Why A Denominational Building?

Because of Present Needs
Future Heritage

For What Use
To Properly House the Publishing House
To Provide—
Office for Editor of the Sabbath Recorder
Office for the Memorial Board
Office for the Corresponding Secretary
Fireproof Vaults for Safeguarding our
Valuable Records
A Directors’ Meeting Room
A Denominational Library
Historical Society Rooms
To Promote Denominational Loyalty

Give It Thoughtful Consideration
You will see the need of it
Then you will work for it—
Pray for it—
Pay for it

Who Is Going to Do It?
Every Seventh Day Baptist Man, Woman and Child
The Sabbath Recorder
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Great Problems in Reconstruction

The declaration of principles known as the "Christian Reconstruction," adopted in the preliminary assembly of the Christian Citizenship Conference recently held in Pittsburgh, Pa., under the auspices of the National Reform Association, is in many respects an excellent document.

While dedicating the workers to the various tasks for winning the war, the association takes a forward look to the time when the sword shall be sheathed and Christian peoples will be called upon to reconstruct the civic and religious life of the world.

The plea for a complete and irrevocable defeat of the powers that have caused such ruin, death, and pain to all the world, to accept the gospel of Christ, is well presented.

The truths that governments are responsible to Jehovah, and that they, as well as individuals, must reap the harvest of their seed-sowing, can be better understood as one of the earliest estates of the church, identified with the very dawn of divine revelation);

We are heartily to unite in defending this "God-given fortress of humanity." Its appeal also for society, if all books, of all minds, of all races, which in every school as a part of daily reading and study.

Then we find, set forth strongly and unequivocally, the principle of national prohibition, which is most clearly illustrated as a means of control. The declaration of the war as a war of righteousness, and for the bringing of the nations to the point of true submission to the principles, is done.

The statement of the National Association as to the duty of the nations to humbly themselves and return to God, confessing their sins and turning to righteousness, could not be bettered. We can never hope for the best results from the war until this is done.

There are, however, some matters advocated by the association, that, while most conscientiously differ, and in which, therefore, we could not help together. We are requested to publish the declaration of principles and make editorial comments upon the same. While
we can heartily commend nearly every object set forth in these "principles," when we come to the statement regarding the "observance of the Lord's Day," there we must stop, for our interpretation of Scripture and of the life and teachings of Christ would not permit us to co-operate here.

The statement begins, with this sentence: "The law of the Sabbath was given by God for man and has never been repealed." (The italics are theirs.) This truth we accept. We also like the strong plea made in the same document for the "Holy Bible" as the rule of life, but we cannot see how the Sabbath law "that has never been repealed," the law which Christ came not to destroy, and which he kept all his life and his disciples after him, the Sabbath was identified, never been repealed, as the family, is now amount to about $2,500. The first $500 of this is invested in bond and mortgage at 6 per cent, and the remainder is in Liberty Bonds. It is a good thing to keep this fund growing, for in this way we can prepare for the much needed denominational building without feeling the strain too much. If we keep on remembering it in this way, before we realize it there will be enough to ensure the success of the building.

The Grander of Prophecy
Some of the sublimest teachings of the Bible are found in the writings of the prophets. I think the wonderful symbolical teachings that in many ways seem to unveil the future were given in order that human imagination might be enkindled and hope inspired to bear men through every discouraging and unpromising present. If prophecy had been intended to portray specific events in some definite future age, or to enable men to locate the figures in the panorama of human history, then it would have been made so plain that human beings would not have been mistaken age after age as to its application. God's voice in prophecy has been heard in every generation, telling men which way to march. It does not seem to be addressed to the reasoning faculties, by which times and events can be figured out, but to the soul itself. We might as well try to measure love by the weight of its existence to determine beauty by feet and inches, or to apply rules of arithmetic to taste, enthusiasm, faith, as to explain the specific meaning of every particular in the grand symbolical pictures of prophecy. And when God arouses the world to a sense of its own evils and fires it with desire for the true and the heavenly. By the grandeur of prophecy man will always receive some of the holiest inspirations to noble living.

SEMIANNUAL MEETING AT NEW AUBURN, MINN.

The semiannual meeting of the Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin Seventh Day Baptist churches convened at New Auburn, Minn., June 21-23. The first session was on Friday evening at 8:30 o'clock and was called to order by Mrs. Angelina Abbey, missionary pastor at New Auburn. As the moderator, Frank Hall, had been called away, Deacon James Crosby was elected to fill the vacancy. An inspiring prayer service was conducted by Clyde H. Clapper, of New Auburn.

After prayer by Mrs. Abbey and a special selection by the choir, "The Cross and the Flag," Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell delivered an excellent sermon from 1 Samuel 15:1-23. Theme: "Obedience.""Sabbath Morning.—The opening exercises were conducted by Mrs. Abbey. Miss Myrtle Lewis, of Milton College and Dodge Center, rendered a solo, "God is My Refiner's Fire," and Rev. Mr. Cottrell preached another splendid sermon on "Consecration to Duty." Text, 1 Corinthians 8:22. A collection for the Missionary Society of $2.50 was taken. An interesting session of the Sabbath school followed, Mr. Cottrell teaching the Bible class, and Mrs. U. S. Langworthy, of Dodge Center, teaching the Young People's class.

Sabbath Afternoon.—A praise service was conducted by Walter Lewis. A written address by Dr. Ticknor, of Grand Marsh, on the subject of "Man" was read beautifully by Miss Florence Campbell, and discussed by Mr. Cottrell, Mrs. Abbey and Deacon Crosby. A testimony meeting led by Brother Crosby, followed, Many helpful messages, spoken and sung, were given.

Sabbath Evening.—The praise service was led by David Lawton. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Cottrell. The choir sang "The Way, the Truth, the Life." Scripture reading, Matthew 13:1-43. The sermon on "Good and Bad Seed" was delivered by Mrs. Abbey. A testimonial meeting, led by Mr. Cottrell, followed.

Sunday Morning.—The congregational
singing was led by Walter Lewis. Sermon on the text, Philippians 3: 13-14, on the theme, "In Search for the Goal," was delivered by Rev. Mr. Cottrell, and was very inspiring and helpful. A business meeting followed. The minutes of the last meeting, held at Grand Marsh, November 10-12, 1917, were read by the clerk.

Reports from the churches were then given: that from the Cartwright Church, by the clerk, Joseph Ling, was read by Mr. Cottrell; from the Dodge Center Church was given by Mrs. U. S. Langworthy, who added that the individual and the envelop system had raised the pastor's salary to $800.00. The report from Exeland by the clerk, Mrs. Nellie Freeborn, was read by Mrs. Abbey. Two additions to the church by baptism were reported; Mrs. Abbey reported for the New Auburn (Minn.) Church. Good interest and attendance and a hopeful outlook were reported by all the churches.

Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell, pastor of the Cartwright Church, at New Auburn, Wis., was elected delegate to the Iowa yearly meeting with Charles Thorgan, of Exeland, alternate.

Mr. Cottrell, who has recently come West from Berlin, N. Y., expressed in a few words of gratitude his appreciation of the privilege of attending these meetings and becoming acquainted with the churches in this part of the world. The meeting voted to invite Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Sanford, of Fairbault, Minn., whose membership is at Gentry, Ark., to participate in the business of the meeting.

Voted to meet with the Cartwright Church at New Auburn, Wis., next November. Clarence Carpenter was elected moderator, and Luella Coon, clerk, of that meeting.

A vote of thanks was moved for the entertainment by the New Auburn people of the visitors. Before the second, a New Auburn resident moved that we give a vote of thanks to the visitors for coming, and helping make the meetings a success. To relieve the embarrassment of the moderator, another arose and said, "I move that all who are thankful for all of these things stand upon their feet." With laughter every one in the house stood, expressing their gratitude in this informal manner.

**Sunday Afternoon.—The Young People's Hour was led by Miss Myrtle Lewis, who conducted a wide-awake praise service, read 1 Corinthians 13, and gave an inspiring talk upon this chapter. A solo, "Christ Is All in All to Me," was tenderly sung by Clyde Clapper. A paper, "Love Thy Neighbor," by Miss Ferieda Fowler, of Exeland, was read by Mrs. Nina Wilkins, of New Auburn, and one by Miss Alice Looftho, "Strength in Unity," was read by Mrs. Abbey. These were discussed by several. A number of short, earnest prayers were offered and a very spiritual session closed.**

**Sunday Evening.—The meeting was called to order by the moderator, Mr. Crosby.**

Voted to send a report of the meeting and the papers which had been read, to the Recorder for publication. Voted to adjourn to meet with the Cartwright Church in November.

A praise service was led by Mrs. Abbey, who also offered the opening prayer. The choir sang "The Cross and the Flag," which had been so well received at the opening session, and Rev. Mr. Cottrell preached a very inspiring sermon on "The Spirit of True Patriotism," from Isaiah 9: 6-7; 11: 1-5; 32: 16-20. The ideal patriot, Jesus Christ, the ideal of righteousness and justice; the patriot of righteousness and justice.

The meeting closed by singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Praises of this closing song were heard on the streets of New Auburn for days afterward.

The delegates and visitors present were: Rev. H. L. Cottrell, New Auburn, Wis., Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Roussville and grandson, Lloyd Burdick, Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Langworthy, Mr. and Mrs. R. U. Daggett and daughter Velma, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lewis from Dodge Center, and Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Sanford and son Kenneth from Fairbault. Miss Myrtle Lewis and Miss Agnes Crosby from Milton are spending the summer here. The rendered valuable assistance in singing and testimony.

**ANGELINE ABBEY, Clerk of the Meeting.**

"It looks as if mankind is now entering a new era; never did the world know a greater moment of the true patriot, a step toward progress than the one about to be taken."
measure before you asks you to take the initial step.


Again he says: "The American Constitution... withheld from the federal government the power to invade the home of the reposed spirit of the conscience, and the sanctuary of the soul."

Judge Barrow asserts: "When the Church descends to asking civil power to aid in its support, there is something dangerously carnal in the purpose."

James Madison made this statement: "There is no shadow of right in the general government to intermeddle with religion. Its least interference with it would... be a step downward and backward, toward the union of Church and State, which union led to the mortal darkness of all degradation, of the oppression and persecutions of the Dark Ages."

I very sincerely thank you for this great privilege of speaking in behalf of Americanism and human rights, as related to true government.

THE TINY WAR GARDEN

L. LAFF.

It is only a tiny war garden; its dimensions are pitifully small; and the few sprouts in its soil that there are doubts If you'd call it a garden at all.

But its mission is broad and expansive. Reaching out to the boys "Over there;" And its miniature field gives a promise of yield, Notwithstanding its boundaries, spare.

Would you know where this garden is growing? In a box on the stained ledge Of a dark city home, where but few sunbeams come To encourage its seedlings to stretch for its seeds.

But there's one little beam that ne'er falls, Though the skies be forbidding and drear: 'Tis a child's eager zeal for her frail garden's weal, As she hoovers expectantly near.

Thievish sparrows may ravish her garden, Or the damps cause its seedlings to rot; Yes, her garden may die, but 'twould not make us sigh, If her spirit of service dies not.

For the spirit in which one endeavors Is of highest import, so 'tis taught; And clear his aims, alat are but returning brass, If one motives with rancor are fraught.

May we all have the spirit of service, Like this child with her war garden, wee; As the dews come down, may thee Whose garden may grow, like it, till Our brave lads win the fight o'er the sea.
Joe saw the superintendent, was given an examination, and to his great surprise received a license and taught at the summer school, which was four miles from his home. In the fall he attended a state normal school held by the state superintendent for two weeks, and at the close of this received a recommendation for a license good anywhere in the State of Nebraska without examination, in sixty days. The following winter he taught in another district near his home.

In the spring of 1874 Uncle J. G. Hull wrote to him saying he had a fine yearling colt which he would give him if he would come and get it; so, after planting fifty acres of corn, Henry hitched Pet to a light buggy and once more drove anywhere in the State of Nebraska, without examination, in sixty days. His horses were left for Joe to use in tending the corn. Joe used a one-horse cultivator with three shovels to cultivate with, to which he would hitch one horse as soon as it was light in the morning and work till nine o’clock, when he would change horses, eat his breakfast, feed ninety-six hogs, which were nearly extinct. A few small bunches and ears. The crop was all gone, no work could be done to earn anything, and everybody was as bad off as he, or nearly so. Truly starvation was staring him in the face. He began to plant another five-acre field, but nothing but small new potatoes to eat, not more than a half or three fourths of an inch in diameter. By that time he was so nearly worn out that he did not feel as though he could endure another winter. He went to Red Cloud and told Uncle Sam Garber, his merchant, that he had nothing to eat, and that he had no money, and did not know when he ever would have anything more. "What if it is?" said Uncle Sam, "here is flour and other provisions. Take what you want, and when it is gone come and get more, and pay for it when you can."

Joe thanked heartily for his kindness, took a fifty-pound sack of flour, went home and made some biscuit. He ate very lightly of them as he knew that his stomach was weak, but he threw them up with in fifteen minutes, and it was more than two days before he could eat and retain a decent meal.

One day while working in the field he saw a buffalo coming down the prairie from the southwest, headed for a bend in the river. He determined to stay with the country; but in order to stay he must have work for the winter so as to earn some money. He wrote to Henry to engage a school for him to teach in Iowa.
HE IS COUNTING ON YOU

"He is counting on you." On your silver and gold, On that treasure you hold; On that you trust and trust, Though the doubt o'er you swept. Is this gold not all mine? (Lord I know what I know as I am.) He is counting on you, If you fail him—What then?

"He is counting on you." On a love that will share In his burden of prayer, For the soul he has bought With his life-blood; and sought Through his sorrow and pain To win "Home" once again. Is it counting on you, If you fail him—What then?

"He is counting on you," On life, money and prayer; And the day shall declare If you let him have all, In response to his call; Or if he is to dare To your sorrow must say, "I have counted on you, But you failed me."—What then?

"He is counting on you," Oh the wonder and grace, To look Christ in the face And not be ashamed, For you gave what he claimed, And you laid down your all For his sake—on his call. He had counted on you And you failed not. —What then?

Mary Andrews.

Soul Winning

The real objective of all missionary endeavor is the winning of souls, yet personal work for souls around us never enters into the plans of many of our missionary societies. We fancy that if we could stand by "Africa's sunny fountains" or on "India's coral strand," we would proclaim the love of Christ to every passerby, yet our lips are dumb before those who are out of Christ all around us.

A missionary secretary makes this confession: "I was helping to set up a big convention, and was full of enthusiasm over making every session a success. On the opening day my aged father, who came as a delegate to the convention, sat with me at luncheon in the hotel. He listened sympathetically to my glowing accounts of the good features that were to be. When I paused for breath he leaned towards me and said, while his eyes flashed over the seated movements of the headwaiter, 'Daughter, I think that big head-waiter over there is going to accept Jesus Christ. I've been talking to him about his soul. I almost grasped. I had been too busy planning for a great missionary convention, I had had no time to think of the soul of the head-waiter."

"When we went out to my apartment a negro man was washing the windows. Jim was honest and trustworthy and had been a most satisfactory helper in my home. Only a few moments passed before I heard my father talking earnestly with Jim about his personal salvation, and a swift assurance went to my heart as I realized that I had known Jim for years and had never said a word to him of salvation."

"A carpenter came in to repair a door. I awaited his going with impatience to the room ticket, but II had a soul longing to be at my missionary task. Even as I waited I heard my father talking with the man about the door he had just fixed, and then simply and naturally leading the convert to the only door into the Kingdom of God."

"A Jew lived across the street. I had thought that possibly I would call on the folks who lived in the neighborhood, some time, but I had my hands so full of my missionary work the call had never been made, but—as they met on the street my father talked with my neighbor of the only Savor of the world."

"A friend took us out to ride. I waited for my father to get into the car but in a moment he was up beside the chauffeur and in a few minutes I heard him talking earnestly with the man about the way of salvation. When we reached home he said: "You know I was never, never have another chance to speak to that man."

"The wife of a prominent railroad official took him out to ride in her elegant limousine. 'I am glad she asked me to go,' he said, 'for it gave me an opportunity of talking with her about her salvation. I think no one had ever talked with her about it before.'"

"Yet these opportunities had come to me, also, because as a ship that sails in the night while I strained my eyes to catch sight of a larger sail on a more distant horizon, I could but question my own heart whether my passion was souls, or success in setting up conventions."—Missionary Review of the World.

WOMAN'S HOUR OF THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION

The secretary, Mrs. Adelaide Brown, conducted the hour in an able manner, and made it very interesting. A tribute was paid to our loved and departed associational secretary, Miss Agnes Babcock, and resolutions were offered by the Leonardsville society as follows:

Resolved, That we, the women of the Central Association, greatly miss her presence among us, and her counsel and help in the work of the church.

Resolved, That we hereby express our appreciation of her sterling worth and the loss which has been to us.

Resolved, That we, upon whom an added burden rests, will strive, with divine help, to carry on the work of the Master's work as faithfully as we may.

These resolutions were accepted by a rising vote.

The Reverend was offered by Mrs. Bates, of Watertown. Scripture reading by Mrs. Clayton, of St. Lawrence. The theme for this hour was based on Proverbs 31: 10-31. Music, "I Come to Thee," by J. E. Hutchins and Mrs. Ruby Todd.

Interest and helpful papers were read: "Woman in Charity," by Mrs. George Burdick, of DeRuyter; "Woman in the Home," by Mrs. Florence Camenga, of Brookfield; "Woman in Business," written by Mrs. Abby Burdick, of West Edmeston, read by Mrs. Lamont Stillman;

"The Relation of Woman to the State and Nation," written by Miss Arline Williams, of Adams Center, and read by Mrs. Lela Franklin, of Verona.

Reports of the societies were given, all showing good interest and excellent work done during the year. A collection of $13.3.6. was taken for the Woman's Board. Then followed music by the girls' chorus and by a trio of young ladies from Nortonville, Kan.

The sentiment expressed by many was, "An excellent program and well carried out."—Mrs. G. Taylor Brown, Press Committee.

Leonardsville, N. Y.

WOMEN OF THE DENOMINATION

Reports of an annual meeting of the Woman's Hour at the Eastern Association, Buffalo, recently, showed the interest of the women in America who are actively connected with denominational interests.

Mrs. J. D. H. BABCOCK, sometimes known as Mrs. Metta Platts Babcock, has been for a long time the efficient corresponding secretary of the Woman's Board of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference. She is a sister of the late Rev. Lewis A. Platts. Her childhood home was in Wisconsin, but she was among the early pioneers of those sturdy Seventh Day Baptists who settled the prairies at North Loup, Neb., and built up that large strong church. The family, in order to provide for the younger of the two daughters in her school life, moved to Milton, Wis., about twenty years ago. Here Mrs. Babcock soon became one of the most loyal and faithful workers in the community for every form of Christian effort. Her connection with the Woman's Board has ever been most satisfactory, and her careful and conscientious attention to all the details of her position has given strength and dependable ability to whatever efforts and lines of work the board has undertaken.

The editor of our Junior Quarterly is Mrs. Theodore J. Van Horn, wife of Rev. T. J. Van Horn, the general missionary of our denomination for Arkansas and the borders of the neighboring States.

This task of Mrs. Van Horn's is a really most valuable constructive work for our people. These lessons come to the children, the boys and girls, in their life when impressions are most easily made and longest felt, at that time when character is being molded and formed even for eternity.

It would be well worth while for every woman in the denomination to study care-
fully week by week these lessons which are prepared by Mrs. Van Horn. Such a study will help to mold better mothers as well as better children.

Mrs. Van Horn’s home is now at Gentry, Ark. She is a daughter of the late George B. Carpenter, of Ashaway, R. I., the birthplace and girlhood home of B. Carpenter, of Ashaway, R. I. the editorship of the Sheenota, editor of the Woman’s Department of the SABBATH RECORDER, pastor’s wife. has quickened or writes or supervises.

When it seemed best to Mrs. Ernestine S. Burdick to give up the editorship of the Sabbath Visitor, about eighteen months ago, a position she had filled most creditably for many years, the choice of a successor fell upon Mrs. Herbert L. Polan, wife of Rev. Herbert L. Polan, then pastor of the Piscataway Seventh Day Baptist Church at New Market, N. J., now of Newtonville, Kan. She is known in the Sabbath Visitor as Mrs. Adeline Shaw Polan. Like a good many other families, her parents moved to Milton, Wis., for educational advantages for their children, this family coming from southern Minnesota. She is a cousin of Mrs. Crosley, editor of the Woman’s Department of the Sabbath Recorder.

Her life at Milton gave her a sympathetic acquaintance with the various interests of denomination, and her work as pastor’s wife has quickened and continued that denominational spirit. From week to week our children are reading stories and other matter which she selects or writes or supervises. She is the mother of two children, a little girl and a baby boy.

The Sabbath Visitor week by week has a department that is called the “Junior Column.” This is in charge of Mrs. Willard D. Burdick, whose husband is now pastor of the Piscataway Seventh Day Baptist Church at New Market, N. J., and who is a member of the year Anna Herbert Warden, of Milton, Wis., and Miss Anna M. West, and the three doctors, Rosa W. Palmberg, Grace I. Crandall, and Bessie C. Sinclair. Nothing too good can be said of each and every one of these saintly women, and the following concerning Dr. Crandall is only a sample of what might be said under other conditions of all.

When the hospital at Lieu-o was to be built, it may be remembered that for a time funds were lacking. Dr. Crandall wrote to the SABBATH RECORDER, that the hospital was not being commenced till money was pledged for the whole amount. Then we heard that from certain sources funds had come. This is the story, not known save by a few people. Dr. Crandall borrowed money, just how much is not definitely known, but more than $500.00, and perhaps almost $1,000.00, and gave as security her life insurance policy. And that is how the hospital became a reality when it did. She is now gradually paying back the borrowed money, saving it out of her pitifully small salary of $600.00 a year. Tell it abroad in the cities! Publish it abroad in Palestine. By no means. Rather for shame let us keep it all about it, and get busy and do something to remedy such conditions.

But remember, this is not an instance that applies to Doctor Crandall alone. Under other conditions, but on the same principle, it can be retold a hundred times of other women in China, in Java, and at home, even in many a parsonage, where it may not be so grand, but it can easily be known by trying to explain how certain things come to pass, like the building of the Lieu-o Hospital.

REV. D. BURDETT COON—AN APPRECIATION

Rev. D. Burdett Coon has accepted a call to become the pastor of the First Hopkins-ton Seventh Day Baptist Church at Ashley, R. I., Four years ago, July 1st, 1914, Broth Coon closed a successful pastorate at Batesville, Mich., and at once entered into the employment of the Seventh Day Baptist Society as a special evangelist. Assisted by a singer, sometimes by a quartet, part of the time by our Sabbath Evangelist Rev. Willard D. Burdick, oc-
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occasionally by only local help, he has conducted evangelistic services in nearly every section of our denomination east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the Gulf States.

I have known Brother Coon from the time of our boyhood years in Minnesota. We were college students together at MIlton, Wis. One year we lived in the same house in Chicago when he was in the theological seminary, and I a special student, of the University of Chicago, and we had one class together, a course in the post-exilic history of the Hebrews.

As he resigns his work with the Missionary Society to take up again a position as pastor in an important church in our denomination, I want to express my appreciation of the noble Christian life and character which he possesses. During these four years, under the influence of his preaching, with the blessing of God, many men and women, boys and girls, have been led to the hour of conversion, to the day of decision, to the acceptance to the new life which is in Jesus Christ.

The evangelistic note is dominant in his life, and his influence will be very helpful to the work of the Missionary Board in Rhode Island, in developing enthusiasm and directing an ever enlarging policy for evangelistic effort in the denomination.

We have always been able to discuss with the truest brotherly harmony even our differences of opinions, and our confidences have been deep and close and held dear by us both. While our official relationship will be altered by this change in his work, our personal feelings of friendship and mutual confidence will remain and we shall together labor as before for the cause so dear to us both, the salvation of lost souls to Jesus Christ, and to a real acceptance of his Sabbath, asking for the privilege of doing this work through the means of the denomination of our conscientious choice, the Seventh Day Baptist.

Evangelist Coon expects to take up his work as pastor of the church at Ashaway in September. In the meantime he is conducting special meetings at White Cloud, Mich. Let us remember this work in our earnest prayers.

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

Chapter VIII

(Continued)

Kon the younger was in school now. His teacher was one of those rare young women, refined and cultured as far as the times afforded opportunity for it. Often she would take the recess to stroll into the woods with the children and pick flowers and explain how they were made and when to be found and where. It became one of Kon's most delightful pastimes that happy season to have the teacher go home with him to stay all night and to go with him to find wild flowers blossoming here and there in the field and woods about them. As soon as the snow melted they found in sunny nooks the swamp cabbage sending up its flower-heads. It was not so attractive a blossom but it was interesting to him to see the small flies finding shelter in its protecting hood. Then came the bloodroot and the arbutus. Following these were the violets, dandelions and many others. The teacher made for him a booklet of the wild flowers of the woods he learned the names of as many as possible and noticed in what sort of places they grew, some in deep shade and some in open sunlight. Some remained in blossom longer than others.

"Look out for that ivy," said the teacher. "Some people are easily poisoned and others are not. Once poisoned, a person will feel the effects for months and years by just going near it, strange as it may seem. If you are not sure what kind of ivy it is, let it alone. That ivy there has three leaves to each leaf, but the common woodbine or creeper which is not poisonous has five leaves."

"But must not pick all of the flowers, must we, teacher?" said Kon. "Others will want to see some, and then will there be no need of seed for next year?"

"That is a good thought, Kon, you are using your head. If you love your mother, you will love God, her teacher," said the teacher, as she put a blossom to his chin.

"Of course I love butter and I guess all do if that is a sign," said Kon. "What is the study of flowers called, teacher?"

"It is called botany," she replied. "Some day you will know but you are too young now to tell the names of the parts of the flower. You will be interested later in knowing what part the flowers and insects help call cross-pollination of and all that. See these little green things in this buttercup? They are called sepals, five of them. We speak of them as a whole, as the calyx. Now just above the calyx is a group of five yellow petals. These are the principal parts of the flower. If you remove one of them you will find a tiny nectar pocket where the busy bee finds his honey. Take these petals together and call them the corolla. Within the circle of the petals of the buttercup are what we call stamens, large numbers of them. Each one consists of threads, as you see, called filaments and a bag-like anther on the end of which is held a powder called pollen. These grains of pollen reach what is called a stigma at the end, and by it fertilize or give life to another future flower or growth. There is a papa and a mamma to all these, and everything that grows and lives has its father and mother."

"Oh, it is wonderful how God made everything. I asked my papa one day, Who made God? But he said God was not made. Then did he grow without being made? No, what do you mean?"

"Well, where did he come from? He never came from anywhere, he always was, Dear me! It makes me dizzy to think of that. Then if God never came from anywhere, teacher, what was the way beyond anywhere? I saw a star one night, just a tiny speck, and papa said he had read that was that another sun like our great big sun and perhaps bigger and that it was more miles away than all the world of people could count in a thousand years. Did God make them too?"

"Yes, Kon, God made everything, but God was not made by anything. We must not try to think of that for we just can't. We know so little, but maybe God will tell us in eternity a great deal," answered the teacher.

"But what is beyond that star and then beyond that star? What is so far away?" asked Kon. "Is there no end?"

"There is no end, my dear Kon, no end. If there were an end, then you'd ask, 'What is beyond the end?'"

"Let's go into the woods here. I see something funny—looks like a pair of pants," said Kon.

"Those are the beautiful little white Dicentra or what your father would call Dutchman's breeches, one of the most attractive flowers of early spring. See the foliage cut into so many divisions having the appearance of ferns, and the graceful waxy blossoms. Am I using words beyond your understanding? Those blossoms are visited by the long-tongued bees that gather what is called nectar which is secreted within. Some people call it white hearts. There is another flower something like it called squirrel corn. If you dig it up you see little tubers that in shape and color make you think of kernels of Indian corn. Here is a Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

"Jack-in-the-pulpit Preaches today Under the leaves Just over the way."

Don't mistake that for the green dragon. Oh, there is a spotted ladybeetle. He is looking for a spring beauty, to feed on the pollen. In Michigan are found these pure white flowers much smaller than usual. They have short filaments," said the teacher.

"Mama was wishing she could get some Mayflowers. Can we find any or must we send off for the plants?" asked Kon.

"The Mayflower is of the heath family, called also trailing arbutus. It is among the shrubs rather than plants, and the blossoms are much prized. Its smell is delightful, its beauty charming. In the winter the
buds lie hidden under snowdrifts ready for early spring to give them a chance to bless us with fragrance and beauty. Their leaves are a little bit like leather. The blossoms are crowded together in a bunch of three to eight and more, sometimes hidden by leaves. Queen-anne’s laces are very fond of these. There are hairs inside the corolla that keep the ants out. Whittier says: “Yet God be praised!’ the Pilgrims said. Who saw the blossoms please. Always the first, and dead. Behold our Mayflower here.”

“Oh, was the ship they came over in named after the flower?” asked Kon.

“I am not able to say. Maybe the flower was named after the ship. Probably it takes its name from the month of May when it is found so easily,” replied the teacher.

“Do you know the names of the flowers and plants your mother keeps in and near the house?”

“I have heard her call the names but do not remember. Let’s go back to the house and see,” replied Kon.

“You’ll have to go with us over the Sabbath, teacher?” asked Kon.

“Well, I’d like to once, if your mother asks me.”

To the house they went and it was arranged that instead of going home that week the teacher stay over and attend church with them, though she was a Quaker.

“How I am going to tell you what plants your mother has, Kon, or what the flowers will be,” said the teacher. “Here is a shin-leaf in this jar. It is a Pyrola, but years ago people applied the leaves to their limbs for healing and it was called that. It is a pretty thing. That is a moss pink. It belongs to the Phlox family. It grows mostly on the rocky hillsides from New York to Florida. It grows a great deal in old cemeteries in New England. Well, if I ever! Your mother has in a jar a wild flower, one of the orchid family, the pink lady’s-slipper. Blooms in June. But no matter how much you see it, it never becomes commonplace. It is an aristocrat. It seems to wait for the bees to come. It is a death trap often. A queen-bee will fly into the small holes be near’ the anthers and is held a prisoner. There are also yellow slippers, and ram’s-head slipper, and lady’s-tresses. When I am home we have in bouquets a conglomeration of flowers in their season; golden ragwort, which we get in wet meadows and along the brooks, white daisies, cone flower, chickory, joe-pye weed, goldenrod, white aster, gentian, bunchberry, primroses, bird’s-foot violets and others, and lilies galore.”

What an influence the teacher has on boys when she can enlist their interest in these things and be in touch with them. How it stimulates to study in other things. Such teachers will never be forgotten by the scholar. Often the teacher’s word will go farther than a parent’s. “It is so, the teacher says it’s so.”

“When the temperature is too high, there must be greater motion and a larger supply of air in order for us to keep cool enough; when it is too low, then less motion, or less supply, that we may keep warm. The lungs have nothing to do with it, this it’s all on the surface,” said the teacher.

“Guess that is what makes me so sleepy in church often,” said Kon. “Why doesn’t religion go with pure air, teacher?”

“It does. Everything connected with our health is religion. Christian people are the healthiest people on earth. See the blind people living in the mountains of the Far East. Their religion prevents them from washing out their eyes. See the filthy ones in other parts, diseased. Their religion takes them by multitudes into so-called rivers or streams where they bathe and drink of the water. Do you know that the Hebrews, when they followed the health directions God gave them, were the healthiest people on earth?” said the teacher.

“What is your religion, teacher?” asked Kon.

“About the same as yours, I think, only I belong to one branch of Christians you call Quakers, but better known as Friends,” replied Mrs. Wells.

“Well, we do not use much, nor coffee, only on ‘sabbath day’,” replied Mrs. Wells. “Kon, please open that window, the air seems bad. Teacher tell Kon what pure air is and why we need it. Somehow your word for a thing goes with him. Often he isinclined to argue a question with us.”

“Kon, do you notice in school how much better you feel and how clear your little thinkers are when we ventilate the schoolhouse every hour for two minutes?” asked the teacher.

“Yes, there is no mistaking, it puts new life into me,” he replied.

“I will not take time to explain all about that, but I will say that pure air absorbs the heat in your body as quickly as formed. Of course it should not be cold enough to make you uncomfortable. It should be warm, but not too warm, and it must have motion, though not enough for a draft that you can feel. It must be changed very often or it stagnates and gets overheated. These things are most essential for your health and comfort. When the temperature is too high, there must be greater motion and a larger supply of air in order for us to keep cool enough; when it is too low, then less motion, or less supply, that we may keep warm. The lungs have nothing to do with it, this it’s all on the surface,” said the teacher.

“Come to supper, you botanists,” called Mrs. Wells.

“Have your tea with cream, teacher?” asked Mrs. Wells.

“Thank you, but I have not drunk tea in three years. I used to, but studying my own needs I found that I did not need it. Somehow my brain is clearer in school when I do not drink it,” said the teacher.

“Yes, it is so far-and I’ll tell him what you have given them, were you know thought to judge them correctly. They are, there is so, the school¬house for my Fair deal¬ings with all men. If it is known that a man is a Quaker, almost universally he is trusted?”

“I wish everybody was like that,” said Kon. “But Quakers do not keep the Sabbath, teacher, why is that?”

“I confess, Kon, that I had never known about your belief until I came to this school. It is new to me and I must study it. If your day is the day, I suppose that Quakers as a rule are like other people, they have been in ignorance of it or thought it unnecessary. I heard one of my scholars say the other day about what their minister said. I want to hear your minister say something about it tomorrow if I attend with you,” she said.

“Humph! I guess he will not say any¬thing if old Benjamin Jones is at church, for he goes to the pastor and says, ‘We have Sunday company today, don’t hurt their feelings on the Sabbath question.’ That makes me tired. Why should we be afraid to show our opinions, said Kon.”

“You are right, Kon,” replied the teacher.

“It will not hurt my feelings when I go to any church and the preacher tells what his people believe and why. Why should it? If you think your Sabbath is important, then you are not a loyal people if you withhold the doctrine from others. I am never ashamed to talk about the Quakers’ beliefs anywhere when it was tactful and timely.”

“As for me,” said Mr. Wells, “I am glad to have people tell me what they believe and why. How can I judge them correctly—judging ‘righteous judgment’—if I am ignorant of their arguments? But I confess that we do have some very inconsistent members in our denomination who get out snots if their pastor gives a Sabbath or a Baptist sermon when others are there to hear besides our own members. I want men to know this truth, for it is for their good. I do not go about all the time shouting the truth in the streets. I do not want to nag people about it, but when I see a fitting time, and there are many such times, I kindly and pleasantly present to them this truth. I think I win respect by it, unless with some who have more prejudice than reason in their make-up.”

“I presume your pastor has his theme all selected, but I would be bold enough if I saw him ask him to preach on that question if I had a chance. It may be too late now.”

“He often announces a week ahead what he will consider the following Sabbath. I am going down to the Friday evening prayer meeting tonight—I do not often go, it is far—and I’ll tell him what you have said.”

Mr. Wells was not often at a prayer meeting and the fact often puzzled him as he was a conscientious man, but somehow he was such a man that it was difficult for him to be out evenings after his work was done. But he went that evening the more easily on account of what the teacher had said. The pastor said he would be glad indeed to preach about the Sabbath to some hearing ears. (To be continued)
In Proverbs 11:26 we may find a saying which is very appropriate in these strenuous days: "He that withholdeth corn the people shall curse him, but blessing upon him that setteth it." There must have been graft and a shameful desire for gold, even in King Solomon's time, for he made a number of references similar to the one just mentioned and against greed.

Many of the proverbs urge steadfastness to principles of right. We are frequently warned to avoid the snares and enticements of sin. If we shun diligently the paths of evil and those who walk in them, we shall keep our hearts full of wisdom and truth we will not find temptations so many or so hard.

Let us remember that a proverb is a saying the truth of which has been ascertained by the experience of those older than we and wiser than we. What advice could be safer for us to follow?

TO THINK ABOUT

What practical help have we got out of the book of Proverbs?

How can we best use the book of Proverbs?

Why should we listen to the experience of others?

What is your favorite proverb? Why?

How does your favorite proverb affect you?

A LETTER

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

I have recently returned from a visit to Dodge Center, Minn., where for the first time I set foot on Minnesota soil. The country over which I traveled was beautiful in its new spring dress and the air pleasant, making the trip a delight.

I was the guest in Dodge Center of your former editor and his wife, Pastor and Mrs. H. C. Van Dyke. During my stay among the young people in whom I became interested when they were taking their college course in Milton.

In spite of the fact that they have in their home children who with the passing of a few more years will be called "the young people," I am unable to associate them in my mind as belonging to any other class. Perhaps this is as it should be, for years don't matter if the spirit keeps young. You can readily understand that it affords me no small degree of satisfaction to find those who became a part of my life more than a score of years ago doing good, faithful work for the Master.

It was also a great pleasure to meet the good people of the Dodge Center Church, who for many years have stood in the ranks of the faithful servants of God. In this connection I want to make mention of Deacon Tappan, who, while he is nearing his ninety-second birthday anniversary, is able to take his accustomed place in the sanctuary on the Sabbath Day. We all feel a special interest in him, not only because of his long years of service, but because he is the only living person who saw our first missionaries sail for China. And last but not least, the pleasure of my visit was increased by finding there some earnest, devoted Christian young people, who I was at their regular Sabbath afternoon service and at a social held in the parsonage. One of their former number is now a Red Cross nurse in France, after having graduated from the Battle Creek Training School for Nurses.

I shall do violence to my feelings if at this point I fail to speak of my appreciation of the noble stand our young people have taken in the great world crisis at the present time. I am justly proud of them, for they are a credit to themselves and the world.

We can not always tell why our thoughts take a certain bent, for we can not discern the forces that are working upon our minds. From what source they come or why they come is not given to us to know. For several days I have been thinking almost constantly of you in connection with the Sabbath question; why, I do not know. Are any of you being sorely tried on this point? If so, I trust that by faith you will endure the trials that is inevitable.

I realize that from a human viewpoint, the outlook does not seem very inviting. No doubt you will have to pass through a testing time, but if you keep a firm grasp upon the promises of God, you will come through the fiery trial strengthened and purified.

With the exception of telling you the story of my conversion to the Sabbath in "Martha Burnham," and that was eight years ago, I have never written you anything on this subject. The thought has occurred to me that it may be helpful to you to know how I regard the matter after a trial of thirty-three years. Would I, if I could be put back to the spring of 1885, realizing what I would have to give up to accept the Sabbath knowledge gained through the experiences through which I have passed during those years, make the same decision that I made then? Most emphatically, yes.

I can not possibly give you on paper a clear idea of the circumstances under which I accepted the Sabbath, they were so peculiar and complicated. An old native-born Seventh Day Baptist after hearing my story said, "You can not keep the Sabbath and be a good worldly man." I accepted the Sabbath knowledge, but I have never given up the world. I believe God will take the will for the deed." But this did not drown the thunder of Sinai nor ease the pain that was gnawing at my heart.

Peace came early when I decided to obey God at all hazards—even to step out alone from all of my relatives and friends, give up the cherished plans for my life work and sever the ties that bound me as with a threadcord to a rapidly growing denomination, with no prospect before me so far as I could see but isolation and darkness. Yes, the Sabbath cost me a great deal, but words can not describe the benediction it has been to my life. I think I have subjected it to a pretty thorough test. For nearly thirteen consecutive years, under God's leading, as I believe, I lived in a city where I was the only one of our faith and the great majority of those who only Christian name on the sixth day of the week watched for the setting sun to usher in the Sabbath of Jehovah; yet I was neither lonely nor depressed by that fact; indeed, I found its keeping to be a joy.

It was in this place whereby I heard of any forsaking the Sabbath that was intimated by God at the close of the creation week before the world had felt the blight of sin,
for I realize that they have cast away a priceless jewel. Personally I am unable to see why we should be downcast because our numbers are few. Supposing our beloved President, who is fast being enthroned in the hearts of all liberty-loving people, should be summoned from Washington by a stern duty, one attended with great danger to his life. Suppose he owned a rare jewel, which, from account of its intrinsic worth and its associations, he held above all of his earthly possessions, and should decide to leave it in the custody of the most trustworthy person to be found. Would we not esteem it a great honor if we should be selected, and would we not guard it jealously, even with our life if need be, and to the best of our ability keep it from any taint, in order that upon his return we might be able to present it to him in as faultless a condition as when we received it? But, my dear young people, a greater than Woodrow Wilson, even He at whose command worlds spring into existence, has committed the keeping of a jewel which the rarest of earthly jewels is not to be compared. Shall we move about among our fellow-beings with dejected countenances and seek to rid ourselves of its obligations, or shall we, being the glad of our vision, promise to the world with joyful tongue that we are living in union with our Commander and expect to keep step with his bidding until the day dawns when the Sabbath in all of its pristine beauty and force, together with all that is right, shall triumph gloriously over all that is wrong?

Cordially yours,

Mirtha H. Wardner.

202 N. Washington Ave.,
Battle Creek, Mich.,
July 1, 1918.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NEWS FROM THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION

The field secretary of the Young People's Board for the Western Association writes:

The Young People's Hour at the association was on Sabbath afternoon. We had two addresses; one on "How can the Bible School help Christian Endeavor," by Rev. Walter L. Greene, and the other on "How can Christian Endeavor help the Bible School," by Rev. Eli F. Loofboro.

When we do wrong we are causing some one else to fall. As Christ loved us, so should we love our neighbors. Then let us love our neighbors as God wants us to love them.

STRENGTH OF UNITY

ALICE LOOFBORO

Read at Semiannual Meeting, New Auburn, Minn. Young People's Hour, June 25, 1918.

A unit is a single person or thing. People have different personalities, different beliefs and different thoughts. No two persons think exactly alike. Each has a right to be different from his neighbor and a right to the freedom of speech and the press.

Unity is the state of being one. An organization having the same fundamental principles, working for one purpose and one goal is working in unity. For instance, the W. C. T. U. is an organization working for the one purpose of exterminating the liquor traffic. They are sacrificing little differences for the sake of having the essential aim achieved.

The church is a unit. We keep our calves tied together with a short rope. Near each calf, but still far enough away so they could reach it, was a small patch of milk. The calves pulled away from each other toward their pail of feed. In the second scene they were becoming very angry, each still pulling in opposite directions. The third picture showed them compromising and pulling together. The fourth picture showed success. They both went to one pail of milk and drank the milk peacefully and then went to the other, thus accomplishing their purpose, a good hearty supper.

In schools the parents, pupils and teacher should work together to attain to the fundamental principles in education. If the parents, teacher, and pupils all pull in different directions, nothing is accomplished.

In union there is oneness, broad-mindedness, each one being ready to compromise. Each one must work for the benefit of the others. The parents, teacher, and pupils are all in different positions, yet each person is working not for himself alone, but for the good of every one in the union.

We should learn to put ourselves in the other person's place and see both sides of the subject; to look at it from more than one side.

There is a picture so made that if you look at it one way it is a rabbit; looking at it another way it is a duck. In order to have unity we must see the duck as well as the rabbit.

The church is a union of people, usually all having the same fundamental motives and beliefs. In order to have unity in a church we must all keep the main principles in mind and work for the highest purpose, doing away with our petty, selfish ideas, being ready to sacrifice much for the sake of having unity, and learning to see things from our opponent's viewpoint, and then the church will be strengthened and the higher purposes achieved.

In union there is strength.

THISTLE AND SELF-HEAL

JOHN R. FAY

In raiment of cheerful hue,
Two neighbors wait your interview:
One, proud, and full of self-tall,
Y the other modest, meek and small.
Yet oft together, side by side,
In union their strength is increased.

When they are true to their form and dress
It wards off every fond caress;
The solist touches surely feel
Certain it 'Thistle,' not 'Self-Heal.'

But oft, close by, with gentle face,
Half hid in unfading grace,
Another seeks to early bless
By adding to its healthfulness.
In days gone past, when toilers found
That health was their highest good,
They went for healing and been
Not to 'Thistle' but to 'Self-Heal.'

And so we're tempted oft to smite
The thistle dead with vengeful might.
Why does God grant the thistle's dart
And other things that cause a smart?
It is that we may early learn
Characteristics ill to spurn,
Those tendencies which always deal
Like 'Thistle,' with the dear 'Self-Heal.'

How glad our utmost self should be,
For we will so, we are free.
To overcome the inborn sin,
And all the form that has brought in.
Gladshe has made us not an herb;
For evil nature we may curb,
And in all things, 'Thistle,' we'll not
We'll be 'Thistle' but 'Self-Heal.'

Princeton, Minn.
PLUM OR PUFF-BALL?

I WANT to tell you boys and girls about two plum trees that grew in the garden attached to the house in which we lived a few years ago. There was nothing special about them, excepting this one fact: that besides getting plums from those trees I also got a sermonette. And here is the sermonette.

In the springtime those trees were just loaded down with blossoms. I can tell you those blossoms looked good to me; for every boy and girl knows that more blossoms on a tree means more chance of getting more fruit. After a while the blossoms decayed and the fruit began to form. Everything seemed to point to us having a splendid crop. But something happened. I began to observe that all was not going on well with the plums. They were growing altogether too fast. This called for an investigation, and so I took down one of the largest plums, and pressed it between my fingers. I burst open, disclosing to my view an interior filled with a kind of dust instead of fruit. Instead of a plum I had got only a puff-ball. Wasn't that too bad?

But my disappointment set me thinking. I could not help thinking how much like those plums were some people I had known. In the springtime of their lives, when they were boys and girls like you, they were full of promise. People would look at them and say: "There's a boy who will make out to be something," or "There's a girl who will make out to be a lady." But just as with my plum trees, things do not always turn out just the way you are expecting. And many a boy or girl begins to grow too fast. John wants to smoke and drink because he thinks that these things make him look like a man. Mary delights in style and becomes vain. And instead of making out good, they sometimes make out to be good-for-nothings. That is to say, instead of becoming plums, they have become puff-balls.

What are you young folks going to be: plums or puff-balls?


BOYS WE LIKE

The boy who never makes fun of old age, no matter how decrepit or unfortunate or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged man.

Cheating is contemptible anywhere and at any age. His play should strengthen, not weaken, his character.

The boy who is never cruel.

The boy who never calls anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls him.

The boy who never lies. Even white lies leave black spots on the character.

The boy who never makes fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

The boy who never hesitates to say "No" when asked to do a wrong thing.

The boy who never quarrels.

The boy who never forgets that God made him to be joyous, loving, helpful being—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

L. S. K. AT CONFERENCE

The die is cast. We are in at the Conference. Unless the president has his mind, we will have a part on the program. From 1:30 to 2:15 p.m., Tuesday, the opening day. No doubt he will not but to make the best and most of it.

Friend Ingham writes that this is L. S. K. year. He says on account of McAdoo's increased railroads rates, many of the regular attendants will be unable to go, but that there should be two hundred L. S. K.'s from all over the Western States able to motor to Nortonville; and that aside from the preachers and the boards, we should have a larger representation than any other body.

I like Ingham's optimism. By the way he was the one L. S. K. from whom I heard in response to my request in the Recorder. That does me well for the other 999. But we are going to do better. We are going to repent of our sins of omission. And that includes you, gentle L. S. K. reader. There is still abundant time to be saved, if you, as well as Nortonville, a card that you will be there, and send up a rally that will cheer the angels, and dishearten the Kaiser. Now is the time to show the stuff of which we are made. If we can't shoulder a gun to help win this war, let's at least help "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and the altar fires.

The Lord is sending the rains and the sunshine, and transmitting them into the farmers' golden wheat fields, and waving corn, with a promise of overflowing his grants with the coming harvest. We certainly can stop gathering and threshing and marketing long enough to gather together in our annual feast at our spiritual Jerusalem, to give thanks unto the Lord of the harvest, to strengthen the tie that binds, and to counsel together for future service. Get busy. "The best is none too good." Conference comes on apace.

G. M. COTTRELL, L. S. K.

Topeka, Kan., July 7, 1918.

HOME NEWS

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—The recent visit of Professor J. N. Norwood, of Alfred, N. Y., will paid to Battle Creek was of more than passing interest.

He preached for the Seventh Day Baptist Conference at Battle Creek, June 29. His sermon was appreciated by all.

But on the Sunday evening following, he delivered an unusually interesting and instructive address to a large and exalted audience at the Sanitarium. "The Philosophy of the War" was the subject of his address. Of particular interest was the way the speaker showed the imprint upon the German mind and thought of the teaching of three of their recent philosophers: Bernhardi, who glorified war, merciless, cruel war, not only as a means of defense, but as a means of aggression, and for the sake of the spoils of war; Treitschke, who exalted the state. The state was above all, and its authority supreme. Any position the state might take, any demand it might make, was right by virtue of the fact that it was a position taken, or a demand made, by the state.

Nietzsche, the third one, who most all his life was a physical weakening, and with a tendency toward insanity (died in an insane asylum), cried out for the superman. He decried the principles of Christianity as impractical, and demanded that the superman to be the man of strong physique, and brilliant, dominating mind, who might fix his goal for the highest possible attainment, and ruthlessly trample down the weakness in his strides toward its realization.

The speaker showed how the combination of the teachings of these three men is finding expression in the spirit of Russian militarism today, and accounts, in large measure, for the ruthless, heartless actions, the utter disregard of treaties and international law, the laws of modern warfare, and the rights of neutrals, and has brought upon the world this deluge of fire and sword.

Many spoke of the address as one of the most interesting to which they had ever listened. It is surely safe to say that Professor Norwood will have a large and eager audience at any time he may wish to speak at the Sanitarium again.

Our church and society are now being favored by a visit from Dr. Grace Cran dall, one of our missionaries to China, and at Sabbath Day she gave a most interesting and helpful address at the time of our regular church service. She is to be the guest of honor at a reception to be held this evening at Haskell Home, welcoming all the new visitors to Battle Creek who have come here for the summer, and some of them to stay longer.

Our church is still growing; last Sabbath three members were received, two from Holland, one of them having been in the war and the other having once been a member of our Holland Church, but who had left the Sabbath for awhile, and wanted to come back. The third one was a recent convert to the Sabbath, coming from a nearby Congregational church. There seems to be quite an increase in both the attendance at our services, and in interest in the various lines of church work. The increasing interests, with their attendant responsibilities, constrain us to beg the prayers of the people of the denomination.

M. B. KELLY.

DR. MAIN GOING HOME

After one form was on the press the following card from Dr. Main came to hand. It is delightful news to his friends to rejoice with him and wish him many years of health and service yet.

July 10.

After over fifteen weeks in the Hospital, and two operations, my physician says I may go home, and also expect better health than I have had for years. My heart's desire is the realization of this dream.

A. E. M.
And the adolescent will hardly be satisfied with anything but a hero story. With these principles in mind the story-teller selects a story that will accomplish his purpose. One of the story-teller’s prime virtues is the habit of rejection. Reject nine out of ten of the stories you wish to tell, but be willing to live it out.

In the idealistic story the result can be achieved in three ways: (1) the beginning, (2) the climax, and (3) the close. In the beginning the story-teller provides a background for his chief characters, and arouses interest. Then he tells the action; tells what happened. The sequence of events must be orderly. Never commit the almost unpardonable sin of being compelled to say, "Oh, I forgot; there is something more I must tell you before the story is told." Another important point in the sequence of events is the elimination of the unrelated facts. Many things might have happened to the characters of your story, which have nothing to do with the point which you wish to bring out. Do not tell them. They only detract attention. Besides, the listener is in a hurry to hear "how it came out." Move smoothly and rapidly. Pull the climax into the essential element of the story. For it the story exists. It gives meaning to all the rest. It enforces the moral of the story. Fail at the climax, and you fail with your story. The fourth element is the close. Many amateurs are likely to fail here. They seem unable to find a convenient stopping place. Above all things, do not dangle in a moral at the close. Do not say, "Now, children, this story teaches you that you should be good, and mind your parents, and never tell what is untrue." If your story is unable to enforce its own moral, it is unworthy. Besides, your moralizing will soon teach your little listener to regard your story as a sugar-coated bitter pill to be cautiously avoided. And you will get the treatment which you deserve. After the climax, in a few sentences answer any questions which your story may have left in your listener’s mind. Leave his mind at rest. The “adequate expression” which he should give to your story is not to be able to recite it, but to be willing to live it out.

An analysis of the story reveals four essential elements: (1) the beginning, (2) the climax, (3) the close, and (4) the setting. In the beginning the story-teller provides a background for his chief characters. Then he tells the action; tells what happened. The sequence of events must be orderly. Never commit the almost unpardonable sin of being compelled to say, "Oh, I forgot; there is something more I must tell you before the story is told." Another important point in the sequence of events is the elimination of the unrelated facts. Many things might have happened to the characters of your story, which have nothing to do with the point which you wish to bring out. Do not tell them. They only detract attention. Besides, the listener is in a hurry to hear "how it came out." Move smoothly and rapidly. Pull the climax into the essential element of the story. For it the story exists. It gives meaning to all the rest. It enforces the moral of the story. Fail at the climax, and you fail with your story. The fourth element is the close. Many amateurs are likely to fail here. They seem unable to find a convenient stopping place. Above all things, do not dangle in a moral at the close. Do not say, "Now, children, this story teaches you that you should be good, and mind your parents, and never tell what is untrue." If your story is unable to enforce its own moral, it is unworthy. Besides, your moralizing will soon teach your little listener to regard your story as a sugar-coated bitter pill to be cautiously avoided. And you will get the treatment which you deserve. After the climax, in a few sentences answer any questions which your story may have left in your listener’s mind. Leave his mind at rest. The “adequate expression” which he should give to your story is not to be able to recite it, but to be willing to live it out.

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Lesson IV—July 27, 1918

Observing God. Matt. 4: 18-22; John 14: 15-24
Jan. 1: 22-23

Golden Text: "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." John 14: 15

Daily Readings

July 21—Matt. 5: 21-32
Obeying God
July 22—John 14: 15-24
Keep my Commandments
July 23—1 John 1: 9-27.
Hearing and Doing
Love one another
July 25—Ps. 103 13-22.
Remember his Precepts
What Jehovah Requires
Walking as he walked (For Lesson Notes see Helping Hand)

TRACT SOCIETY—TREASURER’S REPORT

Receipts for April, 1918

Contributions:
Miss Sarah A. Baker
Mrs. W. A. Davis
S. D. Burfoot
R. F. Reynolds
Miss Amanda B. Greene
Mrs. I. L. Davis
Mrs. Geo. A. Peckham
A. C. Mackon
Mrs. Myra Peckham
Mrs. Frances A. Babcock
Mrs. W. A.

$4.00
$100.00
$3.00
$10.00
$3.00
$1.00
$2.00
$5.00
$10.00
$3.00
$10.00

The Sabbath Recorder, July 23, 1918

Published by the Bethel Press, Plainfield, N. J.

PUBLISHED HOUSE RECEIPTS

"Subscription" stock held $218.72
"Recorder" stock sold 88.60
"Visitor" stock sold $105.00

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HELPING HAND
FRUITFULNESS THROUGH SELF-SACRIFICE

REV. EDGAR D. VAN HORN

Text: "Verily, Verily, I say unto you, Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit." John 12:24

The seedtime of the year has passed and all over this beautiful land of our fields of grain are growing and giving promise of a full and splendid harvest. Into thousands of garden plots, carefully prepared for the planting, seeds have been placed prepared for the planting, seeds have been placed where the saplings, waste land never before tilled has been plowed or spaded up to do its bit in feeding a hungry world. And all this at a time when seeds were never so high. A year ago, potatoes costing four or more dollars a bushel were placed in the soil to rot away. This spring corn costing from fifteen dollars a bushel has been planted in vast quantities. Other farm and garden seeds at unprecedented prices have been placed in the soil where they have rotted. All this has been done at a time when multitudes of people scattered over the face of the earth were hungry, many of whom are starving. Why do we waste all these precious seeds, when, as Judas said, it might have been given to the poor? Why this tremendous sacrifice, this putting of precious grain and seeds where they must rot and die? Why? Why do we waste all we have a mysterious something, which we call the germ of life, which is capable of making into a new and wonderful life. The beauty of summer lies hidden within its dark plain walls. But the paradox is that it must die to become alive. It must be cast out of the hand of the sower, fall into the earth and be buried in darkness where its outer shell must be broken up and decay before the little germ of life within it can be awakened and manifested; before it can come forth out of the prison house of earth to bud and blossom in its beauty, and bear its glad harvest, thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold. Unless it passes through this change it remains by itself, lonely, isolated, unproductive. We may gather by ourselves, but where is the fruit of our sacrifice done by itself in a very real and peculiar sense. Each to become vitally related to others of its kind in a harvest, must die. When a seed goes into the soil, the day of its death out of the old that we plant and sacrifice. There is a vision of the future in our minds, an expectancy, a hope. As we plant, we look to the coming harvest. Present loss becomes the promise of future gain.

This is a divine principle, Death is the condition of fruitfulness. It is as old as the world and yet it never lost its power to interest and charm. Sometime ago I preached to the children of my congregation a sermon on the text, "Behold the lilies, how they grow." I had the bulb of a lily in my hand. It was a Chinese lily, one which I purchased in the market. It is a flower that gives a token of life and vital force. And after the service I took it home and placed it in the soil. In the course of a few weeks there appeared a beautiful lily which had grown from this homely, unpromising bulb. I expected that this would be the last of the lily but the following spring, to my surprise, a new lily came up and my friend, Dr. Stout, of the Botanical Gardens of New York, told me that the old bulb never blooms once it has bloomed. But when it dies it gives life to one or more little bulbs which develop within the walls of the old one and thus multiply the new life.

Our text refers to the grain of wheat. Your life is your own. It is complete, hard, and self-contained. So far as its appearance is concerned, it looks dead. Yet it is not; for within its hard walls there is a mysterious something, which we call the germ of life, which is capable of making into a new and wonderful life. The beauty of summer lies hidden within its dark plain walls. But the paradox is that it must die to become alive. It must be cast out of the hand of the sower, fall into the earth and be buried in darkness where its outer shell must be broken up and decay before the little germ of life within it can be awakened and manifested; before it can come forth out of the prison house of earth to bud and blossom in its beauty, and bear its glad harvest, thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold. Unless it passes through this change it remains by itself, lonely, isolated, unproductive. We may gather by ourselves, but where is the fruit of our sacrifice done by itself in a very real and peculiar sense. Each to become vitally related to others of its kind in a harvest, must die. When a seed goes into the soil, the day of its death
becomes the day of its birth and it becomes a part of, and shares in, the great universal life.

"First the grain, and then the blade—
The one destroyed, the other made;
Then the stock and blossom, and again
The gold of newly created life.

"So life, by Death the reaper cast
to earth, again shall rise at last;
For 'tis the service of the soul
To render God the things of God."

It was therefore a very significant statement of Jesus, when, in response to the statement of his disciples, that certain Greeks wished to see him, he replied, "The hour is come that the Son of man should be lifted up. If I be lifted up, shall draw all men unto himself."

The hour Jesus uttered these immortal words, he was thinking of the Greeks who had expressed a desire to see him. They of all people of that day needed the lesson. Self-sufficiency, self-enjoyment were master words and the ruling passion with them. The chief good in human life, the supreme end, was personal enjoyment and pleasure. And in this they are not unlike our sensuous luxury and pleasure-seeking generation. The Christian ideal, now as then, calls for a complete reversal of the order. The renunciation of all selfishness, our willingness to deny ourselves in order that we may do good, is the fundamental law of life, whether by the individual singly or collectively. This laying down, every day, in whole or in part, of even life itself—this is ever the divine condition of usefulness, the price we must ever pay in order to be benefactors to our fellow-men, to advance the Kingdom of God in the world."

And may it not be that in the present..."
OUR WEEKLY SERMON
(Continued from page 60)

world war this principle is operative? If we had chosen to abide by ourselves alone we would, by that very decision, have permeated the world. Our weakness is a challenge. It is a call to be wiser, to seek selflessness, and to serve others. The era which is coming in with the new century is essentially an era of brotherhood. Men all over the world are beginning to know one another. Business is founded upon belief that men are essentially honest. Democratic government has foundations in the same belief. Religion is trusting more and more to the individual conscience, less and less to creed and church and authority. Life is freer, more wholesome, kindlier than ever before. All our civilization is permeated with institutions that show we are beginning to feel responsibility for our weaker brothers' weaknesses, and their sore needs and grievances. Through all civiliza-

DEATHS

BURDICK—George Noyes Burdick was born in the town of Stonington, Conn., March 12, 1840, and died in Westerly, R. I., May 24, 1918.

He was the son of Deacon Isaac and Mary (Loomis) Burdick, one of a family of seven children, only one of whom, Deacon Thomas T. Burdick, of Alfred, N. Y., survives him.

He was married September 12, 1876, to Ada Langworthy, of Potter Hill, R. I., by Dean Arthur B. Main, then pastor of the Ashaway Church. One son was born to them, Henry L., who, with the wife, was able to be with him during his sickness.

Mr. Burdick was a member of the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church of Ashaway, at the time of his death he was vice president of the Ashaway National Bank and a director in both the Tennessee and the Ashaway Line and Tide Companies.

Mr. Burdick always had a happy way with which made him a great friend of many and all classes of people, especially with the children and young folks, he was a share deep friendship with the family in the loss that has come.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Charles A. Burdick, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church where, for a number of years, Mr. Burdick had been a regular attendant. Rev. S. D. Howard gave the friend of the family, assisted in the service.

RUDY—Langworthy.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Langworthy, of Adams Center, N. Y., June 22, 1918, by Rev. N. E. White, Reza Langworthy and Willard Rudy.

AUBRAND—HOEKSTRA.—On the evening of June 27, 1918, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore H. Hoekstra, 69 Hanover St., St. Paul, Minn., Mich., Mr. Charles Aubrand and Miss Elizabeth Hoekstra, Pastor M. B. Kelly officiating.

HALL—DAVE.—On July 4, 1918, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Dudley, of Adams Center, N. Y., by A. Clyde Ebert, F. Gregory Hall and Beth Davis, both of Milton, Wis.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

BROOKS.—Ferdie and Mary (Witter) Brooks, of Weslye, Conn.

SANDERS.—Ernest W., Weslye, R. I.

BABCOCK.—Major Acard Jackson, of Kenyon, Clayton W.

WILSON.—S. N., to Miss Sarah H., of Woodmansee, Lloyd E.

BEE.—Charles W., of Seeley, N. Y.

CLARKSON.—F. Coon, Howard Ams Kuyper, of Schenectady, N. Y., June 22, 1918, by Rev. J. Howard Davis, Charles L. Babcock, of Columbus, Ohio, and Percy Witter of New York City.

J. Howard Davis, Charles L. Babcock, of Columbus, Ohio, and Percy Witter of New York City.

MARRIAGES

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C. A. B.
SPECIAL NOTICES

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Contributions to the work of Miss Marie Janas in Japan are gladly received. Address the Secretary at 1008 Church St., Shanghai, China. Postage is the same as domestic rates.

The First Sabbath Day Church of Syracuse, N. Y., held its annual service in the Court House Rooms, 16th and Main streets, Syracuse, N. Y., on Saturday afternoon, July 13th, at 4 p.m. Weekly prayer meetings at 8 p.m. Friday at home of Rev. Geo. W. Hills. Invitations extended to all. Rev. William Clayton, pastor, 1801 Monroe Ave., Syracuse. O. H. Perry, church clerk, 1351 E. Fall Ave.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10 a.m. Preaching service at 11:30 a.m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago, Illinois, holds regular Sabbath services in rooms 433, Masonic Temple, 212-14 S. State St., every Saturday evening at 6 o'clock. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in its house of worship near the corner of West 5th and Aliso streets, Los Angeles. Every Sabbath afternoon, Sabbath school at 3 o'clock. Preaching at 4 o'clock. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor, 261 W. and 6th Street.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Battle Creek Christian Endeavor Society meeting in the College Building (first floor). Services at 11 a.m. Prayer meeting in the College building, 6th Street and Park Avenue. Rev. J. R. Severance, pastor, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of White Cloud, Michigan, holds regular preaching services and Sabbath school, each Sabbath, beginning at 11 a.m. Christian Endeavor Society meeting each Friday evening at 7:30. Visitors are welcome.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of Lon­ don, England, holds regular Sabbath services at 10 a.m. and 7:30 p.m., at serene and pleasant rooms, 16 and 17, 27-29, 9 and 11, the corner of the home of the pastor, 197 Tumbling Park, Woodstock, England, and Stronge and Bevington are cordially invited to attend these services.

Seventh Days Baptists planning to spend the winter in Florida and who will be in Dayton, are cordially invited to spend the winter at the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Dayton, and to hold during the winter season at the several homes of members.

"To confess a sin in prayer is the best way to learn to hate it, and find power to conquer it." - John Bright.
Bonds Build Ships

And if they are forwarded to F. J. Hubbard, Treasurer of the American Sabbath Tract Society, to be held by him until the close of the war, they also will

Build the Denominational Building

that is so sorely needed, and without embarrassing the government and without working any hardship on Seventh Day Baptists. All agree that such a building is needed and that it is necessary if we are to grow as a denomination.

Put your shoulder to the wheel and if you want to buy bonds to over to the treasurer with the understanding that they will not be used until the close of the war. Do it now.

War Savings Stamps

provide a very convenient means of contributing small sums in the same way. Buy War Saving Stamps. But do not forget to send them to the Building Fund.

Loyalty to your denomination goes hand in hand with patriotism to your country.

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ANY essential improvement in the religious condition of America must come, first, through improvement of personal religious experience, and secondly, through religious organization. The Sabbath question is and always must be a religious question pure and simple. Sunday laws, enforced idleness—these cannot solve the problem. There can be no such thing as a “Civil Sabbath.” If the history of Pharisism, Catholicism, and Puritanism does not prove this, then Schiller was wrong, the history of the world is not the judgment of the world, and men may go on forever repeating the follies of the past. It is easy to charge Seventh Day Baptists with being “legalists,” but their legalism is innocent and innocuous compared with the legalism of those alleged “Sabbath Reformers” who rely on civil law. When the real spiritual reform comes it will come first within the churches, and especially within Protestant churches.

—Abram Herbert Lewis, D. D. LL. D.