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Then why not send the BOND NOW instead of the income on it each year?
He Knows My Troubles

There are times when life's burdens are too heavy, when the heart is faint and the hands are weak, when courage is at low ebb and everything looks dark. Then the heart yearns for sympathy, and we long for a friend who fully understands our case. Happy are we if at such a time we have one who is hopeful, inspiring, sympathetic, and who has that in his soul which acts upon us in our dejection as the sunshine acts upon the flowers in springtime. No gifts of the hand can equal in value the gifts of love and sympathy from one who has known all our troubles and who really cares for us in our disappointments.

Helpful as a fellow-man can be, there is a limit to human sympathy, and no mere man can so completely comprehend the inner life of another as to meet and truly satisfy the longings of a soul in trouble. It is difficult to make the best human friend fully know our deepest emotions and understand our sorrows. All this is different when we come to the divine Friend and Brother, who has been touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He knows our frame, and the innermost cause of our distress, and his sympathy and power to help are wholly without limit. The one who comes into close communion with this all-wise Friend will never have to say, "Nobody cares for me." This thought of the comforting power of Jesus is well expressed in the lines given below, written by Fanny E. Stafford.

Somebody knows when your heart aches,
And everything seems to go wrong;
Somebody knows when you're lonely,
Tired, discouraged, and blue;
Somebody wants you to know Him,
And know that He dearly loves you.

Somebody cares when you're tempted,
And the world grows dizzy and dim;
Somebody must be in your place,
For somebody is weaker, and farthest away from Him;
Somebody grieves when you've fallen,
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situated for young people who wish a thorough Christian:
education. "Come!"

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their learning in the Christian schools of the
best institutions. Harvard, Michigan, Columbia, Cornell, Alfred and Mil-
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ple's Christian Associations. A huge and well
equipped library, lecture and recitation rooms. Expenses
are moderate.

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basis of education and moderation. We en-
courage and foster the spirit of true sportsmanship. A
new gymnasium was built in 1913.

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tion and the original Greek of the expression, "First day of the week." Sixteen pages, fine paper, embossed cover. Price, 25 cents per dozen.

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The Recorder Press

Plainfield, N. J.

THE SABBATH VISITOR

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

In asking, please state your address.

THE SABBATH VISITOR

Thursday, June 12, 1913

GOVERNMENT OF THE SABBATH

At the close of the meeting on Sabbath evening, June 6th, Elder William Dowsett, of Chester, Ohio, and Elder Holley, of Wheeling, West Virginia, delivered discourses by invitation. Elder Dowsett's discourse was inaudible, as he held his glasses in his hand, and Elder Holley's discourse, delivered in a manner which was not easily understood. The discourse of Elder Dowsett was delivered in a manner which was not easily understood. Elder Dowsett's discourse was delivered in a manner which was not easily understood.

ADDRESS BY ELD. W. DOWSETT

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The Sabbath Recorder

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

Vol. 55, No. 6

Plainfield, N. J., Feb. 10, 1919

Whole No. 3,088

He Knows My Troubles His Help Is Assured

There are times when life's burdens are heavy, when the heart is faint and the hands are weak, when courage is at low ebb and everything looks dark. Then the heart yearns for sympathy, and we long for a friend who fully understands our case. Happy are we if at such a time we have one who is hopeful, inspiring, sympathetic, and who has that in his soul which acts upon us in our dejection as the sunshine acts upon the flowers in springtime. No gifts of the hand can equal in value the gifts of love and sympathy from one who has known all our troubles and who really cares for us in our disappointments.

Helpful as a fellow-man can be, there is a limit to human sympathy, and no mere man can so completely comprehend the inner life of another as to meet and truly satisfy the longings of a soul in trouble. It is difficult to make the best human friend fully know our deepest emotions and understand our sorrows.

All this is different when we come to the divine Friend and Brother, who has been touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He knows our frame, sees the innermost cause of our distress, and his sympathy and power to help are wholly without limit. The one who comes into close communion with this all-wise Friend will never have to say, "Nobody cares for me."

This thought of the comforting power of Jesus is well expressed in the lines given below, written by Fanny E. Stafford.

- Somebody knows when your heart aches,
  And everything seems to go wrong;
- Somebody knows when the shadows need chasing away with a song;
- Somebody knows when you're lonely,
  Tired, discouraged, and the blues;
- Somebody wants you to know Him,
  And know that He dearly loves you.
- Somebody cares when you're tempted,
  And the world grows dizzy and dim;
- Somebody cares when you're weakest,
  And farthest away from Him;
- Somebody grieves when you've fallen,
  Though you are not lost from His sight;
- Somebody waits for your coming,
  Taking the gloom from your night.

Who Can Separate Us

The divine love from the love of God? which goes out in sympathy toward us must be prompted by God's knowledge of our weakness and our utter helplessness. It is because he remembers that we are dust, because he sees the lowest and meanest things in us, the heavy, down-sag of our deadness to spiritual things, our tendency to despair, that our heavenly Father pities us at his needy little ones. The sympathetic outgoings of his heart are never withheld on account of our slowness or imperfection. On the divine side there is no limit to the Father's love and sympathy. If we show short of realizing the Savior's presence, the fault is on our side and not on His. Our iniquities may hide the Father's face, our own faultiness may obscure our vision, but let us not forget that God still loves us, and, if always present to help, and strengthen, and uphold according to his promise. Nothing can separate us from the infinite love of the all-wise, all-powerful Father.

Personal Religion

In recognizing the divine agency in man's conversion, some people seem to overlook the personal human element in religion. No one will become a Christian without the direct aid of the Holy Spirit, any more than a bud will become a blossom without the influence of the sun. But the incoming of the Spirit awaits human choice, and religion is not a sort of divine aura that comes upon a man from above
in some mysterious and forceful way once for all. It is always the result of personal choice, and its development depends upon constant effort in the line of Christian service.

The call of God to a religious life is not a call to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself. This demands purposeful choice, and persistent, watchful efforts to overcome self and to enliven Christ.

**Growth in Grace**

Every Christian grace is the product of religion in a life of service for God. Some would have us believe that whenever a grace is manifested it is as though God had interjected it to order, slipping it into the soul as a man slips a picture into a magic lantern. Graces are not handed out to man in any mysterious, supernatural way. They are the simple fruits of righteous living. They take their form and color from the heart. While we pray for the graces of faith, hope, and love, we should remember that prayer alone will not bring these graces. They must be wrought in us through labor, patience, self-sacrifice, and suffering.

Men's graces must get the better of their faults and sins just as the corn in our garden gets the better of weeds, by growth.

**The True Source Of Happiness**

We have been greatly moved by some of the stories of wealthy men and women who left their homes during the war and went overseas to minister to the sick and suffering. Some who had seemed to live for self only, whose lives had been constant rounds of pleasure, have been among those most heroic in efforts to help their fellow-men.

It is a great thing for one to rise to an emergency such as has so recently confronted the Christian world, and to realize that he has not been sent into the world to make of himself a center around which everything in his small life revolves, but to lose himself and his selfish interest in that larger life where all men are brothers, where each strives for the good of all, where the Gold en Rule is recognized and where happiness is the result of sacrificial toil and noble achievement. How much deeper and fuller is the joy of one who thus puts himself in touch with the world's workers and seeks happiness by serving others.

**Prepare for a Recorder Drive**

We trust that all our pastors and Endeavor leaders have received a letter from a committee of the Tract Board regarding a special *Sabbath Recorder* drive to take place a few weeks hence. The committee is asking six of our friends to write articles for a rally service number of the Recorder, which will appear in March. These writers have been chosen living the designed to arouse interest in the denominational paper. Every church will be asked to make the second Sabbath in April a day of special united effort with pastor and people co-operating in the program.

**The Slogan will be**,

"*The Recorder* for every Seventh Day Baptist home.” Let everybody get ready for the most effective drive we ever made.

**Fifty Years a Reader**

A friend who is a shut-in much of the time says she has read the *Sabbath Recorder* over fifty years, and although she lives where she could read one taken by another, she prefers to take it herself. Two reasons are given which reveal loyalty to our cause: her subscription helps the Tract Society, and when she has read the Recorder she can pass it on to one who does not have it.

**Concerning the Sermon**

The hoped-for "Weekly Sermon" did not come. We watched the mails to see if anybody had responded to our request for one, but in vain. Illness in the home made it impossible for the editor to prepare one. Secretary Shaw's "barrel" was open in his office, and in his absence we deliberately slipped in and captured one of his sermons preached some three years ago. It is published without his consent. While some parts of it were written more especially for the time in which it was given, 1915, most of it is quite appropriate in 1919. Indeed there will never come a time when it will not be profitable for Seventh Day Baptists to read such a sermon. We need Calebs today and shall need them tomorrow. We cannot get out of the wilderness without them. Scarcity of Calebs kept Israel out of Canaan forty years after they were well able to possess it.

**A Good Suggestion**

An "Interested Reader," a lone Sabbath-keeper, writes the editor as follows:

The interest I feel in the young people of the denomination, and the sense of loss that comes when I read of the passing away of any one of our ministers, prompts this suggestion. Could not the young people's society of each of the different churches arrange to send at least one member to Conference?

Is not Conference worth it? Would not the delegates catch inspiration enough to carry back and make it? Perhaps some societies do this already. If they do, could we know about it in the Recorder?

**The suggestion is a good one.** Nothing is more desirable than live and growing interest on the part of the young people in denominational work, and there is no place like the General Conference to arouse such interest. The more our young men and women can attend these annual convocations and take part in the work there, the brighter will be our prospects in a living denomination, in the next generation.

**Greater Church Morale**

What do I mean by a greater church morale among the young people? Let us assure the boys and girls it is a forward movement well worth striving for. We hear much about morale in the armies. At the battle of the Marne, the great question was not how much territory would be yielded to the foe, but whether the morale would hold out. In the army, morale is that intangible, almost magic and indescribable something essential to success. It is the spirit of co-operative comradeship that holds the men true to the purposes of the war and compels them to stand by one another even to death.

This unconquerable spirit is seldom seen in the raw recruit; but it comes by constant practice, by stern discipline, as the result of faithful and regular training. Morale is the moral pulse of the army, the backbone of the soldiers. It is the possession of a confidence and faith that will hold even against the most terrible odds.

As morale is the essential thing in the army so we should make it a power in the church. If it can be well developed among the young people it will be of priceless worth to our cause. All true team work, every co-operative movement in which men unite for the service requires a morale that binds them together as one whole.

Genuine Christian living, habitual attendance at church and prayer meetings, unquestionable loyalty to the church, enthusiastic service for the good of others—these things will give morale to the army of the Lord which no enemy of righteousness can break down.

**A STUDY OF MAN—HIS ORIGIN AND NATURE**

**GEORGE C. TENNEY**

The dictum of Alexander Pope, "Know, then, thyself; presume not God to scan; The proper study of mankind is man," has been before the world for two hundred years, and still the prevailing neglect of this line of study of which we, ourselves, are the central figure is astonishing. In such a study attention should first be given to the most direct and authoritative source of knowledge in all matters relating to the welfare of the race. It will be of very great interest to turn to the pages of that Book that has led the upward and onward march of human development and progress throughout the ages, and which, even in the very heart of active investigation and critical intelligence, is coming into higher esteem and recognition than ever before.

Let us give consideration to what the Book has to say about the origin and nature of man, and the directions there given for the conservation of the human individual in health, in life, and true happiness. In a book of unquestionably divine origin, written especially for the benefit of the human family, we should certainly expect to find the most wholesome instruction and counsel in regard to the care of the body and the development of the soul, and the close relation existing between the mind, the spirit and the body, and how closely their interests are interwoven.
Gradually the child, the... the... this. The COMMISSIONER:... theirs perfect and noble being, made in the... without...

It gives to those who receive it a consciousness of the dignity of his birthright. It inspires every one who appreciates his privileges with the purpose to honor that relationship with the very best there is in him. It gives to all who recognize the right of calling this beneficent Creator "Father" and of trusting him for all those things that an infinitely wise and good father could do for us.

To the ordinary mind it is far more congenial to believe in such origin than to look back through the mists of unnumbered cycles of ages to an author that spilled our beginnings like swarm on some slimy shore and left those elements to develop, through slowly revealing aeons, through the various stages of life and sensibility up to the point we have now reached, without any care or love, to be swallowed or to survive as luck would have it. We much prefer taking the short cut in establishing our relations to God rather than to try to conceive that we originated in some primordial germ in which life was spontaneously evolved, and then compelled to develop through protoplasmic forms until, after the lapse of almost eternal ages, we have reached the stage of conscious existence and intelligence.

How much more pleasing is the conception of our origin as it is stated in Holy Writ: 'And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth on the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; man and woman created he them.' There is, let it be repeated, nothing in this passage that unsophisticated statement than in all the speculations of men whose greatest ambition seems to be to place God as far from the human family as possible, if not absolutely to ignore him.

The creation of man is thus tersely told: "The Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." This simple statement has not always been received with all the can- dor that it deserves. But notwithstanding the cajolery that it has excited in thought less minds because of its unblushing simplicity and directness, nothing better or more sensible or scientific has ever been sug- gested. There is another declaration by one of those who goes with it. It declares that "All flesh is grass." Grass is a product of the earth; it, too, is formed of the dust of the ground, and it may be said truly that we subsist upon grass. True, we are not amongst the grazing animals, but grasses are produced on different forms of grass, and grazing animals are almost universally used for food when animal food is used. So, not only was the first man formed of the dust of the ground, but every human being born since that time "if of the earth earthy." In our common phraseology we speak of "Mother Earth" as the Hindus speak of "Mai Ganges" and the Egyptian, of "Father Nile." We speak very correctly.

The Bible also teaches that every individual that comes into the world is a distinct creation, a new creation in intelligence, the same as was the first man. The science of embryology shows us the various stages in the development of organized life, and we are wont simply to assign the birth process to the department of physical phenomena. But of the vital questions, What is the origin of life? Neither nature nor science gives us any satisfactory clue. The origin and transmission of life, the operation of the vital processes are shrouded in a mystery so deep that the most careful student of biology can give us no solution. The Bible alone lifts the curtain and lets us into the sacred oracle, the worship of God.

The psalmist says of his own creation, "Thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me [knitted me together, R. V.] in my mother's womb. I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well. . Thine eyes did see my substance yet being imperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them" (Ps. 139: 13-16). Thus we see that each individual is intelligently and thoughtfully created after a definite plan as to every de- tail. To this creature the Creator imparts his own life, and this fact furnishes the only solution to this great question of the mystery of life.

Every human being is thus an offspring of God, designed for a noble and unending existence. The care and training of this wonderful human being is committed to those who are actively responsible for its appearance in the human family. They are held responsible for the physical, intellectual and moral development and culture of their young. Gradually the child reaches the point where he assumes the re- sponsibility under God of his own culture, but there is no point where the individual does not come under responsible care, nor is the responsible party left in ignorance for one moment as to what is the right thing to be done.

Ignorance in child culture is at this day unnecessary and inexplicable. The Bible is replete with the most practicable and fundamental instruction. Parents are clearly shown the duties of parenthood. Children are emphatically taught to be obedient. Instruction is given as to proper food, to the causes of sickness and how to avoid the sanitary care of the body and premises is faithfully outlined along such principles of hygiene as have never been excelled by human investigations and regulations. Not only is the physical welfare of the children carefully guarded, but the education and training of the child in intellect and morals is clearly indicated in the Scriptures of truth. Those who will take the trouble to study will find in the Bible the trusted and approved methods and principles of human culture carefully laid down in plain terms.

Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT AND THE CHURCHES

CHARLES S. MACFARLAND, FIELD SCOUT COMMISSIONER

The war has raised anew the whole ques- tion of the education and development of our boys, physically, morally and spiritually. It is a problem and an opportunity above all for the churches.

Today, as never before, the nation has begun to realize the potentiality of its boy- hood. Pertinent indeed is the question: What will be the effect of this war, in a few years, it becomes dynamic? One in- tensity of the war, whether the boys of this day are being prepared for the unparalleled responsibilities so soon to be theirs.

We feel the need of providing our boys with a training that will give them physical preparedness for the service of the nation without running the danger of imbuing them with the spirit of militarism. The Boy Scout Movement meets this need of the hour. It has had its effectiveness during the war and has won for itself a large place in our national life. It is the one move- ment which, while emphasizing the physical development and moral principle, also deepens the relationship of the boy to the church. Its statement of principle, its forms of ob- ligation and its whole spirit are such as to attach the boy more closely to the church and secure his interest in it. Its adminis- trative machinery is so adjusted as to make effective this relationship.

Of all the many good movements engaged in the arduous task of boy-training there is, perhaps, none quite like the Boy Scouts of America. This movement has mapped out a thoroughly feasible plan, practical in every application, whereby boys will be inspired with a real desire to become good
Christian citizens. The Scouting program offers the boy a host of wholesome activities in which he, as a natural boy, is intensely interested. It stresses particularly life in the open—woodcraft, camping, hiking and other pursuits, whose enjoyment requires an intelligent acquaintance with nature. A Scout does not take up these things in a haphazard fashion; he soon grows to look upon nature as the handiwork of God and derives untold inspiration from it, when righteously living.

An outdoor life, led wisely, gives rise to many good works. The ideal of service to others stands out prominently in the Scouting program. Before a boy can officially become a Scout, he promises on his honor to do his best:

1. To do his duty to God and his country, and to obey the Scout law.
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To keep himself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.

It should be noted that the boy is not obliged to promise to do all these things, but to do his best to do them. This, of course, means that he will try all the harder to do them, for to do otherwise would be to confess being only one's second best. Practically, this pledge takes the form of the daily good turn and larger acts of service. Throughout the war, Scouts did yeoman service in all the Liberty Loan and Thrift Stamp campaigns. They collected carloads of fruit pits for gas mask manufacture; they located acres of black walnut trees for use in making airplane propellers; they circulated literature broadcast for the Committee on Public Information.

Such an influence as this brings out the best in any community. The boy takes pride in himself and, as a natural consequence, in his environment. He straightens out to better the conditions which he finds round about him. Clean-up, safety first, health, and other similar drives have been pushed to a successful conclusion by Boy Scouts in numerous cities and towns. Scouts tackle these not as matters of necessary routine, but with a spontaneity and enthusiasm that inevitably brings results.

The plea of those who have this movement nearest at heart is not so much for more boys—it is for leadership for the many boys who are eager to become Scouts. The need for Scoutmasters was never so urgent as it is now, at the dawn of a veritable new era. If Scouting is to expand until it becomes a factor in the development of the American youth, leaders of the highest calibre must step forward.

The church is the obvious place to turn for such leaders, a place where the leaders have no fear that it is directing its energies in the wrong direction. A prominent clergyman of Oklahoma City said recently: "I regard the Boy Scouts of America as being worthy of the fullest endorsement of the church. It is a part of the church of God without any denominational brand upon it. Character construction through righteousness lines is the biggest job of the church, and that is the dominating purpose of the Boy Scout Movement. If we pay more attention to this work of construction at the beginning of the boy-life we shall have less reconstruction work in the lives of moral and spiritual wrecks."

It is clearly incumbent upon the churches of America to answer the appeal now being made by Scoutmasters for Christian leadership. It is an opportunity for the churches to make their influence felt in a tangible way.

Many churches have already incorporated Scouting in their regular activities. It has fitted in admirably with the week-day program. Troop meetings are held on appointed nights in church parlors and parish houses and the boys have unconsciously been led to take a renewed interest in the church.

There is, however, room for much wider support of Scouting on the part of the churches. "If the citizen of tomorrow is to be a leader in the church, the church must not fail him now. In furnishing the right sort of leadership to the Boy Scouts of America, the church will fulfill a great trust."

Leaders urgedly advise our pastors to make a thorough and immediate study of the Boy Scout Movement in conjunction with the work of their churches, not only on account of the wonderful record of the Scout Movement, but also to interest the churches in providing Christian leadership with a live successful program for their boys.
FROM ONE OF MRS. WARDNER'S CLASS

Editor Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

Dear Sir: Have just finished reading an article in the January number, written by Mrs. Martha H. Wardner, and I want to tell you that "The Deborah Class" was a wonderful class, and I for one, received more benefit from that class in the ten months while I lived in La Porte than I have in more than twice that length of time since. But the secret of the success of the class was the beautiful life of its teacher.

It was my great privilege to live in the next apartment to Mrs. Wardner, and through her every day simple but beautiful life I received many inspirations, for Mrs. Wardner lived the life of which she talked to us about in the class.

Many times the teaching of the class or these semianual socials would tax her strength to the utmost, but she smiled as we would talk it over although her body was aching.

She was loved by every one who knew her in La Porte and I know wherever she might be, it would be the same. For to know her is to love her.

The reading of her article brought back many happy memories and I wish all who read that article could feel the heart throb of the most lovely teacher.

Thanking you for your time and patience. By a former member of Deborah Class.

Mrs. A. C. Weber

342 So. Pierce St., Lima, Ohio, February 4, 1919.

AT CHATEAU THIERRY

Instead of the gray-green legions that not so long ago poured into Chateau Thierry, there is a different army fast occupying the famous little French town. The American Red Cross, that practical institution, is shipping ducks, chickens and rabbits into the "shell shocked" city that is fast returning to normal life. Barn yards, whose population had been evacuated along with other refugees, are once more lively. Cheerful and significant "cackles" greet the French housewife and chantecler once more summons the rosy dawn.—Red Cross Bulletin.
SOME SOLDIER LETTERS

Extracts from a letter written by Frank A. Langworthy, Capt. M. N. J. to his wife, dated January 11, 1918.

I wrote you that I would probably be out of Paris for awhile on a trip. Well, I've been and returned, and had one of the most enjoyable experiences I have had since leaving home last August.

I drove a Ford (Y. M. C. A. car) up to Brussels to take a young man, Joseph Hoterman, to his home there, to look up his parents, brothers, sisters and friends, and to see how they were faring since the armistice was signed and the Germans had cleared out of there. Joe (as I will speak of him) is a Belgian. He is thirty years old. He served in the Belgian army and was seriously injured in 1915, shot through the left lung and received such a wound in his head from shrapnel that it was necessary to use a silver plate. After spending several months in the hospital he was discharged from service and has been with the Y. M. C. A. in the office at garage No. 1 for nearly a year, I believe. Owing to the fact that he has done a great deal there in looking after business, and as interpreter (the Belgians speak French, except in some parts of Belgium there is more Dutch), he is quite fluent in the language), the "Y" gave him the use of a car to go and take things to his people. These things, mostly eatables, he has been getting together ever since the armistice was signed, and he had a nice lot of them, about five hundred pounds, I should think. I was asked to go as a driver because Joe has never driven a Ford, and besides he doesn't have good enough health to make the trip alone. As it turned out, I drove every one of the 500 kilometers (about 310 or 325 miles) both ways because Joe didn't care to drive at all, and really wasn't well enough to.

We left the garage New Year's morning at 3 o'clock. A French driver piloted us out of the city by way of the Rue St. Denis and we headed in the direction of the war zone. A direct line would have taken us through many of the now prominent-in-history battle fields, but we made plans to go out of our way so as to see more of the effects of "German Kultur" on the northern part of France. At 9 o'clock we were in a fairly good-sized town, I can't remember whether it was Chantilly or Senlis. It showed the effects of considerable bombing, several houses having been blown to pieces, also the main bridge across a tributary of the Oise river. We crossed on a temporary bridge.

But the thing that interested me most was the tidying of the chimneys on the old cathedral which hadn't received a scratch. The chimneys were beautiful and I couldn't help thinking how, all over France that New Year's Day, the bells from the churches and cathedrals were ringing out the old year and ringing in the new, and thinking that France had never known before. Because this is the beginning of a new age of world peace and liberty, we believe that murder and such wreckage of property as we saw that day, will not or can not again be imposed by one nation on another.

We went through Campigne to Roye; here we had to fill the radiator. The town was all shot to pieces and hardly any one around. Finally we met a man and inquired where we could get water. He took us to a building, which we noticed by a sign in the back yard used to be the "Hotel du Nord." In a shed near by was a large hand-wheel pump which was making order. We filled the radiator, put extra gas in the tank and fixed up the car for the next run. As it was nearly noon, we got out our lunch and went into one of the buildings to see if we could find a place to sit down. "Nothing doing," so we laid our things on a window sill and ate our lunch and as we walked around to see what kind of pranks the shells had cut up in striking the buildings.

It was a dandy day to drive, cool, with a cold wind at times, but not freezing. Some cloudy, but all the time the sun made you think it was just about to come through. We were thankful it wasn't raining for it had rained for several days.

From Roye we went through Chaunlles a Péronne. Here we turned to the right and went out nearly to St. Quentin, then swung back through Cambrai. On all of this stretch the country all around was a continual scene of destruction, wreckage and munitions of war. The roads were wretched, as they were full of small shell holes, all large ones were filled. I think we must have driven at least two kilome ters on what the British call the "sleeping track." This was made of planks about four inches thick and twelve feet long. The road was two planks lengths in width, making it about 24 feet wide, was well laid and I rather enjoyed it because it gave me a better chance to look around and see the country. This was built over roads that had been literally shot to pieces. Farther on, before coming to Cambrai we met six British tanks in motion on this road, going toward St. Quentin. At one place we could just squeeze the little "rivver" by and you can imagine my interest as we watched them creep by. A little farther on, we saw a battery of about sixty over in a field, just as they were left at the time the armistice was signed, and in many a place I saw one hung up in some hard spot to get over, and "Fritzie" had gotten the range and put it out of commission and there it was, waiting for the "salvaging brigade." We of the saddest sights along the way was that and put us to thinking."

We went to visit a Belgian, about fifty years old, and one of the most kind-hearted men you could ask for. It just did you good to look into his face. He had a nice coal fire and one electric light. He set some chairs up by the fire, had us take off our shoes and put on some wooden shoes or slippers that he had under a bench. Then he brought in a bench the same height as the station seat, placed them side by side, put our blankets on, fixed up coats and sweaters for pillows and put us to bed, and I tell you it gave us a kind of a "comfy" feeling, when we heard the rain beating against that little station.

There were headquarters of German graves, too. At the top of one of the small rolling hills, I saw one lone grave and on the wood-en cross was an American boy's helmet. I couldn't help thinking how much some father and mother would like to be as near and visit that grave.

From Cambrai we went to Valenciennes, arriving at 6 o'clock, one hour after dark. We stopped at a British truck station, filled up with gasoline, then went on into the city to see what the chances were of staying all night. At the British officers' club we were told that there wasn't a place in the whole town, that we couldn't get a bed for go francs ($10.00) for the night. Instead of being able to stay we had at least twenty refugees ask us for a ride to the next town. We pulled up in front of a light, got out our lunch bag and had our "supper," then went on toward Mons. Joe didn't mind it, he was going home and it was a pleasure to ride all night, but I was getting rather tired, as I had hung to the wheel all day.

We drove on until 11 o'clock, turned across some railroad tracks that seemed to be the beaten path, but being somewhat in doubt and spying a light in a small railroad station, I told Joe to go in and inquire the way and see whether there was any place in the town where we could stay all night. It was beginning to rain now, a cold, nasty rain, the wind howled and was blared, lights poor and I felt as though I had gone beyond the limit. You can just picture my joy when Joe came out and told me to head the car up to the steps of the little station, bring in our things and stay all night. We took our suit cases and blankets, put all the curtains on the car, and went into the station. The keeper was a Belgian, about fifty years old, and one of the most kind-hearted men you could ask for. Well, it was the beginning of a new age of world peace and liberty, we believe that murder and such wreckage of property as we saw that day, will not or can not again be imposed by one nation on another.

I got up at 5 a.m., cleaned the sparkplug and got the car in order while Joe and "Monsieur" packaged up our things. We were handed "out" the wrong direction the night before, so our friend went with us for a ways and piloted us out of Mons. It was now 6 o'clock and still raining some, but at daylight, 7:30, it had stopped entirely. At 9 a.m. it had cleared entirely and was more like a day in spring than winter. All the ride from here in was through beautiful country. The roads were wide, practically straight, with a row of big trees on each side for miles before getting into Brussels. The country on either side was rolling, no steep grades or hills in sight, and the grass was a beautiful green. I never will forget that morning. I told Joe that little trip in the storm on the ocean during the night, when all on board thought we were lost, the captain's little daughter, with a few words inspired hope and confidence in all and "they kissed the little maiden and spoke in better cheer, and
landed safe in harbor when the morn was shining clear." He thought it was fine. He speaks very good English and of course we preferred that to talking French. I could explain, but I'll take the time:

Several times Joe said to me on the way up, "I believe I will die of joy when I see my mother and father"; and oh, he was such a happy fellow when we struck the city, as he piloted me to his home. He hadn't seen the folks for over four years and only one or two letters had passed between them since the armistice. Arriving at the house Joe clutched me by the arm until I could hardly drive. He jumped out, rapped on the window for them to unlock the door. I was going to stay with the car until after the meeting, but Joe insisted on my coming right in. Well, that greeting between that mother and son, and those sisters and brother, would bring tears out of a cast-iron man.

After a somewhat jumbled Belgian-American introduction, I went back to the car to unload our baggage. The folks followed me right out. One of them, "Elza," was good-sized, strong and not afraid to work, and helped me carry in Joe's three boxes, none of them weighing less than a hundred and twenty-five pounds. Joe was the happiest fellow you ever saw. This was the climax for him, he was very tired and we didn't let him do anything hard, We put the car in the barn of the people next door, then went in the house to wash up, and get an afternoon's rest. I was very tired, too, of two and a half hours' sleep in twenty-four.

The interesting part of this whole trip was that everything was a continual surprise to me. My preparations were made on short notice and I had but little idea of my part except that I was to be the driver. I found them to be a family of culture and refinement, with a fine home. Mr. Hoter mans had been a man of much means previous to the German invasion, but had lost his business and a great deal of money. He is short and rather thin but very matured and very generous-hearted. Mrs. Hotermans is tall and rather spare and has a noble face. A whole story is expressed by her features, part of which is a story of over four years of Boschule without knowing what was coming next, yet not a trace of ill-feeling or hatred for the Hun. I was really much impressed by her nobility of character. William is a fine looking fellow, strong and well built, a little over eighteen years old. He reminded me of a little bit of Robert Spencer. He is the youngest. Next older is "Elza" (Elizabeth) twenty years old and then Harriet about twenty-two. They are all fine looking, bright and well educated. There are two other brothers, one married and living in Brussels, and one in England at present, for health reasons. We had one good laugh from a big wound received in the wars.

Well, you should have seen Mrs. Hoter mans, Elza and Harriet do things to help Joe and me get cleaned up and made comfortable. You would have laughed to see one on either side taking off my puttees and heavy shoes. They brought some slippers for me, had me take off my coat and put on my sweater, and combed my tresses and sent for Christmas, "Elza," twenty-four years old. He reminded me of a "bonne femme d'Amateur" (my good wife in America). They thought of you more than once and I have several little things the girls gave me for you.

The next evening we were all invited to Mr. Hotermans' sister's home at No. 10 Michel St. Ange. She is a maiden lady, very well born and has a very grand home. She could speak good English and we had an excellent visit. Joe's oldest brother and wife were invited, too. This was a 5 o'clock tea. After that we had a little entertainment, music, readings, visiting, etc. Joe's brother Nicholas is a very accomplished violinist, his wife a fine singer and pianist. Harriet is a nice soprano singer. Elza and Joe are "good readers," and as they all performed, you can see that we were well entertained for the evening.

I had the worst touch of homesickness I have had since being here. It was such a fine home-gathering; a real home atmosphere; all my friends, but not one of the dear familiar faces of our little gatherings in Plainfield.

The third day we spent in sight-seeing around Brussels and calling on Joe's old friends. That evening after dinner, the young folks and I had a regular time. We started it by going out to the kitchen and offering to help the girls wipe the dishes. At first they didn't want me to, then all of a sudden, Harriet took off her apron which was trimmed with the "Stars and Stripes," and said, "I was just the thing for me to do." After that, William brought out some games and we had a regular home time. Mrs. Hotermans told me I was her son while there, and I was proud of the adoption for she is one of the best kind of people I have met. They took me in as one of the family and it seemed strange to me so many times, to think of being there in that Belgian home, and having such a royal good time.

The last day of our stay, Sunday, a fine day, we were entertained for the evening. Some friends, Arthur Desquin and wife, were invited and at the table I was nicknamed President Wilson. Then, as when I have enjoyed anything more than that first meal with them. One thing that touched me deeply was when they all rose to their feet, and in the French and Belgian custom expressed their wishes for the good health of "l'homme aimé d'Amar eek" (my good wife in America).

Desquin could speak a good deal of Eng lish, we called him King George V, and passed the titles around until each had one, and such a time as we had. One laughable incident happened which I will never forget. Of course, I do not always understand all French that is spoken, and it seems that the girls made the remark that they were going to see in America to see the greatest country in the world, and, may be marry American fellows, because they believed they were the finest of all, etc. Having a keen sense of my responsibility as "President Wilson," I said to "King George V." "Would your Royal Highness please tell these fair daughters of Belgium that the same thing is true of our land as of others; that we have the good and the bad, and that I would advise them to look for the very best, as the best is none too good for Monsieur Hotermans' daughters." Almost as quickly as you could say it, they were on their feet, with glasses high in air, shouting, "Vive l'Monsieur 'Franck,' Vive l'Monsieur 'Franck.'" It seems I made a hit without saying a word until afterwards.

We retired early that evening and were up at four next morning to start on our trip back to Paris. In the hall, just before leaving, Mrs. Hotermans came to me, touched me on the forehead with the forefinger, then kissed me over the heart, and told me it was a prayer for safe journey back to Paris. I accepted it in the spirit given, thanked her profusely, put my arms around her neck and gave her the French kiss. She is a noble character. They the whole family bade us "good-by" with expressions of good wishes for our trip and sorrow at our early departure. We left them at 5:30 a. m., we stopped at Palais Hotel and picked up a U.S. army chaplain who asked the day before for a ride to Paris. We rode all day, at 10 o'clock that night we were 66 kilometers from Paris, and by the time we had found our way through those measley crooked streets of those little French towns, it was 2:30 a. m. next morning when the bright lights of the city showed up, and, believe me, it was a joy next to what it will be to see again the dear old City of New York.
DETAILS OF CARROLL WEST'S BRAVERY

Two letters published in the Journal-Telegraph, Milton Junction, Wis.

A friend of Carroll West recently received the following letters which will be of interest to his many friends among our readers. They were written in France December 6, 1918.

"Your inquiry regarding Sergeant West reached me on the march, and I am replying immediately with the only means at hand, as I know how much you must long to hear some intimate details regarding him. First, let me say that your letter contained the first information concerning him since his evacuation from the battle field.

"He was wounded in an action in which you will be proud to have had him take part in. Our company was on the left bank of the Meuse River, just north of Verdun, and had attacked a few days previous from those famous scenes of French glory, 'Le Mort Homme' and Hill 304. We had gained about 7 kilometers and were just northeast of Montfaucon, a blasted city between the Meuse and the Aisne Rivers. Our division was a kilometer in advance of any division on our right or left and our company of machine guns were with the front line infantry on the left flank.

"The guns were the most important ones in the whole line, and we were opposed by some of the picked divisions of the German army.

"On the 2nd of October there was a German counter attack started and Carroll West's guns were ordered forward. He was not, under my direct command at the time, being in Lieutenant Bernheim's platoon, but from his account, his wounding was of the kind Americans could be proud of. As he was leading his section forward he was met by a hail of machine gun fire, one of the bullets striking him under the left arm. I was in hopes that the ball had not found a vital spot, but from your letter it must have been so.

"I am writing you details as related to me, believing from the courageous tone of your letter that you can add or do at any time, you may write me as a friend of Carroll West's which privilege I might have had, had opportunity offered.

"Sincerely yours,

"ELI D. BERNHEIM,
"'1st Lieut. 12th M. G. Bn.'"

"Something each day—a deed
Of kindness and of good,
To link in closer bonds
All human brotherhood.

COOPER.

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLEY, MILTON, WIS.

For all time to come we should perpetuate for our children's children that great and free government which we have enjoyed all our lives. It is for this the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birthright—Abraham Lincoln.

AMERICA'S PROSPERITY

They tell me thou art rich, my country: gold
In glittering goods that passed into thy hand;
Thy flocks and herds increase, thy barns are pressed
With harvest, and thy stores are forwarded to the company.

With harvest, and thy stores can hardly hold
Their merchandise; unending trains are rolled along thy network rails of East and West;
Thy factories and forges never rest;
Thou art enriched in all things bought and sold! But dost thou prosper? Better news I crave. O dearest country, is it well with thee?

"Indeed, and is thy soul in health? A nobler and more wisely brave,
And thoughts that lift men Godward, make them free.

These are prosperity and vital wealth!

—Rev. Henry van Dyke, D. D.

ONE MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY MESSAGE

A Ratification Story

On the top floor of an apartment house in a city on the Atlantic coast, two women stood at a window looking out over the sea. The elder was regally beautiful, the younger dainty and bewitching. Both seemed lost in thought as they gazed upon the expanse of water and the passing ships. Suddenly lights flashed and the younger woman spoke.

"O mother, see, they are all gleaming. How beautiful they are. I don't wonder that you have always loved the lights along the shore. Father often told me how you felt about them.

"Yes, Margaret, the lighthouses have always meant much to me. When I was a small girl I used to go to a hill near our old home in the little village not far from the coast, and watch for the coming of the lights. They seemed like stars close by—like friendly stars, if they were small, always twinkling, with cheer, and beckoning with strength if they were the great lights.

I came naturally enough by my affection for them, for my mother regarded them with intense love. We often stood together as you and I stand tonight, gazing out to sea, as she told me that the shining lights stood for protection. She loved the whole world and whatever protected humanity from disaster, found a warm place in her heart. That is why she was, from its beginning, a worker and a leader in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. That is why she labored for prohibition. She knew that just as these shining lights along our coast protect the sailors from danger and death on the rugged rocks, prohibition safeguards voyagers on life's sea.

"Yes, mother, I understand what you mean, and isn't it wonderful that so many States have the prohibition lighthouses and that soon we shall see the great illumination of national prohibition?"

"Margaret, it is almost beyond belief that our dreams are to be realized. My only regret is that I cannot do more and greater things to help."

"Why, mother, how could one do more than you? All your life you have worked for this, you know you have—outside your home as well as within. And children who are truly brought up in the faith. Some of us are young folk yet, and can not do much, but some are voters, and they will do their part in this protective struggle. Mother, mother, tears are in your eyes. What is the matter? Are you not sure that all your children are on the side of prohibition?"

"Margaret, darling, I wish I knew. Perhaps I am moody and over-anxious, but I am wondering just how far your brother John will feel he is called to help. You know he is a power in affairs in his adopted State. Although that State is 'wet,' we hope it will ratify the prohibition amendment. I have greatly wished that my son might lead our forces there to victory, but he has not yet told me what he means to do, and somehow I wonder why. Tomorrow is his birthday—and mine, and tonight I have been thinking of that other night years ago—the night before my first son was born. I looked out at my friends, the lighthouses, as they sent forth their protecting beams, and I thought of the coming child, I prayed that he might be one who

THE SABBATH RECORDER
I need my child, yet he is thine.
I love my child; I do not want to spare him yet.
To go and live by his side, the skies, or 'thou' it is a blessed place.

The most sublime promotion he could have;
It may be selfishness, but I would keep him here for many years.

I need him so, and I believe the world needs an
holy gift; not to part with or share his return.
If he is called from earth I cannot hope for
his return. But I can go to him, 'thou' it be, oh, many weary days.
I know, dear Lord, that he is thine—that thy right is supreme.
And I must say, 'thou' heart may break, 'O Lord,
and woe be unto them that make light of thy thorns!'—Angelique Abbey, in "Glacey Enterprise."

I try to increase the power God has given me to see the best in everyone and everywhere, and make that best a part of my life.
To feel that God is looking down on my being, and jealously shut them against what is bad.—Helen Keller.
Mrs. Mary L. Lewis, Mayfield, N. Y. 1.00
Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Cranfill, New Albany, W. Va. 1.00
Dr. W. H. Tassell, White Mills, Pa. 1.00
Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Waldo, Venango, Pa. 2.95
Lucia M. Waldo, Venango, Pa. 1.00
Rev. O. B. Mills, Battle Creek, Mich. 1.00
A. Friend, Lowville, N. Y. 12.00
Maddie M. Lapham, Palmyra, Cal. 10.00
Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Richmond, Proberta, Cal. 12.00
Mrs. E. D. Richmond, Proberta, Cal. 1.00
Mrs. Susan Leffebro, Milton, Wis. 10.00
Dr. Ross Palmberg, Lieu, China 10.00
M. Louise Davis, Jackson Center, Ohio 5.00
S. A. Burdick, Cuba, N. Y. debt 10.00
Mrs. C. H. Allen, Port Lavaca, Tex., L. K. 10.00
Mrs. Morgan R. Smalley, Shilo, N. J. 1.50
Rev. A. C. Ayrey, Shingehouse, Pa. 9.00
G. W. Lapham and wife, Milton, Wis. 3.00
Dr. L. M. Babcock, Milton, Wis. 10.00
Charles Swenson, Vly, R. D. 1.00
E. D. Davis, White Clowh, Mich. 2.50
Mrs. Ada V. Saunders, Pekue, Ark., Denominational Building 5.00
Mr. and Mrs. B. R. (Randall), Hotville, Cal. 5.00
Phoebe E. Phillips, Utica, N. Y. 1.00
Alice A. Peckham, Waton, N. Y. 1.00
Thanksgiving offering 9.00
Mrs. Elmer Kemp, Augusta, Ga. Thanksgiving offering 6.00
Miss Margaret Burdick, Milton, Junction, Wis., Thanksgiving offering 5.00
Mrs. C. M. Leffebro, Proberta, Cal. Thanksgiving offering 2.50
James, Van Amsden, Syracuse, N. Y. Thanksgiving offering 1.00
C. C. Babcock, Riverside, Cal. Thanksgiving offering 25.00
Gillette F. Randolph, Charleston, W. Va. Thanksgiving offering 25.00
R. C. Burdick, Plainfield, N. J., Denominational Building 50.00
Ladies Aid Society, Friendship, N. Y. Thanksgiving offering 50.00
Mrs. and Mrs. B. G. Thorngate, North Loop, Neb., Denominational Building 50.00
Mrs. Nellie E. Black, North Loop, Neb., Thanksgiving offering 160.00
First Brookfield, N. Y. (Leonardville) Church 11.50
Plainfield, N. J., Church Thanksgiving offering 29.47
Plainfield, N. J., Church, Thanksgiving offering 20.00
First Alfred, (Alfred, N. Y.) Thanksgiving offering 72.42
Second Westley, (Bradford, R. L.) Church, Thanksgiving offering 22.72
Salem, W. Va., Church, Thanksgiving offering 102.50
Hammond, La., Church, Thanksgiving offering 6.50
Dodge Center, Minn. Sabbath School 4.57
Pawcatuck, (Waterford, R. L.), Church 122.47
Green A., Church 2.62
Members Lost Creek, W. Va., Church 55.00
North Loop, Neb., Church 38.00
George H. Shaw, Thanksgiving offering 2.00
Farnam, Neb, Church, General Fund 30.00
Farnam, Neb, Church, Marie Janes 50.00
Waterford, Conn., Church 3.40
Merritt, B., Church, Thanksgiving offering 2.00
Walta, Wia, Church, Debt 10.00
F. A. Roots, Syracuse, N. Y. 2.00
Second Brookfield (Brookfield, N. Y.) Church 7.00
Collections Yearly Meeting, New York, New Jersey, Berlin, N. Y., churches 11.46

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"Visitor" 84.85
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THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

LOIS RAY

The ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment (the so-called Prohibition Amendment) by the required number of States to make it a law of the land, is a triumph that merits hallelujahs and songs of praise. Who would have thought that the opinions of a few despised prohibitionists a score and more years ago would become such a mighty irresistible influence! It has been accomplished, "not by might, nor by [earthly] power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

This is the Spirit which wins. It will win for the Sabbath as certainly as it has for temperance. We can see ahead how it is to be accomplished. We feel weak, and powerless, as we look at the great billows of Sabbath desecration surging over the land. In numbers we who believe in the Sabbath of Jehovah are as few as the grains of sand by the seashore, but actually when working in harmony with divine spirit—even one is a majority.

Let renewed, courage arise, to continue steadfast and persevering in the struggle for the right observance of the Sabbath, the day Jehovah made for man.

The young people will have something to say about the Recorder that will be interesting and instructive.

WHAT'S COMING?

SABBATH RECORDER RALLY SERVICES

When?
Second Sabbath in April—12th. Mark your Calendar.

Where?
In all the churches, groups and homes of L. S. K's of the Denomination.

How?
Beginning with the Friday night prayer service, you are to pray for an awakened interest in the Sabbath Recorder among Seventh Day Baptists.

The Sabbath morning your pastor will preach a sermon that will arouse your interest and increase your appreciation of your denominational paper to a degree that you will determine never to be without it in your home.

In the Afternoon
The young people will have something to say about the Recorder that will be interesting and instructive.

What Next?
By this time you will be ready for what will follow in the next few days. A committee of young people will call upon you for your subscriptions for the Sabbath Recorder—the most valuable paper that you can have in your home. Don't refuse.
TOILERS OF JAPAN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, February 22, 1919

Sunday—Toilers oppressed (Jas. 5: 1-6)
Monday—Toilers protected (Deut. 24: 14, 15)
Tuesday—Toiler and master (Eph. 6: 5-9)
Wednesday—A model master (Acts 10: 1-6)
Thursday—A brother in Christ (Phil. 1: 27)
Friday—Christianity's brotherhood (Matt. 23: 10-12)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Christianity and the toilers of Japan (Matt. 16: 20) (Missionary meeting)

TOILERS OF JAPAN

We are told that "thirty-four years ago there were about one hundred and twenty-five modern factories in Japan. At the present time there are at least twenty thousand, while more than ten million men, women and children are working in the mills and factories of modern Japan." The United States alone buys millions of artificial articles, such as tooth brushes, paper napkins, cigarette mouth-pieces, made in these factories.

But again, we are told that "many of these factories are little better than prisons."

The workers are compelled to work from two to eleven hours a day, with often not more than five to seven minutes allowed for lunch time. "Little girls must rise every day at four-thirty and work from six in the morning to six in the evening; and, when the pressure of war orders is heavy, up to eight, or nine or ten o'clock at night. Many of the factories are dark, crowded, poorly ventilated, excessively hot; and the cotton-mills the air is generally filled with tuberculosis-provoking dust."

Little provision is made for cleanliness and comfort. Accidents are frequent, due to lack of proper safety devices. Tuberculosis is of necessity feared in all factories. Of course the laborers are underpaid, and that means underfed, with a consequent unbearable existence. "Drunkenness and crime are common among the factory population." The factory law of Japan is characterized as "medieval," so inhuman are its provisions. Not until 1916 was there any factory law at all.

WHAT JAPAN NEEDS

Japan needs the ameliorating and humanizing influence of Christianity on behalf of its toilers.

Here are some of the things that missions are doing for the toilers of Japan.

Note this. "Christian agencies in Japan are alert to the needs of the factory population but find themselves inadequate to the situation."

"Homes for factory girls, close to the factories in which they work, are conducted by the American Board in Matsuyma, the German Evangelical Association and the Canadian Methodists in Tokyo, the Church Missionary Society in Osaka, and the Episcopal Board of Missions in Kuma- zawa. In these homes, living conditions are ideal.

The Young Men's Christian Association maintains night schools and employment agencies. Recently the provision of good moving pictures and a legter to explain the pictures, has been a useful extension of energy.

The Salvation Army is doing a large work among the unemployed men, housing, feeding and financing them until they are able to find steady employment. Another piece of their 'Good Samaritan' work is the shanty in the outskirts of Tokyo, built for the treatment of tuberculosis patients among the poor.

Several other missions have tuberculosis sanitariums, and in 1912 the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of America opened one in Japan, and was founded as a result of missionary effort.

A Japanese Christian pastor, Rev. Yoshimi Sugiyura, has been the means of placing several hundred 'down-and-outs' on their feet and making them self-supporting and self-respecting citizens in independent businesses.

For further and fuller facts about the toilers of Japan, our Endeavorers are referred to the study book, "Ancient Peoples at New Tasks," by Willard Price, to which the editor of the Young People's Department gives credit for the interesting facts above. Some of our societies are using this book in their mission study classes. It contains much interesting and valuable information.

THE TENTH LEGION

For several years our Christian Endeavor goal has included an increase in membership of the Tenth Legion. This year we hope to secure a gain of at least twenty-five per cent. In order to do this we must have more of our Endeavorers acquainted with the origin and purpose of the Tenth Legion.

This tithe-givers' league originated in the New York City Christian Endeavor Union in 1896 through the suggestion of Mr. W. L. Amerman. The plan worked so well in New York that it was soon adopted, and has since been promoted by the United Society of Christian Endeavor. Thus it is a national enrolment, having for its motto: "Render unto God the things that are God's." Membership is not limited to Endeavorers, but is composed of those who are willing to give God the tithe. The name itself is suggestive, bearing reference to Cesar's famous Tenth Legion, and it implies the great results that may be accomplished by united effort and the inspiration of number.

The Jews of the Old Testament, in common with many other ancient nations, were required to set apart at least one-tenth of their income for religious purposes, but that is not the reason for the practice of tithing among Christians of today. The real secret of tithing is the desire to have a standard of generous, systematic giving for definite religious work.

This idea has appealed strongly to thinking men and women. The standard may not be practicable in every case, but should be made a matter of concern. Statistics show that since 1857
the Tenth Legion has grown at the rate of nearly two hundred members a week. Surely Seventh Day Baptists need the inspiration and fellowship of this band of workers. It is said that personal consecrations mean more—much more—than any organized work. Enthusiasm have you consecrated your purse?

ETHEL C. ROGERS, 
Supt. of Tenth Legion. 
Denielien, N. J.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR CHURCH SPIRIT IN THE VICTORY LOAN

JOHN FRICE JONES, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

One of the outstanding features of the various Liberty Loan campaigns has been the manner in which they have brought members of different communions into closer contact, and promoted a better and more sympathetic understanding. Church union as a physical merging may or may not have been brought nearer, but there can be no question that all of the churches have shared in the spiritual enrichment of service for high ideals.

The Victory Liberty Loan which will soon be offered should strengthen these bonds. The united work done in days of war must be continued until all of those who have fought abroad for the spread of American ideals have returned to recognize what has been accomplished along the same lines by the organized forces of Christianity in the United States.

One Government appeals to all true Americans to “finish the job.” The spirit of America itself refuses to permit it to be unfinished. But beyond the appeal of the Government and the ‘urge of Americanization is the demand of humanity that every church should work to the utmost for this cause, which is in very truth the cause of humanity.

Surely these are the days when we should all stand with our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. We must go even beyond humanity to show that those who have worked unitedly in the cause of humanity have done so under the impulse of revealed religion. The more that is done for the boys who have to be brought home, and for the boys who can not yet come home because they have their own job to finish, the more definitely and forcefully can we bear the gospel of the Prince of Peace to the hundreds of thousands who shall return to America with new cravings for the consolations of the spiritual life.

This is the last of the great popular loans—that is, this is the last opportunity for us to use the appeal of our Government as a text for thrift, for service, and in some cases, for the glory of temporary sacrifice.

Let us envisage the possibilities that this opportunity offers, then, having clearly before us the future opening before the churches. Let us become convinced, to exhort, to appeal and to pray for the success of the Victory Liberty Loan.

WHO ARE L. S. K’S?

ANGELINE ABBEY, GENERAL SECRETARY

Many most kind, appreciative letters have come from Lone Sabbath Keepers from various parts of the country, in response to the “Message” sent to them early in November. The most of these breathed intense interest in all denominational activities, and contain a contribution or the promise of one later, or the assurance that the writer has sent an offering recently to some of the many worthy causes.

Many of those who have written belong to some Seventh Day Baptist church somewhere, and are contributing to that, but wish to help on the Lone Sabbath Keepers’ apportionment also. Some are in doubt as to whether they should be numbered with the L. S. K.’s, as they attend church on the Sabbath a part of the year. Some feel that they are doing all they can to help support the home church, and so wish to have their names dropped from the L. S. K. list because they can not pay through this channel also.

There is no membership fee required to belong to the Lone Sabbath Keepers’ Association. Write your name, and think you need the association, without regard to what you can or can not pay. That is to be a free-will offering. While we believe in, and urge upon all, the practice of tithing, it is left entirely with the conscience of each individual. If the Sabbath-keeper is away from one of our churches for a part of the year teaching, or at a winter resort, or at a summer resort, or if he lives so far distant that he can not attend the Seventh Day Baptist church regularly, although he may be a church member and may be very much interested,—he is a Lone Sabbath Keeper. The object of his subscription is to seek to help and encourage the isolated one in ways of Christian living and to give him an opportunity for systematic, united work for Christ and the Sabbath.

If only one who is many miles from the home church and whose name is not on our L. S. K. list, reads this, will you not please send your name and address to the secretary? Also if you would like a read copy of the Recorder or know of a friend who would like it, let us know. Friends are waiting and anxious to send the paper to those who do not take it. “One is your Master even Christ, and all ye are brethren.”

New Auburn, Minn.,
Jan. 28, 1919.

TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN


The Real Mother is as Careful to Train Her Child’s Mind as She Is to Train His Physical Wants

MRS. HARRIET FRANCES CARPENTER

A YOUNG mother recently related an occurrence which had repeated itself on several occasions in her home and which she had found most trying. She said, “My children go and get their clean stockings and tie knots in them in connection with a game they play, and often when I start to dress the children I can’t find a single stocking that hasn’t been tied tightly several times.” One hot summer afternoon, I lost patience. ‘Anne,’ I exclaimed to the eldest, ‘Why do you cause me such annoyance, day after day? ‘What are mothers for?” she asked, and I saw that she was right.

I gravely asked this thoughtless mother if it would not have been better for Anne to aid in the task of untying the stockings, being led, by sharing the toil, to feel grateful for the many times her mother’s patient hands had done for her,

Oh, she couldn’t untie them,” she answered, with a shake of her head.

“Had she tried, and found it impossible, she might, of her own accord, have stopped knocking the stockings,” I replied.

“But I wanted to teach the children to pay a visit, and there wasn’t time enough to let her try!”

“My dear, the pleasure of going with you, the opportunity to wait upon others,” then, with a pitying look, burst out: “It’s easy to see that you are not a mother! No mother could do that—her mother-heart would not let her!”

I was silent for moment, then remembering that physical and spiritual motherhood are not necessarily embodied in the same person, explained without impatient the effect such indulgence would have on the child, and pointed out that the most loving mother takes as great pains to train her children’s characters as to provide for their bodily wants, and that the greatest love is the one which is most far-seeing. But to the end the mother stoutly held to her conception of the “mother-heart.”

A scene observed at a later hour in the day revealed this mother, regardless of her “mother-heart,” in a fit of ill temper admonishing a thoughtless violation to the to the the

“Nora,” complained a mother to her sister, “your name spoils all our rides in the new car. She just will go, and then she wants to come home immediately, and kick and scream all the way. Sometimes we set her out on the floor and go on, but she knows that we will have to come back, so that doesn’t do any good! You’re a kindergartener, Nora, you must break her of it.”

“Leave her home until she shows that she understands that she should not spoil the enjoyment of others,” advised the aunt. But this the mother flatly refused to do, and the miserable rides continued.

Some time later the mother went on a visit and the aunt was left in charge of her refractory niece. I saw her riding in the automobile several times without the permission. Then one day the small figure sat in its usual place and in the aunt’s arms was the two-year-old brother. They called at the door.

“Are you having a pleasant
OUTING?" I asked little Nora. "Yes," she beamed. "I used to spoil our rides; now I'm showing little brother how to make everybody have a good time."

"We had to go without Nora for a few days," remarked the aunt quietly, "but now she is trying to think of others as well as of herself."

In this case the aunt was more truly the mother than the child's own parent. For she understood that mother-love should be something more than the gratification of a passion, and this insight gave her the courage to face the child's passing disappointment for the benefit of her future welfare.

What seems of slight importance at the moment assumes a quite different aspect when considered in the light of its future results.

Please pass this article on to a friend and thus help Uncle Sam reach all the mothers of the country.

THE APPEAL TO THE HEROIC

In every day the call to the side of Jesus Christ has been an appeal to the heroic. And the response to that call has been like the return of a lost soul to resistance and to aggression, to resistance of evil and to aggression for righteousness. Looking at the mat'ef of the Christian profession from certain angles it would appear to be a matter of ease and comfort, and all that. The idea of resistance seems to have a place in the theory and not in the practice of the Christian life and service. But when one takes into consideration that the Christian life is really the entrance into the fellowship of Christ's sufferings the matter assumes a different aspect.

May it not be that because so many regard the Christian life as a matter of convenience, ease, comfort and respectability there is so lamentable a lack of activity among the followers of Jesus? And by activity is meant not a mere formal, empty fussing about; but real downright work for the Master; work that counts in the upbuilding of the kingdom of God.

It is interesting to remember that Paul was very careful to give his dear friend Timothy a right idea of the obligation of the Christian fellowship. He put the matter under the figure of a struggle, and he urged Timothy to make a fight of it—a fight for his emanation, from the thraldom of unrighteousness. He urged the youthful Timothy not to take his religious life too easily. And in that Paul was taking a leaf out of his own notebook, for he had never taken his life of fellowship with Jesus Christ as an easy thing. In season and out of season he was serving the Lord. Wherever there was a difficult task there he was to be found.

And why? That was the real man in him that spoke in such an hour. No one really wants to do something that is easy. An easy victory over an opposing ball team counts for little. An opponent who can be overthrown with much effort is not worth much. What we desire in school and in college sports is a rival worthy of our steel.

It is to the difficult things that Christianity calls men and women today. It is an appeal to the best there is in them to go forth and face the world like good soldiers. Calvin used to say that we are in danger of calling people to effeminity and the gratification of a life of Christian fellowship. And he urged that the call to resistance of evil and to the difficult, a contest and a need, a heroism of Jesus Christ, of the one who willingly went the way of the Cross.—The Christian Advocate.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Wh ereas, Our heavenly Father has "called home" our sister and president, Flora I. Mosher, and members of the Ladies Aid Society at Andover, N. Y. feel they have lost one of their most willing and earnest workers, and while we feel deeply our loss and "mourn with those who mourn," we bow in submission to him "who doth all things well."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, also that they be written in the secretary's book and published in the Sabbath Recorder.

This is gone—Life's work, well done.
Life's race, well run.
Life's crown, well won.

Now, come rest.

CARROLL H. GREENE.
ALICE E. CLARKE.
LEILA D. LIVERMORE.
Committee.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

WE ARE WELL ABLE

REV. EDWIN SHAW


Text: "Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." Numbers 13:30.

The inspiration for my remarks today, or perhaps better say the suggestion for my sermon, came to me while I was reading an article in a magazine. This is not, I know full well, the generally supposed or conventional idea of the source of a preacher's sermon. You are apt to think of a man when preparing his message for the pulpit as being in the quiet of his study, or perhaps I better say the suggestion is his children. And one of them spoke of her, the gratification of a life of service. Calv in, who was a difficult and a contest and a need, a heroism of Jesus Christ, of the one who willingly went the way of the Cross. —The Christian Advocate.

WORK, and responsibility is responsibility, and duty is duty. And I wish that every one of us might make this same picture ours, and feel that as we undertake, the labor of each day, and prepare to meet the duty of each hour, our attitude toward this task is one of reverent dependence upon God, with an open heart, an open eye, to feel, to hear, to see messages and direction and help from the Father.

This suggestion or inspiration flashed upon my mind, and then I sought the Bible and read and read, and thought and thought, until I decided upon the ten men who were told to go into the promised land, and looked at their case. I saw that I did not have the courage to go forward. They were cowards, and they wandered about in the wilderness till they died, possibly some of them putting themselves on the back for their tact and shrewdness in keeping themselves and the people of Israel out of trouble with the people of Palestine. But they were cowards according to the decree of history. They did not have the courage of Caleb who, seeing the same splendid opportunity and with the same knowledge of the situation, said to the people, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

Caleb knew about the perils of the undertaking; he knew of the two cities and the sons of Anak, he knew that there would be a contest and a need of sacrifice and that he might very likely be among those who would fall wounded or slain in the battle. But he saw the opportunity of possessing the promised land. He saw the opportunity of entering into the success for which they had cast aside the bondage of Egypt, and for which they were then on the way, and he, in courage and confidence, said, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."
I am thinking of Joseph. I fancy there was many another young men who had just as good an opportunity as Joseph had, but he was a coward and failed. Joseph saw the struggle, he knew of the peril and danger, and he had courage and went bravely forward.

I am thinking of Daniel and his three friends. I fancy there were many other fine young lads of Palestine that were taken captive, who had just the same opportunities that came to Daniel and his companions, but they were cowards; they lacked the courage and the quiet confidence which made Daniel and the other three heroes forever.

I am thinking of John and Peter in those early years of the Christian church. The opportunities were alike for all, but we read that with great boldness they preached Jesus and his resurrection. They had a courage born of holy confidence, and though it brought them to prison and to persecution, they never faltered in their loyalty and in their trust and they said with Caleb, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

And I am thinking of Paul, and how his friends advised him and besought him and begged him not to go to Jerusalem where there was such opposition to him, and how he said, "What mean ye to weep and break mine heart? For I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

He knew there was a contest, a struggle, a battle, awaiting him, but he was no coward, no scheming ecclesiastical diplomat, and he met his opportunity with a sublime courage that has, by its very example, made an important triumph.

And there was Luther. We must not think there were no other men who had his opportunity. There were many others but they had not his courage, a spirit like that of Caleb who in the presence of what seemed to the rest overwhelming opposition, said in quiet steadfast confidence, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

Seven score years ago thirteen little colonies along the Atlantic coast, under the leadership of Washington and other men just as brave and loyal, saw before them an opportunity, an opportunity of real liberty and freedom. It was a partly open door but barred by many dangers and fortified against by the prejudices of centuries. But these men were brave and they were courageous, they were not cowards, and in spite of opposition and in spite of war and bloodshed, they went boldly forward, and our own beloved nation was brought forth.

Lincoln in his address on the battle-field of Gettysburg said that we were then by this cruel war testing whether a nation thus begotten could long endure. Through his leadership, with a new vision of a new opportunity, courage again unchallenged courage amid the most baffling and stupendous opposition, won the victory; and a larger freedom, a wider liberty was the result.

Less than two years ago another opportunity, spaced in letters large and red, came to this same nation, the child of Washington and Lincoln. When the mighty will of rule or ruin made but a scrap of paper of a solemn promise, a binding treaty between the nations of the world,—of which our own nation was a party—and the soil of Belgium was trespassed by a mighty foe, there was an opportunity clear and plain before this nation, an opportunity to make a protest. I shall not say it was cowardice that kept us still; few of us understood the situation then, it came so suddenly, it was hidden, it looked back across the bloody days it looks like cowardice. At any rate there was not the courage of Caleb and the opportunity was lost and has not yet been met, an opportunity to protest and strive for freedom larger than along the Atlantic coast, or from sea to sea, a national freedom larger than a freedom without regard to race of color within the nation, a freedom among all nations, a world-wide freedom. So far we have failed. Our courage has not been like that of Caleb. Perchance we shall be condemned to wander for forty years in the wilderness till this generation has passed away, before we shall see the courage needed to enter the promised land of world-wide peace and universal freedom and unshackled liberty.

But we do not look so far away to see the lack or worth of courage such as Caleb had. Here right before us is an opportunity. But it requires a struggle, it calls for sacrifice. We call it a "campaign," an evangelistic campaign. And we shall meet with opposition. The giants of evil are in the fenced cities of indifference, and these forces for the gospel are but as grasshoppers in their sight. But the purpose of the campaign is a lofty, high and noble one. It is a land flowing with the milk and honey of better living, a fertile land wherein can grow all the precious fruits of Christian character. Because we see the greatness of the task, the dangers of the road, shall we draw back and say it is no use, and say "Twill do no harm to try, but we can never win?" Rather, friends, in the confident courageous spirit of old Caleb, let us now say with him, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

And as a church and as a people standing here almost alone for the Sabbath as a sacred day ordained of God, observed by Jesus Christ, what shall be our attitude and the spirit of our lives? Is there no opportunity before us? Have you been spying on the land? And what is your report? I know there are those who say, Yes, indeed, the Sabbath is a blessed goal towards which we should proceed. It is rich in blessings, a fertile land for godly living, but there are giants in the way. The fenced cities of Biblical arguments against the Sabbath have been taken. But the giants have digged for themselves deep and secure the trenches of "it doesn't make any difference which day you keep," and "one day is just as good as another," and "the Sabbath is a Jewish institution any way," and it would be unwise and foolish to try to change a custom observed by almost every one," and from such trenches they can not be driven, and from these defenses they will turn back in vain all efforts to overwhelm them. It is no use, we can not do it. Shall that be our report, yours and mine? And shall we all be condemned to wander yet another forty years in the wilderness till this generation has passed away, before we go forward to enter the promised land of the Sabbath of Christ? Shall we? God forbid. Rather, with the courage born of conviction of truth and right, knowing well and understanding the perils of the way and the forces that oppose us, trusting in the mightiness of love and the compelling attractive Cross of Jesus Christ, God help us all to say with good old Caleb, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

As a boy Orson was regular in attendance at church and very faithful to the Junior Society of Christian Endeavor. In 1911 he was baptized by Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell and became a member of the Second Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church. After his country entered the war he was drawn into military service, and went from Trumansburg to Camp Slocum in May, 1918. Later he was transferred to Camp Hancock. About the last of July he went overseas, and served in a machine gun company. He had been on the firing line much of the time for a little more than two weeks, when he was killed in action Octo-
POPPIES IN THE BARBED WIRE
Albert E. Lolo, Chaplain 116th U. S. Engineers, contributed this article to the "Pick and Shovel," the regimental paper which he edits.

They grow luxuriously, these poppies do, in northern France. Every soldier must have noticed them as he passed the field. A chaplain tells us of seeing their bright hues in the cemeteries, amid the white crosses. He tells us of the millions of yards of barbed wire that had been twisted into an impassable network of spikes for the second line of defense, but which had become a mass of green and scarlet, as if the grass beneath the poppies, growing unchecked, were seeking to hide this ugly and threatening sign of war. This was not camouflage, but nature's genuine attempt to beautify and transform the plant made necessary by the hatred and enmities of men.

The—poppy typifies forgetfulness. It is the flower of sleep and pleasant daydreams. As such it may be suggestive of this Christmastime as it comes after the slaughter of years, and wings its message over ruined and devastated acres. Some things can never be forgotten, nor should they. The results that follow untamed ambition and lust must ever be held in the memory of a warning, and to those who are guilty must be meted out a punishment to chasten and refine, but the vision of a new future can be made equally if not even more pre-eminent. To plan now for peace and an enduring peace seems possible. This crusade for righteousness and liberty stirs the imagination of the construction of new orders of good will. The union of the varied peoples, the comingling of society, the comradeship of the individual army and of the armies of the nations, give foundation for the age purpose interpreted by Jesus, "Peace on earth, good will among men."

Other flowers have grown in these days. About the tomb of Lafayette the forget-me-nots have bloomed in a strength hardly expected of this tiny plant. Amid the poppies, though other flowers shall be cultivated, we shall not forget our buried ladies, nor their sacrifice at the "barbed wire." Some remembrance will ever abide with us. It is for us to determine that in their name and in the name of Christ who led them "west," we shall plant the flowers that have in them joy and healing for the nations.

IN THE BARBED WIRE

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MARRIAGES

BURKHART-COTTRITE.—At the Seventh Day Baptist Church, Salem, W. Va., December 22, 1918, Trumbull C. Bond, of Ashaway, R. I., to Miss Addie Cottrite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Cottrite, of this place, in accordance with the Seventh Day Baptist Church Discipline of the eighth of February, 1918. They will reside at Industrial, W. Va.

DEATHS

CRANDALL.—Lloyd Randolph Crandall was born in Ashaway, R. I., July 24, 1890, and died of influenza and pneumonia at the same place Jan. 9, 1918.

When three years of age he went with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Julian Crandall, to Elizabethville, Ill., where they spent ten years. Aside from these years his home has always been in Ashaway, R. I. After graduating from the Wessely High School in 1916 he spent two years in Alfred University, N. Y. Then returning to Ashaway he entered business with the Ashaway Line and Twine Manufacturing Company. In a little time he became the secretary and treasurer of this company; holding the position of bookkeeper. His death came as a shock to his family and friends. He was a member of the church and of the Young Men's Club of Elizabethville. He was a young man of large ability and efficiency in all these lines of varied activities. When our country entered the great war he spent many sleepless nights debating the questions whether he owed it to God and the cause of democracy that he enlist in the service. At length settling it in his mind that it would be of more use to his country to remain in France, November 4, 1918.

His body was returned to his home in Ashaway, R. I., November 17, 1917, where he was buried, November 22, 1917.

Died: January 9, 1918.
RESOLUTIONS BY MARLBORO CHURCH

WHEREAS, God in his divine Providence has seen fit to call to his eternal reward our beloved pastor, Rev. David C. Crofoot, who had by his loving, judicious and faithful services endeared himself to the hearts of all his church and congregation.

WHEREAS, We realize that we, with the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination, share in the loss of one who was faithful to all its interests, who consecrated his own life to God’s ministerial calling and gave a son to the China Mission field; be it

Resolved, That we as a church strive to live as we prayed that we might live, “That he being dead yet speaketh”; and

That we extend our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of deep sorrow to the widow, Mrs. Lena Crofoot, and the two sons, Jay and Claude; be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow and sons, to the Sabbath Recorder, and spread upon our minuter.

MRS. AND MRS. W. T. DAVIS
MRS. W. T. DAVIS
Mrs. C. C. DAY
Mr. AND Mrs. REUBEN J. AYERS

"Read yourself full; write yourself clear; pray yourself clean."

THE SABBATH RECORDER
SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE
Next Session will be held at Battle Creek, Mich., August 19-24, 1919.
President—Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y.
Vice President—Rev. William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Rev. George E. Croney, Plainfield, N. J.

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President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—A. L. Titworth, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary—Rev. Alfred, N. Y.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY
President—W. E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y.
Secretary—Prof. J. Nelson Norwood, Milton, Wis.
Treasurer—Prof. Paul E. Titworth, Alfred, N. Y.

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