

The Sabbath Recorder

The value of the past lies in
the enrichment of the future

As our part let us hand on
The Denominational Building

THE DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING
A VISION IN MATERIAL FORM
F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Oh, when we are journeying through the murky night and the dark woods of affliction and sorrow, it is something to find here and there a spray broken, or a leafy stem bent down with the tread of Christ's foot and the brush of his hand as he passed; and to remember that the path he trod he has hallowed, and thus to find lingering fragrance and hidden strength in the remembrance of him as tempted in all points like as we are, bearing grief *for* us, bearing grief *with* us, bearing grief *like* us.

—Alexander Maclaren.

CONTENTS

Editorial.—Letter From a Loyal Lone Sabbath Keeper in Rhode Island.—Still Another Letter That Touches the Heart; Encouraging Reports.—Dangers of Heresy Hunting.—“Laborers Are Few”; “Pray Ye Therefore” for More Ministers.....	641-644	“The Fault Not Thine”.....	653
“Five-Day-Working-Week”.....	644	Woman's Work.—Her Children's Country.....	654-658
A Commission of Friendship From Greece.....	645	Michigan-Ohio Seventh Day Baptist Semi-Annual Convention, Detroit, Mich., May 28-30, 1926.....	658
An Appreciation of Dr. Tickner.....	646	Our Mercies.....	659
Seventh Day Baptist Onward Movement.—Our Bulletin Board.—The Support of Our Denominational Societies and Boards.....	647	Young People's Work.—Getting Things Done.—The Intermediate Corner.—Junior Work.....	660
A Man's Atmosphere.....	648	“Spare the Tree”.....	661
Open Letter to Lord's Day Alliance, California.....	649	Children's Page.—Our Flag.—Why the Pansy Has a Velvet Face.—How Paper is Made.—My Grandma Used to Say.....	663-665
Missions.—A Missionary Message.—“He That Winneth Souls is Wise.”—Chinese Church Leader Defines a Christian.—Suppose.....	650-652	Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page.—Jesus Christ, The Christian Hope of Glory. Home News.....	666
Eastern Association, Shiloh, N. J., June 10-13.....	652	Sabbath School.—A Contentious Spirit.—Lesson for June 5, 1926.....	668
		Federal Government or Criminal Class the Stronger?.....	669
		Marriage.....	670
		Deaths.....	671

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Alfred, N. Y., August 24 to 29, 1926.
President—Dr. George W. Post, Jr., 4138 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
First Vice-President—President Paul E. Titsworth, Washington College, Chestertown, Md.
Vice-Presidents—Frank E. Peterson, Leonardsville, N. Y.; Fred Maris, Nortonville, Kans.; Herbert C. Van Horn, Lost Creek, West Virginia; Curtis F. Randolph, Alfred, N. Y.; C. Columbus Van Horn, DeWitt, Ark.; Benjamin R. Crandall, San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Recording Secretary—J. Nelson Norwood, Alfred, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Edwin Shaw, Milton, Wis.
Treasurer of General Conference—James H. Coon, Milton, Wis.
Treasurer of Onward Movement—Harold R. Crandall, 8681 Broadway, New York City.
General Secretary of Onward Movement—Willard D. Burdick, Plainfield, N. J.

COMMISSION OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

Terms expiring in 1926—Alva L. Davis, Ashaway, R. I.; James L. Skaggs, Milton, Wis.; D. Nelson Inglis, Milton, Wis.
Terms expiring in 1927—S. Orestes Bond, Salem, W. Va.; Gerald D. Hargis, Little Genesee, N. Y.; J. Nelson Norwood, Alfred, N. Y.
Terms expiring in 1928—George W. Post, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Alexander W. Vars, Plainfield, N. J.; Claude L. Hill, Farina, Ill.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Arthur L. Titsworth, Plainfield, N. J.
Assistant Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Willard D. Burdick, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—F. J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
 Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 p. m.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

President—Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Westerly, R. I.
Recording Secretary—George B. Utter, Westerly, R. I.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, Ashaway, R. I.
Treasurer—Samuel H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.
 The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY

President—Edgar D. Van Horn, Alfred Station, N. Y.
Recording Secretary and Treasurer—Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Dora K. Degen, Alfred, N. Y.
 The regular meetings of the Board are held on the second Sunday of January, April, July and October.

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

President—Mrs. Allen B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Edwin Shaw, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. James L. Skaggs, Milton, Wis.
Treasurer—Mrs. Alfred E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.
Editor Woman's Page, SABBATH RECORDER—Mrs. George E. Crosley, Milton, Wis.

ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES

Eastern—Mrs. Willard D. Burdick, Plainfield, N. J.
Southeastern—Mrs. M. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va.
Central—Mrs. Jay S. Brown, Brookfield, N. Y.
Western—Mrs. Walter L. Greene, Andover, N. Y.
Southwestern—Mrs. R. J. Mills, Hammond, La.
Northwestern—Miss Phoebe S. Coon, Walworth, Wis.
Pacific Coast—Mrs. C. D. Coon, Riverside, Calif.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND

President—H. M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.
Vice-President—William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
 Gifts or bequests for any denominational purpose are invited, and will be gladly administered and safeguarded for the best interests of the beneficiaries in accordance with the wishes of the donors.
 The Memorial Board acts as the Financial Agent of the Denomination.
 Write the Treasurer for information as to ways in which the Board can be of service.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Advisory Committee—W. L. Burdick, Chairman, Ashaway, R. I.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

President—D. Nelson Inglis, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.
Treasurer—Louis A. Babcock, Milton, Wis.
Director of Religious Education—Rev. Erlo E. Sutton, Milton Junction, Wis.
 Stated meetings are held on the third First Day of the week in the months of September, December and March, and on the first First Day of the week in the month of June in the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S EXECUTIVE BOARD

President—Benjamin F. Johanson, Battle Creek, Mich.
Recording Secretary—Miss Marjorie Willis, Battle Creek, Mich.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, R. F. D. 5, Battle Creek, Mich.
Treasurer—Elvan H. Clarke, 229 N. Washington Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
Trustee of United Societies—Benjamin F. Johanson, Battle Creek, Mich.
Editor of Young People's Department of SABBATH RECORDER—Mrs. Ruby Coon Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich.
Junior Superintendent—Miss Elisabeth Kenyon, Ashaway, R. I.
Intermediate Superintendent—Rev. Paul S. Burdick, Rockville, R. I.

ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES

Eastern—Mrs. Blanche Burdick, Ashaway, R. I.
Central—Miss Hazel Langworthy, Adams Center, N. Y.
Western—Leonard Hunting, Alfred, N. Y.
Northwestern—Mrs. Talva S. Wulf, Grand Mound, Ia.; G. Merton Sayre, Milton, Wis.; Royal Crouch, Centerline, Mich.
Southeastern—Miss Maybelle Sutton, Salem, W. Va.
Southwestern—Miss Fucia F. Randolph, Fouke, Ark.
Pacific—Gleason Curtis, Riverside, Cal.

CONFERENCE AUXILIARY FOR LONE SABBATH KEEPERS

General Field Secretary—Mrs. Angeline Abbey Allen, Fouke, Ark.
Assistant Field Secretary—Miss Lois R. Fay, Princeton, Mass.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE

Robert B. St. Clair, Chairman, Detroit, Mich.; Carl U. Parker, Chicago, Ill.; Edwin S. Maxson, Syracuse, N. Y.; George W. Davis, Los Angeles, Calif.; D. Nelson Inglis, Milton, Wis.; Holly W. Maxson, West New York, N. J.; James C. Bartholf, Chicago, Ill.; Gael V. Simpson, Battle Creek, Mich.; John H. Austin, Westerly, R. I.; Winfred Harris, Plainfield, N. J.

ADDRESSES OF MISSIONARIES IN CHINA
 Miss Susie M. Burdick, Rev. and Mrs. H. Eugene Davis, Miss Anna M. West, Pont. Ste. Catherine, Shanghai, China.
 Dr. Rosa W. Palmborg, Dr. Grace I. Crandall, Dr. and Mrs. George Thorngate, Grace Hospital, Liuho, Ku, China.
 Postage, 5 cents for first ounce; 3 cents for every additional ounce or fraction.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 100, No. 21

PLAINFIELD, N. J., MAY 24, 1926

WHOLE No. 4,238

Our Father, thou art our Teacher and we would listen to thy voice. Help us to be still and hear thy words that we may know thy will. May we obey the Savior as our Lord and Master, recognizing him as the one who sympathizes with us in our sorrows, and who pities us in our weakness.

May we live in the comfort of thy promises, having the witness of thy Spirit that we are approved of thee. Give us needed strength to put away everything that interferes with a full testimony for thee, in order that we may be in very deed the light of the world. In Christ's name. Amen.

Letter From a Loyal Lone Sabbath Keeper In Rhode Island

The following letter from a lone Sabbath keeper in Rhode Island is so full of good cheer for those in the home churches, as well as for every lone Sabbath keeper, that I am sure the writer will pardon me for giving it to RECORDER readers.

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

How can I thank you enough for all the good things you send us through the pages of the dear old RECORDER?

As I read the loving letter from a lone Sabbath keeper last week, my heart went out in love and sympathy to her—how faithful to her charge of little children; and I know just how she feels in her longing desire to be with her own home church people, for I miss the fellowship myself, and there is the same hunger and longing for the cordial hand shake of our own loved ones, so I took her right to my heart. God bless her in her work of training young souls for this kingdom. I, too, am a lone one and have not been able to go away for many months. I can hardly afford to take the paper another year, but can't give it up, for it seems like a strong link between us.

I look so anxiously each week for the increase in money for our new building, and pray earnestly that it will soon be a reality. I only wish I might give for it in memory of a long line of faithful ancestors.

Yours in loving service—a feeble old woman—but strong in the faith.

Thank God for the dear old fathers and mothers in Israel who are "strong in the faith." In our prayer meeting at Plainfield, on the evening before Rally Day Sabbath, the pastor had arranged for the deacons and elders of his church, all of whom bear

names of loyal forefathers, to give brief accounts of their ancestors and their work. There were the Maxsons, Randolphs, Rogers, Burdicks and Gardiners, whose fathers and mothers laid good foundations for the builders who should come after them.

May God forbid that such faithful fathers and mothers shall become scarce in our churches of today.

Still Another Letter That Touches the Heart Encouraging Reports

There lies before me a characteristic letter from Dr. Rose Palmborg, one of the missionaries in China, written to Brother Frank J. Hubbard, in which there are some things I want all RECORDER readers to know. And although the letter is a personal one for Brother Hubbard to answer, I am quite sure Dr. Palmborg will pardon me for noticing it here. It is in regard to the fund for the denominational building. She says:

When your circular letter of February 15 came, I heaved a great sigh. My Bible woman who lives with me asked what was the matter. I said, here is a request for money and I feel I want to help, but I have already given so much I don't see how I can give any more.

She asked all about it and I told her. The next day she came saying she wished to give something, but I tried to persuade her that she could not afford it. She gets only \$3, Mexican, a month, and her board. Out of that she clothes a daughter and herself and is trying to pay up her dead husband's debts. Yesterday she told me she wanted to give \$2 Mexican, which now means \$1 United States money.

Now after some figuring I have decided to give something in five payments, and enclose check for my first payment including also the \$1 from my Bible woman. I would like to give more, and you may need to make another call before the building is paid for; then I may be able to do a little more.

Oh, friends, if the spirit manifested in this good letter prevailed in all our churches in the homeland, the full amount needed would have been gladly pledged several weeks ago. The load would be light and willingly borne if all members of the denomination would take the matter to heart and do their part.

As for me, when I see the consecration and grace of liberality manifested by that Chinese Bible woman, I am put to shame over my own giving for this commendable work. I do not see how any one in the churches can witness the devotion of some lone Sabbath keepers to this plan for a general denominational home at last, without being inspired to generous giving for so good and desirable a cause.

Here comes another letter from a friend in New York State—from one of our small churches—with a generous check, and a hearty wish that he were able to double it.

Something like a year ago, a good friend in one of our smallest old churches expressed deep interest in the building movement, and was the very first one to propose the \$1,000 offering plan in case a certain number of such gifts were secured. This was months before the new canvass began in which pledge notes were sent out.

Since that time this dear brother has passed away, and now a letter from his bereaved ones at home has made good his \$1,000 pledge.

Friends, it is the denominational loyalty of such friends as those referred to above, and of others in the churches who have already volunteered to help on the cause for which the fathers prayed and gave their pledges more than seventy-three years ago, that gives assurance of success.

I trust that there are enough others getting ready to respond with pledges very soon, so the certain assurance of success may be secured before Conference time. Would it not be a grand uplift for our annual convocation?

WEEKLY REPORT NUMBER TEN

Report number nine showed pledges and cash amounting to \$16,864.13 received to May 11. Since that date the pledges up to the morning of May 18 amount to \$1,289.50. This added to \$16,864.13 makes the amount \$18,153.63 on May 18.

Our records show that we have received five \$1,000 pledges, five for \$500, and one annuity note gift of \$2,000. We are short on the needed larger gifts and are looking for some generous pledges in every mail.

Dangers of Heresy Hunting I do not see how a child of God can keep up with the controversy as published in several denominational papers, without feeling that the cause of Christ is being hindered rather than helped by sharp, bitter contention over questions of doctrine and dogma.

The heresy-hunting Pharisees, jealous of every teaching of Jesus that differed from their ancient traditions, persisted in their fight until they crucified him. Something of that same spirit has been crucifying the Lord afresh during the centuries.

It was this spirit that lighted the fires of the Spanish Inquisition, persecuted the Covenanters in Scotland and the Baptists and Quakers in New England. Religious zeal for Christ may indeed be *sometimes* pressed in an unchristian way until the movement becomes anti-Christian.

Some one has said, "We no longer burn heretics, but we *brand* them." Unless great care is taken, even loyal friends of Christ may be found cherishing the old spirit of intolerance and bigotry in their manner of "fighting for the truth." The fundamental truths of the gospel, the great essentials of evangelism, may be defended in a spirit which appears so *unchristian* that many are repelled and driven away from the churches.

It is sad indeed that the propagation of erroneous views does greatly menace the welfare of the Church of Christ; but I can not avoid the fear that, sometimes, the spirit in which truth is contended for becomes a still greater menace. As for myself, I find it, sometimes, quite difficult to retain the sweet loving spirit in controversy; and I know that the moment one begins to feel bitter toward his opponent the truth begins to suffer. The fighting spirit and the Christ spirit do not go well together. And the moment a critic's hearers feel that he is losing the Christ spirit, harm is done to both the heresy hunter and the one hunted.

The most effective way to meet error is to *exalt and magnify the truth in the most attractive way* at our command. To hold up the beautiful, attractive, practical gospel messages that appeal to the hearts of men because given in the spirit of love, will be more effective than any resort to personalities in a so-called fight for faith.

Loyalty to truth when expressed in bitter,

unkind attacks upon those holding different views becomes a weapon that harms the speaker as much as the hearer.

IS THERE NOT A BETTER WAY?

The Church should be the greatest spiritual force in the world. Its leaders should *bridge* rather than widen the chasm between Christianity and the irreligious, drifting world. But when the ungodly see the great Church leaders constantly engaged in bitter and relentless quarreling over dogmas and human theories, until denominations are split asunder, and men who are loyal to Jehovah and loving toward the lost are branded as infidels because they believe in the handwriting of God in nature as well as in the Bible, how can outsiders be expected to have much regard for religion?

It seems to me that the demand of these times is for a cessation of heresy hunting and an increase of the balm of Christ-like love and forbearance, while we all shall unite in real heart-yearning efforts to seek and save the lost, who are now drifting toward eternity without a Savior.

The much needed prayer of this age is, "O Lord, give us *saints*, we have enough of heresy hunting, quarreling theologians."

The better way is to make the most of real Bible commands and precepts, exalting the gospel of salvation through Christ, and let the theories and dogmas conjured up by fallible men take care of themselves.

THE REAL BUSINESS OF THE CHURCH

It is the business of the Church to bring forth God-fearing, man-loving, honest, and pure men and women, rather than to enforce dogmatic uniformity in doctrines and creeds of generations gone by, upon which there may be different shades of *opinion* without impairing genuine Christian life.

Here we see the Church in a land where Christian home life is rapidly disappearing, where the very air is filled with shameful divorce scandals, in a generation cursed and polluted by a regular mania for gambling, with robbery and murder terrifying the people with the stench of the underworld making putrid the atmosphere, and with dens of unheard-of vice at the very doors of the churches; *why should able church leaders spend their time and talents in fighting one another over different theological opinions, any one of which may be held by true God-*

fearing Christians without discounting their Christianity?

While the churches are facing the heathen world of darkness, needing the light of Christ, and while the majority of men and women in our homeland are living and dying without God and with no hope of heaven, in the midst of an industrial unrest which threatens the nation's peace, with multitudes suffering for want of a practical expression of Christian brotherhood, why should able Church leaders be found fighting over some Jonah fish story or over the literal or symbolical interpretations of certain Bible texts?

The Church people should do something more than to contend over theoretical statements and creeds—something more than to "*manicure their theology!*"

The Church should be doing more than to denounce the sins of heterodoxy; it should be appealing to real life in active, helpful ways to promote human betterment. It is not enough to hold delightful services in a beautiful house for the entertainment of well-to-do social classes who are able to hold pews there. Churches as high class culture clubs comfortably housed, appealing to the aesthetic taste of cultured people with high salaried quartets, and yet giving comparatively nothing for missions, do not appeal very strongly to the submerged tenth in sinful centers near by, nor do their efforts attract the perishing, poverty-stricken multitude.

Less contention over creeds and united efforts of Christians to make the road from Jerusalem to Jericho safe for travelers would do wonders for men.

"Laborers Are Few" In the RECORDER of **"Pray Ye Therefore"** May 3 were two editorials: **For More Ministers**

"The Ministry a Holy Calling" and "Why the Scarcity of Ministers," which I hope many readers have taken to heart.

Now, on finding that a "goodly number of pastors have agreed to preach some Sabbath soon on the subject of the Christian Ministry," it seems like a good time to ask all the dear friends to make a careful study of the Lord's words uttered when he beheld the great harvest fields suffering from want of laborers. Please take your Bible reading next Sabbath morning in your home—it must be you have family prayers—from

Matthew 9:35-38 or Luke 10:1-2, or use both passages if you will; read them carefully; ponder well the Master's words; and then pray fervently "the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

When Jesus saw the multitude unsaved and going the wrong way, he was "moved with compassion because they were like sheep having no shepherd," and he saw the remedy for such conditions. He knew the power of fervent prayer for more laborers to win men to the kingdom.

Again, when he chose seventy preachers to go before him, and sent them forth to herald his blessed coming, he said unto them also, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest." The disciples and preachers alike were urged to pray for laborers. Preach and pray! These excellent things go well together. I fear that the preaching alone will not reach the case. Preaching that is not strengthened by prayer is weak indeed. Prayer makes the pulpit strong. This is true not only when preachers are men of prayer, but it is truer than we think when the pews are filled with praying people and when prayers are offered up at the family altars for the prosperity of Zion and for faithful men to preach the gospel. A denomination of prayerless, worldly, unspiritual homes is doomed to run fearfully short of ministers. Is it not time for every Seventh Day Baptist family and every Seventh Day Baptist church and pulpit to pray mightily that God will raise up consecrated young men for the Christian ministry?

"FIVE-DAY-WORKING-WEEK"

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND
Leader in Sabbath Promotion

Last week I gave a report of a meeting held in New York recently in the interest of a five-day-working-week. I indicated in that article the occasion and the nature of the meeting, reporting briefly on the speeches made by the one Seventh Day Adventist and the three Jews who spoke, and reserving for this issue the substance of the speech made by the Seventh Day Baptist.

In introducing me Dr. Drachman, the chairman, referred feelingly to his friendly relations with Dr. A. H. Lewis. I am sure his reference to his friendship for Dr. Lewis

secured for me a better reception, and I wished for the eloquence of Dr. Lewis in order to meet the occasion in an adequate manner.

Rev. Mr. Haynes of the Seventh Day Adventist denomination spoke first. I was glad to meet Mr. Haynes on this occasion, and found him very genial and fraternal. The second speaker was Rabbi Adler. I came third, and following is in substance what I said.

As I understand it, the "Committee for the Promotion of the Five-Day-Working-Week" will seek to create public sentiment in favor of the object which it was created to promote, and that there will be no effort made to invoke legislation, a method in my judgment too often resorted to by present day "reformers." Upon that basis it seems to me the undertaking is not only legitimate, but is a most worthy one.

Perhaps the first question to be considered is whether it is possible to produce in five working days of each week the necessities of life and the comforts demanded by our modern approved standards of living. Obviously it is possible to produce not only the necessities of life but its luxuries also in five working days of every week. Modern discoveries and inventions, the employment of machinery in industry, and present day efficient business methods make that possible.

The next question to be asked is whether it is desirable to have two days each week free from labor.

Upon the lowest basis, that of the physical needs of men, it seems highly desirable that in the press of modern business and industrial life they shall have more "days off." More rest is needed for body and brain. The pace required to manipulate and maintain this modern machinery, and the increasing labor necessary to distribute these machine-made products, make it imperative that men shall have more time for rest and recreation than was required under less strenuous industrial conditions. From the standpoint therefore of men's physical needs a five-day-working-week is both possible and desirable.

The facilities for intellectual advancement and for social culture are many and are rapidly increasing. Libraries, museums, parks, broadcasting stations, these and many other institutions loudly call and would lead

to greater enjoyment and to a higher culture, but their invitation must too often go unheeded because of lack of time. One day each week might well be given to relaxation and to the improvement of the mind. I know there are those who fear that more leisure will mean more crime. Of course those who have nothing to do, or have too much time on their hands, become a menace to society. But Rev. Charles Stelzle in one of his social surveys demonstrated the fact that it was the men who worked the longest hours who spent their brief respite from hard labor in drink. Those who had more hours free from labor spent more of their leisure time with their families and in legitimate pleasures and diversions.

Passing on to the highest plane upon which this question may be considered, the advantages to religion of two work-free days in the week may be readily seen. In the economy of God, man's spiritual life seems to require a holy day, recurring regularly week by week, to be devoted to rest and worship—a day which symbolizes the immanent presence in our world and in our lives of the Creator of the earth and the Father of mankind. It is a serious question whether an ethical and spiritual religion can be permanently maintained without a sacred weekly Sabbath day. And yet in the mad rush of our modern business life, and in our nervous search for diversion from mental stress and physical strain, too often the spiritual needs are overlooked or neglected, and religion is allowed to fade and to die out in the soul. A five-day-working-week would relieve the strain of this killing pace. During five days of the week the work of the world could be done. A day could be given to recreation, to mental improvement, and to social enjoyment. At the same time there would be rendered to the race an infinitely higher service in that a day would be left free and unhampered for religious uses only. What it would mean in the religious life of the world if once every week all men should keep holy day. For loyal Jews and certain conscientious Christians the holy Sabbath day of Scripture would be thus observed. The first day of the week, held sacred by some, and used as a convenient day for worship by many more, could be used as men's consciences shall dictate.

Laws should never be passed to compel any man to rest two days or one day in the week. Every man's right to a day of rest should be protected. To say upon what day that rest shall be taken is religious legislation, and is contrary to the American principle of religious freedom.

What is most needed is that Sabbath keepers, Christians and Jews, shall be true to their conscience.

A COMMISSION OF FRIENDSHIP FROM GREECE

HOWARD B. GROSE, D. D.

There has come to the United States of late weeks from Athens a remarkable mission of friendship, whose object it is to thank the American people for help rendered to Greece during and since the war. At its head is His Holiness Gennadios, Metropolitan and chief primate of the Apostolic See of Thessalonica, of the Greek Eastern Orthodox Church, representing both the Greek people and the organization of Orthodoxy. Accompanying him on a tour of American cities are Commodore Constantine Melas, of the Greek Navy, retired, who comes as the official representative of the Greek government, and Colonel Gregory Kontekakis, governor of war supplies in Macedonia and official representative of the Greek army. Thus are varying shades of opinion represented, so that the mission is able to maintain its avowed standing as non-partisan and non-political.

The mission's prime interest lies in the Hellenic Young Men's Christian Associations, with which all three delegates are connected in some capacity. They seek not only to obtain the support of Greeks in this country, but likewise to carry home a new knowledge, gained from a first-hand study, of the methods here employed. Their immediate objective is the completion of the \$200,000 Salonica building, the cornerstone of which was laid on March 2, 1924, in the presence of Dr. John R. Mott and Henry Morgenthau, former American ambassador to Turkey.

Of the many tributes paid by the commissioners to the effect of Christian efforts upon Greece, probably none is more significant than the utterance of the white-haired, aristocratic commodore, at a recent dinner

given at the historic Union League Club in New York in his honor. Commodore Melas has actively supported Christian work of various sorts in Greece, and is one of the founders of both the Y. M. C. A. and Boy Scout work there.

Said he, "If today we are a free people, we owe it to our Christian faith, deeply rooted in us." Yet much of his own country's "moral victory of right and order" he credited to the American people and particularly to the Y. M. C. A. which, in a land beset with dissension, counts as its friends and supporters men of all political and religious beliefs. Established for the first time in 1918, in connection with work among soldiers, the Association Movement has already become national. Among its warmest partisans is the archbishop of Corfu, a graduate of the Y. M. C. A. evening classes at Athens.

Greece, said the Metropolitan, appreciates the spirit of Christian love which induced the American Association to extend its work into the land of Xenophon and Socrates. Quoting M. Morgenthau, "America is now paying part of its spiritual debt to Greece, the mother of fine arts and science," he added that, in extending thanks to the people of America, he was voicing the almost unanimous sentiment of his own countrymen.

AN APPRECIATION OF DR. TICKNER

REV. HENRY N. JORDAN

Ever since I learned of the death of Dr. W. D. Tickner some weeks ago I purposed to write a brief article for the RECORDER to show in some concrete manner my fondness for and appreciation of the man and his work.

The fact is, the man was not widely known among Seventh Day Baptists. He cared little for prominence and found his greatest happiness in spending himself for the people of his church and of the community in which he lived. So genuinely did he live his life for his Master that scoffers, profane ones and the generally irreligious became his sincere friends and supporters; for they admired and revered his character and loyal Christian faith, as he steadfastly set his face to the accomplishment of the work his Lord called him to.

He never held a pastorate in a large

church. He seemed peculiarly fitted for community work and for personal work, which he did with remarkable success and fidelity. Many living in central Wisconsin today with tenderness speak of their love for the man and their gratitude for the spiritual light and help he brought them. It nearly broke his heart when he felt he must leave the little church and the field at Grand Marsh, so closely was he knitted into the lives of his friends there. He felt that the church could not long exist, its numbers were becoming so few. So with the heart of a true shepherd he cared loyally for the flock with scarcely any compensation, laboring hard at his profession or at manual labor to eke out a living for his family.

I was privileged to attend his ordination to the gospel ministry at Grand Marsh, October 4, 1913. I think of the occasion the more impressively when I recall that Dr. L. A. Platts and Dr. Lester C. Randolph, once leaders in their beloved denomination and now deceased, were there and had prominent parts. Dr. Platts was chosen moderator, conducted the examination and made the consecrating prayer. Pastor Randolph preached the ordination sermon. In this service Rev. James Hurley of Albion and Rev. Angeline Abbey Allen of Fouke, then a missionary-evangelist on the central Wisconsin field, had a place. I recall the happiness that Dr. Tickner displayed throughout the services which began on Friday night and continued up to Sunday night. It was a great occasion for the brethren at Grand Marsh, for along with the ordination services there was special time given for the rededication of the church when the sermon was preached by Pastor Hurley.

Now the church is practically, if not actually, extinct. Its former faithful shepherd is gone. But the motto and goal which held him is not dead and his influence still lives. Would to God that in the very places where he so sacrificially labored there might be gathered groups among that almost spiritually destitute people who would profess an undying love for God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. What a memorial to one of God's anointed!

"Truth is even more eloquently lived than spoken."

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

WILLARD D. BURDICK, General Secretary
926 Kenyon Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

OUR BULLETIN BOARD

May 29-June 3—Salem College Commencement week.

June 3—Commencement day, Fouke School.

Only five Sabbaths more in this Conference year. Will your church complete the payments on its quota?

THE SUPPORT OF OUR DENOMINATIONAL SOCIETIES AND BOARDS

Our societies and boards came into existence to meet the needs of the churches for organizations that would serve as their agents in co-operative and efficient service.

The Yearly Meetings of the Newport Church were the beginning of the General Conference that was organized in 1802.

Those who attended the yearly meetings were filled with missionary enthusiasm, and sent out their representatives to the churches and into new fields. This called for the organization of missionary societies, and at length to the organization of our present Missionary Society, which may be said to date from 1818.

Interest in Sabbath Reform and the printing of our literature culminated in the organization of the American Sabbath Tract Society, which dates from 1835.

As the work grew, it was found desirable to organize boards to promote other lines of our work, till we have in all eight of these organizations. They are not the denomination, neither are they independent of the denomination. They are agents of the denomination, subject to it, and reporting to the churches convened in General Conference.

It is desirable that these societies and boards shall be so located in the denomination that the officers and the trustees can be chosen without overloading them with positions on two or more boards.

I think that there is a very general feel-

ing that the present location of the boards is as good as we can arrange.

Not all of the persons competent to serve on the boards have been placed on them by the General Conference, but I am sure that the denomination aims to select such persons to serve as will seek to promote the especial line of work that the board is established to supervise and push.

These boards report to our churches assembled in General Conference, and Conference not only nominates or elects their officers and trustees, but it has the power to enlarge their activities, alter their policies, and decide what their financial budget shall be.

The incorporated societies hold their elections soon after the General Conference, and usually elect the persons who were nominated at the General Conference as officers and trustees. The boards and societies aim to carry out the wishes of the people as expressed in General Conference, for the members feel under moral obligation to do these things, carrying on the work as faithfully as the available men and money will permit.

Doubtless none of our boards are doing all that they would like to do, for such would require more workers and money than are within reach.

Perhaps at times there may be persons on a board that some one wishes were not; or one may not be in complete sympathy with the activities of the board, and the question arises as to the support of the board. Our voluntary entrance into the General Conference should cause us to submit to the policy adopted by the majority, and to give our moral and financial support to the work of the denomination as it is promoted by the various societies and boards.

And what should be said about the attitude of the boards and societies to the wishes of the people? During the past ten or twelve years I have done field work for the Missionary Society, the Sabbath School Board, and the Tract Society. When on the field it has been my purpose to give information about the board and its work and its needs, and also to get the opinions of the people about the boards and suggestions as to how the work can be more effectively carried on. Repeatedly the boards have thanked me for the information that I have returned to them from the field. I am con-

fidant that it is the wish of *all* of the boards to know the desires of the people whose interests they are elected to serve.

I believe that we have never had greater opportunities for service under the direction of our boards and societies than we have now, and to do this work satisfactorily we must unite in sympathetic helpfulness, and furnish the workers and the money to carry on the work.

A MAN'S ATMOSPHERE

ELMER AKERS

When two persons enter each other's presence, a subtle, yet sometimes powerful, influence radiates from one to the other. Every person is the center and source of an atmosphere. Figuratively speaking, this atmosphere is an effluence of the person's thought and purpose. It penetrates the subconsciousness of every one reached by it and declares the nature of its owner. It reveals his quality and strength of thought, his quality and strength of determination, his benevolence or malevolence of purpose. All the spiritual qualities of the man, and of his thoughts and purposes are sensed by all who enter his atmosphere, and they may be known and deliberately considered by another man, in the measure of the latter's own qualities and insight.

By his atmosphere we may know a man, without formal knowledge of him. Indeed we know him in spite of our formal knowledge of him. What he is speaks so loudly and truthfully that we refuse to be deceived by what he says, and by what is said of him. His atmosphere speaks of the man himself, while his words may spring from mere ideas which he in turn has gathered from some other source.

A man's atmosphere is his power, his influence, a force which all men recognize and respect, but which not all can explain. It is a natural and legitimate desire of every man to have power. If his atmosphere is of the kind that attracts and unites and constructs, his power will be true, and of the kind that produces lasting work. But if his atmosphere is repellent and demoralizing, he is false and is a destroyer.

Mr. Reader—I do not address you with the customary words "Gentle Reader,"—lest I seem to assume that your atmosphere

is a gentle and constructive one,—do you ever wonder—as I do,—how your atmosphere affects others? If it repels and paralyzes, instead of attracting and strengthening, can it be transformed into a power for good? I am sure it can be.

Have we not the power of choosing our thoughts and forming our purposes? Our atmosphere bears the same relation to our thoughts and purposes as an odor bears to its source. If the source is a carcass, will not the odor be a stench? If the source is a rose, will not the odor be a fragrance? If we would choose our atmosphere, may we not do so by choosing our thoughts and purposes—whether flowers and fruits of human helpfulness, or poisonous thoughts and blasting purposes of self-gratification?

Doubt, fear, cynicism, and pessimism produce a repellent atmosphere.

Confidence, faith, encouragement, and optimism produce an attractive and salutary atmosphere. Into this kind of atmosphere others delight to come. In it they find calmness, cheerfulness, courage, self-respect, and good-will. In it they are better able to see and to understand, calmly, and to attain self-control. From such an atmosphere they go forth stronger to perform the duties of life and to grasp its privileges. Such an atmosphere enables one to sense humanity's needs, to feel one's own responsibilities, and to realize one's own latent powers. With these awakened perceptions, a man begins to take his place among those who are able to serve and lift humanity to a higher level and purer atmosphere.

It is no uncommon conviction that love is the greatest thing in the world. It is, we believe, the only true power; for careful study shows that nothing worthy of construction is built by any other power. Love in an individual radiates an atmosphere which tends to convert into its own nature all that it touches. This atmosphere is the catalytic agent which induces the transformation of animosity into good will, and hate into love. Why is it that all the world loves a lover? Is it because the atmosphere of love generated by his amorous thoughts and purposes is felt by everyone? Whether he loves another human being, whether he loves his work, or whether he loves righteousness, his love is as a light that can not be hid, for its atmosphere can not be confined.

Milton, Wis.

OPEN LETTER TO LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE, CALIFORNIA

To the General Secretary,
California Lord's Day Alliance,
629 North Ardmore Avenue,
Los Angeles, Calif.

MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER IN CHRIST:

Your card and the request of California's Lord's Day (?) Alliance to vote No! on proposition number 1 is received. I would state that my ideas of morality are decidedly against the modern dance and against all Sunday laws, both being *immoral* from my viewpoint, and I believe from God's also.

I am not a "busy-body" in the affairs of other people, nor a "kill-joy," nor a "blue lawist," so please excuse me from this tangle. I can not vote on proposition number 1 as worded either way. I do not think that I have the personal right to curb the civil rights of other citizens, nor to lobby, except in self-defense, in State affairs, over matters pertaining to morals in God's law, especially in regard to duties due to God as specified in the first table of the Decalogue. And I stand aghast at your trying to stop what we both consider immoral, as generally practiced in dancing from a religious point of view, *while* at the same time you attempt that *immoral* thing, by your alliance, of making laws and having them put on the statute books against the very *moral law itself!* Think you not that God sees? This clearly you do not, by the substitution of another day in place of the only weekly day, with a "thus saith the Lord," ever mentioned for any of mankind—Gentile, Jew, or Christian—to keep holy as the Lord's day.

For you and for those who are forever lobbying and mixing State and Church affairs, instead of hearing the warning to "keep the Church and State forever separate," and *not* work contrary to the First and Fourteenth Amendments of the Constitution of the United States, I would say, briefly, that if it is the authority of civil laws that is so zealously being sought, because of the lack of divine laws to enforce your concept of morality, then be it known to you that the law called "the law of first mention" in jurisprudence, as applied to your Lord's day (?) case makes "the seventh day the Sabbath of the Lord thy God," or in other words "the Lord's day"; for according to that recognized "law of first

mention" in jurisprudence, The seventh day is the Lord's day and held forever binding, until another day is made by the same authority. The law making authority being divine, and neither Jehovah, Christ, nor the Holy Spirit having ever said one word in favor of repealing and abrogating the Sabbath, (Romans 3:31), or of making another day sacred and enforcing it by civil legislature, it clearly follows according to the law quoted, that calling "the Sunday the Lord's day" can not squarely hold good in courts of justice in America, much less in the divine court. The Sabbath of Christ, or Christian Sabbath of the Bible, can not honestly be made other than the Lord's day of the Bible, and that is *not* Sunday or the first day of the week.

The words of Blackstone are true, "A corruption of morals usually follows the profanation of the Sabbath." Also the words of Justice McLean, United States Supreme Court, viz., "Where there is *no* Christian Sabbath there is *no* Christian morality"; but Christ being the standard (Matthew 5:17-20), it seems very clear that both these gentlemen and your alliance are weighed by the law and found wanting in a knowledge of the unchangeable wording of the divine law, and are approaching a trespass upon the American constitutional privileges and immunities of religious freedom granted in the First and Fourteenth Amendments of our Constitution.

When your alliance and the church federations generally treat this latter question intelligently, then you may expect some attention to be given, by the unconverted masses and free Americans who love the Constitution, to the Eighteenth Amendment, the fundamentals of the Bible, the moral law, and the dance question, and to oppose other erroneous doctrines of today largely due to your position on the Sabbath question.

Humbly submitted to you by a brother keeping the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.

Yours sincerely in Christ ever,
THEOPHILUS A. GILL.
1948½ Lovelace Avenue,
Los Angeles, Calif., April 28, 1926.

[A letter from Mr. Gill written May 12, shows that the protest was successful; but he wants it understood that he is no advocate of the modern dance.—T. L. G.]

MISSIONS

REV. WILLIAM L. BURDICK, ASHAWAY, R. I.
Contributing Editor

A MISSIONARY MESSAGE

SIN AND THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN

In whatever direction we turn our eyes in mission work, as well as in all Christian efforts, two facts stand out, namely, sin and the forgiveness of sin through Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God.

If we look upon mission work simply as an endeavor to bring to others the good things which we enjoy, we see at once that the thing they need most is to be led to turn away from their sins and to Christ and his forgiveness; and when we go deeper, we see that man's miseries everywhere have come because of sin and that he is in desperate need of deliverance and restoration to the favor of God which comes through the forgiveness of his sins.

In the history of Christian experience there have always been those who have gone to one of two extremes. There have been those who have shut their eyes to their own sins and their proneness to sin; and there have been those who in their own minds, at least, thought themselves much worse than they really were. It is, we may suppose, far more common for people to shut their eyes to their own sins than it is to exaggerate them, but the latter has often been done. Things which are not sin are called sin, and things which are wrong are pronounced much worse than they are; for instance, people have condemned themselves for building a fire on the Sabbath, refused innocent pleasures on all occasions, and held themselves as guilty of certain sins after God had forgiven them. This is not a healthy-minded condition, neither is the other extreme where people shut their eyes to sin in personal life and in the world.

When men shut their eyes to sin and human proneness thereto, they see but little need for Christ and forgiveness through him. Under these conditions they are not likely to make much effort to free themselves or their fellow men by the Father's appointed way, the world's Redeemer. It is

equally as hopeless and ruinous for men to have a sense of sin, either their own or that of the world with no knowledge of forgiveness. In the message of the gospel sin stands out very prominent; but the forgiveness of sin on the part of God, prompted by boundless love, stands out just as prominent. When John the Baptist saw Christ coming to him in the valley of the Jordan, he exclaimed, "Behold, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." That is the missionary message, the Lamb of God, and the Lamb of God taking away the sin of the world—the Lamb of God and the forgiveness of sin through him.

"HE THAT WINNETH SOULS IS WISE"

The inference from these words is that he who does not win souls is unwise. These words were written many centuries ago under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. The same truth had been proclaimed many times before and was emphatically reiterated by Christ and the New Testament writers. The statement was never truer than it is today.

Below will be found two pointed clippings bearing on the same subject. The first one appeared in the *Christian Century* and was recently reprinted by the *Milton Quarterly Visitor*. It is unusually significant in that it gives the views of a brilliant Oriental as to what it means to be a Christian. Says the author, Dr. K. I. Tai, "To be a Christian is to be a Christ"; and again he says, "To be a Christ means that you become a 'savior' to each and every person you meet who needs to be saved." The second clipping contains the views of an American regarding what a Christian's duty is in the light of his opportunities, and is taken from a leaflet sent out by The Great Commission Prayer League. It expresses the same truth in another way; and while not presented in so appealing a manner, it is significant in that it shows that the Orient and the Occident agree in what it is to be a Christian and both stress the fact that "He that winneth souls is wise."

CHINESE CHURCH LEADER DEFINES A CHRISTIAN

Reference was recently made in these pages to the selection of Dr. K. I. Tai as executive secretary of the Chinese Baptist Church, which has recently declared its in-

dependence in the Swatow region of south China. Dr. Tai has just finished his post-graduate studies at the University of Chicago, where he was granted the highest scholastic honors, and is about to return to active service in his native land. The task before him is one of the most demanding ever placed on a Christian leader.

BE A CHRIST

Recently Dr. Tai was interviewed to discover the interpretation he places on the word "Christian." His reply is deeply suggestive, as showing the mental point of view of the church developing in Asia. "To be a Christian," says Dr. Tai, "is to be a Christ. If you are a Christian, you are the active agent through whom Christ expresses himself. You and he are one in a great saving task, so that with Paul you can say, 'It is no longer I that live, but Christ that lives in me.' This is not to suffer the destruction of your own individuality; on the contrary, it is to have Christ energize all your creative capacities; for Christ is a living, moving, dynamic force, and he always leaves you free to work out the concrete program demanded by the need of the hour.

"To be a Christ means that you become a 'savior' to each and every person you meet who needs to be saved. In assuming this attitude in relation to your neighbor you must constantly be careful to emphasize in your own mind your obligation to your neighbor. You must remember, too, that in other respects you may need him to act as savior to you; this will keep you humble.

"Your function of saviorhood in relation to your neighbor can be fulfilled only when you first ask the question, 'What does this man need to be saved from? What are his needs, and what have I to offer to meet them?' Bear in mind that there is no such thing as a general program, for each individual has his own problems, difficulties, and needs, and you must deal with them accordingly."

SAVIORHOOD THROUGH EXPERIENCE

"Remember also that saviorhood, or Christhood, is achieved only by actually saving some one who is in need. This is the true discipleship, and it is the only way to a satisfying interpretation of the cross. We bear the cross by sharing with Jesus and with each other the common burden of saving the world.

"To lack the quality of saviorhood is to be no longer a Christian, even though one does continue to belong to a church. The church ought to be a company of saviors, or 'Christs,' if you prefer. Not every one who calls Jesus, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he who shares the saving task of the living Christ will not fail of recognition by the Master as a true disciple."—*Christian Century*.

SUPPOSE

Suppose some one were to offer me a thousand dollars for every soul that I might earnestly try to lead to Christ, would I endeavor to lead any more souls to him than I am endeavoring to do now? Is it possible that I would attempt to do for money, even at the risk of blunders or ridicule, what I hesitate or shrink from doing now in obedience to God's command? Is my love of money stronger than my love of God or of souls? How feeble then my love of God! Perhaps this explains why I am not a soul-winner.

Suppose I were to see a blind man unknowingly approaching the brink of a high precipice, and that I were to sit by without concern or any effort to warn or save him from certain death, would I not be as guilty of his death in God's sight as though I had murdered him outright? The death of a body, which might have been (but was not) prevented, is a terrible thing; but how about the preventable death of a human soul—perchance of many souls—for which God may hold me responsible? If my murder of another's body by neglect is an unspeakable crime, what shall be said of my murder by neglect of another's soul?

Suppose that "when the roll is called up yonder," I am there myself, but that all through the eternal ages I am unable to find a single person who is there because of my having led him to Christ—how much will heaven mean to me?

Suppose that as an employee I were spasmodic in the kind of service I rendered—zealous one week, lukewarm the second, and utterly indifferent the third; then zealous, and lukewarm, and indifferent again, and so on—how long would my employer stand such service as that? But is not this the kind of soul-winning service I am giving God? Or it may be not even as good

as this. If God's love for me were to be as spasmodically manifested as my love for him, how would I fare?

Suppose that when the final reckoning comes, I should be found, not with ten talents, or even five, but with only one, and that one "hid in the earth" (Matthew 25:14-30)—what then? Has not the one soul-winning talent which God has given me fallen so into disuse that I even doubt its existence? And therefore have I not already "hid it in the earth"? Must I not beware lest the fate of the unprofitable servant be my fate?

Suppose I were to be asked how many persons I had persistently tried to win to Christ during the past month, or even during the past year, what would my answer be? How many have I even spoken to? How many have I on my prayer list now? If I am not interested enough in the salvation of others even to have a daily prayer list, is it any wonder that I am not a soul winner?

Suppose that every member of the church to which I belong were to dedicate himself or herself today to a life of full surrender to the will of God according to his Word (Romans 12:1, 2), and were to become henceforth a soul-winner as exemplified in the life of Paul (1 Corinthians 9:20-22), would not such a revival follow as this church and community have never seen? And am I not willing to say that by his grace I will give myself from this day forward to the definite business of saving the lost, that I will have a daily prayer list and will do what I can under the guidance of the Holy Spirit to help accomplish the supreme work for which my Lord and Master came into the world?

Yea, Lord, I gladly respond to thy call (Mark 1:17), and will do what I can from this day forward to help win the unsaved to thee.—*The Great Commission Prayer League.*

EASTERN ASSOCIATION, SHILOH, N. J., JUNE 10-13

TENTATIVE PROGRAM
Thursday Evening

7.30 Opening service:

Address by president Mr. Jos. C. Bowden
Welcome Pastor E. F. Loofboro
Response Rev. T. J. Van Horn
Report of Program Committee
Miss Franceil Davis, Recording Secretary

8.30 Special music:
Program of Woman's Board under direction of Mrs. W. D. Burdick, associational secretary.

Friday Morning

10.00-10.45—Devotionals
Reports from delegates from sister associations
Business

10.45-11.45 Tract Society under direction of Rev. W. D. Burdick

11.45-12.00 Quiet hour Rev. Harold Crandall

Friday Afternoon

2.00 Devotional service
2.15 Sermon Rev. J. T. Babcock, delegate from Southeastern Association

2.45 Special music
3.00 Missionary Society under direction of Rev. W. L. Burdick

Friday Evening

7.45 Praise service
8.00 Sermon Rev. T. L. Gardiner
Followed by testimony meeting

Sabbath Morning

10.30 Worship
Sermon Rev. C. A. Burdick
Offering for boards

Sabbath Afternoon

2.15 Devotionals
2.30 Program under direction of Sabbath School Board

3.30 Ordination of deacons
Sermon Rev. A. J. C. Bond

Evening after the Sabbath

7.30 Devotionals
7.45 Sermon Rev. E. D. Van Horn, delegate from Western Association

8.15 Young People's Board under direction of Mrs. Blanche Burdick, secretary of Eastern Association.

Sunday Morning

9.30-10.00 Business session
10.00-10.45 Education Society in charge of Rev. E. D. Van Horn

10.45-11.45 Brief addresses, "The Layman's Work in the Church,"—In charge of local committee

11.45-12.00 Quiet Hour Rev. L. A. Wmg

Sunday Afternoon

2.00-2.15 Devotionals
2.15-2.30 Unfinished business
2.30-3.00 Sermon Rev. C. B. Loofbourrow, delegate from Northwestern Association

3.00-3.10 Special music
3.10 Open parliament for young people under direction of Duane Ogden

Sunday Night

7.30-8.00 Praise service
8.00 Sermon Rev. J. W. Crofoot

A pedestrian has rights—yes. But too often they are only the last sad rites.—*Tampa Tribune.*

"THE FAULT NOT THINE"

[The following poem was written by Mrs. Hargis, wife of the departing pastor of the Little Genesee Church, in response to the poem by Dora Maxson, published in the RECORDER of March 8, page 303.—T. L. G.]

Our many friends are wond'ring
Why their "preachers" always leave
The good, old loyal New York Church
When there's work left to achieve.

They wonder why we all don't stay
Why we "pull up" and go
To other places on the map
To earn our "daily dough."

So listen, all you friends so dear,
And I will tell you true,
It's hard to make decisions
To leave good folks like you!

It's not because we like to move
And round the world to roam;
What preacher hasn't sometime longed
For a "bought and paid for" home?

Where he could spend his hard earned cash
In keeping up repairs,
And he could say, "Yes, *this is mine*";
When others "put on airs."

He'd have a place to call his own,
To satisfy his whim
He'd "tear down here," and "add on there"
Whatever suited him.

So it's not because we like to move
As often as we can,
To sort, and discard, pack and crate,
And hire a moving van.

Can there be greater beauty
Than here among the hills
Where nature seems to crown each spot
With running brooks and rills?

We'll remember well the lovely sight
Of New York hills in fall,
Arrayed in dress more gorgeous
Than seen at any ball.

If Christ came back on earth to live
I've wondered, too, if he
Would choose this wondrous garden spot
As his home—in Genesee!

So it isn't lovelier lands we seek
That makes us go away,
'Twould be an endless search we'd have
To find them, I would say.

The folks of Little Genesee
Are loyal to the core,
How much they've done to help us!
How could we ask for more?

They've offered help when we were sick,
They've paid us handsome wages;
If any folks deserve good words
Their praise should ring through ages.

When I was gone to Battle Creek
They helped to "feed my man";
They all sent in baked goods "galore"
In basket, pot, and pan.

I guess that's partly why he says
The women here are *fine*.
I'm sure he'd like to stay here
"If the sun would ever shine!"

Yet when we reach the Golden West,
I tell him, he may pray
For just one little bit of rain
And just *one* cloudy day!

So when it gets so awful hot
That he begins to melt,
I'll remind him of the days spent here
Of the rain—and how he felt!

It's not the weather makes us go,
(Though of that we disapprove)
But the *call*, that comes from other fields
To serve,—*that* makes us move.

We never know where we may go
Till we receive *the call*;
If it were I, deciding things,
We'd never move at all.

I like too well to settle down
And live 'mong folks, well meaning,
And not "tear up" and shift around
At every season's cleaning.

But, 'course I wouldn't let him go
And leave me here alone,
No matter where we had to go
If it be zone to zone.

We have so many lovely friends;
We'd like to hire a bus;
'Twould be delightful then to move
And take them 'long with us.

We feel as badly as one could
To leave you people here.
You've been such friends as we can't forget;
To us you've grown so dear!

When your future pastor comes to you
Greet him with a cheery smile
Show him the Genesee spirit
Is a spirit well worth while.

Put yourselves behind his plans and push.
Keep your loyal hearts in the work.
Show him that here in Genesee
The believers never shirk.

Now friends, does it look as if you're to blame?
Your fears I would dispel;
If church problems really worry you,
It's a sign that "all is well."

So when you know that we are gone
Don't say, "Oh, they'll forget!"
For we can't forget Little Genesee,
And we feel we belong here yet.

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLY, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

"Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free."

HER CHILDREN'S COUNTRY

THE STORY OF A FOREIGN MOTHER

"The Merlina family are becoming enthusiastic Americans," Mrs. Van Cort reported. "The boys fight if any one calls them 'wops'; they are even thinking of translating their name to 'Miller' so people won't know. Mike and Tony have good jobs. They belong to our boys' clubs and take evening classes here at the settlement house. Angelo attends public school; Aggie—"

"I should say Aggie is over-Americanized, or at least over-Manhattanized," said Miss Lee. "She is addicted to strong slang and extraordinary costumes; the henna red of her hair does not harmonize with her rouge and lip-stick. And she is very young. Her mother should speak to her."

"Her mother, that's the trouble," Mrs. Van Cort diagnosed brightly. "Aggie would not listen to her and perhaps it's just as well. What influence she has is reactionary—anti-American."

"Anti-American?" Miss Lee repeated. "Bolshevik? But surely she's not Bolshevik and reactionary at the same time?"

"Not Bolshevik; nothing so interesting. Just stupid, ignorant, apathetic. I don't believe any one could succeed with her—not even you, Miss Lee."

"Take me to see her this afternoon," Elinor Lee answered promptly.

At the settlement, hard cases were always turned over to Elinor Lee. She liked them. She was an efficient looking, neatly tailored lady of forty, with the soul of Peter Pan.

Fortunately, she found her fun in her work; her adventures in "exploring people."

Just now she was intensely interested in the settlement's latest worker, Mrs. Archie Van Cort. Mrs. Van Cort was reasonably pretty, unreasonably rich. She had been prominent in Newport. Now she was taking up Americanization as confidently as she had led cotillions. Elinor liked to hear her talk about the aliens at our door. It was almost as interesting as to listen to the aliens later when they talked about Mrs. Van Cort.

As her lilac limousine glided through the East Side, Mrs. Van Cort re-opened the subject of Mrs. Merlina.

"Last week I gave up an important bridge party to call and urge her to be naturalized. I told her all about our ideals and the privileges of citizenship. I don't believe she understood a word; just sat there staring at me stupidly, and when I stopped, she said: 'No speeka moocha Eengleesh.' Not speak English—it's disgraceful! She's lived here twelve years. Why do such people come?"

The limousine stopped in a narrow street between high gray walls of dingy tenements. The only touches of color were the family washes, hung out of the windows. When Mrs. Merlina opened the door to her flat, Elinor's first impression was a sense of regret that such glorious black velvet eyes should be wasted on a fat woman in a gingham apron. The eyes changed when Mrs. Van Cort introduced "another worker from our settlement." They lost their soft, wistful look; they grew dull, rather sullen.

Mrs. Van Cort sat down and began to talk; Elinor looked about the room. The walls were a study in transition. Next to the royal family of Italy hung a movie star. Others mingled freely with stiffly photographed members of the Merlina family. Over the sofa was a chromo of Naples. It was rather vivid, but in spite of the deep cobalt bay and scarlet flame of Vesuvius, Elinor began to lose herself in memories of Italy. She forced her attention back to the conversation.

"You should join our mothers' club," Mrs. Van Cort was saying. "We teach you how to prepare healthy food, how to care for babies."

Mrs. Merlina looked bored.

"Angelo my babee. Heem ten."

"But our English classes—"

"No gotta time." Mrs. Merlina answered firmly.

Mrs. Van Cort turned to Elinor with a hopeless little shrug. But Elinor had risen and crossed the room to look at the Naples chromo.

"Napolia bella," she said to Mrs. Merlina.

"Ah, Signora, you lika Napoli, you speeka Eetalian?"

Mrs. Merlina was no longer bored. Her eyes flashed, her face dimpled.

"I don't speak it well," Elinor answered. "But you may talk to me. I understand."

But, yes, Mrs. Merlina declared, the signora spoke deliciously. And she, Lola Merlina, was hungry for Italian. Of course, she understood some English, but she could not speak it and she loved her own language. The children seldom spoke it now. The neighbors? Yes, sometimes there were Italian neighbors, but people moved about so. At present there were many Poles and Bohemians. So the signora had been to Italia? How did she like it? What cities had she visited?

Rome, Milan, Venice, Florence, Naples, Elinor answered. And she had loved them all.

Mrs. Merlina had been to Rome to visit her mother's sister. A marvelous city, such palaces, parks, and churches! But Napoli was beautiful, especially at night when the moon shone on the sea and people sang in their boats. What glorious fireworks they had for the fiesta of Santa Lucia, what gorgeous processions in the daytime. She had always gone there for the great fiestas. Her own village was only twenty miles away. Perhaps the signora had been to her village. It was close by the sea; there was the stone church of Santa Agata and a very old fountain where the girls met to sing in the evening.

"You sing?" asked Elinor. "The songs of Napoli?"

Mrs. Merlina shook her head.

"I used to lead the songs in our village. Here, I sang them to Pietro and the children. But now, Pietro is dead and the children, they like jazz. But wait, signora, you shall hear the music of Napoli. My little Angelo sells papers after school. My birth-

day he bought me this record that I like for the graphophone."

It was a tarantella. Not even the cheap, tinny graphophone could spoil its wild, rhythmic ecstasy. Elinor shut her eyes and tried to see the village square, the stone church tower against the pink evening clouds, the sea gleaming blue through the olive groves. And the very old fountain where through the centuries, girls had sung as they filled their water-jugs—perhaps even since the days when they had come in loose robes, carrying amphoras on their shoulders, the days when Naples had been a colony of Old Greece. She tried to picture Mrs. Merlina, a slim peasant girl in a scarlet skirt and embroidered shawl, dancing this mad tarantella.

Then she opened her eyes and looked at the dark little flat, the blank gray walls outside the windows, the fat woman in the gingham apron.

But Mrs. Merlina's face was radiant. "Once we celebrated the fiesta of our Santa Agata," she said. "There was a strange young man from Napoli, so handsome, signora, so strong. I danced with him, this tarantella. He gave me a wreath of scarlet poppies. That night I took them into the church—to Santa Agata. I told her that he pleased me, that I did not wish him to go away. And she was good to me. The very next week he bought a fishing boat and a house in our village. And in six months we were married. I named my first baby 'Agata,' and I begged our saint to watch over her and make her as happy as I."

"Aggie," Elinor remembered—"bobbed hair, rouge, slang, jazz." And she said aloud, "Why did you leave Italy, Mrs. Merlina?"

"Things got hard. We had three children; we were poor. Once in a storm, our boat was wrecked. Pietro did not know what to do, but I told him, 'People get rich in America. We will sell our house and go there.' He was afraid, but I said, 'Everybody says it's easy to get rich in America.' Why do people tell such lies? At first we nearly starved. We lived in one little room, so little, signora, and so dark. Pietro had to work all day in a crowded factory. And he was used to living for days in his boat on the open sea. He got sick, sick for Italy."

"I, too. The city terrified me, its noise drove me mad—the noise and the loneliness. I missed my home, my friends; I used to cry at night. But Pietro never knew; I would not let him write his brother for money to take us home.

"Yes, we will go back,' I would tell him, 'but not until we make our own money. People at home shall not laugh at us. When we go back, we will buy a better house, a bigger boat. Our little Agata shall have a good dowry.'

"So we worked and saved, and I sang the children the songs of Italy so they would not forget. But they went to school and learned English. Pietro, too. He joined a union and spent many evenings at its meetings and at night schools. The children began to go to your settlement parties. I was often lonely. Even at home they began to talk English—all but me."

"Why didn't you learn English, too?"

At first there had been no need, Mrs. Merlina explained. They had lived in an Italian neighborhood, the markets and stores were Italian. Besides, there was no time to go to school. The children were small. And after a day of cooking, washing, scrubbing, sewing, she was too tired to study.

"And in Italy women stay more at home. We do not what you call 'gad' as here. But there are always the neighbors to work with in the vineyards, to knit with in the evenings, to meet at the fountain. I used to dream about the fountain. And I was saving every penny I could to get home quicker. Why should I have learned English?"

Pietro got a good job at last and gave her nearly all his wages. She marketed carefully and banked all she could save. When she told him they had enough for the passage back, he had been tempted to go at once, but she had made him stay and work for the boat and the house. When she had saved the money for the new boat, he praised her clever management and took her to the opera to celebrate. Of course, they could only afford standing room in the top gallery, but they heard Italian, Italian music, Italian singers. And on the stage they saw again a village square and stone church, the sea and olive groves in the background. She had been very happy that night, very sad the next day, and more than ever had tried to save for the house at home.

But gradually Pietro ceased to talk of Italy. And when she told him of the money she was saving, he would laugh and say: "Come, Lolita mia, loosen up a bit. Let's spend a little for a better time here. After all, America is a good country."

And Lola began to be haunted by a fear. Suppose, after all, Pietro should not want to go back!

Then came Pietro's illness and death; Lola had had to spend all her savings, even to let Agata work in a factory. As soon as Antonio and Michael were old enough to get good jobs, they had wished to support their sister according to the Italian traditions, but Agata liked the factory work and her independence. So the boys brought their mother part of their wages and she continued to save money. She had enough now to go back.

"But what's the use?" she asked bitterly. "I do not want to go home alone. America has taken my children."

"America wants you, too," Elinor answered. "And when you know it better you will like America. Let me show you a little of it tomorrow. If I may, I will call at nine."

Mrs. Merlina protested. She was too old to change. Oh, yes, she knew. She has tried, to please the children. Elinor gathered that little Angelo felt sorry for his mother, and she suspected that Aggie felt sorry for herself when her friends called and saw her unsophisticated parent.

"Agata is what she calls 'liva wire.'" Slang mingled oddly with Mrs. Merlina's soft Italian. "She always tells me, 'Get some pep' and 'Be like everybody else.' But I can't."

"It's much better to be like yourself," Elinor reassured her. "Perhaps if you Italians would get together, you might help to make New York as gay as Napoli. I want you to meet some of the Italian women who come to the settlement Tuesday evening. That's tomorrow. Oh, I can see why you don't like our settlement. Unintentionally, we have helped to take your children from you. But now we want to give you back to them; they need you. And I know you will like our parties. If you wish, you can talk Italian all evening."

"But I can't come tomorrow night," the mother protested. "Agata has a party."

"Do you enjoy Agata's parties?"

"No, I cook."

Elinor laughed.

"Let Agata cook tomorrow night. It will do her good. Anyway, remember you spend the day with me."

She rose and turned apologetically to Mrs. Van Cort, whom she had completely forgotten. Mrs. Van Cort did not like to be forgotten, and she had been bored—not understanding Italian. She was coolly silent as she drove the limousine back to the settlement. But Elinor did not notice it. Mentally, she was haranguing Aggie Merlina.

"What you need, young lady, is to admire yourself less and your mother more. Back in Italy she was as 'live' as you are. During the bad years she seems to have been the real head of the family. It's hard for a person like that to be laid on the shelf because new conditions seem to be too much for her. But I don't believe it's too late for her to learn—or for you either."

The next morning, Elinor found Mrs. Merlina waiting, very eager and a little nervous.

"This shawl?" she questioned. "And my bonnet? Angelo bought it, for Christmas. He thought it 'swell,' but Agata laughs at it. It's my only hat. I don't go out much."

The black bonnet with its green feather was a trifle bizarre and decidedly old-fashioned. But Elinor, remembering Aggie's up-to-the-minute clothes, was truthful as well as tactful when she answered:

"I like Angelo's taste better than Agata's. Come on, we'll go over to Washington Square and get a bus."

Mrs. Merlina looked a little disappointed. "We go on the Riverside bus on very hot nights. I have seen the fine houses. I know rich people can enjoy America."

"Today we are going to see things everybody can enjoy," Miss Lee said. "Here we are in Washington Square. You should feel at home; there are so many Italians. And the tower of the Judson Memorial church looks like a real campanile. Any Sunday you want to hear Italian, they have service there at six in the evening."

"Ah, Garibaldi!" Mrs. Merlina pointed out the statue and began to tell her father's adventures in his army.

"This is our Garibaldi," said Elinor. They had found seats on the top of the bus and were passing the Washington Arch. She glanced up at the giant figure that stood

looking out over the city. What would the Father of his Country think of these new, adopted children that clustered about his feet? And what did Mrs. Merlina think of Washington?

"You know about him?" asked Elinor.

"Oh, yes, my children told me. He is the first president who never told a lie."

Elinor talked of Washington, not only of his faith, courage, and wisdom as a leader, but of his private life in his Virginia home. Her own childhood had been spent on just such an old plantation. She described the fields and quiet gardens beside the Potomac, the sports on the river and in the woods, the cordial neighbors, the jolly country parties with their reels, and old songs. Mrs. Merlina listened eagerly.

"I did not know America was like that; I should like to see it all."

"At least you can read about it."

They were passing the public library. Elinor pointed out the great white building, guarded by marble lions. "There you can find all the books you want."

"But even if I go to your classes, it will be years before I can read American books," Mrs. Merlina said.

"Not so long as you think. And in the meantime you can read about America in Italian."

"They have Italian books? Let us get off the bus and go back."

"Never mind. I'll take you to a branch of the library nearer your home. I'll show you how to get a card and get your books."

They left the bus at Eightieth Street, took a turn in the park, and had a glimpse of the Museum of Natural History and of the Metropolitan. Mrs. Merlina was like a child about the stuffed animals. But the Metropolitan reminded her of the great Museum at Napoli. It was hard to get her away from the pictures.

"But you can come back to them whenever you wish," Elinor reassured her. "Now it's lunch time."

They went back downtown and lunched at a pretty little tea room. It was full of fashionable shoppers, but Elinor chose a corner from which Mrs. Merlina could stare comfortably at the well-dressed ladies without being embarrassed by the attention which Angelo's Christmas bonnet might have attracted to herself. Mrs. Merlina was enthusiastic about the lunch.

"Sometimes I get tired of my own cooking," she said.

They sauntered along Fifth Avenue and spent a pleasant hour in the pastime of window shopping. Hats, dresses, pastry-shop windows, hair-dressers' models, furniture, everything interested Mrs. Merlina.

Elinor glanced at her wrist watch.

"Now, Mrs. Merlina, if you like we will go out to the Bronx Park to see some live wild beasts."

"Please, signora—" Mrs. Merlina's eyes were sparkling, but she stopped timidly.

"Yes, is there something you would rather do?"

"Si, signora, I want to go to my bank, and then come back to these beautiful things."

Elinor laughed.

"If you really want to shop, we had better come back to Sixth Avenue, instead."

"Half-past six. And mother not back yet. What do you know about that!" Aggie Merlina was annoyed and a little uneasy.

"She told me she was going out today," said Angelo.

"Well, she's got no call to stay all night. Tony and Mike will be coming to supper any minute. And where's the supper?"

Aggie went to the window.

"Wish mother'd get a move on 'er," she fretted. "It's the limit for her to be late tonight. She knows I've got to get through eatin' in time to doll up in my glad rags before the bunch blows in. Oh, Angelo, run, open the door. Here comes that Miss Lee from the settlement and a new lady."

A moment later, she heard Angelo's excited exclamation.

"Mama mia!"

Then her mother came in with Miss Lee, her mother in a plain but chic serge dress and a becoming little hat. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright; she was pretty.

"Ah, Angelito," she was saying, "you think I look like American lady? The signora helped me buy clothes. And look—library books. Tomorrow I start to study English. Also I read about the American Government in Italian."

With an effort, Aggie recovered from her surprise.

"And what about supper tonight?" she asked. "And my party?"

Elinor was amused to hear Mrs. Merlina address her daughter—in English.

"Me oughta worree bouta your partee. Signora say me oughta go partee myself. From now, me mos' liva wire in deesa familee."

She threw some packages on the table. "Queek, Agata, cook supper."—*Anne Darlington in "Christian Herald."*

MICHIGAN-OHIO SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST SEMI-ANNUAL CONVENTION, DETROIT, MICH., MAY 28-30, 1926

THEME: "ON THE WAY"

"This is the Way, walk ye in it."—Isaiah 30: 21
Sixth Day (Friday), May 28

7.30 Devotional exercises
Eld. J. H. Dutzel, Detroit

7.45 Address of Welcome
Pastor R. B. St. Clair
Sabbath (Friday) Evening, May 28

8.00 Evangelistic sermon—"This is the Way"
Isaiah 30: 21

Dr. John C. Branch, White Cloud
Altar Call
Pastor J. C. Klotzbach, White Cloud
Sabbath, May 29

10.00 Devotional exercises Battle Creek
10.15 Fellowship service

Dr. J. C. Branch, White Cloud
10.45 Sermon by Dr. Willard D. Burdick of Plainfield, N. J., or laymen's platform meeting to discuss "Denominational Problems," C. E. Prest, Royal Crouch, chairman

2.15 Devotional exercises White Cloud
2.30 Address on International Sabbath School Lesson. Genesis 28: 10-22.

Eld. G. E. Fifield
3.00 Dr. M. C. Pearson, executive secretary, Detroit Council of Churches

3.15 Ian Mackay, president, Detroit Christian Endeavor Union

3.25 Greeting from the State Executive Committee Y. P. S. C. E.

3.35 Devotional exercises Battle Creek
3.45 Sermon, "Understanding the Present Age," Daniel 12: 10 and Matthew 16: 3-b

Pastor J. P. Klotzbach, White Cloud
7.30 Missionary vesper service Jackson Center

7.45 Devotional exercises White Cloud
First Day (Saturday) Evening

8.00 Address: "Inviting Openings in Far Off Lands" Pastor R. B. St. Clair, Detroit

8.30 Address Eld. George E. Fifield
First Day (Sunday) Morning

9.30 Fellowship breakfast at Belle Isle Park, followed by the program of the Young People's Executive Board

11.00 Recreational and sight seeing

2.30 Devotional exercises, Evangelist Clifford Journell, Jackson Center

2.40 Report of the churches
2.50 Reports of evangelists
3.00 Business session

3.30 Address, "The 2300 Days of Daniel 8: 14: An Examination of the Sanctuary Question," Brother John Kolvoord, Battle Creek

Discussion

7.30 Devotional exercises, Eld. J. J. Scott, Detroit

7.40 Report of committees and general discussion

Second Day (Sunday) Evening

8.00 Young People's Board

8.30 Sermon, "The Need of Aggressive Work in Behalf of the Sabbath Cause," Evangelist R. E. Hosteter, Jenison, Mich.

Information

Convention Headquarters: Hotel Butler, 125 East Columbia St., east of Witherell St. All delegates and visitors, unless otherwise billeted, entertained free of charge at the hotel, also at the Y. M. C. A. Cafeteria, 9th floor, Y. M. C. A. building.

Y. M. C. A.—Where all meetings are held, is located at East Adams and Witherell Sts., one block east of Woodward Ave., Detroit's main thoroughfare at Grand Circus Park.

Division of Days: The Bible rule of from sunset, instead of the Roman rule of from midnight to midnight, is followed. Sun sets at 7.57 p. m., sixth day; 7.58 p. m. seventh day; and 7.59 p. m., first day, Eastern standard time.

Thus, after the 7.30 p. m. session begins each day, the new day arrives in about thirty minutes' time, and is so indicated.

Telephone Directory: Hotel Butler, Cherry 5877; Pastor St. Clair and President Maltby, Melrose 0414; Vice-President Scott, Lincoln 2367-J; Deacon M. B. Beers, Roseville, 255-R.3; Christian Endeavor Treasurer, Howard Brooks, Edgewood 2393-W.

NORRIS L. MALTBY, *President.*
JOB J. SCOTT, *First Vice-President.*
ANNIE ELVIRA ST. CLAIR,
Secretary-Treasurer.

OUR MERCIES

SELECTIONS BY DEAN MAIN

Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness.

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways. For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands: happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.

Let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value or not praise him because they be common.—*Izaak Walton.*

Are we grateful, as grateful we should be
For commonplace days of delight,
When safe we fare forth to our labor,
And safe we fare homeward at night;
For the weeks in which nothing has happened
Save commonplace toiling and play,
When we've worked at the tasks of the household,
And peace hushed the house day by day?

Oh! common are sunshine and flowers,
And common are raindrops and dew,
And the gay little footsteps of children,
And common the love that holds true.
So, Lord, for our commonplace mercies,
That straight from thy hand are bestowed,
We are fain to uplift our thanksgivings—
Take, Lord, the long debt we have owed.
—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

I have been thinking much lately of the Lord's loving-kindness in giving us so many wayside enjoyments and so much present reward in all our work for him. In spite of dark life enigmas and real and heavy trials and often keen inner conflict, not to mention daily burdens of weariness or anxiety or worry, we can set to our seal that his ways are ways of pleasantness. For over and above the great gifts, the blessed hope set before us and the quiet peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, what numbers of bits and drops of pleasure and delight one gets which simply would not exist for us if we were not his children!—*Frances R. Havergal.*

Count mercies before you complain of affliction.

PRAYER

O God, whose gift is faith and hope through Jesus Christ, we bless thee also for the loving-kindness which has brought us comfort all along the way. Thine are these changing skies, this earth that ripens corn for bread and flowers for beauty, these walls that shelter us from cold and storm, these hopes that cheer. In every day's renewal of our life with thee, in countless gifts, unrecognized, which join to make our hearts content, in all the kindly affections of our human fellowship, we look to thee with grateful hearts. Enlarge our souls, that those who love us may have more to love. Quicken our consciences that we may desire more of the beauty of thy holiness. Endow us with strength and wisdom that we may serve our generation before we fall asleep. And abide thou with us in purity and power forevermore.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MRS. RUBY COON BABCOCK
R. F. D 5, Box 73, Battle Creek, Mich.
Contributing Editor

GETTING THINGS DONE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 12, 1926

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Plan things (Num. 1: 1-4; 2: 1, 2)
Monday—Pray (Luke 18: 1-8)
Tuesday—Work (Rom. 1: 8-16)
Wednesday—Co-operate (Ezra 5: 1, 2)
Thursday—Enlist new workers (Acts 16: 1-8)
Friday—Encourage others (Exod. 14: 10-14)
Sabbath Day—Topic: How to get things done.
(Neh. 1: 1-3; 3: 28; 4: 1-6, 16-23)

CLARA L. BEEBE

Holy Bible
Our guide in
Working together.

Things planned in
Orderliness.

Generous service.
Everyone working.
Thoughtfulness and tolerance.

Take time to pray.
Help others.
Interest aroused.
New workers.
Good leaders.
Something for each to do.

Depend on God to help.
Organize effort.
Never get discouraged.
Encourage each other.

The same plan which Nehemiah used in getting the wall of Jerusalem built can be applied to getting things done now. Nehemiah saw what ought to be done; he prayed over it; he made his plans; then he went ahead. But that was not all. We read: "The people had a mind to work." In order to do a piece of work, whatever it be, there must be a willingness to work, and besides that, co-operation. When the army of Sanballat threatened Nehemiah and his helpers, each was prepared to go to the help of the other whenever that help should be needed. Every man had his weapon with him to ward off any harm. Our enemies are not often physical ones. They are such things as destructive criticism, unwillingness to

help, intolerance for the other's viewpoint, lack of plans, or lack of leaders. But we can overcome these and get our work completed, just as the Jews built their wall, if we each "build the wall over against our house," under the direction of our great Leader, and in his Spirit.

MEETING PLANS

If a blackboard be available, the acrostic may be written on it, so that all may read it. If not, have some one read it during the meeting. An appropriate poem for us in connection with the topic is Edgar Guest's "It Couldn't Be Done." The well-known song "My Task" might be used as a solo for special music.

To conserve the ideas brought out by the topic, why not find something in your church, C. E. society, or town that needs doing, and then get together and see that it is done.

IT COULDN'T BE DONE

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that—
At least no one ever has done it";
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing he knew he had won it.
With the lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it can not be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in, with a bit of a grin,
And take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.
—Edgar A. Guest, in "Detroit Free Press."
Woodhull, N. Y.

THE INTERMEDIATE CORNER

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK
Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Topic for Sabbath Day, June 12, 1926

HOW DOES SPEECH REVEAL CHARACTER?
(LUKE 6: 43-45)

Whether we intend to do so or not, we are continually telling others what kind of person we are. It may be by our chance

remarks or by the way we walk or sit or dress. A Negro preacher was once telling his congregation that they should not steal chickens and that they should not visit their neighbor's watermelon patch. At this point an old Negro arose and snapped his fingers.

"Wherefo' does yo' rise and snap yo' fingers, brudder?" asked the minister.
"Oh, nuffin, only you reminds me where ah left mah knife."

Does the remedy lie in trying to guard our speech and actions before our fellow men, or should we seek to remedy the bad trait of character that lies behind it? I think we need to do *both*.

Is a man addicted to profanity? Let him think of his reputation among those who might hear him. But let him also learn humility before God and control of temper.

Is a boy or girl inclined to tell a lie to get out of trouble? Let such a one think of the result if he should get found out, but let him at the same time seek to have more trust in God and courage before his fellows.

An old Quaker noticed that when men get angry they usually raise their voices. By resolving never to raise his voice above a moderate tone, he learned that it was a great help in trying to control his temper.

There is no good excuse for allowing a bad habit of speech or trait of character to gain possession of us without our making an effort to control it. A woman once said to Billy Sunday, "Yes, I lose my temper easily, but I am soon over it." "Well, a gatling gun gets through quickly," replied the evangelist, "but it does a lot of damage while it is in action."

Rockville, R. I.

JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

SUGGESTIONS FOR JUNE 12

In place of the superintendent's talk ask one of the older juniors to look up about the history, story, and meaning of the flag and tell it or write a story about it and read that to the juniors.

Let another junior read this incident which was published by the Woman's American Baptist Home Missionary Society.

"We love our flag as did little Giuseppe Rossi, a bright Italian boy, who lived in a

tenement in New York. He was always proud to be the flag-bearer in the children's games at the kindergarten.

"One day, Giuseppe was arrested and brought before the magistrate. An angry woman who cleaned the halls in the tenement where Giuseppe lived was his accuser. She told how the small Italian had run at her with head down like a goat and had beaten her with his fists. This was more than she could stand from Italy.

"When asked to explain his conduct, Giuseppe said: 'She clean wid da flag-a. She wip de mud-a wid it-da what ever'day in school-a we make-a so,' and Giuseppe raised his hand in salute reverently.

"Here, indeed, was building patriotism which no magistrate could condemn. It was also a lesson to the woman not to use even a tattered and worn-out flag as a duster and cleaning rag."

In closing, the superintendent might point out the meaning of the three colors in the flag.

Make this a real patriotic meeting by decorating with flags and singing patriotic songs. It would be fine to have a Boy Scout in costume lead the meeting and a Girl Scout in costume lead the singing. The collection might be taken by marching around the room soldier fashion and dropping their money in the basket on a table in the front of the room.

R. F. D. No. 1, Westerly, R. I.

"SPARE THAT TREE"

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

(Sermon to the boys and girls, Plainfield, N. J.,
May 15, 1926)

Text:

*Then shall all the trees of the wood sing
for joy.—Psalm 96: 12.*

*All the trees of the field shall clap their
hands.—Isaiah 55: 12.*

*Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor
the trees.—Revelation 7: 3.*

I presume most of my boys and girls know just where I got my subject for the sermon this morning. I know some of you do, for you have been learning in school the poem by George P. Morris, which begins:

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

And you will see I had no trouble to find a text. In fact I have given you three texts about trees. The first text says the trees sing; the second says they clap their hands; and the third one tells us not to hurt the trees.

I had to go to New York last Sunday evening to make a speech, and I was very much surprised as I got on the train here in Plainfield to see so many people. The seats were all filled with people, and many had to stand. I wondered at first where they were all going. But I very soon found out that they were not *going*—they had already *been*. They were mostly New Yorkers who had been to the country for the day. They were returning home, and I was very sorry to see that many of them had great arm loads of broken branches of flowering bushes. There were many limbs from my old friend, the dogwood. But I could not enjoy seeing the blossoms for thinking of the bushes in the wood with broken stubs that were bleeding sap. How could they sing when their blossoms had been taken away; and how could they clap their hands with only stubs and twisted limbs?

Now, I want you to know that there are some flowers that just want to be picked. It doesn't hurt them at all. In fact they do better if you keep the blossoms picked. Pick all the violets you want to pick, for more violets will come to take their places. Of course there are many flowers you can pick and take to mother or to your teacher or to someone who is sick and who can not get out where the flowers grow. Just be careful not to destroy the root or the main plant, that is all. And if the flowers are few, remember someone else may pass that way. Leave some of them for others to see and enjoy.

Just a lot of violets came into our home the other day. They were put in water in a dish and set on the dining table, and they held their heads up straight and fine for two days. Then the hands that plucked them and brought them in wanted to take them to the teacher at school, and they looked so fresh and nice that the little girl was allowed to take them to her teacher. Yes, there are many flowers that you may pick; but hurt not the trees.

Now, I am glad city people can go to the country.

One impulse from the vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can. *Wordsworth.*

But I wish they wouldn't break the trees or destroy the shrubbery. How many trees must have suffered last Sunday! A number of people that were on the train that took me in to New York carried great loads of limbs with wilting leaves and flowers. As I came back three hours later I met many others coming off the ferry boat with branches in their arms. I suppose every train on every road going into New York, and many automobiles besides, carried the branches of flowering shrubs stripped from the mountains of Jersey. Doubtless the same was true of trains from New York State, and from Connecticut.

I wish these people might all know there is a better way. How much more satisfying to bring back in the mind a picture of the flowers as they look in their own home in the fields and in the woods, fresh and fine. If there is someone back home who can not go to the country and to the woods, how much better it would be for the one who can go just to go back and tell those at home all about the trip and what they saw and how beautiful everything was. That would be a great deal better than to carry back broken limbs and wilted flowers which scarcely resemble the beautiful bush from which they were taken. Then the trees would be there the next time, and for the next person; and next year they would be prettier than ever.

Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy.

All the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Hurt not . . . the trees.

Ethel, aged three, had been to visit her cousins, two fun-loving and romping boys. She climbed upon her father's knee, and was telling him of her visit.

"Papa, every night John and George say their prayers! They ask God to make them good boys," she said.

"That is nice," said papa.

Then, thinking soberly for a few minutes, she said:

"He hasn't done it yet!"—*Record of Christian Work.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

RUTH MARION CARPENTER, ALFRED, N. Y.
Contributing Editor

OUR FLAG

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 12, 1926

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Justice (Rom. 13: 1, 4)

Monday—Freedom (Acts 22: 27, 28)

Tuesday—Friendship (Lev. 19: 33, 34)

Wednesday—Unity (Ps. 122: 3-9)

Thursday—Integrity (2 Cor. 13: 7)

Friday—Patriotism (Ps. 137: 4-6)

Sabbath Day—Topic: The meaning of our flag
(Prov. 14: 34)

The Flag! The Flag! The nation's Flag!

Look on its colors bright,
And shining stars that seem to fill
The air with joy and light.
For there's meaning in each one,
The red and white and blue,
Which all can read as clear as day,
And all can honor too.

The red I'm sure speaks bravely
In what we hope and dare,
To do the best that in us lies,
In duty ev'rywhere.
And white is spotless purity
In thought and word and deed,
That we may ever ready be
To serve our country's need.

And since the busy world began,
Always the color blue
Has been to loyal hearts the sign
And emblem of the true.
And as our flag, red, white, and blue,
Shall point to truth and right,
We know that honest boys and men
Shall make a nation's might.—*Selected.*

Every boy and girl is taught to honor and respect our flag, the dear Old Glory, and know the story of the making of our first flag by Betsey Ross. This original flag had only thirteen stars sewed on the field of blue in the form of a circle; these stars stood for the first thirteen states as did the thirteen crimson and white stripes. Each time a new state was added to our union one more star was added to the flag, but the stripes remained the same number as a memorial to the first thirteen states.

Our flag stands for liberty and justice, and yet it has a deeper meaning than that.

We often wonder why George Washington chose the red, the white, and the blue as the colors of the first flag. No doubt, though, the colors had some meaning to him for which he desired the new nation to stand. These colors express the full meaning of the flag: the red for courage and defiance of all injustice and wrong, courage to do one's duty always; white for peace and purity, an example of purity for mankind and peace for the world; blue for constancy and truth, proving to the world that our nation could be relied upon.

Our flag stands for peace and not for war, and it is the duty of every boy and girl who will soon be a grown man and woman to be true to Old Glory and never allow it again to float over bloodshed and war. Every star and bar cries out against war; the red means courage to do one's duty, and that duty is to stand for Christian brotherhood for the whole world. The second of our colors defies war, in standing for peace and purity; purity of heart has only love for our fellow men and not hatred as in times of war. If we would honor the blue we must forever banish war, for in order to be true to our God, our nation, and the world, we must live the Golden Rule and teach its meaning to boys and girls, men and women all over the world. War is against God and our flag; peace is for God and Old Glory.

Then, juniors, we can truly repeat these words of E. C. Kellogg, taken from his poem "To the American Flag":

Oh, thou glorious flag of freedom,
With thy shining silver stars,
In the blue field pure as heaven,
And thy white and crimson bars!

We have seen the nations 'round us
Led by thine example bright;
We have seen them marching forward
On through liberty to light.

May thy stars shine out still farther
May thy influence wid'ning be,
Till the sun in all his circuit
Shall look down on nations free!

WHY THE PANSY HAS A VELVET FACE

Long, long ago the pansy did not look at all as it does now. It had an ugly face then. But now it has the dearest velvet face in the world.

Lil' Miss Pansy lived in a garden with proud Mr. Sunflower, cold stately Miss

Gladiola, dainty Miss Bleeding Heart and many other flowers. The garden was owned by a tiny miss whose name was Sunshine. If she had any other name the flowers did not know it, for always Sunshine's friends and even her daddy called her Sunshine.

One day Sunshine and Daddy Jim rustled up to the flower garden, hand in hand. Great chums were they!

"Daddy Jim, I'm going to have a flower party one week from today. You are to come, and Aunt Harriet and Jimmy and Polly, and oh—just everybody. And we're going to have a flower show and take votes on which flower has the most beautiful face," Sunshine explained.

Daddy Jim smiled.

"And have lots to eat and—oh, Daddy Jim, you can get a whole day away from the office to come to my flower party, can't you?"

"Certainly, Sunshine. And we shall tie a blue ribbon on the winner!"

"Oh, Daddy Jim, what a beautiful idea! I shall love—" But the flowers could not hear the rest of what Sunshine was saying for she and Daddy Jim were strolling back to the house.

"Humph! It's plain to be seen who'll get the blue ribbon," boasted Miss Gladiola.

"Not at all! Not at all!" blustered proud Sunflower, "With all my beauty, do you think for one little minute they would pass me by?"

"Well, I'm not saying much, my dears. But I notice Sunshine always likes dainty, fragile flowers best," Miss Bleeding Heart nodded.

And then all the other flowers in the garden joined in the conversation. All but Miss Pansy who only hung her head, for how often, how very often had all the flowers told her how ugly she was.

A week later the gardener came and dug up any weeds there were around the flowers, cut the grass, hung out Japanese lanterns, placed chairs, and made everything very attractive for the flower party.

From the kitchen rolled scents of spicy cakes and lemonade. All the flowers put out their greenest leaves and loveliest buds. All but poor Li'l Miss Pansy. She only spilled tears down her poor, little ugly face. Poor Li'l Miss Pansy! She did so want to be loved!

Suddenly Li'l Miss Pansy heard a voice. She looked up thinking she would see Sunshine; but instead she saw a lovely fairy. The stranger whispered to Pansy:

"Stop your weeping, little modest flower who wants to be loved. I am going on a mission and when I return I will make your face the dearest face in the world."

"Oh, Helpful Fairy, how grateful I shall be!" crooned the Pansy. "You—"

But the Helpful Fairy had suddenly disappeared. Li'l Miss Pansy brightened and listened to what the other flowers were saying.

"How do you think I'll look with a blue ribbon around my throat?" Miss Rose was inquiring.

"You? Humph! What I want to know is how will I look dressed up in the blue ribbon?" This from Miss Verbena.

"Don't waste your breath, friends," sniffed Mr. Sunflower, "for everybody knows that I'll be the winner."

"Well, I guess I'll—"

But Li'l Miss Pansy was not interested now, for sure enough the Helpful Fairy had returned, carrying with her a small piece of purple velvet and a box of paints.

"Now, Li'l Miss Pansy, hold quite still and if the stitches hurt or the paint gets in your eyes, just try to be patient and think you are soon going to have the loveliest velvet face in the world."

That afternoon all the guests came on an inspection tour of the flowers.

"Now, you just write on your slip of paper which flower you think has the dearest face in my flower garden," Sunshine told them. "This blue ribbon goes to the winner."

"And I'm the winner," Miss Rose whispered.

The cold stately Gladiola forgot herself, and,

"Ah, keep still, Smarty! Everybody knows it's I," she challenged.

"Well, one thing we do know and that is it won't be Li'l Miss Pansy," proud Mr. Sunflower spoke with authority.

At that all eyes turned toward Li'l Miss Pansy, for the first time. Someway no one had paid any attention to her. And, oh my, my, Sunshine was bending over her, tying a blue glossy ribbon around her small waist!

"The Pansy has been voted by all, the

flower with the dearest face in the world," Sunshine was crooning.

"Thank you, Sunshine."

Then she began chatting with all the flowers and never even mentioned her lovely blue ribbon. But in her heart of hearts, she was very, very proud and happy.—*Helen Gregg Green in "Junior World."*

HOW PAPER IS MADE

Suppose somebody should come along and hand you a bunch of dirty rags and say, "Here, make me some paper." Do you think you could make that paper? Of course you couldn't.

Suppose you should take the bundle of rags to a paper mill and tell the people there to make the paper for you. You would get your paper, wouldn't you?

The first thing the men in the mill would do would be to take your bundle of rags and put it in a thrasher, which would pound the dirt out of them. Next, they would be sorted, and all the worthless rags would be thrown out. Then the good rags would be torn into strips and chopped up fine.

They would then go through the duster and the washer, and every bit of dirt that was left would be taken out. After they had been drained, they would be mixed together, and coloring matter or other things would be added. After they were thoroughly mixed with a large paddle, they would be in the form of pulp and would look like soft dough, except that the mass would be darker.

This mass pulp would then be run through the rollers and would come out in the form of a sheet. The mark that tells what grade of paper it is would be stamped in, and the sheets would then be hung up to dry.

When dry, they would be put through another roller to have the glossy finish put on. After that they would be cut and trimmed and would then be all ready for you to write your letter on.—*Albert A. Rand.*

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity.—*Ecclesiastes 1:2.*

Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.—*1 Corinthians 16:13.*

Except the Lord build the house, they

labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.—*Psalms 127:1.*

MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY

"The watched pot never boils."

Ask your grandma what she thinks my grandma meant.

MRS. T. J. VAN HORN.

"There's something I saw by the stream
And, though very strange it may seem,
It's part of a pussy that she left behind,
Now see if the answer, my dear, you can find.
"Cat's-tail!"

Little Margaret's mother was in the pantry preparing luncheon and among the dainties was a Camembert cheese.

Margaret, who was always interested in "goodies," was standing beside her mother inspecting all the different articles. Finally she came to the cheese which was redolent with the odor all Camembert lovers delight in.

"Mother," she said quaintly, "if your nose wasn't so close to your mouth you could eat that."

WHAT IS A MISSIONARY CALL?

A missionary call is a providential combination of circumstances which makes possible service in the foreign field in behalf of the Christless multitudes there. It consists, as related to the individual, of an assured salvation through faith in Christ; of a full surrender to him; of a continued yieldingness to his Lordship; of an implicit obedience to his command to preach the gospel to every creature; of a belief in the lost condition of men and their need of hearing and accepting the gospel in order that they may be saved; of that degree of secular education as will secure the learning of a foreign language; of such physical, temperamental, and spiritual equipment as will make possible living in an adverse climate and in an unfavorable social environment; and finally, of such daily fellowship with God as will produce saneness, earnestness and endurance in and through all events and to the end of life's service.—*H. W. Frost.*

Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

JESUS CHRIST, THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE OF GLORY

MARY E. FILLYAW

A PRIEST FOREVER AFTER THE ORDER OF MELCHISEDEC

In Hebrews 6:18-20, we read of "the hope set before us: Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an high priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec." And again we read, "That after the similitude of Melchisedec there ariseth another priest, Who is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life. For he testifieth, Thou art a priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec." Hebrews 7:15-17.

King David by inspiration testified, "The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek." Psalm 110:4. This eternal priest after the order of Melchizedek is "the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble." Jeremiah 14:8. See also Acts 28:20. "Yet his sojourn on earth was as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night." See again Jeremiah 14:8.

"The hope of the gospel" is the "mystery which hath been hid from ages and generations, but now is made manifest to his saints: To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory." Colossians 1:23-27.

And this mysterious Christ, who was "hidden from ages and from generations" until the fullness of time when he was born of a woman, born under the law, Galatians 4:4, "was made a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek." In order to find out what kind of a priest, Jesus, our Forerunner is, we must "search the Scriptures," John 5:39; and search them "daily," Acts 17:11, and "meditate therein day and night,"

as Joshua was commanded to do. Joshua 1:8.

It was the priest's business to "shew the sentence of judgment." As a priest, Christ gave judgment concerning the law of marriage when he said, "What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Matthew 19:6. As a sacred institution marriage symbolizes the very close and the very intimate relation which Christ and his church now bear, and shall for ever bear, to each other. Listen to the beloved disciple. "And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. . . . And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife. And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, Having the glory of God." Revelation 21:2-11. St. Paul wrote to the Corinthian Church, "I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ." 2 Corinthians 11:12. To the Ephesian wives he wrote, "Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church: and he is the Saviour of the body." Ephesians 5:22, 23.

"The priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth: for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts." Malachi 2:7. "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts." Malachi 3:1.

The second sacred institution was that of the Sabbath. Melchizedek being "the priest of the most high God. . . . possessor of heaven and earth," Genesis 14:18, 19, it was a part of his business to teach the people how to observe the Sabbath. And when God called Abram out from the land of his nativity and from his father's house, he sent him into Melchizedek's neighborhood, and from him Abram learned better how to serve God in every way, because of the holy con-

vocations presided over by Melchizedek on the seventh day of each week. See Leviticus 23:1-3.

Jesus said to his disciples, "But pray ye that your flight be not in winter, neither on the sabbath day." Matthew 24:20. Christ shows us that we must pray for God's care over our bodies, that our necessary goings and comings may be safeguarded from the inclemencies of weather and other dangers, and for our souls, that we be not thrown into conditions causing Sabbath breaking. Even in times of the greatest distress the Sabbath day must be kept holy. Digging graves and burying the dead do not belong to Sabbath keeping. Cooking on the Sabbath is a forbidden work. See Luke 23:56; 24:1; Exodus 16:23; 20:10.

And Christ shows us also that our Sabbath keeping depends in a measure on our prayers. It is just as necessary to pray for help to keep the Sabbath day holy as it is to pray not to be led into temptation. Keeping the Sabbath according to the commandment belonged to the order of Melchizedek, because he was priest of the most high God, who made heaven and earth and instituted the Sabbath on the seventh day of the week, and later wrote the law of the Sabbath on the tables of stone. See Exodus 31:13-18.

Jesus said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Matthew 5:17, 18. "Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Revelations 14:12.

Abram also learned from Melchizedek how to offer sacrifices for sin, because sacrificial offerings belonged to the worship of God. And because such offerings belonged to the worship of God, they belonged to the order of Melchizedek, after whose order Christ was "made a priest forever." And being "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," he became both priest and offering.

Abram coming "from the slaughter of the kings" with a thank offering for his teacher and mediator—a priest is a mediator—is sent by Melchizedek, who gives him bread and wine, and blesses him in the name of the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth, and receives from Abram tithes of

all. See Genesis 14:18-20. Hebrews, seventh chapter. And Jesus gave to his church the institution called "The Lord's Supper." 1 Corinthians 11:20. And we find bread and wine on his table, twenty-sixth verse.

And, last of all, we have tithing as belonging to the order of Melchizedek; and because it did, it belongs to the order of Christ also. Therefore St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God has prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." 1 Corinthians 16:2. As much as to say, "Sit down on the first day of the week and count your income for the previous week, count out the tenth and lay it by so as to have it ready when I come." When he arrived there would be no time to sell a cow or a sheep, a chicken or a few eggs, a piece of tapestry or a pair of socks knitted by the little daughter. No, everything had to be in readiness by the appointed time. See Exodus 28:40.

If we belong to Christ, our marriages must be sacred, our Sabbaths kept according to the commandment in Exodus 20:8-11. No day but the seventh can be kept according to that commandment, and no other commandment has ever taken its place. We must look to Christ who is the "Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world." See John 1:29, 36; Revelation 5:6; 13:8. And we must offer our "bodies a living sacrifice, holy acceptable unto God." Romans 12:1—our bodies made holy by "the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Hebrews 12:24. By eating the bread and drinking the wine, we must "shew the Lord's death till he come." 1 Corinthians 11:26. Giving rounds out the Christian life, because it is the fruit of love or "charity, which is the bond of perfectness."—Colossians 3:14.

(To be continued)

O what children might go forth from our homes to be mighty for Jesus if parents were always full of the Holy Ghost! How holy would be the home atmosphere, how gentle the speech, how sweet and beautiful the life!—A. M. Hills.

Broadcasting of heat will soon be a possibility, says a scientist. The sun has been doing it for years.—Dallas News.

HOME NEWS

NEW AUBURN, WIS.—Perhaps there are a few who would like to hear a word from New Auburn. Since we have survived the long winter season and have neither been frozen or buried under the snow drifts we are expecting to take new life like the oak trees and put out branches for growth. We are enjoying today one of the few rains of the season and especially those who have their corn planted are rejoicing.

Church attendance was hindered this winter by an epidemic of scarlet fever and measles in New Auburn and neighboring towns. Sabbath service was given up entirely during most of January and February. Pastor Loofbourrow's family were quarantined for about six weeks. Last Sabbath was a beautiful day and about forty, including children, gathered to hear the sermon given by Pastor Loofbourrow in commemoration of Mother's Day.

Ten or twelve people attend choir practice every Thursday night at the home of either Ray or Arthur North. The first part of the evening, the chorister, Ray North, conducts a lively practice of both old and new songs. Later a social hour is much enjoyed as well as dainty and delightful refreshments served by the hostess.

The Christian Endeavor prayer meeting was discontinued in the winter and renewed in the spring. Last summer it met every Friday night at the homes of the various members. It is whispered about that a Christian Endeavor social is planned for the latter part of May. The last C. E. enterprise was quite a success, as ice cream was sold up at Long Lake, and about twenty-five dollars made.

Pastor and Mrs. Loofbourrow entertained the young people of the church at their home the evening of March 4. About fourteen were present to enjoy the good times and refreshments of the evening.

The two married people's classes of the Sabbath school helped to celebrate the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Everyon Churchward at the Churchward home, the thirteenth of April. The lateness of the hour of getting home was a strong testimony toward the pleasures of the evening.

The latest activity of the church was a bake sale put on by the Ladies' Aid, on the afternoon of May 12. Pies, cakes,

cookies, and candy were sold at the Co-operative store, and the net proceeds amounted to about \$16.

ESTHER L. LOOFBORO,
Secretary.

SPIRITUALITY IN FLORIDA

In addition to its real estate boom and its far-famed climate, Florida is offering better recreational and spiritual advantages than many other states, according to Dr. D. G. Latshaw, of the National Council of the Y. M. C. A., who recently returned from there. The building of churches, he states, is keeping pace with the erecting of office buildings and amusement places. Provisions are made for playground space and parks in every growing town, and most of the leading business men of Florida cities are active members of Christian churches.

"Into the towns of Florida has come an influx of people, for the most part Anglo-Saxon, Christian, and Protestant," says Dr. Latshaw. "They have begun to build over, according to their ideals of beauty and utility, the communities in which they live. They seem to believe in providing for the welfare of their boys and girls as well as of themselves, and they do not intend to tolerate, as calmly as some longer established cities, the waste involved in juvenile delinquency. Brass bands flourish in the parks, Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s, and playgrounds are to be found in places which, in other parts of the country, would be considered too small to support such things. Schools and churches are among the first things to be thought of, instead of the last, as is the case in so many new communities."

The desire to attract tourists, of course, enters into the city and town planning of the new Floridians, Dr. Latshaw believes; but the satisfaction to themselves of seeing their children well provided for spiritually and morally, as well as physically and mentally, inspires a good many of the improvements.

"They seem to have a new vision," he says, "of what it is possible for American communities to do for their youth."—*National Y. M. C. A. Council.*

"There is need of Christian leadership in everyday life today."

SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

A CONTENTIOUS SPIRIT

I am thinking today of a certain Sunday school to which I belonged forty-five years ago. It was in a very pleasant community, in an old and well established church, and with many excellent features—intelligent people, an earnest, beloved pastor, fraternal spirit, and with the best of music. The superintendent was a leading citizen in the community—had been a member of the legislature. But he was not a member of the church—not even, so far as I ever heard, a professing Christian. He was, however, though not a prayer meeting Christian, a most earnest, faithful, dependable Sunday school Christian—regular in church attendance and in supporting it financially.

It was not so much a concern of mine just what Mr. Bushnell was theologically, but practically. I did not know what he thought of conversion or of doctrine of any kind; yet in the six years of my association with him as a friend, a neighbor, and citizen, he was a gentleman most highly respected and honored in his village. His wife and daughters were earnest Christian people—making up as members of the church all that he lacked. Mrs. Bushnell was a leading member of the choir, faithful and dependable. She was stricken one day while singing and was carried tenderly to her home, thence to join the choir invisible.

The daughters were very anxious for their father's conversion. One of them told me she was all the time praying for it. Some one who reads this may say that it was my duty to talk to him about it; yet I never did. I felt that the personal relations of such a man as he to his Father in heaven were too sacred for me to intrude upon, so I left it all to them. Since those days all of that household have gone on to the home prepared for them, or for which they were prepared. I have often wished I were in all things as worthy a man as he.

But I am not writing this story just on

account of the Sunday school superintendent. It was another member of the school I had in mind when I began. He, too, was as regular in attendance as the superintendent, though not a member of the church—Presbyterian. He was called a Universalist, whatever that may imply. He, too, was a worthy citizen, an upright man, yet there was a difference between the two. Superintendent Bushnell was a gentle man in spirit, a man of place. It was his purpose to get out of every person something good, something for practical living. I remember in particular the hymn he so often asked to be sung:

"Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life;
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life."

But it was different with Mr. Morton. He seemed to take great satisfaction in finding something in a lesson with which he could not agree; and he was pleased to argue the case. In this way he took up the most of the class period. In general the men in the class did not very well like this habit of his. Yet they were courteous and patient and got along with it as well as they could. But this was not all of it. When it came time for the general review of the lesson, this man made the most of the opportunity to bring up points for discussion. In this way he often used the time upon small points of difference that might better have been given to bringing out the practical, moral, and spiritual truths of the lesson. This was not at all pleasing to the school as a whole. In this way he would go on and on until after the time for closing. It took a good degree of Christian courtesy and charity to get along with it all. Had he others to side with him in his contentious attitude, there would have come into the school a factional spirit to counteract much of the good it sought to accomplish.

I most sincerely wish there may be nothing of the kind in any one of our schools or churches.

Sabbath School. Lesson X.—June 5, 1926

JACOB AND ESAU. Genesis 33: 1-11

Golden Text.—"Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you." Ephesians 4: 32.

DAILY READINGS

May 30—Jacob and Esau. Gen. 33: 1-11.

- May 31—Reconciliation with God. 2 Cor. 5: 14-21.
 June 1—Reconciliation with Others. Matt. 5: 21-26.
 June 2—Joseph Reconciled to his Brothers. Gen. 45: 1-15.
 June 3—Proper Treatment of Enemies. Matt. 5: 38-48.
 June 4—Christ Forgives his Enemies. Luke 23: 33-38.
 June 5—Forgiveness and Prayer. Matt. 6: 9-15.
 (For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

MISERABLE FAILURE OF THE WETS BEFORE THE SENATE COMMITTEE

The modificationists miserably failed in the hearings before the Sub-Committee of the Senate Judiciary Committee to sustain their contentions that the sale of wine and beer would solve the liquor problem.

It was shown that many benefits in health, morals, and economics have resulted from prohibition, in addition to the outlawing of saloons, and that even in wet centers the reports of law violations are greatly exaggerated.

It was shown that the prohibition law can be enforced when federal, state and local officials do their duty and when the government provides sufficient funds and an adequate personnel;

That failure on the part of officials to do their duty is responsible for alleged conditions in large cities;

That government control of the sale of beer and wine furnishes the same kind of problems in enforcement as are found under prohibition;

That the legalized sale of beer and wine does not prevent the illegal sale of these beverages and of hard liquors;

That the proponents of the amendments to permit the sale of beer and wine are using their proposition for increasing the alcoholic content of intoxicating liquors;

That the continuous agitation against the law as it now stands is a contributing factor to lawlessness;

That the need in the United States is a strengthening, not a weakening of the law, greater emphasis on law observance, greater care in the granting of permits in order to prevent the diversion of alcohol to beverage purposes.

We call upon all who love their country, to respect its Constitution and to obey its

laws. We pledge to the officials charged with the responsibility of enforcing the law, our support to the end that the sovereignty of this law, as of every other law, may be demonstrated and the United States may have the full benefit of the prohibition of the beverage traffic in intoxicating liquors.—*Mrs. Ella A. Boole, in "Union Signal."*

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT OR CRIMINAL CLASS THE STRONGER?

General Lincoln C. Andrews, in charge of prohibition enforcement for the Federal government, in a letter to the *Manufacturers' Record*, of Baltimore, declares: "Step by step we are establishing our position and getting our feet more firmly planted for a successful campaign against the bootleg industry." This brief sentence from General Andrews carries a world of encouragement, the *Record* comments. "If he can carry out to a successful issue what he has suggested, he will have rendered a service of inestimable value to the country. The whole prohibition issue, as it now stands, is merely a question as to whether the Federal government or the criminal class is the stronger. The government stands for law enforcement; the criminal element stands for law violation."

Dr. Daniel A. Poling ably sums up in a concise paragraph the task ahead necessary to make the American prohibition policy a success, when he says, in an article in the *Christian Herald*, "Our business now is to get on with the war, to finish the fight, to confirm prohibition in the practice of the people, to perfect its legal processes, and to support its enforcement, until beyond the cavil of friend or foe it has been vindicated as the sober, sovereign will of America's righteous majority." Dr. Poling's article, "Get on With the War!" maintains that defeatists, who may be thoroughly sincere, but who are hopelessly mistaken in principle and misguided in judgment, would "sacrifice the fruits of this dearly bought moral and social victory; and the defeatist may be the secretary of a church temperance society, may announce himself as a former prohibitionist, or may capitalize specious statistics in favor of modification; but whoever he is, he interferes with the processes of prohibition enforcement."—*Union Signal.*

MARRIAGES

EVANS-JACOX.—At the home of the bride's parents in Los Angeles, Calif., on May 7, 1926, by Pastor Geo. W. Hills of Los Angeles. Mr. Russell Duane Evans, of the U. S. Navy, on the battleship *Tennessee*, which is now stationed in our harbor, and Miss Irene Jacox.

DEATHS

WILLIAMS.—Mary Lucetta, daughter of Herman and Laura Goodrich Backus, was born June 22, 1845, in Pittsfield, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. B. E. Rollins, in Edmeston, May 11, 1926.

She was married to Halsey Williams, January 8, 1865. To them was born one son, Leonard Halsey, who survives them. Having no daughters of their own they adopted two girls, Mrs. B. E. Rollins and Mrs. Clarence Belden, who are left to mourn their loss and who cared for her in her infirmities. She leaves one sister, Mrs. C. M. Stone, the last of a large family; two granddaughters, and two grandsons, and many nieces and nephews.

She joined the West Edmeston Seventh Day Baptist Church in her young womanhood and was

a consistent member, always attending the church services and Sabbath school until failing health compelled her to give up the services. Then she joined the home department of the Sabbath school and would say how glad she was to get the helps and how she enjoyed them, and in that way kept in touch with the church and its activities. She was also a member of the Aid Society, and faithfully did her part to the end.

A good woman has gone to her reward, and it may be said of her "she hath done what she could."

Funeral services were held at the home of Mrs. Clarence Belden, conducted by Rev. F. E. Peterson and Mrs. Lena Crofoot, Friday afternoon, after which she was laid to rest in the West Edmeston cemetery by the side of her husband, who passed on many years ago. L. G. C.

ROSS.—At her home at Bristol, Harrison county, W. Va., May 12, 1926, Mrs. Lent L. Ross, in the fifty-fifth year of her age.

Elva Davis was born August 19, 1871. She was the daughter of Stillman and Keziah Davis. Stillman was the son of Jesse Davis. She is survived by her husband and by three sons, two daughters, and a granddaughter.

The funeral service was conducted by the pastor of the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church, at the Greenbrier church, where Mrs. Ross was buried. G. B. S.

SWINNEY.—At his home in Niantic, Conn., May 1, 1926, Herbert M. Swinney in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

Mr. Swinney was born in Westerly, R. I., June 14, 1872, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ethan A. Swinney. He was educated in the public schools of

Annuity Bonds

OF THE
AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

Be Your Own Executor

You are planning to leave at least part of your money to the Denomination.
 Send it to us now in exchange for one of our bonds on which you will receive an income for life and be assured that the money will be used thereafter as you desire.

F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer, Plainfield, N. J.

Westerly, and as a young man entered the employ of Maxson and Company, builders and contractors, with which firm he obtained his start in the lumber business, in which he has been so successful in later years. He was later employed for several years with the firm of Babcock and Wilcox.

On May 16, 1901, Mr. Swinney was united in marriage to Miss Belinda Southwick of Westerly. Fifteen years later Mr. Swinney and his family moved to Niantic, Conn., where they have since made their home. With Louis C. Dimmock he purchased the lumber business of A. R. DeWolf, which they reorganized and expanded into the present Niantic Lumber Company. Up to his death Mr. Swinney served as secretary, treasurer, and general manager of this firm.

While a resident of Westerly he was an active member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church there, and after moving to Niantic, he with his family joined the Waterford Church of the same faith, of which he was a consecrated and loyal member. He faithfully served the church as treasurer for a number of years, and until his final prolonged illness necessitated his replacement in this work. He held the office of moderator until the time of his departure. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society.

Mr. Swinney was prominent in civic and religious activities in his community. He was one of the outstanding business men of the vicinity and a leading member of the Niantic Chamber of Commerce, having served four years as secretary and two years as president of that body.

Besides his widow, Mr. Swinney leaves a son, Morton R. of Niantic, and a daughter Ruth, who is at home.

Funeral services were held from the home at Niantic, on Tuesday afternoon, May 4, 1926, Pastor S. Duane Ogden of Waterford officiating. The body was laid to rest in the First Hopkinton cemetery near Ashaway, R. I.

Mr. Swinney will be remembered as a good father, a loyal citizen and a devoted Christian. His church sustains a heavy loss in his passing.

"Soldier of Christ, well done!

Praise be thy new employ!

And while eternal ages run,

Rest in thy Savior's joy."

—Montgomery.

S. D. O.

Leisure is not what one would call a luxury; it is a necessity of living. Unless we get leisure we do not work effectively. We must at times pause and be free, or our work degenerates. We must get out of the groove which, as Silvester Horne said, "differs from the grave only in depth." We need leisure not as a substitute for work, but as the condition of good work. We do not work well unless we have our proper leisure; we do not enjoy our leisure properly unless we have our proper work.—*Robert F. Horton in Christian Work.*

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

L. H. North, Business Manager

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

Terms of Subscription
Per Year \$2.50
Six Months 1.25
Per Month25
Per Copy05

Papers to foreign countries, including Canada, will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.

All subscriptions will be discontinued one year after date to which payment is made unless expressly renewed.

Subscriptions will be discontinued at date of expiration when so requested.

Advertising rates furnished on request.

If we are drinking as much as we did before prohibition, why have practically all the "drink cure" establishments that flourished before prohibition gone out of business? Why did the Washingtonian Home of Chicago, when lack of custom made it lose \$1,000 a month, quit business; and why did its president, Judge J. Kent Greene, in closing it, say that "in another generation intemperance will be entirely wiped out"?

And, finally, if prohibition is a failure, why are the liquor interests so exercised about it? Didn't they, from the beginning, want it to fail? If the failure is complete, as they say, what more do they want? Why do they want the law changed?—*Allen L. Benson.*

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale, Help Wanted, and advertisements of a like nature, will be run in this column at one cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion. Cash must accompany each advertisement.

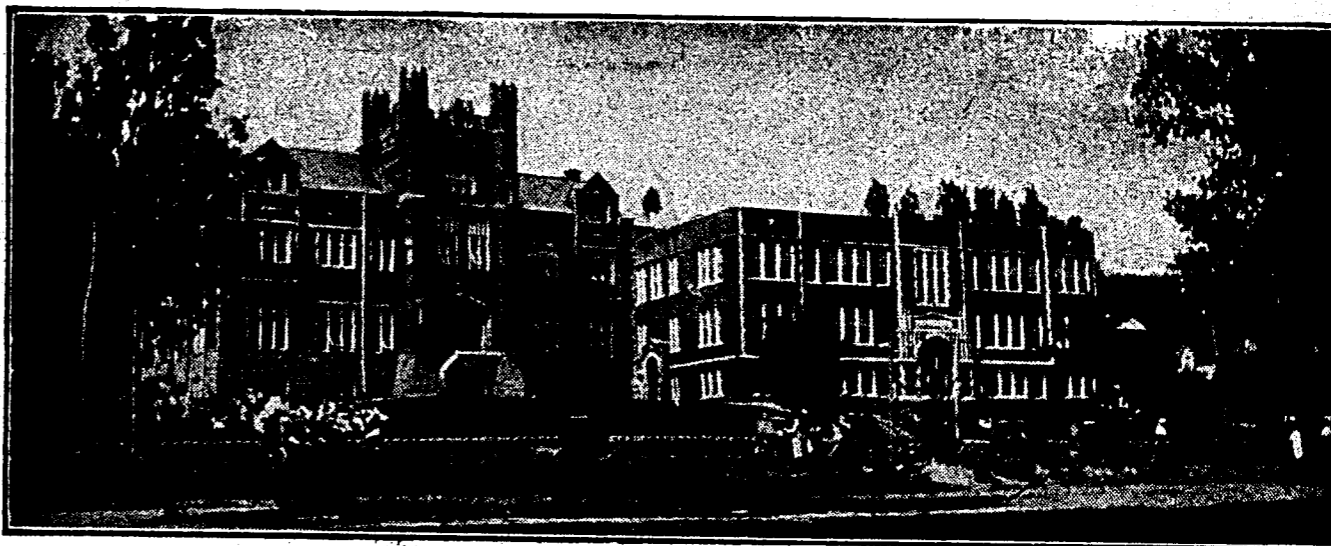
DENOMINATIONAL CALENDARS may be obtained at this office if you can not obtain them through your church or society. Send 15c for each copy you wish. Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J. tf

COLLECTION ENVELOPES, Pledge Cards, and other supplies carried in stock. Collection envelopes, 25c per 100, or \$1.00 per 500; denominational budget pledge cards 30c per 100; duplex pledge cards 40c per 100. Address orders to Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

JUNIOR GRADED HELPS, four year course, four parts each year, 15c each. Intermediate Helps, three year course, four parts each year, each 15c. Teacher's helps for Junior lessons, each part 35c; for Intermediate, 25c each. Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J. tf

MILTON HOME FOR SALE.—Two blocks from college, corner of Plumb and College Streets. All modern. Prettiest corner in Milton. Write Fay Coon, Milton, Wis. 2-15-15w

SALEM COLLEGE



Administration Building

Huffman Hall

Salem College has a catalog for each interested SABBATH RECORDER reader. Write for yours College, Normal, Secondary, and Musical Courses. Literary, musical, scientific and athletic student organizations. Strong Christian Associations. Address S. Orestes Bond, President, Salem, W. Va.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY

A modern, well equipped "A Class," standard College, with Technical Schools.

Buildings, Equipments and Endowments aggregate over a Million Dollars.

Courses in Liberal Arts, Sciences, Engineering, Agriculture, Home Economics, Music and Applied Art.

Faculty of highly trained specialists, representing the principal American Colleges.

Combines high class cultural with technical and vocational training. Social and Moral Influences good. Expenses moderate.

Tuition free in Engineering, Agriculture, Home Economics, Rural Teacher Training and Applied Art.

For catalogues and other information, address

BOOTHE COLWELL DAVIS, LL. D., President
ALFRED, N. Y.

The Fouke School

Miss Fucia Fitz Randolph, Principal
Fouke, Ark.

Other competent teachers will assist.
Former excellent standard of work will be maintained.

BOOKLETS AND TRACTS

GOSPEL TRACTS—A Series of Ten Gospel Tracts, eight pages each, printed in attractive form. A sample package free on request.

THE SABBATH AND SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS—A neat little booklet with cover, twenty-four pages, illustrated. Just the information needed, in condensed form.

BAPTISM—Twelve page booklet, with embossed cover. A brief study of the topic of Baptism, with a valuable Bibliography. By Rev. Arthur E. Main, D. D.

FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK IN THE NEW TESTAMENT—By Prof. W. C. Whitford, D. D. A clear and scholarly treatment of the English translation and the original Greek of the expression, "First day of the week." Sixteen pages, fine paper, embossed cover.

STUDIES IN SABBATH REFORM.

A HAND BOOK OF THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HYMNS AND SONGS—10 cents each.

A SABBATH CATECHISM FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF JUNIOR AGE—10 cents each.

THE ABIDING GOD AND HIS HOLY DAY—10 cents each.

MAKING THE ANNUAL CANVASS.

SABBATH LITERATURE—Sample copies of tracts on various phases of the Sabbath question will be sent on request with enclosure of five cents in stamps for postage, to any address.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY
Plainfield, New Jersey

MILTON COLLEGE

THE COLLEGE OF CULTURE AND ECONOMY

All graduates receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Well-balanced required courses in freshman and sophomore years. Many elective courses. Special opportunities for students in chorus singing, oratory, and debating. Four live lyceums.

The School of Music has thorough courses in all lines of musical instruction. A large symphony orchestra is a part of its musical activities.

The institution has a strong program of physical education and intercollegiate athletics under the direction of a resident coach.

For fuller information, address

ALFRED EDWARD WHITFORD, M. A.,
PRESIDENT

Milton,

Wisconsin

Alfred, N. Y.

ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
Catalogue sent upon request

BIBLE STUDIES ON THE SABBATH QUESTION
In paper, postpaid, 25 cents; in cloth, 50 cents.
Address, Alfred Theological Seminary.

Chicago, Ill.

LANGWORTHY, STEVENS & McKEAG
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW
1235 First Nat'l Bank Building, Phone Central 0811

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND
Alfred, N. Y.

For the joint benefit of Salem and Milton Colleges and Alfred University.

The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests for these denominational colleges.

COUNTRY LIFE LEADERSHIP. By Boothe Colwell Davis, S. T. D., LL. D. A Series of Baccalaureate Sermons Delivered Before Students of Alfred University. Price, \$1.50 prepaid. American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

HELPING HAND IN BIBLE SCHOOL WORK
A quarterly, containing carefully prepared helps on the International Lessons. Conducted by the Sabbath School Board. Price 60 cents per year in advance.
Address communications to *The American Sabbath Tract Society*, Plainfield, N. J.

S. D. B. GRADED LESSONS
Junior Series—Illustrated, issued quarterly, 15c per copy. Send subscriptions to American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.
Intermediate Series—Issued quarterly, 15c, per copy.

The Sabbath Recorder

The value of the past lies in
the enrichment of the future

As our part let us hand on
The Denominational Building

THE DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING
A VISION IN MATERIAL FORM
F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

THE GIFT OF SILENCE

The forest has it. If a sermon lives
In trees, they do not shout it in your ear;
I wish that I might learn how a forest gives
Sweet counsel, so that people love to hear!

The calm stars have it. Silently they sweep
Their searchlights on the faulty human heart;
I would that I might half as surely reap
The rare reward of their consummate art.

The mountains have it. Yet how stern they stand,
Dwarfing earth's meanness, and its shallow pride;
If only I might such a faith command,
Knowing the patient heaven was on my side!

We fuss and fret, we criticize and scold—
Dear God, we do not do the good we might,
Because we know not how our tongues to hold,
And in sweet silence, set our own lives right.
—Ruby Weyburn Tobias.

CONTENTS

Editorial. —Pacific Coast Edition, Milton College Bulletin.—Why Sabbath Reform is Greatly Needed.—What if Men Had Always Been True to God's Sabbath?—Civil Laws Will Not Do; They Make Matters Worse.—Weekly Report, Building Funds 673-677	Young People's Work. —Money as a Goal.—A Thought for the Quiet Hour.—The Intermediate Corner.—Junior Work.—North Loup Holds a "Young People's Board" Social.... 691
Semi-Annual Meeting Papers 677	Four and One-half Months' Labor in Iowa 693
Seventh Day Baptist Onward Movement. —Our Bulletin Board.—"No Salvation Without Law."—What is the Reason? 681	Children's Page. —Teddy's Trout.—Following the Leader.—My Grandma Used to Say 696
Tract Society—Meeting Board of Trustees 682	One Bird in the Bush is Worth Two in the Hand 697
Missions. —Denominational Growth.—Holland and Java 684-687	Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page. —Jesus Christ, The Christian's Hope of Glory 699
Woman's Work. —Growing Older.—Spring in Shanghai 688	More About Jerusalem 700
The Sun of Righteousness 689	Services for Dr. E. S. Bailey..... 702
Home News 690	Deaths 703
	Sabbath School Lesson for June 12, 1926 704