.

"What do you mean by foreigners?" asked another.

"Why, you know—foreigners—people from other countries," the Little Boy explained.

"But all of us came from another country," smiled another.

"Oh, yes, to come here, of course!" replied the Little Boy; "but I mean we are all Americans." And the other children laughed aloud.

"But not one of us came from America!" they said. "We were just talking about being in Japan!"

"And when you were in Japan?" asked the Little Boy.

"And mine was in India!" "And mine was in Africa!" "I lived in China!" Such a chorus of voices arose that the Little Boy could not distinguish all the countries that his friends had lived in. "But why don't you look like Japanese and Chinesearians?" he asked.

Just then a beautiful angel came to the children, and hearing the Little Boy's question, said gently: "Oh, you poor little America! The Satherly boys are just come! Do you not know that here you only see what is in the heart? And did you suppose that the great Father gave different kinds of hearts because some of his children were poor, and others lived in one country and some in another?"

The Little Boy looked and wondered. Then he heard a wonderful choir, far away, singing:

"I think of that day, in the beautiful time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest."

Then the Little Boy understood at last. It was because all these children loved their heavenly Father that they seemed just alike, and he could hardly wait to return to his home in America and find some other members of that family whom he had thought different, but whom now he knew to be his own little brothers and sisters.

World-Wide.

HOMESTEADING IN THE SEVENTIES

J. L. HULL

CHAPTER X

(Continued)

Before Henry had started from his uncle's the uncle had expressed the wish that he might have a pair of buffaloes, and Henry said he would try to make up his mind that they would make an effort to procure them for him. George White said he would be glad to help them. For this purpose they made arrangements to go on a hunt, and June fourth they set out. They had not gone more than ten miles from home before it began to rain and rained for three days and nights. They had no cover on the wagon and everything was wet except their ammunition and matches, and they continued their westward march. Beside the team of horses they had two saddle ponies, one being Pet, Henry's pony, which he had left before, while George's was a good little fellow, and nearly as fleet as Pet. They passed Prairie Dog, Sappa and Beaver creeks and turned to the south on the headwaters of the Solomon River.

On the fourth day from home, as they were approaching the stream, they were about to cross a draw when five or six buffaloes with two or three calves ran out of the draw. Quickly George and Joe put the saddles on the ponies and taking only their revolvers and lassos started in pursuit. Joe was ahead and as he came down into the draw he saw two buffalo calves holding a buffalo calf. As nearly as he could tell, one of the wolves held the calf by the nose. Joe was busy with his lasso or he might have shot one, but the world for he was within twenty feet of them before they let loose of their prey. Joe's object was to catch the calf. The calf, as soon as the wolf let go of it, ran at full speed after the other buffaloes and Joe was with it. He cast the lasso. It went over the calf's head, but Pet sprang forward and before Joe could check the pony the lasso was carried free from the calf. Again the lasso was over the head of the calf and again Pet dashed forward, and to check her took so much of Joe's attention that the calf passed through the loop, and the third time brought no better success. They had now come to a draw where there were some small trees and brush, in which the calf was soon lost.

Looking up Joe saw not more than half a mile away a bunch of about a hundred large and a good number of buffaloes. With them were fifteen or twenty calves. "There is our chance," said he, and both started for the bunch.

The buffaloes saw them coming, quickly turned for a stampede. Theincessant noise of the stampede gait. It was no trouble to come up with them; the stampede gait is not very fast, but a herd will keep it up for many miles. Away they went the horsemen, the guns were out of the wolves held the calf by the nose. Joe was busy with his lasso or he might have shot one, but the world for he was within twenty feet of them before they let loose of their prey. Joe's object was to catch the calf. The calf, as soon as the wolf let go of it, ran at full speed after the other buffaloes and Joe was with it. He cast the lasso. It went over the calf's head, but Pet sprang forward and before Joe could check the pony the lasso was carried free from the calf. Again the lasso was over the head of the calf and again Pet dashed forward, and to check her took so much of Joe's attention that the calf passed through the loop, and the third time brought no better success. They had now come to a draw where there were some small trees and brush, in which the calf was soon lost.

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waved his hat and hollered to them but they only shook their heads as though they wished to be tossin' him on their horns and throwing them. However they did succeed in frightening two of the calves so that they fell out. Then lettin' Pet dash ahead, he swung to the left, passed that wing of the bunch and let them pass by him.

George stepped after one of the calves that Joe had frightened out of the bunch, and as Joe came up with them George had his lasso on its neck and it was a prisoner. Both men dismounted and placed the rope on the calf so as to lead it.

"'Go get him, Joe," said George, "you take the ponies and go ahead and I will follow with the calf."

"Which way shall I go?"

Joe pointed to the northeast. "'No," said George, "Henry is this way," and he pointed southwest. "You are wrong, Joe."

George had mounted his pony and Joe had given him Pet's rein. "You can have my pony and you go your way. I will go mine and let us see who will get to camp first."

"'No," we will not separate. I will go your way, but I know you are wrong," said George.

"Go to the top of the divide," replied Joe. "I think we can see something from there."

It was three miles or more to the top of the divide. When they arrived there Joe pointed to a tree top which could be seen away to the northeast, saying, "George, did you ever see that tree top before?"

"'No, I never did," declared George.

"WELL," said Joe, "Henry is within forty rods of that tree top. I don't know just where he finished wood and water but it is not far away.

George was completely lost, but would not own it. When they were about half way to the tree top Joe called George's attention to a little streak of smoke, but still George was not convinced. He said that it was as likely as not to be an Indian camp. He was sure he had not been there before. But Joe said, "I will take all causes to lead him to it."

When within forty rods of the camp George could plainly see the wagon and horses. He stopped and said, "I give it up, Joe, but I don't see how you could tell where to go. I would never have found Henry."

A buffalo had disputed Henry's right to the place he had chosen for a camp ground, and Henry had shot him. It seemed that it was a favorite place to water, and with horses on the lariat one had to keep a good watch and not let the game get too close or it would frighten them.

The calf was very warm and tired and was soon lying in the shade, and Joe was very grateful for a chance to rest.

After a half fried buffalo hump, and bread, they saw a little bunch of buffaloes going in a direction that would take them by the head of the draw that came into the creek near the camp.

"George," said Joe, "let us go up that draw and get one of them."

They went to the head of the draw where there was a break about a foot high, lay down behind this break and waited for the game.

"They are coming close to us. Let us not try to get but one of them. Take that one that looks so black and sleek," said Joe.

Where they lay they were but ten feet from the path that the buffaloes were in and at that distance they shot the one picked out, killing him in his tracks. They had now meat that would require some little time to care for, to cut, salt and dry, for it would be some time before the game would pass so as to dry quickly in warm weather.

The following morning another small herd of buffaloes was seen coming near where they were. George and Joe went as near to the place they were to pass as they could get with shelter, but the game passed at quite a distance away and on a good run. Joe shot four times but did not bring any down. One was injured so that it could not be used. Joe said they would not waste his time and Joe watched the others for a few moments to see if any more turned off by themselves, for he knew that there were three others wounded. The draw that the buffalo had gone into made a bend like an oxbow. He went across the bend, thinking that he was ahead of the buffalo. He came to the draw at a point where there was a small tree on the bank. The bank was a square break-off of four or five feet. As Joe came to the tree, looking up the draw for the game, he stood directly over the buffalo, which had reached the place and lay under the tree. The buffalo sprang up and jumped up the banks.

(Continued)
have no time to gaze. I think, perhaps, that in our communion with God there is too much of the 'noise and little gazing,' and we do not "reap the harvest of a quiet eye," that appropriation which becomes ours through our very wonder and admiration. 

Suffer me to be a little more precise that I can, that some counsel to the young people who are in the early hours of their devotional life. I would take the word of God, and I would open the gospels where there is some word or incident in which the Son of God is revealed to us. Read it on your own, and slowly, keep your eyes quietly fixed upon the Lord, who is being unveiled to you. Then close the Book, and let the eyes of your soul continue gazing upon the glory of the Lord, until the glory becomes surpassingly glorious, and you are lost in wonder at the holy radiance which shines upon you. Take time to see! "Be silent unto the Lord," and the glory of the Lord will be revealed. Such, I believe, is the first element in all true and vital reverence.

And what else would there be in the reverent soul? There would be the incense of prayerfulness. Lowly gazing leads to high aspiring. From the violet beds of lowliness rise the fragrances of prayerfulness. I do say that the aspiration will express itself in a multitude of words. The fact of the matter is, the more we are filled with wonder the more restrained is our speech. It is the shallow who are the vulnerable. And when we have knelt in lowliness and gazed upon the glory of the Lord, it may be that our prayer will breathe itself in the fewest words—perhaps like "Lord, and my God!" or "Lord, and my God!" or Madame Theresa, "Lord, lift me!" or perhaps just the psalmist's wondering and aspiring word, "O God! O God!" Or perhaps the aspiration may be altogether wordless, it may be just a speechless yearning to be clothed in the glory of the Lord. And such desire is intense, the incense of prayerfulness, infinitely sweeter and more precious than the incense which is wafted around altars of stone.

No one can gaze in silent lowliness upon the Christ, and lift to him the incense of prayerful desire and aspiration, without having from the Lord, in some way or other, some clear expression of his will. I shall come to know what he wants me to be like, in my home and in my ministry, and you will know what he wants you to be like in your daily life and calling, both in private and in public relationships. And when we know his will, the reverence which bowed in lowliness, and aspired in prayerfulness, will now obey in faithfulness.

That is to say, true reverence will offer the Lord the gold of obedience.

If we reverence the Son of God in the silence of lowliness, and in the incense of prayerfulness, and in the gold of obedience, there is something else that will come of itself. We shall worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. We need not worry about the beauty, and we need not fearful and impatient about its coming. If we are lowly, and prayerful, and obedient, the beauty of the Lord our God will be upon us, and we shall not be able to keep it away.—J. H. Towne, from the Continent by permission.

TRACT SOCIETY—MEETING BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Plantsville, N. Y., May 12, 1918, at 2 o'clock p. m., President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.


Prayer was offered by Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Recording Secretary reported having written Dean Arthur E. Main, as requested at the last meeting of the Board, and presented correspondence from Dean Main expressing his sincere thanks for the kind remembrance. The correspondent stated that he was doing well in the way of preparation for the major operation which would probably take place early in May.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported the distribution of 1314 tracts embracing 17 different subjects; three new subscriptions to the Sabbath Recorder, and nine discontinued.

The Committee on Indian Missions reported the average attendance at New York of 5, and at New Era of 18; 140 visits and calls by Mr. Savarese during April, and 290 tracts distributed.

The Treasurer reported having received 33 subscriptions to the Denominational Building Fund, amounting to $2,100.00 all of which is practically paid.

The Committee on Program for Tract Society hour at Conference presented the following report.

TENTATIVE PROGRAM FOR THE TRACT SOCIETY

At the next Seventh Day Baptist General Conference

FORENOON SESSION

11.00 o'clock President's Message

Corliss F. Randolph

Annual Statement

1. Treasurer's Report

Frank J. Hubbard

2. Report of Publishing House

Lucius P. Burch


Rev. Willard D. Burdick

4. Report of the Corresponding Secretary

Rev. Edwin Shaw

AFTERNOON SESSION

1.00 o'clock

The Word of the Tract Society

Rev. Willard D. Burdick

The Work of the Tract Society from a Layman's Viewpoint

Charles C. C. "A" Hubbard

The Tract Society and our Mission as a People

Rev. George B. Shaw

(This is arranged on the supposition that at some time during the Conference there will be an opportunity for general informal discussion of the work of the Tract Society in some form of open parliament.)

Report adopted.

Secretary Shaw reported that after conference with President Shaw of Y. M. A., C. A. "A" Camp Work, it seemed that at present there is no favorable opportunity for him to engage in that work.

He also reported that Sabbath Day Rally Program had been prepared and sent out to the different churches and organizations.

Correspondence with Rev. George W. Hills and Rev. Rollo J. Severance of the Pacific Coast Association was read showing their approval of the suggestion that this Board pay the expenses of their representative in attending the General Conference at Nortonville, Kan.

It was voted that this Board pay the expenses of Rev. George W. Hills in attending the General Conference as a representative of the Pacific Coast Association.

It appearing that Rev. Rollo J. Severance is expecting to attend the General Conference, and having suggested that on his return from the General Conference he visit the scattered members of the Pacific Coast Association up and down the Pacific Coast, it was voted we express our readiness to pay the extra expenses which may be incurred by Rev. R. J. Severance in visiting the scattered members on the Pacific Coast on his return trip, over and above contributions which may be otherwise made for him for that purpose.

Voted that this Society publish in the form of a tract the open letter prepared by Rev. T. J. Van Horn, being a discussion relating to the Sabbath.

Correspondence was also presented from Rev. George W. Seeley, Rev. T. W. Richardson, Rev. G. Velthuysen, and T. L. M. Spencer.

Rev. G. Velthuysen having suggested a visit to our Java Mission field by a representative from our China Mission, it was voted Secretary Shaw arrange with Brother Theodore G. Davis, who is about to start for China via Java, to if possible arrange to visit our Java Missions.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond being present, he invited temporarily in New York City for special work, spoke, bringing a message from Salem, W. Va., and encouraged the Board especially by the interest of our people in West Virginia in the Sabbath Recorder and general denominational interests.

Brother Bond's remarks led to an extensive general discussion of various topics relating to the denominational good and welfare. A very interesting and helpful discussion.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

Arthur L. Tytsworth, Recording Secretary.

Asa F. Randolph, Assistant Recording Secretary.

Why is it against the law to carry a revolver in the hip and not against the law to carry in the same pocket a deadly flask of whisky? Each is an enemy of other people.—National Advocate.
HOME NEWS

HAMMOND, La.—Usually where there are few members in a church, a missionary "aid" or any other society, more interest, work and regular attendance is expected of each one. This is noticeably true of the Woman's Missionary Society of Hammond.

Our meetings every two weeks are held at the home of one of the members, and on Sabbath afternoons, so we can have with us three public school teachers who are members.

At the beginning of the year the election of officers resulted as follows: president, Mrs. Emma Landphere; vice president, Mrs. S. S. Powell; secretary, Mrs. T. M. Campbell; treasurer, Mrs. Kate Perry (since her demise Mrs. Charley Hummel has filled that office).

In the past few years if we have had no special effort, hereon weekwork, we have taken our own and given an offering. But in these terrible days of war we are knitting and taking Red Cross work to do at our meetings. At present we are piecing covers over the pictures.

Often we have short missionary programs, articles read from our missions and about our own missionaries and also world beloved missions.

We have also carry out our part of Sabbath Rally Day program and try to keep the Sabbath truth.

Two weeks ago we had an especially prepared memorial service, in memory of one of our beloved members, Mrs. Kate Perry. It consisted of typewritten responses telling of Bible memorial stories, interspersed with appropriate songs, readings, a prayer by our pastor, and a beautiful solo sang by Miss Margaret Stillman.

A part of her memoir was given by those who had known her best. Resolutions of the appointed committee (Mrs. Hummel, Mrs. Mills, and Mrs. Landphere) were then read, and voted to be sent to our club publishers, to the Recorder, a copy placed on the minutes of the society and one sent to her family.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his providence to take to himself one of our loved members, Mrs. Kate Perry,

Resolved, That while we, the Woman's Missionary Society of Hammond, deeply mourn the loss of this beloved lady, and sympathize with all her near and dear ones, we rejoice in the memory of her faith in God and the truths of God's holy word, which she cherished in her heart, and we pray that the memory of her loving, unsullied life, shown so forcibly as she sat patient and cheerful (in the upper right-hand corner of the chair), may be to us an inspiration and incentive to follow her example.

MRS. EMMA LANDPHERE

May 18, 1918.

GERMANY AND THE LORD'S PRAYER—AN INDICTION

I AM indebted to a volume of which, when writing recently upon the subject of prayer, I made a very close study—"The Lord's Prayer: An Interpretation," by Dr. Thirle. My copy of this precious work is, I may say, marked and annotated throughout, and I have even been at the pains of compiling a supplementary index for my own personal use.

The bearing of the Lord's Prayer upon the present crisis is singular and significant; for it would be difficult to find elsewhere, in so few words, such a denunciation of Germany's acts, such a complete contradiction of Germany's claims, and such a soil resemblance with the invocation—"Our Father which art in heaven."—Of this, Dr. Thirle beautifully says:

"Thus the prayer opens with an upward look, and that look is sustained to the end. Before suggesting a single petition the supplicant, the Master bids them consider the majesty of him to whom they pray."

Yet this is the awful and infinite Creator, whom the Kaiser impiously if not blasphemously calls "Our good old German God." If he who gave us the prayer were on earth today, surely those grave eyes would kindle with indignation, that great heart would bleed afresh, that a nation, professing itself Christian, should thus dare to arrogate to itself the limitless love of God. As well claim the mystery and miracle of human fatherhood as exclusively German, as thus to speak of God, in words which seem almost to hold him to be of German, and consequently to arrogate to itself the limitless love of God. As well claim the mystery and miracle of human fatherhood as exclusively German, as thus to speak of God, in words which seem almost to hold him to be of German origin and since his name was acclaimed in hell and abhorred in heaven, those deeds are the outrages upon young girls, the murder of old men, women and children, by the Kaiser's hordes. The catalog of Germany's crimes is too horrible to linger over, or for us to wish here to extend. Summed up in half a dozen words, how can they be more truly described than as incense to the powers of darkness?—"Thy kingdom come."—Again the case against Germany is so clear that to label it were idle. Had William II actually been shown the kingdoms of this world by the tempter, it could not have been in vain. Even then, in the attempt—by murder, treachery, tyranny, and even infamy—to seize them for his own, his acts could not more deliberately have opposed the coming of God's kingdom upon the earth. "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."—What says the Kaiser? One could quote more outrageous speeches, but let this suffice: "There is only one law, and that is my law." And this from the monarch, later, to the American ambassador: "There is no longer any international law." That is to say, that God's laws and man's laws, for the guidance of the nations and the administration of justice, are swept aside, that Might may prevail over Right. Frightfulness over Justice. By some strange paradox the Kaiser is at once autocrat and anarch. He is for absolute rule by one, and by means which involve moral anarchy. "Christ's words are more than bread; as well as exclusive German by predilection. "Our good old German God!" What must be the grossness and the vulgarity—apart from the profanity—of the mind that speaks with such patronage and such pro-

prietary right of the High and Lofty One who inhabiteth eternity—"Our Father which art in heaven?"

The second clause and first petition of the prayer is "Hallowed be thy name."—What has already been written has some bearing on the "hallowing" which is accorded to the holy name of Germany's ruler. The Christian may well say: "Thus we beg that the name of our beloved country may be prayed for...and the prayers, offered at the appointed committee (Mrs. Perry) of the Book of Common Prayer, to "show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives"; to demonstrate our love and reverence, not only by spoken doxologies, but by deeds acceptable to God.

If ever deeds of nations were acclaimed in hell and abhorred in heaven, those deeds are the outrages upon young girls, the murder of old men, women and children, by the Kaiser's hordes. The catalog of Germany's crimes is too horrible to linger over, or for us to wish here to extend. Summed up in half a dozen words, how can they be more truly described than as incense to the powers of darkness?—"Thy kingdom come."—Again the case against Germany is so clear that to label it were idle. Had William II actually been shown the kingdoms of this world by the tempter, it could not have been in vain. Even then, in the attempt—by murder, treachery, tyranny, and even infamy—to seize them for his own, his acts could not more deliberately have opposed the coming of God's kingdom upon the earth. "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."—What says the Kaiser? One could quote more outrageous speeches, but let this suffice: "There is only one law, and that is my law." And this from the monarch, later, to the American ambassador: "There is no longer any international law." That is to say, that God's laws and man's laws, for the guidance of the nations and the administration of justice, are swept aside, that Might may prevail over Right. Frightfulness over Justice. By some strange paradox the Kaiser is at once autocrat and anarch. He is for absolute rule by one, and by means which involve moral anarchy. "Christ's words are more than bread; as well as exclusive German by predilection. "Our good old German God!" What must be the grossness and the vulgarity—apart from the profanity—of the mind that speaks with such patronage and such pro-

What is the Kaiser's interpretation of Christ's command? Let the nations—God's world in fact outside Germany and her allies—make answer, and call to judgment the one man in the world's history who, of deliberate purpose and for his own aggrandizement, has set out, not only to rob his enemies, but the innocent men, women and children of neutral countries of their daily bread, if thus and thereby he can attain his evil purpose.

"And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."—For every human being asks, for God, that such incitement to deviltry should come from like flesh and blood to ours, only one of the many exhortations of Germany's leaders, from the Kaiser downward, is here instance. It is from the new Hymn of Hate, distributed among the German soldiers before the offensive against Italy, and is addressed to "Sons of Germany." "Neither women nor children must be spared," it reads, "because the children of the lands are doomed to perish with their mothers, the up's of their country. Forward! Shatter, destroy, thrust, burn—kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill."—Christ's command we know, and his word: "Whoever shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." In all reverence one may speak of the world wars, and Germany, that such deeds as were ordered in Italy, even Infinite Mercy could or would pray, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?"—And lead us not into temptation."—The civil deeds notwithstanding, some of us have it in our hearts almost to pity the people of Germany. By every ignoble lure and promise of booty, by exploitation of their basest passions, the ruler whom they loved and trusted has led into the most terrible temptation, not only his wretched dupe-nations of Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria, but the very people whom he declares himself anointed of God to uplift, to bless and to save. God himself the scene of "Faust" be laid in Germany, for Germany's monarch has played Mephistopheles, arch-tempter and arch-traitor, to the men, women, and even the children of Germany, and has brought her and them to ruin, moral, material and spiritual.
"But deliver us from evil."—Between sin and evil the gulf is wide. Sin is sin, and God forbid that one should make light of it. Much of our sin, however, is but of the flesh, is human, and truly repentant, may hope to be forgiven. But evil comes, not of weakness of the flesh or of the will, but of direct wickedness of heart. Germany’s deeds we know; and in no spirit of national self-righteousness, but by the world’s verdict, we may brand them as wicked, and as the outcome of the very evil from which Christ bade us pray to be delivered.

The Kaiser has dared to call God to witness, and between him and the millions he has murdered, God will judge.—Conuel Kernahm, in Christian Work.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE BUILDING FUND

The Denominational Building Fund now amounts to $2,102.00 in bonds and pledges. Here are the names of the contributors to date. Is your name on this Honor Roll?

FULLY PAID
Jesse F. Randolph, Salem, Va.
Gillette Randolph, Saline, Va.
Harriet A. Burdick, Lowville, N. Y.
M. Louise Davis, Jackson Center, Ohio.
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PARTIALLY PAID
Mrs. Ada Saunders, Foulke, Ark.

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I. B. Crandall, Wasterny, R. I.
William L. Clarke, Ashaway, R. I.
"Tiger.
R. G. Corn, Grove, North Loup, Neb.
C. Ellis Clarke, Brookfield, N. Y.

"He drew a circle that left me out. A heretic, a rebel, a thing to flout; But Love and I had wit to win— We drew a circle that took him in."

THE SABBATH RECORDER
THE CHURCHES’ TASK

Our mission is distinctively to the churches, for we believe that there has a special responsibility in this time of world emergency. Except the press, no other agency has such access to intelligent public opinion and therefore such responsibility for helping to shape it aright. They ought to be deeply concerned in this war. Thus patriotism is a religious virtue. We do not love our country in any narrow or selfish sense. We refuse to baptize greedily pro-fiteering and lust of power with the nation. We do believe that the cause for which our country is standing in this war is directly related to those great truths for which the Church stands and to which it is the duty of the Church to witness. We can fight for justice, liberty, and brotherhood. We do not claim that our country is perfect, but we do claim that on this issue it is right—unreservedly, that our country is perfect, but we do claim that on this issue it is right—unreservedly, that on this issue it is right—unreservedly.

We refuse to baptize greedy profiteering and lust of power with the cause. We believe that they have a special place in this war because it is fundamentally a war between Pagan and Christian ideas of the world. It is a war decided by two great forces: because it is a conflict between the law of the jungle and the law of brotherhood in international relations; because it is to determine whether the people exist for the state or the state for the people; whether nations are to be ruled by emperors who claim divine right to do as they please or by rulers who are responsible to the people; because no power on the planet is safe as long as any powerful nation comes into the family of nations armed to the teeth and animated by principles and ambitions which make it an intolerable menace and compel all other peoples also to arm and fight for their right or to accept the world as it is. Others may be susceptible of adjustment, but this must be decided one way or the other. The whole future of the human race is at stake. No peace which leaves these fundamental issues undecided can be permanent. The war must be won either by a victory of the Allies or by a reform of the German Government by the German people, or by both. If it goes on until far greater sacrifices are made, and if we shall be crippled or destroyed, we can only say that such a cause is worth dying for, even as Christ himself died that the world might be saved. Some things are worse than death. And after the war, we must have a League of Nations so constituted and with such powers that it can prevent or at least minimize the danger of future wars.

The churches can mightily help in this time of need. There are certain issues which are now pressing across the press, and upon which the churches ought to bear directly. As churchmen, we are concerned with them, but as churchmen we are not for us to decide matters which belong to the President. We stand by him with full confidence in his wider knowledge and patriotic purpose as our nation’s Commander-in-Chief. But the churches are especially concerned with the moral aims of the war. Its aims are essentially moral. President Wilson has said that we do not seek territory or indemnity or revenge. We have no desire to conquer and to destroy, but our wrongs undoubtedly had much to do with forcing us into the war, we are not fighting on their account alone. America’s part in the war would be justified if not an American had been killed and not a dollar’s worth of American property destroyed.

WESFELD, R. L.
Babcock, Rev. Charles A.
Burck, Rev. A. E. D.
Duskey, Rev. Robert C.
Peabody, T. Edward
Ryan, Rev. John G.

LOUGHBOROUGH, Lloyd C.
Peabody, T. Edward
Burrill, Rev. Carrie M.
Duskey, Rev. Robert C.

ADDRESS NOT KNOWN
Allen, John R.
Burck, Rev. A. E. D.
Johnson, Robert
Peabody, T. Edward

THE SABBATH RECORDER

DEATHS

Whitford.—At her home on Crosby Creek, in the town of Hartville, Co., Nov. 17, 1917, Mrs. Fremont S. Whitford, aged 47 years, 4 months, and 2 days.

Crites.—In the town of Hornellsville, Steuben Co., N. Y., Mrs. Fremont S. Whitford, who resided with his father on the old homestead. Besides the wife and children he is survived by one brother, Edwin Langworthy, of Buffalo, and one sister, Mrs. Martha B. Langworthy, of Newport, R. I.

When nineteen years of age he was baptized and united with the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred. When the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Andover was organized the following fall, he became a constituent member of that church, and since then has been one of its officers, serving as a Deacon from 1886. He was ordained deacon by the church, and held his ordination service.

At the time of his death he was president of the Allegany Mutual Telephone Company and a special agent of the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church of Andover. Others often sought him to transact business for them and all such trusts he held with such confidence that when he was left to faithfully perform his duties. He was a quiet man, given to few words, never putting himself ahead or desiring to be put forward, humble in all things, living on a plane far above the world in which he lived and of which he was a part, dealing out bountifully to all his fellow friends.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burck, were held in the Hartville Church, May 8, and interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

CRITES.—In the town of Hornellsville, Steuben Co., N. Y., May 3, 1917, Audrey Alberta Crites, in the 18th year of her age.

Crites.—In the town of Hornellsville, Steuben Co., N. Y., was united in marriage with Fremont S. Whitford, who was born in England and came to the United States when about eleven years of age, June 21, 1894, she was united in marriage with Fremont S. Whitford and to them were born two children,—Violet W. and Hinnan F. Whitford. Besides her husband, she is survived by the two brothers,—John and William White, of Batavia, N. Y., and two sisters,—Mrs. Sara Pratt, of Batavia, N. Y., and Mrs. Carrie Powlock, of Eliza, N. J.

She experienced religion under the labors of Rev. I. L. Cottrell about 1909, was baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Hartsville, N. Y., and of this church she remained a devoted member till her death.

Funeral services, conducted by her pastor, Mr. Wardner F. Randolph, assisted by Pastor William L. Burck, were held in the Hartville Church, May 8, and interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

CRITES.—In the town of Hornellsville, Steuben Co., N. Y., was born in the community where she died. Last June she completed her third year in the Hornell (N. Y.) High School and would have graduated with this year’s class had health permitted. She had been ailing for two and one-half years and since last autumn has been unable to walk. A attack of the grip about one month before her death hastened the end, and a life full of promise was transferred to the Father’s mansions above.

Funeral services were held in the Hornell Church, May 8, and interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

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(Continued on page 639)
SPECIAL NOTICES

THE SABBATH RECORD

The Sabbath School—Lesson XXII, June 1, 1918

JESUS WARNS AND COMPLIES, HIS FRIENDS. Mark 13:1-14.9

Golden Text—He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved. Mark 13:13.

DAILY READINGS
May 26—Mark 13:1-9. The Temple to be Destroyed
May 27—Mark 14:1-9. Jesus Approves the Hosanna
May 28—Mark 3:21-37. Watchfulness Enjoined
May 29—Ezek. 3:1-11. Watchman to Israel
May 30-John 11:47-57. Conspiracy against Jesus
June 1—John 17:11-26. Prayer for the Discip"les

(For Lesson Notes see Helping Hand)

When one has given up the one fact of the inspiration of the Scriptures he has given up the whole foundation of revealed religion.

—H. W. Beecher

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

Established in 1820, the American Sabbath Tract Society is committed to the publication and distribution of tracts, booklets, and other religious literature. The Society's mission is to share the Gospel message and encourage a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. They provide a variety of resources to support the work of the Church and the growth of believers.

The Society also offers various opportunities for young people to engage in the ministry, such as the Sabbath School, Youth Groups, and other church activities. These programs are designed to help young people develop a deeper understanding of their faith and encourage them to share it with others.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY

The Alfred University is a private research university located in Alfred, New York. It offers a wide range of undergraduate and graduate degree programs in various fields, including the arts, sciences, engineering, and technology. The university is committed to providing a high-quality education and fostering a diverse community of learners.

The campus features state-of-the-art facilities and resources, including libraries, laboratories, and academic buildings. Alfred University places a strong emphasis on interdisciplinary collaboration and research, and its faculty are dedicated to excellence in teaching and scholarship.

COME TO SALEM!

Nestled away in the quiet hills of West Virginia, far from the hustle and bustle of the big city, Salem quietly says to all young people who wish a thorough Christian college education, "COME TO SALEM!"

Salem's FACULTY is composed of earnest, hard-working teachers who have gathered their learning and culture from the leading universities of the world, including Harvard, Yale, and Columbia. Salem's students now in residence are already proving that Salem is the college they always have a place in.

Salem's COLLEGE buildings are thoroughly modern in style and equipment. The college is now a model for education in all districts. Salem's students have been graduated from some of the best colleges in the nation.

Salem OFFERS a course of study—College Normal and Academic; besides well selected courses in Art, Music, Expression and Commercial work. The Normal course is designed to meet the State Board requirements. Many of our graduates are considered among the most proficient in the teaching profession. Salem has been approved by the Board of Education for college entrance requirements.
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society

is the agency through which the people of the Seventh Day Baptist Churches work for the cause of Christian missions including the Sabbath of Christ.

Field of Work

It either wholly supports, or assists in supporting such work in China, Java, Holland, British Guiana, and the United States.

Sources of Support

It has a small income from invested funds that have been left as legacies to the Society; but its principal support for conducting this work is the voluntary contributions of the people.

Notes in the Bank

These contributions have been slow in coming this year, due no doubt to the many calls for financial help from the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and other worthy objects. The Society is now being forced to carry notes in the bank at Westerly in order to pay the regular salaries to those who are carrying on the work.

An Appeal for Contributions

The fiscal year for the General Conference will end June 30. An appeal is made to the churches and to the people in general not to forget or neglect this important work.

Do It Gladly, Do It Now

If the people "have a mind to work" it will not be necessary for the Society to come up to Conference with a deficit due to a lack of expected contributions. Pass your contributions to the treasurer of your church who will forward them to S. H. Davis, Westerly, R. I. Or if that method is not convenient, send directly to Mr. Davis. 

EDWIN SHAW, Cor. Sec.

SELF-GOVERNMENT is the only kind of government that can ultimately prevail in the world, because it alone is the kind of government that can be free from caste and class; and the idea of caste and class is repulsive to the fundamental nature and instincts of free and independent manhood. A democracy, however, is prone to certain weaknesses, and to eliminate these weaknesses our schools must incessantly strive. Freedom is not freedom to injure one's neighbor, and liberty is not license. Let us take thought this time as never before with respect to the great and inestimable worth of democratic government as adapted to the most advanced civilization, and at the same time let us guard against the evils of individualism, anarchy, false independence, and lack of interest and intelligence in public affairs. While the adults of today are fighting this war to a finish, let the children be learning those lessons which will make for truth, for justice, for cooperation, for liberty, and for the permanence of democratic institutions and ideals.—C. P. Cary.

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