"We Must Have Men of High Spiritual Character, Men With a Vision, And Have Them At Once"

One of our leading generals on coming back from a visit to the line of battle made the above statement.

**Spiritual character and vision are developed by Christian religious training and experience.**

The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, by proclaiming the gospel of Christ and the Sabbath, is developing in men and women high types of character and vision.

**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 conducting 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. Give your offerings 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.
SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next session to be held at No. 419 Ninth Ave., N. Y., New York City, August 23-27, 1918

President—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Alva Davis, North East, Neb.
Treasurer—William C. Whitfield, Alfred, N. Y.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(Expired Dec. 1, 1917)

President—Corlies F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Rev. Frank J. Hubbard, Chairman, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Mr. W. H. Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.

SMITH SCHOOL BOARD

President—Prof. Alfred E. Whitfield, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Rev. William L. Burdick, Janesville, Wis.
Treasurer—Mrs. H. Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.

BOARD OF FINANCE

President—Grant W. Davis, Milton, Wis.
Secretary—Allen L. West, Milton Junction, Wis.
Custodian—Dr. Albert S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S EXECUTIVE BOARD

President—Rev. Edgar D. Van Horen, Milton Junction, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Miss Beulah Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.
Treasurer—Miss Carrie Nelson, Milton, Wis.

Trustee of United Society—Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y.
Editor of Young People's Department of Sabbath School Recorder—Rev. E. R. Babbott, Record, New York City, N. Y.
Junior Superintendent—Mrs. W. D. Burdick, Milton, Wis.
Acting Intermediate Superintendent—Miss Vera Forte, Milton, Wis.

SEVENTY-FIRST CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

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

The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests.

So saving much time for the work of the boards and for the preachers. The arrangements for entertainment were such as to afford ample time and opportunity for visiting and social good cheer. Both dinner and supper each day were served in the church parlors below the audience room, and the recesses between sessions were well improved—under the trees on the lawn or in the church, where groups of people gathered for conversation. The weather was all that could be desired for the social part of the association.

There is something about the social side of our Seventh Day Baptist annual gatherings that has much to do with making the people one in spirit, and that tends to strengthen their love for one another and for the cause they hold dear. Who can estimate the loss that we would sustain if such gatherings were to cease? How much of our real strength, and interest in the Master's work today is due to the social side of associations? Can we ever be told; but I venture the opinion that without this phase of our meetings very few forward movements could ever have been successfully inaugurated.

We were all glad to welcome the visiting delegates from sister associations, who brought greetings of fellowship and good cheer from their respective bodies. From the Southwestern Association, there was Rev. Gideon H. F. Randolph, now of Ritchie County, W. Va., but who for many years was identified with our work in the Southwestern Association with headquarters in this city. From the Michigan Association, there was Rev. William L. Burdick, pastor of the First Alfred Church, to represent both the Western and Central associations; and Rev. George C. Tenney, chaplain of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, a church from his home in Michigan to bring Christian greetings from the Northwestern Association. These all joined heartily in our work and did much to make the association a success.
The societies were all represented—Rev. Edwin Shaw stood for the Missionary and Tract societies, and Nelson A. Norwood for the Education Society. Mr. Norwood's practical and timely address was highly spoken of. This was the first thing I heard on the program, and as I could make no notes, not being present, Mr. Norwood has kindly promised to furnish the address as soon as convenient.

Seven pastors of churches in the Eastern Association were in attendance and served on the program, and efficient lay workers from the young people's societies and from the women's boards added much to the value of the meetings. Those who can remember our annual gatherings forty or fifty years ago must be impressed with the great improvement in the associations. The young people's work of today, and the activity of the women of the denomination, so efficient and so helpful, were not even thought of a half century ago. Talk out these features of our associational life and much of the inspiration from these meetings would be lost.

There were several praise services during this association that impressed me as having more than ordinary merit. The old choir corner on pulpit platform was just as full of young people as it used to be thirty years ago when the writer was pastor there. Although the old faces were missing and their leader was gone, still the choir was full, and the children of the dear ones we knew, led by the son of the old chorister who sleeps with the fathers in the risen Christ, were filling the house with praises and leading the people in the songs of Zion.

Then there were other leaders in song who were there as guests from distant churches and who responded well when called upon to sing or to lead in services of praise. Among these were Rev. W. D. Burdick, the new pastor at New Market, N. J., and Dr. Edwin Whitford, of Westerly, R. I.

In one of the meetings all the men who could sing were invited to the platform at the right of the pulpit, and the opposite corner was filled with the ladies. These two groups alternated in singing. The music was different, and the singing was very refined. The two songs by all, "There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus," and "Day is dying in the west," the men's chorus sang "The little brown church in the vale." This was followed by many passages of Scripture repeated by the people, and then the ladies sang "Ring the joy bells." This remarkable service was on the evening after Sabbath, just before the sermon by Rev. George C. Tenney. There were several items in this praise service program not mentioned here, but we would not leave the subject without referring to the song by a large company of little children, a song that took us back to childhood days and must have touched every heart in the large audience. It was the sweet child song, "Jesus loves me, this I know," for the Bible tells me so." The memory of this old song will start pleasant memories of other days with many who read these lines.

Another feature of the musical side of this association deserves mention. It appeared in connection with the young people's hour, in the form of a full orchestra, drums and all. We could but feel sure that such aids to services of praise are not only allowable in the house of the Lord, but very desirable, if for nothing more than to make a way for some to serve who would otherwise take little interest. It was indeed a pleasant sight to see such a company, with so great a diversity of gifts, uniting their horns and stringed instruments and drums, all attuned to the harmonies of the church organ, in a service of sacred music.

We could not help thinking of the difference between this service and those held in that old church years ago, when the people met within bare walls, with no organ or instrument of any kind to aid in their praises—a time when it cost quite an effort to get permission to put a small organ in the gallery only, and then against the solemn protest of several older members. Young people had little part in the work of those times.

Such as these was "The Denominational Building," "Beginning the District Convention," "How to Help Others" (the Big Brother plan), "Education, How and Where to Get It," "Duties to Our Own Church," "Duties to Country," and all treated in so practical and timely way that the world moves and that the church has made great advance.

Serenades were preached by Rev. James L. Skagg, Rev. Gideon H. F. Randolph, Rev. Willard D. Burdick, Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Rev. William L. Burdick, and Rev. George C. Tenney, and the editor of the Sabbath Recorder. Some of these sermons we hope to secure for the weekly Recorder sermon, and the good things said in the others may be reported, in part at least, in future issues.

If one would see the hopeful side as to our good cause in Shiloh he should witness the gathering of a large company of young people and children in their Sabbath school. It was good to see the audience Sabbath afternoon in the association. The house was full even to the gallery, and in this service and that of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor which followed, the orchestra was appropriated and helpful.

There were some features of the young people's service which were most encouraging. And although Mrs. Lizzie Fisher Davis, the leader, has promised to give us a full account of that meeting, we wish here to call attention to the work of several young men and women who spoke on topics of denominational interest.

Then we remember when, after years of assigning the choir and its little organ to the dark gallery behind the audience, it again cost quite an effort to secure consent to bring the singers down to a platform beside the pulpit in full view of audience, in order to make them better in their services of song. I wonder what the dear fathers would say if they could look with me today upon their old house of worship transformed into the attractive place we now behold? The profuse floral decorations, the pipe organ between the pillars back of the pulpit, the large choir of young people surrounding the preacher, various instruments of music blending their harmonies with the singing of the people, the Stars and Stripes and the Red Cross banner over all, and between them a service flag with eight stars—all these made a picture that we can not easily forget. And when one looks upon it and thinks just a little must admit that the world moves and that the church has made great advance.

Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard helped the young people out, in response to a request to add something to what had been said concerning the proposed new building. He gave a brief account of the movement thus far, and showed that gifts, averaging $12.50 for each member of the denomination would give us the building. His plea was that we resolve to make the building a reality three years from now.

In response to a request from the leader, Brother Esle F. Randolph urged the young people to cultivate reverence for sacred things. The church is the training camp for soldiers of the Cross. A walk through the cemetery will remind us that most of the old soldiers have fallen, and a glance at this audience will convince one that the few veterans left will soon be gone. Therefore the young people must speed up in their training for the church and the kingdom of God. Let us salute the Christian flag.

Then Mr. Norwood urged the young people to be true to the denominational schools. He gave them some excellent reasons for doing so. The most important part of education is character building. While our schools turn out masters in science and philosophy and arts, these are not the main things. The school that does not turn out men and women is a failure. If our civilization fails, it will be for lack of true men and women. The real greatest object of the school is to make men more refined in spiritual things—more responsive to the spiritual wireless which brings into communion with God.

"It means something to be brought up in a Seventh Day Baptist home. It means that you know more about the Bible and truth and the Sabbath. To keep the Sabbath means something. To leave it for financial gain means to lose in spiritual things. Disintegration begins in your religious life when you leave it. It pays to be true.

These are some of Rev. Willard D. Burdick's words at the close of the young people's hour in the association at Shiloh.
The last evening of the Eastern Association will long be remembered as one of deep spiritual power. The sermon of Rev. William D. Burdick, on "Christ at the Door," was followed by a testimony meeting, at the close of which Pastor Sutton, of Shiloh, took charge for a few words of farewell. It was at his call that the twelve young people referred to above offered themselves to Christ.

Rev. George C. Tenney
Notes From His Message

Our readers are acquainted with all the visiting delegates and ministers in attendance at the Eastern Association excepting Rev. George C. Tenney, chaplain of the Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich. This was his first appearance as delegate since he found a church home among Seventh Day Baptists. He was a welcome guest in Shiloh and greatly enjoyed the beautiful country and the spiritual meetings.

His sermon on the evening after the Sabbath was a study on the good and evil of sectarianism. Paul's words on the diversity of gifts in 1 Corinthians 12 was read as a Scripture lesson. A leading question in the sermon was how to know the various denominational views so as not to do harm but only good. We must be guided by what God has said. The word church as used by Christ meant a human being, and that there is no one denomination but Christ's work. He told John not to rebuke those who try to compel everyone to do as he pleased, the Christian way is to compel, everyone to do as the Lord commanded, to dwell together in unity. This is like the precious ointment upon the head, as the dew of Hamon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded his blessing, even life forever (Ps. 133).

There are two ways to seek unity. The first way is to compel every one to do as one mind would have them do. All must toe the mark and act only at the word of command—a human machine. This is tyranny. No church can interpose with one's personal will. The church should say as Moses said to Hobab, "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us and we will do thee good."

God's idea of unity is harmony in diversity. No church should deprive a soul of his individuality. Unity in variety is God's way in the church and in nature. Here are the roses, lilies, pinks, all so beautiful, and yet none have the same color or perfume. This orchestra that plays in harmoniously is made up of a variety of instruments. The drum is not a bit like the organ, nor the cornet like the violin. Probably the drummer could do nothing with the organ, nor the cornetist with the violin, but all play consistently together. There is perfect harmony and a beautiful effect. So God can blend the various kinds of people in the church. He can blend them all into a glorious whole.

I rather Christ would pray for me than any other, for he said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." That prayer was answered on the day of Pentecost, for it must be that many who had cried, "Crucify him," were led to accept him and were forgiven. The prayer that they may all be one will also be answered in God's own time.

Which of these two ideas of unity do you choose? I like God's way the best. Kindred minds naturally associate in good work. Let us not lower the denominational flag at all, but so love our fellows and each other as to attract others to us. If we so live men will notice it and inquire of us as to our faith. This is what we want to know. God has a great mission for us as a people and is calling us to take hold of it.

"The Lamps of Christian Character"

In this Recorder we publish No. IV in a series of articles by our friend, Professor Albert R. Crandall, of Milton, Wis. If our readers would like to review the "Lamps" thus far given, they can find them in Recorder files as follows:

I. "Reverence" (March 27, 1916, pp. 388-390).
II. "Obedience" (July 24, 1916, pp. 100-101).
III. "Faith" (Oct. 16, 1916).
IV. "Truth," appears in this issue.

Read the Message From Nortonville

All who think of going to Conference Regarding Conference should not fail to respond to Pastor Polan's appeal on another page of this Recorder. It will appear in two or three issues, so there is plenty of time for our readers to miss it. The Nortonville people should have the earliest possible notice as to the number they are expected to provide for. We hope a large delegation will attend the Conference this year, not only for the good of the general cause, but also for the good of the church at Nortonville.

Copy Delayed

We are sorry to say that for some reason the mails have not brought us copy for either Woman's Work or Young People's Work, copy which is usually on time. Irregularity in mails may be the cause in this case.

What a day that will be when the tides are flashed over sea and land that peace has been declared! From ten thousand times ten thousand steeps what bells will ring out, as if they were human things, their wild delight at the hope of event! Never, in the history of the world, will there have been such a day of universal joy.—Our Dumb Animals.
Beloved, your good news to hand, dated January 11th, 1918. When I read my heart gave thanks to our heavenly Father who cares us in this trouble time. Praise God.

Brother, the place name is Cotacamurid. Well brother, I want your prayer very much to hold me in His service. Brother, I want your family to send me the following addresses.

1. Pangoengan, p. o. Tajoe, Java.
2. Presbytery Standard.

John Manoah
Evangelist

14 March, 1918

IN THE MEETING PLACE

Forgive us for the smiles we failed to give—Smiles on which saddened hearts may live—And yet—and yet we failed to give!

Forgive us for the words we’ve left unsaid—Words that feed hungry hearts like bread, And yet—and yet were left unsaid.

And for the little deeds we’ve left undone, That might have cheered some lonely one—And yet—and yet were left undone.

Forgive us, thou who knowest us so well, That we have failed our love to tell—By smiles and words, and deeds as well.

Presbyterian Standard.

John Manoah and Family

THE SABBATH RECORDER

SOME THINGS MISSIONS HAVE DONE

They have created a great system of Christian schools and colleges, having a present enrollment of over a million and a half pupils.

They have stimulated the government of the leading nations of the East to establish educational systems of their own.

They have established medical schools, surgery, and sanitation into the darkest quarters of the globe, by means of 675 hospitals and 950 dispensaries.

They have been the principal agents of relief in famines, and have made scientific investigation of the causes which lie at their root.

They have taught people habits of cleanliness and the laws of health, thus lessening the spread of plague and pestilence.

They have upheld the idea of the dignity of labor among those who regard toil as menial.

They have established a multitude of trade schools in which development of Christian character keeps pace with growth in manual skill.
They have helped to abolish human slavery and shown the Christian way of caring for the aged, orphans, blind, deaf mutes, insane and lepers.

They have lifted women from a condition of unspeakable degradation, and trained a new generation of Christian mothers, wives, and daughters, who are making homes and introducing new ideals of social life.

They have translated the entire Bible, or portions of the Scriptures into 500 languages and dialects.

They have reduced many strange tongues to writing and have created a literature for whole races, producing annually a vast amount of good reading in the shape of books, hymnals, and papers for all ages.

They have transformed the people of the Fiji Islands, Melanesia, and other island groups from cannibals to civilized beings.

They have been the main agent in the extraordinary awakening of the people of China by which, turning their backs on the historic belief that they have adopted Western ideas in government, education, and commerce, and are showing an amazing readiness to receive the gospel of Christ.

They have started a movement in Korea which, growing with such unparalleled rapidity that the nations bid fair to become Christianized within a generation.

The victories of the past and the opportunities of the present constitute a sublime challenge to work for the complete conquest of the remaining strongholds of Islam and paganism. Such considerations as these should convince the people of our churches that we are indeed living in a new era of mission, for which the fact of Christianity has struck for the non-Christian world. —Missionary Review of the World.

A hard theology may be bad, but a soft theology is worse. If the one chastises us with whips, the other chastises us with scorpions. The reader should enter to no feeling, however attractive, which is not the off-spring of truth, and the servant of duty. American preaching needs to be saturated with the conviction that justice is sacred, and that the heritage and training of the child is not well that children are reverent in common relations grows out of the fruit and grace of faith in Divine provision for Well-being.

Manhood in the making is an educational growth from the lessor to the greater meanings of character. Manly speaking, the heritage and training of the child.

They, the question of Pilate, "What is the truth?" was not necessarily a cynicism by intent. He was impressed by the personality of the first, but there was not in Roman culture that gave to him a conception of the real character of the thousands of the Founder of a spiritual kingdom. He realized that the truth which this awe-inspiring prisoner spoke, was alien to the thought of the Roman world; and indeed it is largely alien to the thought of the pagans of today.

It is true that conceptions of a creator to whom man's estate and destiny was in some way linked, had been voiced in earlier civilizations, but only descendants of Abrahamic as a people had as a guide in literature and in modes of thought a body of truth that could be a forerunner and an exponent of the truths that were taught, exemplified and enthroned in a kingdom of truth unfolding; by the lives and teachings of the blindly rejected Christ.

Truth in the higher sense is the sum of true relations to Divine thought for well-being—a spiritual kingdom in which the ultimate of good and evil, of life and death, of the ages, and in modes of thought a body of truth that could be a forerunner and an exponent of the truths that were taught, exemplified and enthroned in a kingdom of truth unfolding; by the lives and teachings of the blindly rejected Christ.

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Truthfulness in common things, as related to truth in the higher sense, is a logical requirement of religious character, just as reverence for lawful attainment is a logical requirement of reverence for Creative wisdom, or as obedience in human relations is the true sequence to the spirit of loyalty to Divine governance, or as faith in common relations grows out of the fruit and grace of faith in Divine provision for Well-being.
Ideally this warfare is along one and the same line of purpose and endeavor; but as yet there is the constant standard of Christian warfare; and the great body of church people are, in practice, satisfied with the present vantage of truth, formally maintained as the heritage of the past; with a zeal that blinds to the need of a continued leadership of the Spirit of truth.

It is important therefore to see and to teach, that the prophet idealists have ample reason for impatience with the complacency of our day, since it does not so much as present an unbroken line of defense against the manifold aggressions of evil in the social world; and they must needs give the larger part of their energies, as did the prophets of old, to staying a tendency to the degeneracy of indifference to known duty, on the part of so many who apparently have not been taught that loyalty to the truth is the meaning of conversion.

This is not saying that also in our time there is no reason for charity for the seeming blindness of the great body of the sol­ diers to the need of progressive reforms; for, as with advancing civilization, in the great unrest of today, the bond of cooperation against the ambition of monarchy, and the prostitution of power to terrorism, is not the spirit of civic national righteousness, but a stand against a tendency to a degeneracy that menaces the acquired standard of modern civilization; so in the progress of Christianity, the maintenance of the truth amid the world field of unrest in which the conflicts, all along the line, may seem to many to be more real and more important than any present call for the acceptance of larger claims of the truth.

That truth and error must clash in the progress of civilization, is readily seen; but that successive generations of men have not observed the line of demarcation between right and wrong, for the common good, earnestly sought to avoid the tendencies that grow out of evasions of truth in social and national life, is not the fruitage of Christian ethics. Paganism at its best carries with it the germs of degeneracy, the Dark Ages were its fruitage. That Christianity has risen in increasing power out of such national degeneracy with its depths of wretchedness is the hope of peace on earth and good will to men.

The survival of paganism in modern civilization is still a barrier to the realization of this hope, as we know now full well, without perceiving in how many ways this survival is given the right of way in national and social life.

Does the Christian world know as well, that ideals leading out to rightness and peace on earth do not arise from pagan literature, from the egos of philosophy, or from attainments in the world arts and sciences, objects of organized world education, and only from God’s ample provision for human well-being? Or, do Christian people simply hope that the growth of Humanism of our times will be checked by the valor of its intended victims and that the onflowing current of predominant secular culture will not develop other centers of world ambition and other lessons of retributive Providence.

Such a hope is not consistent with the desire for peace and freedom through the truth.

WE MUST DO EVEN MORE

FOOD ADMINISTRATION

Three months have passed since Lord Rhondda sent his emergency call to America for wheat. According to the cablegram sent the 25th of January a minimum of 75,000,000 bushels of wheat was asked for, over and above the amount already export­ ed to January 1. If this was not supplied before the end of the month, as was agreed, the British Food Controller announced, he could not be responsible for the consequences.

Every one knows what the result of that call has been. No task has ever been so generally undertaken as was this by the rank and file of the American people. Depend­ing upon the support of the people the Food Administration answered Lord Rhondda’s cablegram as follows:

“We will export grain that the American people save from their normal consumption. We believe our people will not fail to meet the emergency.”

The cry of need from across the water, raised in behalf of the French, English, and Italian governments, was like an electric current in millions of American homes. Even more drastic conservation was put into effect in the homes. The fifty-fifty rule—an equal amount of substitutes for every unit of flour sold by the retail trade—was instituted. Surveys were made of the wheat in the hands of the farmers.

Many consumers have gone beyond even the most that the Government has asked. In some States whole communities adopted the idea of total abstinence. Whole sections of the country have “gone wheatless.” We now find 325 Federal, district, county, and local food administrators meeting at a conference in 190,000,000 Texas to total abstinence. From New York spreads the idea of volunteer rationing on the part of the well-to-do. Wheat consumers has had to fight against many odds. Nature was not kind at first. Transportation was held up. Much of the corn upon which we depended for wheat substitutes went soft. And it took time to adjust the mills to the grinding of corn meal and corn flour in the greatly increased quantities.

Against all odds, conservation won the day. By March 1 the increased supplies began to flow to the allies. Not as rapidly as we would have liked the supply that might have been expected. We sent in March 11,500,000 bushels of wheat to the western allies. This was more than five times as much as had been sent the preceding March, when the submarines of submari­ nes had kept the shipments down.

Backed by the good will of the people, the eight milling districts of the country are now delivering wheat week by week a certain sum in weight, a percentage of their output to the seaboard for the allies. This percentage, which varies somewhat as to milling districts but which is substantially large in all, is a tribute to the ability of the American people to save.

This is a report of progress. We are saving. But the pinch is not over. The supply in the bins is rapidly running down. We have shown what we can do.

THE POTATO LINE

Draw a line across the northern portion of the United States, through the States of Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Colorado. These States constitute the potato centers of the Nation. From these centers radiate a great proportion of the two thousand odd cars which go out week by week laden with potatoes. In the early spring there is competition from the far South when early new potatoes come in. But this hardly amounts to more than 25 per cent of the total at any time.

Though potato production is centered in spots on this potato line, consumption is spread all over the map of the United States. When it comes to providing the people of the United States with tubers, aside from local production, the mass of the movement is from this line to the uttermost places of the country.

While potatoes are the more staple perishables their transportation is subject to a great many difficulties. In the winter they demand refrigerator cars; they are subject to frost. Last winter the wholesale price of potatoes ran up to $2.60 a hundredweight because of the difficulty of transport through the bazaars.

When spring came transit eased. But with warm weather came other dangers. A car of sprouting potatoes rapidly deteriorates. And in fact the farmer is often disposed to feed his old potatoes to the pigs rather than take them to market.

If potatoes are in the firing line. They are substitutes for wheat. Like corn they are an American crop of which we have a great supply to put in the place of cereal of which our supply is limited. It was necessary to get the potatoes to the allies to put in the place of cereals that the Allies were having to do without. In the spring of 1917 the shippers’ price of potatoes was 90 cents a hundredweight, too low a figure to draw out the stores from the farmers. The wholesalers’ price at that time was $1.44 a hundredweight. But the week ending April 6 the shipments of potatoes on the potato line aggregated only 1,825 cars.

Two weeks later, on April 20, a slight but healthy increase in price had set in. The shippers’ price was $1.67 a hundredweight and the wholesalers’ price was $1.60 a hundredweight. And for the week ending April 26 the shippings aggregated 2,647 cars.

Since April 20 there has been a slight recession in price. But the shipments and the consumption are increasing.

In food value in relation to cost potatoes stand very near to bread, nearer than butter, lard, or eggs. With the drop in the price of other food commodities which stand near potatoes in economy and food value.
Germany long ago learned to use potatoes as war food. Every American who eats potatoes instead of wheat bread is placing potatoes in the battle line.

**SOME WEAK POINTS IN THE CHURCH: A BRITISH SYMPOSIUM**

**SOME TIME AGO** "The New Magazine" in London published a symposium on "The Shortcomings of the Church." "The Guardian" of London reviewed this symposium very carefully and invited several distinguished leaders in the Anglican Church to state with utmost plainness what they thought were the chief weaknesses of the Church and what were the most needed remedies. I have been reading these articles with great interest and I wish they might be reprinted for American readers. Perhaps I can give the substance of some of them on this page.

But first I should like to say a word about the symposium which called forth the articles by the Bishop of Edinburgh and others.

The greater number of letters in the symposium call for more "real religion." They mean by that a deepened, quickened religious sense, prayer, spirituality, a belief in God in daily life, the cure of the most pressing moral wrongs, receiving most attention is morality. Churchmen should be conspicuous above all others, "able to be spotted" one letter puts it, for their absolute honesty, fearless courage, good will, beneficence, love and charity. It is not so, and this weakens the Church.

The third source of weakness given by many of these letters is certain scandalous things in the Church itself, such as the sale of livings, the abuse of patronage, pew rents, unworthy incumbents who neglect their work, sweating of underpaid clergy —such things as these. If the Church would exert any great influence on the world it must first put its own house in order, is the burden of these letters.

Turning to the contributions to "The Guardian" based on the above symposium, the first is from the Bishop of Edinburgh. He declares that at present the Church of England is unattractive to the masses. He even intimates that it bores them. Shortening of the services will not help. Making them free and spontaneous, rather than liturgical, is not the solution.

In the Free Churches the services are both short and free and they do not attract people any more than do the Anglican Churches. It is the lack of reality behind the liturgy, not the liturgy itself, the Bishop thinks, the first note struck in the service is humiliation, but how many people feel any real humiliation when they say there is no health in us? The thing which the Bishop wants people to express a real feeling. To do that the sense of sin has got to be awakened in our people. They say the confession now with no sense of sin. There is no reality in it. A smug, self-satisfied soul is no good at humiliation.

The Bishop then speaks of the hollowness of the worship and praise in the average church. It is formal, not partaking of reverent adoration. Of course it is a question which the Bishop does not consider, whether the average Anglo-Saxon man is capable of that spiritual exaltation which is natural to the Latin, the Slav and the Celt. It is a question whether the average church man can take up the praise and worship part of the service as preliminary to the sermon. But the Bishop feels the lack of reverence and adoration in the worship and suggests that perhaps the sermon ought to be more connected with the service, that it might prepare the people to praise God, might quicken in them the emotions of worship. The Bishop questions the advisability of the present hard and fast system of Scripture lessons and the Psalms. He would drop some services, but would emphasize the eucharist more than it is at present. But above all he would have more instruction in the Church. There is not nearly enough of that. The young people are instructed over long periods in Christianity itself and all that pertains to the service of the Church, in which they take part every Sunday.

When one turns to the papers by Principal Phillips of Litchfield he finds that the trouble is not with the Church, its worship, its creeds, and its ancient liturgy —it is with the clergy. And the fact that the clergy are deficient in conspicuous qualifications for leadership is not their own fault, but that of the theological schools. Many of the seminaries are on a low intellectual level and make no attempt really to teach men to write and think. Neither is the student properly trained in the subjects and problems with which he will have to deal. Principal Phillips thinks that what the Church needs is men, leaders, and the divinity school must make them. He says the minister must be taught in its relation to the great thought movements of the day. The minister ought to be able to discuss Mr. Wells and Sir Oliver Lodge before a congregation that is reading them. The minister should receive infinitely more training in the psychology of the soul and depths of human nature. He should understand the soul to which he is to minister. Principal Phillips does not have much to say about the training of the clergy in dealing with the great social problems, and evidently has the parish priest more in mind. One very interesting thing he does suggest —namely, that the clergy be drawn from all classes. Money should be provided so that great numbers of the clergy could be drawn from the working classes. The Anglican Church needs a more democratic ministry, he thinks. (The ministry in the Anglican Churches has largely recruited from the upper classes.)

There are other articles to which I may return in a later issue.—Frederick Lynch, in Christian Work.

**ARE YOU COMING TO CONFERENCE?**

Nortonville is hoping you will but it is not content with simply having them want to know what you really plan to do.

These are not normal times, All must conserve. We want to for the denomination and nation. We are just as hospitable as ever, but we feel that it is a denominational and patriotic duty for you to let us know early, if you plan to come. We want to plan wisely and provide for your needs and comfort in every possible way, and you are aware that we can do that much better, if we could know immediately the approximate number that will be here.

The pastor, or church clerk where there is no pastor, will be expected to respond immediately and as often as necessary to keep us informed.

Send all communications to Mrs. Herbert Cadwell, Nortonville, Kan.

Mrs. Herbert Cadwell, Mrs. Calvin Stay, Mary Henry Ring, Reception Committee.

**PLAN TO GO TO CONFERENCE**

These are critical times in the religious life of the world and the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination needs your counsel and advice on the questions that will come before Conference this year.

A little handful of men and women should not settle the denominational policy for the coming year, or years, but such policies should be decided by a representative gathering from all over our land.

"Don't sit back and let George do it."

It's your job—and it is a job worthy the best there is in you.

Seventh Day Baptists have got to get a broad view of the world's need and plan wisely to meet it—or die.

Nortonville cordially invites you; your church, your country and your God need you.

**GOD'S BENEDICTION HOUR**

Blest twilight, dear evening hour, When all the earth is hushed to rest, When wearily and drooping flower Alas! reline on a bloom's blest eve'tide, 'tis then we know That Christ is near to lift us higher, And make our soul the soul of God's true religion's holy fire.

The morning hour is pure and bright With scented air from sun-kissed hill, The noontide bursts with dazzling light Over wooded slope and rippling rill; But when the evening shadows fall, We feel God's presence everywhere; 'Tis then we hear the Savior's call, 'Tis then we bow in earnest prayer.

Majestic hour of all the day, When nature's voices whisper low, And make our breast the parent breast; To him who all our grief doth know, Then may we lift our hearts to thee, Then may we feel thy wondrous power, Then may we all from sin be free, At this, thy benediction hour.

—Ralph Woodworth.

**SEMIANNUAL MEETING—NOTICE**

The semiannual meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist churches of Minnesota and northern Wisconsin will convene with the New Auburn, (Minn.) Seventh Day Baptist Church, June 21st, 1918.

MRS. WALTER BOND, Corresponding Secretary.
DEAR
thus. save
.I.

'The boy heard neighboring men and boys swear and the father explained to him the commandments of God. Conse-
dently displeased, and that the Creator was so kind and loving that it was an awful thing to speak his name as men did. A schoolboy had told him of a habit that was impure but in a way to make it seem right and in real children he asked his father what he should do about it and was told "in the nick of time" the fearful dangers and how to avoid the evil, that he might be strong and healthy and clean before God and men. The mother did not coddle him unnecessarily though she was affectionate and most tender. When he fell and hurt himself he was helped to be able to bravely bear the pain without excessive crying.

And thus parents and teachers, the father and mother giving themselves almost wholly to the discipline and well-being of the child. Of course they visited the neighbors, went to church, though irregularly, took part in the business activities of the times, received company, worked for their living, and women of those days did in subduing the wilderness as it were, clearing off land and improving their homes. A reasonably good frame house had taken the place of the log house and some better furniture had accumulated.

"Walter, have you your arithmetic lesson for tomorrow?" asked his father one evening as he had often asked.

"No, I am not doing it yet and it is a hard one. I want you or mother to help me," replied Walter.

"Well, you know that I can't help you very much. Mother is better at figures and you have come to that part of fractions which I am lame. Mother, you help the boy."

Now it must be admitted that the boy had done so well in most things that the parents began to be a little careless in other matters. He had been giving attention to his education in self-reliance and independence in other matters and had of late forgotten that in school he needed training along that line and so Mrs. Wells had fallen into the habit of helping him in study. They had been bragging of his high marks in school the past two months but had overlooked the fact that it was because of their work and not his, and that he was soon to fall down and have a hard time in regaining his real standing with the teacher.

Over-assistance is injurious and Walter now came to a place in his books where he found himself unable to keep up with some of the other scholars and was demanding more and more of his mother. Her good intentions were leading him to dishonest work and an exaggerated opinion of his real capacity. Exaggerated self-confidence away from home was the stamp of his own efforts. The mother had been to blame also and careless in accepting the boy's work which now did not bear the stamp of his own efforts. The mother was too much in partnership with the boy a "silent partner."

One day Walter had seemed to have an unusually good lesson while the rest of the class had not done as well as usual. To stimulate the ambition of Walter and held up his work before the class as excellent. A visitor was at school and the teacher thought to "show off" a little, and so she told Walter to go to the board, leaving her mark and asking the visitor the problem. After several efforts he was obliged to give it up a failure.

"Then how did you do the problem before you came to class?" asked the teacher.

"Mother worked it for me and I was in a hurry and copied it," he replied in shame.

The teacher at once went to the blackboard and wrote in large letters:

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL,

and Walter was marked down low both in recitation and deportment. She even refused to let him take his book home that afternoon. The boys sneered at him and called him a thief and an "apron-string kid" and he went home crying and ashamed.

"What is the matter, dear child?" asked his mother.

He told her what had happened and at first Mrs. Wells was most indignant and told her husband that he must go to the school and talk to the teacher. He declined until the boy had had a chance to redeem himself at school, but he did have Mrs. Wells write a note to the teacher which brought this reply.
open air then or still hived up in the school-room?"

"The teacher just drives us out and she opens all the windows and doors while we are out at play."

"That is good. She is in advance of the times as a teacher. I’ll vote at next school meeting to hire her next year and also advance her wages, though I know that two families especially will oppose her on account of her making their boys obey and not letting them flirt with boys so much, to the neglect of lessons. They are ungenerous girls anyway, but what can you expect? Their mother is their pattern and not a very good one."

"What are your plays, Walter?" asked the mother.

"Oh, prisoner’s base, cross tag, pussy-wants-a-corner, yard sheep, diceray’s land, ball, and then we try stunts of all kinds. The teacher joins with us in some of these and oh jolly! she tore her dress yesterday at it. But she just laughed and had needle and thread in her desk all ready to mend it. My, but her cheeks were red! say, she is a fine one and I came near knocking down Bill Richards the other day for insulting are so imitative. There is more than interest and curiosity in all this. He wishes to become a real part of the school."

"Why, Walter! would you strike a playmate or any one?" And the mother looked alarmed.

"Well, I reckon it might if it was called for. I did throw him down one day and held him until he begged," said the boy.

"You held him down? Why, he is three years older than you and weighs more. Aren’t you bragging a little?" asked his father.

"Why, father, have you not taught me some stunts in wrestling that Bill does not know? I can handle almost all boys in school, I don’t care how big they are. I am quick and while they are fooling around thinking what to do, I have done it. That’s easy," answered the boy proudly.

"Well, I do not want you in any fights, my boy," said Mr. Wells.

"I don’t fight over ordinary troubles, father, but when some of those bullies get smashes and smaller ones, then I take a hand in the argument. Wouldn’t you, father?" And Walter was honest.

"Maybe I would, my boy, in self-defense and to see that my fellow playmate had justice. But be careful and not get angry when you have a tilt with them. Keep sweet. That is half the battle and gives you the advantage at the start.

"Some weeks after this Mr. Wells said to his wife: ‘Is not Walter getting somewhat fickle of late? Why, he is having a dozen different occupations in view when he is a prisoner. And now, he looks to become a gardener. He had seen a man at Leonardsville making a fine garden and of course that was what he wanted to do. Then again he visited the sawmill and, sure as anything, he was going where he had been before. One day he said to Mr. Hemphill. Then he changed his mind and was going to be a policeman, having heard some men tell something about the police in Utica. He said he would keep order there. And yesterday he had forgotten all his former vocations and was going to be a banker after he went with me to the West Winfield bank. Seems to me he’d better stop dreaming like that or he will not amount to anything anywhere.

"Why, Brother, don’t you see that the child’s early interest in affairs leads him to want an active part in life, and children are so imitative. There is more than interest and curiosity in all this. He wishes to become a real part of the school."

"But, Walter!"

"Why, Brother, didn’t you say that the child’s early interest in affairs leads him to want an active part in life, and children are so imitative? There is more than interest and curiosity in all this. He wishes to become a real part of the school."

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"But, Brother," said the pastor, "Brother Well’s experience is just like mine and many others’ who gradually grow into the kingdom. He had no great ambition, nor did he see what the church would do for him, but he took his evenings for singing he would stay down, but come home at the close. He usually walked, but on singing-school nights he rode horseback.

"It was a great fun and they were to give a concert at the end of the term. Being in the choir made him notice regular at church and it also was the cause of the parents attending more regularly. While a young man at prayer at home and reader of the Bible, Walter had not yet made a profession of religion.

"We must surely be at church next Sabbath," said Mr. Wells one day, "for Elder William B. Maxson is to be there and preach, used to hear him when I was younger and he was pastor here. He is a great man and has had a wonderful experience. He was a rough man but after conversion became a power for good. He is the grandson of the Rev. William Bliss, of the Newport, (R. I.) Church and a great-grandson of Governor Richard Ward of Rhode Island. He has been a home to two families of Jews; is also a physician, having practiced, has been an editor of the Seventh Day Baptist Magazine, and written some books. I want you to hear him, Walter."

"The result of this meeting was the public confession of Christ by Brother Walter, though in his testimony he said that he could not speak of any special change in his feelings or life for he had always believed in Christ and had always prayed and studied the Word of God and accepted it. But old Henry Reynolds thought that he was not and could not be converted until he could tell the minute and hour of conversion and feel the novel power for good.

"For," said Brother Reynolds, "I was under an apple tree when I first saw my sins and repented and was given peace and I shall never forget the day or hour. One must undergo a most radical change," he pointed out.

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FOX-FIRE

"O-oh! And that big one over there is a mountain lion I just know!"

Marjory sat at the sound of this voice above her in the darkness. She had not known there was a person within a mile. But as she listened she heard:

"Yes, and there are two wildcats over there!" She recognized the voice of one of her children.

So it was those children. She had never known them to be out in the dark on the mountain before. "Must be playing some game," she thought to herself, as they kept exclaiming as though they were seeing wild animals all about them.

As Marjory thought of the good times these children had together she felt herself very much alone. The time had been, and Marjory could remember it, too, when there were no people within a mile of her home. But that was before the coal mine had been opened up on the side of the mountain. Then there had been two rows of brown houses built down in the valley and two roads leading to live in them. There were children down there, but they were very rough in their play and Marjory, shy Marjory of the Cumberlands, was afraid to play with them.

But there were the children of the mine superintendent and the bookkeeper. Their homes had been built upon the side of the hill near Marjory's plain little cottage and they played very nicely indeed. There were two of them, started all. The youngest was a boy of seven and the eldest a girl of fourteen. And such good times as they did have! Marjory was eleven and just right to play with them. Often and often she had watched them through the palings, but they had never asked her over to play.

Probably there were so many of them already that they never thought of asking another. Anyway they didn't, and Marjory had often been very lonely. This very day she had been feeling lonelier than ever and had gone away by herself up to the top of the mountain that lay back of her cabin. She was quite accustomed to the mountains and had her own quaint manner of finding her way about in them, even in the darkest nights, so her people were never worried, though she lingered to catch the last faint glow of the sunset, and came home down the steep hill in the dark. Oh! Yes, there were dangerous places enough. There was a cliff not many rods from where the girl was seated. It was fifty feet to the bottom and straight up and down, but Marjory knew the mountain as some people know their own cozy rooms. Besides, were there not her beacon lights?

But as she sat there it seemed to her that the dark had grown wilder, more alarmed. Could it be after all that they were really frightened? Did they imagine they saw wild creatures in the gathering darkness? There were no wild creatures here, none larger than a squirrel or a wild turkey, at least; but these children were new to the mountains and perhaps they had been told some wild, untrue stories of the hills. Should she teach them or help them down off the mountain? Even now there were black clouds in the west. It would be pitch dark before they could reach the valley. She was timid. She hesitated to speak, but suddenly she was made brave all at once.

"I guess we'd just better run right down the mountain," she heard the elder girl say in a trembling voice. "We'll get scratched, but we can't stay here."

"Scratched!" Marjory shivered. The cliff lay just before them. If they ran down that hillside they would be dashed to death on the rocks below. Suddenly she stood up straight and screamed at the top of her voice:

"Don't run down the hill! Don't do it! You'll be killed!"

For a tremendous moment the children were silent. Perhaps they were more frightened at the voice of darkness than they had been at anything else, but at last one of them said timidly:

"Who are you, please?"

"I'm Marjory Creech, the girl next door. Stay right still; I'm coming up.

In another moment she was with them.

"There are no wild animals in this mountain," she said quietly. "What made you think there were?"

"Don't you see their eyes?" said the elder girl, almost as frightened as ever.

"Can't you see their eyes shine?"

Marjory looked for an instant, then she burst forth into a laugh.

"See!" she said at last. "I will bring you one of that mountain lion's eyes and you may see it for yourself."

She went quickly to the spot where the two duff balls of light were shining and, stooping, took one of them in her hand. She brought it and put it in the hand of the elder girl.

"See," she exclaimed, "fox-fire we call it; phosphorescent earth, I guess, is the right name."

The children understood in a moment that they had made the strange mistake of taking the glowing bits of earth for the eyes of wild animals. Then they all had a good laugh.

"If you had tried running down the mountain you would have been dashed to death over the cliff which is only a short distance away," said Marjory solemnly.

"Oh!" said the larger girl, beginning to be frightened again, "must we stay on the mountain all night? And it is going to rain?"

"Oh, no," laughed Marjory. "Follow me and I'll show you how to make fox-fire your friend."

Then she slowly picked her way around the cliff top and down the slope, pointing as she did so to this little group of glowing fox-fires and that little patch, and explaining how they were the little glowing lights that guided her safely down the steep mountain-side. The other children were so interested as they descended, but when at last they were at their own door just before the storm broke, the elder girl, turning to Marjory, said:

"You are a very kind girl. I think my mother would call you wonderful, too. Won't you come and play with us some time?"

"Indeed, I shall be glad to," said Marjory, as she prepared to run home, her heart full of joy with anticipation of the good times that were in store for her in the days to come. -Roy J. Snell, in the Congregationalist and Advance.

"A true epistle of Christ is not written in invisible ink, and then sealed up, but it is known and read of all men."

HOMESTEADING IN THE SEVENTIES

J. L. HULL

CHAPTER XII

(Continued)

It was with a feeling of comfort and pleasure that they arrived at home, and it was a cheerful party that prepared and sat down to their evening meal.

"George," said Henry, "can you tell what one of the greatest stimulants to action that you know of is?"

"Twenty-one buffalos coming end ways toward one, singing as they come, so close that you can feel their breath and know that they are coming faster than he can possibly go," said George.

"And what is the greatest consolation in such a case?" asked Joe.

"That there is a safe rock near by," replied George.

"And," continued Joe, "in all of our lives, when about to be overwhelmed by evil, the Rock of refuge is always near and we can go to it and be safe."

"But, Joe, I don't know where to go, and if you had not remembered those rocks we would have been in a bad fix."

"Sure, George, but the rock was there just where we wanted it, as though it had been planted there ages ago for our especial benefit, and they are always there, always where we can see it if we but look for it, and is always within reach."

"Well," said George, "I can outrun you anyway, for you will lose your hat and stop to get it."

"Always gather up the fragments that nothing be lost, and I thought that there was time enough, as it proved, and I would have felt very much ashamed to meet your mother if I had reached the rock and you had been one second too late."

"Well, Joe, I heartily join with you in returning thanks for the blessings that we enjoy, and I hope we will all reach the safe Rock."

The buffalo calf was heated up so much in catching and getting it to camp that for a time it was very doubtful about its living, but after two or three weeks it began to thrive with plenty of eggs and milk soon grew large and strong, and when Henry took her in the wagon in October to take the long ride to Gladbrook, Iowa, she would weigh about three hundred pounds. For a while she was kept on the lariat but
The three boys attended both of these schools. When Maggie was gone, one man remarked, "God has not got across the Missouri River yet and I hope he won't for one while.

Another said, "You fellows come to my house and we will have a game of cards.

Joe went and assisted in the organizing of the school. I think the first in Webster County, though one was organized at Red Cloud the same day. There was no complaint of the other man present to help start the school.

Later in the season a school was organized to the north of them and another three or four miles west. One was held in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon. The three boys attended both of these schools.

Everyone one of them knew that Henry and Joe did not regard Sunday as a Sabbath. They gave the reason why, and the answer was always ready. They believed the Bible and were willing to take a work day to encourage the study of it. Joe received word from the surveyor that he and Captain M. wished him to go with a party to survey a road north and south, and east and west through the county. Joe went to the place appointed and told the commissioner, Captain M., and the surveyor that he could not go with them.

"But why?" asked Captain M.

"You know," replied Joe, "that I do not work on Sabbath Day—the day you call Saturday.

"We can get along without that," said the surveyor.

"I will take the chain myself if need be," said Captain M. "You will not have to work on your Sabbath.

"With that understanding I will go," answered Joe.

"I want you for head chairman," said Captain M.

The surveying party began at Red Cloud and went north to the line of the county, then returned to Red Cloud and went south to the Kansas line. With them in the wagon and going barefoot. When they reached the Republican River bottom they came into a prairie dog town. Joe was following the surveyor and keeping an eye on the flagman so as to go in a straight course. He had just drawn a tally pin and held it poised by the point (the pin was made of a musket ramrod) when he heard a familiar sound near his feet, and he saw a heavy ring came on the serpent's head, and that never happened.

Joe always thought that it was a put-up plan between the surveyor and the commissioner to try to make him work on the Sabbath, but as it did not work they let him out of the job of the road survey which only lasted three days longer.

Joe was four feet eight inches tall and had fourteen teeth. Joe did not forget to see where he was walking while in that dog town.

Two Sabbaths had passed and all had been pleasant and agreeable. On Sixth- day, the Sabbath, after the party had started, the camp was made six miles from Joe's home and after the day's work was done he said to Captain M., "I will not stay for supper, I am going home tonight and will be with you on Monday morning.

The surveyor said, "You will have to stay and work tomorrow." and Captain M. added, "Yes, we are two hands short and we can not get along without you.

"I will stop and ask one of the members to come and work in my place tomorrow. You both know that the agreement was that I was not to work on Sabbath Day," said Joe.

"You can't go," replied the surveyor, "I don't want a new hand with the chain.

"Gentlemen, you understood before I started that I was not to work on the Sabbath, and I will not, I am going home," said Joe.

"Well," replied Captain M. "If you will go, stop and ask Aaron Stephen to come and work tomorrow, and if he can't, you come back.

Aaron Stephen told Joe he would be at the camp of the surveying party on time and help the next day.

Monday morning Henry was going to Red Cloud, and Joe could ride to the camp. As they came to the camp a few moments before time for the party to start for the day's work, Joe saw that a new man was holding the chain ready to go to work as he was riding on the wagon and went to where Captain M. and the surveyor were both standing and asked if they had plenty of help and both answered, "Yes, we have plenty of help." Joe said, "All right," stopped back to the wagon, took his place on the spring seat with Henry and together they went to town and returned home to their work.

Joe always thought it was a put-up plan between the surveyor and the commissioner to try to make him work on the Sabbath, but as it did not work they let him out of the job of the road survey which only lasted three days longer. However the surveyor was called that night by the surveyor of school land of Webster County, which gave him twenty-seven days' work. In Nebraska there are two sections in each township reserved for school land. Sec- tion day before the survey was completed and appraised in 400 acres. Joe was secretary of the appraisers and the other two appraisers agreed that Joe was not to do any business on the Sabbath unless there was a disagreement between them, and that never happened.

Hercules was once going along a narrow road, when an ugly and fierce animal met him. He struck it with his club and passed on. Soon the same animal met him, fiercer than before, and three times as long as before. Hercules struck it fast and furiously, but the harder and often he struck, the bigger and more furious grew the monster, till it completely blocked the road. Then Pallas appeared to Hercules and warned him to stop. "The monster's name is Strife," she said. "Let it alone, and it will soon become as small as it was at first."—Legend.
THE UPPER AND LOWER TRAILS

The journey of life must be made by all, but not all go by the same way. Some follow the trail which leads down the valley, along the crystal stream and through the fruitful meadows. Here one may hear the songs of the birds and breathe the fragrance of the flowers. Great spreading trees shelter the pilgrims from the burning sun and the biting wind. The trail is wide and smooth and the journey goes along like a happy song. Many small byways lead to the higher grounds, but few of the pilgrims leave the lower trail. The little byways are rugged and steep and the pilgrims do not care to leave the crystal stream and the singing birds. Their feet are too tender and their hearts too weak to climb the rocky steep; so they go singing along the lower trail—through the fruitful meadows, with careless hearts—the trail that is leading down.

Others go by the upper trail which leads along the hills. The upper trail is narrow and often rough, and there are precipices and rocks. Some of the pilgrims turn back to the plains, and some wander along the hills. The upper trail is of crystal water and little sheltered nooks, but the journey is long between. Those who go by this trail must endure the rays of the noonday sun and brave the sweep of the wind, and often they are not always fruitful fields, and the way is rough and hard, and many of the tired pilgrims take the little bypaths leading down to the lower trail.

But those who follow the upper trail ascend higher and higher until they gain the heights. Their eyes behold a grander vision. They breathe an atmosphere more pure. Their hearts are filled with vigor and their muscles are strong from struggle. Every step brings them nearer to the heights and to God. Soon they hear the voice saying, "These are they which have come out of great tribulation." They followed the upper trail.—Oscar C. Dean, in Lutheran Observer.

The general lack of a God-fearing manhood among the nations corrodes all phases of life at the present time. And until the peoples of Christendom learn to fear and obey God in their religious, educational, ethical and political systems, in their daily works and ways, there can be no safe, no peaceful existence.—J. Parks Coleman.
God designed that every man and woman should enjoy the most perfect freedom to be just what he chooses to be. He consigns the whole, with the aid of the devil and his agents be as mean and wicked as he chooses. And on the other hand grace is provided by which he may attain to any height of moral and spiritual attainment. He is what he is morally and spiritually from his own choice. Every man might be better or worse than he is if he really wished to be. He may think for himself, act for himself, and believe for himself. So, though we see people grouped together in what we call denominations and churches, yet, if we were to examine the members of these churches with care, we should discover that no two of them are alike in seeing, acting, or believing. In general terms they believe alike; but in particulars they may differ considerably. Who shall say that this or that one is exceeding his privilege in seeing and acting and believing from his own convictions? True, there are some church bodies which draw the reins over the intelligence and liberty of the members to think for them, lest they be led to overstep the boundaries of denominationalism. But there is where denominationalism becomes an evil, a menace to Christian liberty and an obstacle to individual accountability.

It is but natural and is certainly profitable that those of kindred minds should be associated together for mutual helpfulness and cooperation. And it is in this capacity that denominationalism has its virtue. It affords an opportunity for special work, for concerted action, and also affords to people the opportunity to be just as beloved of God, as mean and wicked as he chooses. And on the other hand grace is provided by which he may attain to any height of moral and spiritual development. It need not be stereotyped, which, like the famous laws of the Medes and Persians, changed not. Progress in that line is forever checked. But any one who will advance beyond those lines must step over denominational boundaries, be counted out of the fold, and go on alone so far as his former associates are concerned. It is thus that the work of reformation has ever been carried forward. No church or denomination was ever known to arise in a body and pull up stakes for new things as did the early church. The things of Christ were thrust out, and yet it sometimes becomes the ruling passion with those who are supposed to be responsible for its welfare. The desire to get members into our church in order to see it grow leads to serious abuses. The building of prejudicial barriers against other Christian bodies is fraught with evil consequences on both sides of those barriers—to those inside, as well as to those on the outside. To those who are of one spirit is excludes others just as beloved of God as a fairy godmother, or in the entertainment of our children.

So, let it not be with a Pharisaical spirit which excludes others just as beloved of God, just as useful in his cause, just as sincere and devoted as are those of our own household. We welcome the tendency noticeable among Christians of today to sink denominational interests to their proper level and to elevate the infinitely greater interests of a common humanity of a world lying in wickedness and perishing for want of knowledge. The Savior is soon coming and there is so much to be done, so many un-saved souls to be reached. The task is one that demands a united effort. We are not to look upon our fellowship with our friends of the same denomination as merely a means of personal advantage or a source of strength and a bond of union. It is found in the entertainment of our children. There is no great war with a common foe, should be our friends and fellow-workers. Christians thus divided is weak and ineffective. Its forces are contending against each other, while the devil laughs to see the struggle go on.

Another great evil to which the over-anxiety to conserve denominational forms and interests leads directly is that no sooner is a denomination led out to clear grounds sufficient to form a distinction and claim a name than a halt is called, and no further advancement is made by that company. Their theological platform is marked out, stakes are driven, a creed is stereotyped, which, like the famous laws of the Medes and Persians, changed not. Progress in that line is forever checked. But any one who will advance beyond those lines must step over denominational boundaries, be counted out of the fold, and go on alone so far as his former associates are concerned. It is thus that the work of reformation has ever been carried forward. No church or denomination was ever known to arise in a body and pull up stakes for new things as did the early church. The things of Christ were thrust out, and yet it sometimes becomes the ruling passion with those who are supposed to be responsible for its welfare. The desire to get members into our church in order to see it grow leads to serious abuses. The building of prejudicial barriers against other Christian bodies is fraught with evil consequences on both sides of those barriers—to those inside, as well as to those on the outside. To those who are of one spirit is excludes others just as beloved of God as a fairy godmother, or in the entertainment of our children. So, let it not be with a Pharisaical spirit which excludes others just as beloved of God, just as useful in his cause, just as sincere and devoted as are those of our own household.

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MISFITS

Not furniture nor carpets, neither clothing nor shoes, but just women and girls.

"A strange title," do you say? Watch the procession. A girlish face and figure leads. You look more closely and see deep lines in her face and figure, lines of experience and burden.

"A strange voice speaks:

"You look more closely and see deep lines in her face and figure, lines of experience and burden. What can I do?"

"I must do fancy work. Can I teach the languages conversationally?"

"Yes, you are well off, you see, and I never expected to have children and myself. What can I do?"

"Two of them have families. Is there any chance for them?"

"She couldn't walk to it that their wealth a home life of the social and moral problems of the age... Think of an ambitious and virile young mind ever being moved to preach the Gospel of Christ Jesus by a twenty-minute recitation of the veriest commonplaces? Oh, the shame of it all! In the name of all that is high and holy, how is the puppet to be saved from decay so long as the sermonette craze is so universally abroad in the land?"—Christian Work.

We quite understand that the age in which we are living is a busy age, and that both the minds and bodies of our people are hard driven. Our congregations are composed of two classes, those who are weary with the work of the week, and those who are weary with the pleasures of the week. Both classes seem to demand short and entertaining sermons. We quote with pleasure and commendation the following paragraph from the pen of Dr. Charles E. Jones:

"The greatest danger confronting the church in America is the possible decadence of the pulpit. Let the pulpit decay, and the cause of Christ is lost. Nothing but the life of the church can be saved.

"These last forty years the church has been replaced by an ever-increasing army of women and girls. Are they justly named misfits? We leave the long line still in waiting, many of whom are children of once wealthy parents, who, by a turn of the tide, have been thrown out upon their own resources, drifting over life's broad sea, without chart or compass.

"Who is responsible? The mother or guardian of youth—those to whom the sacred trust of training heart and hand are committed. Nothing except life is so uncertain as money, especially in these rushing days when fortunes are made and lost in an hour. Would that parents to whom responsibility has been entrusted would know that a daughter's future might wake up to their great responsibility!"

"The writer wishes that she could reach every one of them with this true chapter of Christian Work."

The attitude of men toward purity and integrity is determined by the home life of childhood more than by any preaching or teaching they may afterwards hear.—Frederick Lynch.
**Berline, N. Y.—** Perhaps since we are accustomed each day to the more of doing his or her "bit" in keeping up the interest in Sabbath school, church, and Aid Society work. At any rate things are happening which count. Ladies' Aid Society meets more regularly since the passing of our unparalleled winter.

Our Special Day Committee is doing good work. Liberty Loan Day, Rally Day and Mothers' Day were all duly observed in an interesting and helpful manner.

Our weekly Sabbath school is well attended and after the study of the lesson, often some point of common interest is brought up. On one day a member had received a letter from Charlie, "somewhere in France," and all were glad to listen to sketches from it. On another Sabbath we heard of the twenty-four page letter from our former pastor's wife, and these little pleasures shared seem to bring us nearer together while waiting our turn for pastor.

The proceeds from an entertainment given us by the Dramatic Club of the village, under the management of Jesse D. Vars, which netted us $51.00. However, this was not unalloyed pleasure for Mr. Vars has been called to the colors and is now in camp in South Carolina. We shall miss his voice from the Sabbath services, but the "boys in khaki" will be gainers and a star is added to our service flag.

E. L. GREENE.

**Man's greatest debt is to the invisible.**

This is true in a physical, common-life sense quite as much as in the realm of the spiritual or the ideal. In the Franco-Prussian War, much credit was given to the Prussian "needle-guns"; in the American Civil War, the names of "Dahlgren guns" and "Springfield rifles" were conspicuous. In the recent war, it was the "men behind the guns," and now a brave fellow writes from the front to his Mamie in behalf of the "men below deck." These are engineers, machinists, oilers, coal-passers, or still others. What were the navy without these heroes whose place is twenty feet below the water-line? Every business in life has its men and women "below deck," upon whom success largely depends. Some of them are visible to the eye, but not to the appreciation of the public. Track-walkers and switchmen, compositors and proof-readers, janitors and sextons—these, and a hundred others, constitute that nobler kind.—*S. S. Times.*

**BEFORE ARRAS**

A dimly lighted cave, with murk air,
Thick with the fog of close-packed human life,
The busy stir of talk and movement round,
Thrilling with prospect of the coming strife;
Two treasuries, and a treasure trove,
And here the Supper of the Lord is laid.

Two bottles hold the candles' guttering flame,
Upon a fair white cloth beneath them spread,
And here a feast before our eyes displayed—
A common cup of wine, and dish of bread—
Rich banquet of the Savior's gen'rous love,
Earnest of strength and courage from above.

No "upper chamber" this, for it is laid deep in the solid rock beneath the ground, yet is the Savior's presence with us here. As when his own at home were found, heard from the Savior's lips the word's round sign, and learnt the mystery of the Bread and Wine.

Nor is there likeness here to pillared aisle Of some dim minster, echoing to the sound Of praise, and hallowed by the name of Jesus. Some dim minster, echoing to the sound Of praise, and hallowed by the name of Jesus.

Some gathered here, before a day has passed Will no more share with us the sacred rite, Serve as the glorious company of those Who won, through His great strength, the well-fought fight, Seeing the Savior, who by faith before They here could meet, to worship and adore.

And shall not we believe that he, who died The cruel death of shame upon the Tree, Came down in that hour, with strength to hear All that the morrow asked of them to be; And when the moment came when life should cease.

Spake in their dying ears the word of Peace? Certain it is that those of us who live To speak of those past days with bated breath, No service could be more needed.

Wherein we took the Sacrament of Death, Sharing, in measure, all he felt within. Who bade his friends to so remember him. —G. H. Edwards Palmer.

**DEATHS**

**BEFORE ARRAS**

**Threlkeld.—** At the home of her mother, Mrs. C. H. Courtice, 20th Place, Memphis, Tenn., little Kathryn Threlkeld, died on April 29, 1918.

She was born on her mother's birthday, March 17, 1909, the youngest in a family of five children. Two years and about two months ago Kathryn's father called her from the home by the death angel. From that time the little girl was doubly precious to the mother and children. She was an unusually attractive child, winsome in face and manner. She was the little fairy bearing the ring on the beautiful occasion of her sister Edna's wedding a little more than a month before her father's death.

"She was the idol of hearts and the household, An angel of God in disguise; His sunshine was seen in her tresses, His glory still shone in her eyes."

Her body was laid to rest beside her father's under beautiful floral offerings.

"God wanted her here, where his little ones may dwell."

Said the children up in heaven.

"She will play with us in the golden street; She has grown too fair, she has grown too sweet For the earth we used to live in."

She needs the sunshine, this dear little girl, That gilds this side the gates of pearl."

**Times**

**Bush.—** Lydia L. Bush was born in Union Springs, Cayuga Co., N. Y., on November 15, 1837, and died at Auburn, N. Y., March 28, 1918, in the 81st year of her age.

When young she was converted and joined the Methodist church. In later years she accepted the Sabbath and united with the Seventh Day Adventist church of Auburn, N. Y. She lived with her sister, Mrs. Nettie Boston, in Syracuse, N. Y., becoming a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church in that city on October 16, 1905. Of this latter she was an esteemed and faithful member at the time of her death.

She was a devout Christian who found great joy and peace in her religion. The Sabbath Recorder was especially dear to her. She removed to Auburn, N. Y., some months ago, where she died at the home of a friend.

Funeral services were held in Auburn at the home of two nieces, Miss Bertha Bush and Mrs. M. M. Bowen. Interment was at Union Springs, N. Y.

**The Sabbath Recorder**

**To rest a bit, uncomromized, alone.**

**Save with them, Lord, who hath the power to keep.**

Thine own.

And with thee close, why should I fear to wait The little while more set in my way?

Or whether I shall wake me soon or late, So long as 'tis thy hand that holdeth me Gracefully, then will the night come I may rise With willing feet, and fold my work away, Then, lying down to rest, close fearless eyes, Restful not of further work or play.

But in the sleep thou givest thy beloved

Await thy day.

Grace Noll Crowell.

We do not deal with our prayers rationally. We act as though they were bits of magic, a sort of enchantment for which there are no known laws. Other things which we do are studied. We try to understand them, and we are dissatisfied unless we make progress. Who could have the heart to go on painting or singing, or playing the violin, or doing any other fine and beautiful thing unless he could see that he was doing it better the night comes I may rise. When we come to praying, many of us make no effort to improve. It does not occur to us that improvement is possible. We assume that God does not look for any such improvement, and do not respect it ourselves. How many Christians pray today just as they prayed five or ten years ago, using the same expressions, traveling round the same circle of confession and petition; and feel, as if the same sense of helplessness and failure which they have felt from the beginning. One of the questions which the soul ought frequently to face is: Am I making real progress in communing with God?—*Christian Work.*

"The thing that saves many people today—under the fearful pressure to which they are subjected—is the keeping alive of the consciousness of God. That is not saying that one's faith must be able to grapple with these troubling mysteries that oppress and bewilder the soul, mind and heart. But it is saying that there should be a constant effort to maintain the balance; to hold the heart in serenity; to preserve the invaluable asset of faith; to keep the channels of communication with God unobstructed; to nourish the soul with spiritual manna; to let the lamp of hope burn brightly on the altar."
THE SABBATH RECORDER

SPECIAL NOTICES

Contributions to the work of Miss Maria Jane in Japan are invited. Miss McQuaid, Aggasiz, China. Postage is the same as domestic rates.

The First Day Baptist Church, of New York City holds regular Sabbath services at 10 a.m. in the Memorial Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10 a.m. Preaching service at 3 p.m., at Second Avenue. Rev. Geo. M. Whitford, B.A., D.D., pastor.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West and Broadway. Services at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Visitors are always welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor, 204 W. Fourth Street.

The First Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Memorial Church. Christian Endeavor and prayer meeting each Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsonage, 10 N. Washington Place.

The First Day Baptist Church of Allegheny, Pa., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Memorial Church. Christian Endeavor and prayer meeting each Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsonage, 10 N. Washington Place.

The First Day Baptist Church of York, Pa., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Memorial Church. Christian Endeavor and prayer meeting each Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsonage, 10 N. Washington Place.

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THEODORE L. GARDINER, D. D., Editor

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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 in 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 conducting 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. Give your offerings 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.