

The Sabbath Recorder

Except the Lord build the house,
they labor in vain that build it.

—PSALM 127: 1a.

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

"Shatter my dearest idol, purge my faith
Till truth holds sway:
Help me to sing and fight, not weep and cower,
When blows fall fast;
Patient to bear, strong to endure—thy son
True to the last!
Grant me a heart in tune with nature; eyes
To see yon stars
That dartle, read their message; ears to hear
Old ocean bars
Beat out their music; arms to hug this earth,
Its joy and pain
Till life has lived its passion, loved its loves, and death
Proves itself gain.
Let me live grandly, seek the things that last;
Press toward life's goal!
Win jewels, fame? Nay, better, when earth's past
Stand—a crowned soul!
So be my helper, Father, comfort me,
With staff and rod,
Till I give thee back thy year, well lived
For man and God."—Selected by Mrs. L. A. Wing.

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*"O God, we are amazed at thy power to win the most unlikely! Thou dost gather sheaves from fields we imagined to be barren. In heathen lands thy praises are being sung. Open our eyes to see the signs of the times! Teach us their meaning!
 "Wilt thou hasten the day when the forces of evil shall be crushed and men shall dwell together in righteousness, brotherhood, and peace! Give us faith in the triumph of thy cause! In Christ's name. Amen."*

Back to Bethel Bethel means a place hallowed by God's presence—Hebrew "beth," house, and "el," God. When Jacob had to leave home and mother on account of his wicked treatment of his brother, it must have been with a very heavy heart. Filled with misgivings in view of his brother's anger and the threat to put him to death, he must have been lonely enough. His conscience must have tortured him, and from every hilltop on the way he must have taken an anxious look for fear his angry brother might be pursuing him to make his threat good.

When the shades of evening gathered and he found himself in the lonely vale of Luz, he did not dare to seek shelter in the village, but with nothing but a stone for a pillow and the open sky for a roof, with surrounding hills for walls, he laid him down, conscience smitten, and thinking he had fallen on "a dreadful place," and from sheer weariness he fell asleep. "In the darkness of that night, the penitent man, longing for peace, had a wonderful dream, and awoke to find the dreadful place had become a house of God to him.

I have often thought since my visit to that vale, how natural it was for Jacob to dream of the stairway between earth and heaven. God had led him to just the right place for such a vision. The vale is a sort of little cove surrounded by steep hills close by, covered with rocks; and as Jacob lay in the vale between them, thinking of his loneliness, filled with fears, and longing for peace with God, his last view was of the hills like a great stairway around him reach-

ing from where he lay to the sky above. It seemed to me most natural for him to see that hillside in his dreams filled with God's angels sent to comfort him and to bless. He had gone to sleep feeling the need of God's help, probably as he had never before felt such a need.

There alone with God the place he thought so dreadful he found to be a Bethel to his soul. He set up the very stone used for a pillow and called it "Bethel" because God blessed him there. Jacob must have felt like a new man, and his journey must have been brighter and happier.

After more than fourteen years of worry and many temptations to worldliness, Jacob had to leave the northland and return to Canaan. Still filled with fears on account of Esau, he showed how thorough his conversion at Bethel had been, by the way he met and settled with the brother he had so sorely offended. Then what does he do but go straight back to Bethel, after he is again established in Canaan, and build an altar there calling it "El-Beth-el"—the God of Bethel, because there God had met and blessed him when he fled from his home and from the face of Esau.

This coming back to Bethel and to God's altar was a good thing for Jacob. Abraham had quite a similar experience when he entered the promised land and again when he and Lot came back from Egypt. They came "even unto Bethel," and there Abraham showed his gracious spirit by giving Lot the first choice of the land. Here at the place of the altar he had made at the first—years before—he called on the name of the Lord. His loyalty to the Bethel altar had much to do with his success in life. When Lot turned his back on Bethel and began to pitch his tent toward Sodom, he, too, settled his life course, which led him to become at home in Sodom, and resulted in ruin.

Oh, friends, what a blessing would come to this old world if every supplanting, wandering Jacob of today would come back to Bethel, the house of God! And what dis-

asters and suffering would be avoided if every soul now pitching his tent toward Sodom would see his mistake and return to the Bethel he has left behind! Most of life's sad problems would then be happily solved, and thousands whose guilty consciences now make their night pillows as hard as Jacob's was, would see the angels of God's forgiving mercy with messages of peace and help for life's journey.

Wonderful Progress In Religious Ideals "Times are changed and we are changed" is a maxim of ancient wisdom, which still holds true. A careful study of the Bible shows a wonderful development in religious ideals—a real progress in respect to the kingdom of God on earth.

When an individual grasps a new idea as to his relations to God; when he sees new light and accepts the truth about sin and salvation through faith in Christ—when he experiences what we call the new birth—old things pass away, all things become new and, in an important sense, he becomes a new creature, with new visions of duty, new loyalties, and with practically a new life.

In an important sense this far-reaching truth holds good with nations as well as with individuals. It is interesting to mark the stages of progress in religious ideals as the ages have come and gone in the history of man found in the Bible. Out of the experiences of the past and by the leadership of the great God men have been led to higher planes of living, enabled to obtain nobler and truer views of God and clearer and better conceptions of human brotherhood and the duties of home life, until the time was ripe for the advent of the Christ. As fast as his people were prepared to accept higher ideals, Jehovah raised up individual leaders and prophets to exalt and magnify advanced truths until the people could embrace and practice them. Thus in God's own way and time, progressive ideals have won their way into the hearts of men, until they have been generally accepted by men of vital piety as leaders in every new age.

Progress has thus come about through the voluntary acceptance by individuals and by the exercise of personal liberty by men who were divinely led, until new beauty

and higher concepts of life have been given to men age by age.

Thus the precious truths of Christ's day must have seemed to be far in advance of the ideals held by the ancients. From the days of Abraham to the times of Isaiah or Jeremiah there was a wonderful advance in religious ideals. And again the progress was wonderful between the prophets and the Christ.

When the prophet Samuel savagely "hewed Agag to pieces before the Lord," the world—indeed the people of God—lacked a good deal of being ready for the Sermon on the Mount. When grand old Elijah made the Kishon run red with the blood of Baal worshipers, the people of Jehovah lacked a good deal of being far enough advanced in religious ideals to accept the New Testament methods of winning men. Indeed it was something of an advance for Elijah himself, when his juniper tree experience opened his eyes to something better than blood-and-thunder ways to promote the kingdom of God, and which sent him back to Horeb until he could hear the "still small voice" and learn a better way to promote the welfare of his people.

In the days when parents thought they were serving God by having a rebellious son taken out and stoned to death, Israel lacked a good deal of being far enough advanced in religious ideals to receive the parable of the Prodigal Son, or to understand the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God as taught by Jesus.

Yes, indeed, the doctrine of a progressive revelation stands out all through the Bible.

A Timely Revolt By Young People One of the outrageous attempts of the "wets" in their propaganda against prohibition, is their attack upon the young people, in which they represent them as whiskey flask "toters," and charge them with being drunk more under prohibition than under license. They overdid the matter by making charges that every sensible man knows to be absolutely false; nevertheless such representations do seriously hurt the feelings and arouse the indignation of the young people who are thus scandalized.

It is not to be wondered at that strong protests are being made by the young people against such an outrage. In view of certain discussions in the Birmingham Convention,

some ten thousand young people in Atlanta, Ga., marched through the streets to the Tabernacle auditorium and vigorously denied the representations of the wets that the young people of America want the prohibition laws modified.

If some such demonstrations by the young people could be held all over this land, the vicious insult of the wets would certainly prove to be a boomerang to come back with mighty power against those who started the slanders.

Help From the Hills Our train was "I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto the Hills," Psalm 121

laboring slowly up the famous "seventeen mile grade" on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad when I opened my eyes to the morning and looked from the sleeper window out upon a glorified world. My last view before going to sleep on the evening before was upon a dark, gloomy world, drenched with rain and shrouded with mist. The promise for a bright tomorrow was not very good.

So when I awoke this morning and was greeted by the bright sunshine bathing the West Virginia hills in splendor, my first thought was, "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

These hills are always delightful to me because of the pleasant memories of other days spent among them; but some way this morning there was an exceptional uplift of spirit coming from the scene, as the tender green of field and forest was bathed in brilliant sunshine.

On my first trip through the Cheat Mountains Dr. A. H. Lewis was my traveling companion. He was always most delightful company where signs of the beautiful were to be pointed out.

When the Psalmist's words about the help of God that comes from the hills came to mind, I began to ask myself, "In what way does the help of God come to man from the hills?"

The very air we breathe this morning suggests the help of God in health and vigor and strength which comes from the fresh air found on the forest crowned hills. This help of God from the hills made the pioneer forefathers in this land sturdy, robust, and strong in body and equally so in spirit. I do not wonder that in all ages the "God

of the hills" has been adored, for the earth is filled with evidences of God's handiwork. And the hills and vales of earth as well as the heavens will ever lead thoughtful men to love and revere the Creator's name.

Again, help from the hills comes in the inspiration and uplift of love for the beautiful which fills the soul of him who admires them. Who can look upon this scene among the mountains and valleys and streams without feeling that our God himself must be a supreme lover of the beautiful!

Again, I notice that much of the help of God from the hills is placed where man must search for it and labor to obtain it, if it is to do him any good. So whether we get the help designed of God for man or not, depends upon our own efforts. He gives us the forests of timber for our homes, stores up in the hills great beds of coal for our use, provides splendid grazing lands for our cattle, if we have a mind to clear and cultivate them; but their practical benefits all depend upon our improvement of God-given opportunities according to his own plan for us.

Finally, as I lift up my eyes upon these scenes, I am fearful that many poor souls have failed and have come short of God's help offered to them here. Many a dilapidated home, many a neglected garden and abandoned field, many a sign of poverty and suffering, and many a human wreck in rags and misery reveal the fact that some have failed to see the help of God, which, if they had wisely improved it would have made their present condition happier and their outlook more hopeful. Neglect and disobedience in God's garden lands today, like the mistakes in Eden of old will, if persisted in, rob men of God's richest blessings on earth and destroy his hopes for a new Eden in the Paradise of God.

We shall never grasp some of God's dealings with us unless we class them with that call of pain to attention. Sometimes it were cruel to let us sleep, sometimes the only kindness is to wake us. There are sorrows and failures and bitter disappointments which we can never hope to understand until we realize they are God's stratagems to fix our attention on the things which matter. —G. H. Morrison.

"FIVE-DAY-WORKING-WEEK"

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

Leader in Sabbath Promotion

Perhaps I ought to say a further word with reference to the campaign proposed by the Jewish Sabbath Alliance of America in the interest of a five-day-working-week. I would not want to leave the impression in the minds of my readers that I think this movement, even though it were immediately and to some large degree successful, would solve the problem of the Sabbath for our country or for the Church of Christ.

When I was approached by the Sabbath Alliance on this question I was glad to give it consideration; and after giving the matter due thought I decided I could support it in any way that might seem legitimate and proper. I felt constrained to do this for two reasons. First, because I can see in the movement if successful even in a slight degree just that much help for Sabbath keepers who desire to remain loyal, or for those who may want to become Sabbath keepers, but who find it difficult to do so for economic reasons. In the second place, I welcome the opportunity to co-operate with loyal Jews in emphasizing the importance of the Sabbath.

The increasing disposition on the part of both Christians and Jews to find some common religious meeting ground is encouraging, and ought to be mutually helpful. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has within the last eighteen months established a commission on relations between Christians and Jews. One of the outstanding features of the Executive Committee meeting of the Federal Council in Detroit last December was the fellowship dinner of Christians and Jews in a Jewish temple of that city. I enjoyed that experience; and I would welcome every opportunity to demonstrate to the Jew the quality of my Christianity, and to acknowledge Christianity's debt to the Jew.

But what I really started out to say was that two days of each week free from labor will not answer the soul's need for a holy day, to be devoted to religion. What is really needed to promote Sabbath keeping is conscience and conviction. Even now there are opportunities for Sabbath keepers through a five-day-working-week in many

industries. Are these opportunities used to the fullest extent?

Elder R. B. St. Clair of Detroit told us in a recent issue of the SABBATH RECORDER of persons supposed to be Sabbath keepers who removed to Detroit where there are many opportunities to work without working on the Sabbath, but who seemingly did not take the pains to investigate the matter. There are two possible reasons for this condition of affairs. In some cases it may be a matter of indifference with reference to Sabbath privileges on the part of the one who is seeking employment. Doubtless in other instances it is a question of not knowing what the opportunities are. In either case, as has been suggested, names should be sent to the chairman of the Vocational Committee, or to someone who knows the conditions.

The one who has to change his location in order to find employment should give the question of the Sabbath early and careful consideration. He should investigate the possibilities for employment where the Sabbath can be kept, and if possible, where he can have church privileges on the Sabbath day. Where the one thus making a change does not care enough about the matter to make investigation, the pastor should take as great an interest as he does for the more loyal one. Possibly in a new environment there may be awakened a new spiritual interest.

It may be of interest to someone to say here that all painters in the district of New York City are on a five-day-week, which means that no painter works on the Sabbath day. This includes territory occupied by three Seventh Day Baptist churches. This is just one more opportunity to be added to the list of possibilities for Seventh Day Baptists.

Sinner, if you have a valid excuse for impenitence, write it out! Nay, cast it in brass, hang it up in your house, delight in it, and teach it to others, that they may share your joy! When you come to die, take it with you down into the grave! When the trump of God calls the dead to judgment, convey it to the throne and show it to the Judge! If it will justify you in life, it will excuse you in eternity.—Charles H. Spurgeon.

THE FAITH IN WHICH JESUS DIED

(An address delivered in Old South Church, Boston, April 20, 1924, and sent to the Recorder by a friend in Massachusetts.)

REV. GEORGE A. GORDON

"And Jesus said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."—Luke 23: 46.

We Christians believe that Jesus survived death, that he showed himself alive to his apostles and to many disciples after his passion; we believe that historical Christianity issues from faith in the *risen* Lord as clearly and as surely as the stream issues from its source and as morning breaks upon the world in the east. And we further believe that the question, grave beyond words, of the future life and the future world has been illuminated as nowhere else in all history by the triumph of our Master. All this we believe to be true, and yet we hold that it can not be necessary to travel back two thousand years in order to find security for ourselves, for our little human worlds, and for the race of men in God. We believe that the greatest thing in Christianity, the greatest thing in the world, is Jesus' conception of the Infinite Being as Father, as One whose blessedness can never be complete without the conservation and goodness of his children in time; and again, as One who is essential to man as man. This was the faith in which Jesus lived, in which Jesus died; and I am to speak a few words to you this morning on "The Faith in Which Jesus Died."

Jesus joined his race at its best in his death. His race at its best had said, "Into thy hand I commend my spirit." Jesus had heard those great words often in the little synagogue in Nazareth, he had heard them often in his own pious and wonderful home. He had pondered them in youth, and when he became the prophet of his people, he had seen thousands of his race die and pass on into the unseen supported by those very words; in them they found strength to uphold them, consolation to calm them, and light for the dark way they were treading. Jesus, therefore, in his death joined himself to his race at its best.

Could there be a better beginning for any human being on any subject anywhere? The Declaration of Independence may not contain ideal political wisdom, or the Constitution of the United States, or the Farewell

Address of Washington, or the Second Inaugural of Abraham Lincoln, but it is undeniable that these venerable compositions are the best point from which to begin, for every citizen and every patriot. The man who wants to write tragedy cannot afford to ignore Shakespeare; he who would be an epic poet must not turn his back upon Milton; he who aspires to be a lyric poet must at least begin with the songs of Shelley and Burns; the end may not be there, but the beginning is there.

Here we are this morning with the meaning of life to be worked out by ourselves, every human being among us. Where shall we begin? There is the faith of your race at its best, the faith of your best friends at their best, the faith of your father and mother at their best; ponder it; be honest in your study of it. Confess its limitations if you see that it has limitations, its crudeness here and there if you see crudeness, but I affirm that here is the place for you to begin. Begin your everlasting march of intellect from the best faith of your kind, of your friends, of your parents. There are few things more beautiful, more moving than the correspondence of Carlyle and his wonderful mother over the matters of faith. Carlyle lived in a world larger, immeasurably, than that in which his mother lived; but her experience was profounder, more mature, at heart more significant, piercing, and prevailing than his; and he was wise enough to take his faith from his great and beautiful mother's heart. Jesus began his faith from his race at its best, at its highest. So every wise man has done, so will we. We may not end there, but there we will begin.

The winnowed wisdom of the past is the seed for the harvest of the future. Few are the things done by men today in which the past has no influence. In the sphere of the humanities this is true without exception, absolutely true. The great races have lived, and their men of genius have recorded the significance of that life; the greatest race in religion, Israel, has lived, and its highest prophet begins from that life and its ancient meanings recorded by those who went before him.

In the second place, Jesus glorified the faith of his race at its best. His race at its best had said, "Into thy hand I com-

mend my spirit"; he said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Deal justly and wisely with the words of the greatest. You will find this word "Father" or its equivalent used in the Psalms, occasionally in the Prophets of Israel; you will find it widely used by the Greek poets and by the Greek philosophers. But because words are the same is no reason to assert that their content of meaning is the same. The clouds before sunrise and after sunrise are the same clouds; before sunrise they are cold and dark and they chill the blood; after sunrise they are filled with a million splendors and burdened with infinite beauty; they are the same clouds, but they are glorified. Jesus took this word "Father" and applied it to the Infinite Spirit, the Soul of the Universe, and for him it meant that God was so perfect in love that for his own blessedness he must conserve all the souls of his children in time. Jesus glorified the word "Father" with a sunrise of meaning, with a world of beauty. Greatener, that is one of the highest names of our Lord, Greatener of the faith of the world at its best; and this is the service that is needed more perhaps than any other in the religious life of the world today.

It is easy to find fault with the beliefs of Christian men and women even when they are most serious and most sincere, because they have not had time to think them out, to winnow the wheat from the chaff; it is easy to find fault with them all; it does not require any great ability to ridicule the religious beliefs of mankind. But to take the best possessions of the race and interpret them, purify and exalt them, bring out their essential meaning and make it accordant with the ascertained truth of the world, is a task that calls for the great mind, the great heart, and the great character; and never within my recollection has there been such a call as there is today to interpret, to exalt, to bring out the essential in the Christian faith of the world and set it in glorious accord with the whole ascertained truth of the world. The individual, even if he is a man of genius, is a poor affair and is inclined to become a mountebank if he separates himself from the experience, the greatest experience of his kind. When he takes a racial possession, a precious racial possession, and puts his genius

to finding the value of that, and expounding it and vindicating it, then the individual may become the mightiest of the mighty; that is what Jesus became; he took the faith of his race at its best and glorified it, and he became the mightiest of the mighty.

You are familiar with this on other levels. Homer found floating about him the stories of his race, and Kipling is historically accurate when he says:

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what 'e thought 'e might require,
'E went and took—the same as me!"

Homer took these current stories and wrought them into two monumental poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; Pindar followed, took the faith of Homer, purified and exalted it; Æschylus came and took the faith of Pindar and gave it yet grander expression; and Plato came last and gave final form to the faith of the Greek race. Jesus took the highest faith of the world, the Hebrew faith in the righteous God, in the righteous order of human society, and glorified that. The Supreme Being, Righteous Ruler of the world, Creator and Upholder of the universe, stood in the vision and experience of Jesus as the Infinite Father, whose life is consubstantial with the human race that he has made.

Finally, we must not forget that faith completes itself in acts, that the sincere thought and the pure emotion in themselves are always incomplete and in a sense unreal; they must come to expression in a corresponding deed. The swimmer completes his discipline by the plunge into the deep and by the struggle there. All our best thoughts and feelings come at length to the test of action and are turned into reality and power by the will. Two scenes there are of indescribable grandeur in human history that serve as illustrations of what I am saying. Four hundred years before Christ, in the Athenian prison a great man was about to die. The debate over the immortality of the soul has ended, the great reasoner has vindicated his faith and now is silent. The cup of hemlock is brought in and handed to him. He offers his prayer to God for safe guidance into that mysterious world, drains the cup with the utmost cheerfulness, walks about in great compo-

(Continued on page 712)

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

OUR BULLETIN BOARD

Three more Sabbaths in this Conference year.

June 10-13—Eastern Association, Shiloh, N. J.

June 17-20—Central Association, Brookfield, N. Y.

The Onward Movement treasurer reports \$2,385.16 received in May. This makes a total of \$23,575.75 for the eleven months.

THE DETROIT CHURCH ENTERTAINS THE SEMI-ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE MICHIGAN AND OHIO CHURCHES

Our churches in Michigan and Ohio were well represented at the semi-annual meeting that was held at Detroit, May 28-30.

You will be interested in the report that Pastor St. Clair is to give of the helpful sermons, addresses, reports, and devotional exercises.

Most of the delegates who went by automobile were entertained in the homes of the members of the Detroit Church, and those who went by train had rooms at the Butler Hotel. As the hotel was about two blocks from the Y. M. C. A. building in which the meetings were held, the arrangement was quite ideal. There were representatives of five churches in this group, and they thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to visit.

On Sabbath day the visitors had their meals in a special dining room on the ninth floor at the Y. M. C. A.

Sunday morning about forty of us went to Belle Isle Park for a fellowship breakfast prepared by the Detroit C. E. society. We started a little after eight o'clock, in the rain, but the rain stopped just as we reached the place chosen for serving breakfast.

When the tables were set and the cocoa made, the ball players and those who were visiting seemed perfectly willing to partake of the fellowship breakfast.

Before we left the tables a short program was given, under the leadership of Mrs. Frances F. Babcock of the Young People's Board. I hope that this program will be given in the RECORDER.

After the program we spent an hour and a half in driving about the park, and in visiting the aquarium, the horticultural building, and the zoological gardens. The time was far too short to see the many animals, birds, fishes, flowers, and the beautiful walks and drives in this park that is said to be the most beautiful island park in the world.

Not long after we left the park for dinner and the afternoon meeting, it began to rain again. All were thankful that we were so favored with clear weather for the breakfast and the sight-seeing trip through the park.

As visitors we realize that the Detroit people are generous in making provision for the entertainment of their guests, and that their plans considered our comforts and our social pleasures. Because we enjoyed these so fully we gained the more in the religious services that were held, and that we all felt reached a high standard.

STATEMENT ONWARD MOVEMENT TREASURER, MAY, 1926

Receipts

DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

Adams Center	\$ 66.50
Adams Center Woman's society	100.00
Alfred, First	241.42
Battle Creek	200.00
Brookfield, Second	120.41
Chicago	10.00
Dodge Center	58.00
Exeland	27.30
Fouke	39.00
Fouke Intermediate C. E.	5.00
Genesee, First	55.00
Gentry	5.00
Hartsville	15.00
Los Angeles	60.00
Milton	310.79
New York City	129.50
Pawcatuck	250.00
Plainfield	167.70
Richburg	35.00
Salem	89.25
Syracuse	24.00
Waterford	156.00
Dr. Rosa W. Palmberg	20.00
L. S. K.	4.00
Friend	1.00

\$2,189.87

SPECIAL

Woman's Board:	
Shiloh women's societies	\$117.79
Verona Ladies' Aid society	20.00
	<hr/> \$137.79
Tract Society:	
Alfred, First, denominational building	\$ 2.50
Los Angeles	20.00
	<hr/> 22.50
Missionary Society:	
Los Angeles	\$20.00
Welton Woman's society—China..	15.00
	<hr/> 35.00
	\$195.29
Receipts—Denominational budget	\$2,189.87
Balance May 1, 1926	10.79
	<hr/>
Total	<u>\$2,395.95</u>
<i>Disbursements</i>	
Sabbath School Board	\$ 158.40
Young People's Board	96.80
Woman's Board	326.99
Historical Society	22.00
Education Society	66.00
Missionary Society	827.00
Tract Society	365.70
Ministerial Relief	176.00
Scholarships and Fellowships	44.00
General Conference	218.46
Contingent Fund	93.94
	<hr/> \$2,395.29
Balance June 1, 192666
	<hr/>
Total	<u>\$2,395.95</u>

HAROLD R. CRANDALL,
Treasurer.

3681 Broadway,
New York City,
June 1, 1926.

THE FAITH IN WHICH JESUS DIED

(Continued from page 710)

sure, lies down to die with his face covered and just before the final movement of his body which meant the liberation of his spirit, from the darkness there comes the quiet and cheerful word to his friend, "We owe a cock to Asklepios; be sure and pay it, and do not forget." Life is here triumphant over death in the experiment, in the actual process and trial.

The other scene is the most sacred and the most tremendous in all human history. Again the prophet speaks; the Highest speaks to his mother, to his beloved disciple, to the penitent thief by his side, and

to his Father. All his teaching, all his vision, his whole passion of love, and his whole ministry have come to this last test, this last experiment; and the word that comes from him is this, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

If I understand anything about Christian life, after many years of study, it is that this is the faith in which all good Christians try to live, that this is the faith in which all good Christians hope to die. They know that the greatest thing in Christianity, the greatest thing in the world is the character of the Infinite Being as revealed by the Lord. If it is true that he is so perfect that he cannot be himself without the conservation of all the souls that he has made in his image, then we do not ask for proof of life beyond the grave, we do not debate the question at all, we simply come in the last hour with our great prayer, "Father"—infinite Lover of all human beings, in their sin and in their aspiration—"into thy hands I commend my spirit." Could there be anything deeper, could there be any ground surer or more peaceful, could there be anything greater than a finite spirit saying from the depths of its being, in all solemn sincerity, "I trust my Maker to the last"? I believe that I am speaking your faith as well as my own when I say that this is the faith in which we strive to live, and that when our hour comes this is the faith in which we hope to die. "Thy will be done." The universe rests there; all that you hold dear rests there; the race of man and our human world, its destiny, its happiness, and its hope rest there; and you and I rest our own souls and the souls of those who are infinitely dearer to us than our own souls, we rest them on the character of God.

That was a wonderful word which Marcus Aurelius wrote, "It is good to die if there be a God, and sad to live if there be none." That is the negative form of the Christian faith. It is good to live, good to die, because the Infinite is our Father; and when we come to die we simply, quietly, without argument, without discussion, without philosophy, rest our case in the hands of our heavenly Father.

No American Congress ever would be haled before the World Court on a speeding charge.—*Indianapolis Star.*

HOME NEWS

ALBION, WIS.—The writer has been asked by several to write up some items for Albion. Now Albion has many a scribe well able to write up anything worth while. But let us accommodate each other.

In the first place we have been over four months without a pastor. But this church has demonstrated its interest in the day and hour of worship by constant attendance every Sabbath except two, when scarlet fever made it advisable to close.

The writer has led the services all this time in everything except many sermons which were read by members of the congregation. He has preached four times, including one exchange with Pastor Sutton of Milton Junction. He came over and gave Albion a good square meal, and the writer went to the Junction and handed out a sandwich.

The Sabbath school and Intermediate C. E. have held the usual services with commendable interest. The three women's societies have not abated their zeal and have held regularly most interesting meetings; and the new pastor said when he arrived that he did not want to "break them up," as it was reported that one in another town had tried to do so. What would a church do without a Ladies' Aid society? It would be like a home without a wife or mother.

And the Albion choir! It kept right on singing, and if you want to hear an anthem worth while come over some Sabbath.

Well, at last Pastor James H. Hurley arrived. You ought to see faces lighten up. Not that any one was discouraged or fearful, but Brother Hurley can make any one smile.

Now do you want to know how the people received him? People from other places came and made us rejoice with a still larger audience. After the usual half hour opening services, the pastor and wife were received into membership. H. D. Clarke extended them a general welcome. Carl Sheldon in behalf of the church welcomed them, receiving them into the church. Superintendent M. J. Babcock gave the Sabbath school welcome. Charles Williams gave an excellent reception in behalf of the young people. One of the women's societies sent up to the platform to represent that auxiliary of the church, Mrs. Glen Williams, and

then following her came Mrs. C. S. Sayre in behalf of two more ladies' societies with a spirited talk. That concluded the welcomes, and Mrs. Clarence Sawton gave a solo, "I Have Cried Unto Thee." Elder Clarke read the following poem:

"We bid you welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head,
Come as a Servant; so he came
And we receive thee in his stead.

"Come as a Shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from Satan and from sin;
Nourish the lambs and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal; the lost bring in.

"Come as a Watchman; take thy stand
Upon thy tower in Zion's height;
And when the sword come on the land
Warn us to fly, or teach us to fight.

"Come as a Teacher; sent from God
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer."

Pastor Hurley followed with stirring words of response and encouragement, and a male quartet consisting of ex-pastor C. S. Sayre and two sons, Maurice and Walter Sayre, and Kenneth D. Whitford, rendered a beautiful quartet, "Onward and Upward."

In the evening a large gathering held a reception for the new pastor and wife in the church basement and refreshments were served.

We invite everybody to come over to Albion and visit the church and hear some preaching. A "standing invitation."

Our church moderator, D. L. Babcock, has been in the hospital over three months and underwent a very serious operation, "But prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him," and we were rejoiced to see him back again at the church when we welcomed Pastor Hurley.

H. D. C.

Some things can only be got at by fire. There are depths in our consciousness that nothing can sound but pain, anguish, bitterness, sorrow. And these are not all bad. Sometimes pain works its way down to our better nature, touches into gracious activity our noblest impulses, and evokes from our dumb lips the noblest prayer. Sometimes we see farther through our tears than through our laughter.—*Joseph Parker.*

MISSIONS

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

ARE WE TO BEGIN THE NEW CONFERENCE YEAR WITH A DEFICIT?

There is now less than one month in which to close the work of the Conference year, which ends June 30; and some of us are asking, "Are we going to end the old year and enter the new with a deficit?"

This all depends on the churches. At the beginning of May, as has been seen in the treasurer's report last printed in these pages, the Missionary Board was about \$2,000 in debt. This means that if we end the year without a debt hanging over us, there must be a quick and liberal response from all the churches.

The board has broadened and strengthened the work during the year, but it has not done all that was planned. The board could not, and one reason was the fact that money was not at hand.

You have seen very little in the Missions Department regarding money. In part this has been because we have not cared to emphasize the needs of the Missionary Board above that of other interests; but the time has come when the Missionary Board, with other boards, must urge that the "tithes and offerings" be brought into God's storehouse without delay. Otherwise there must be retrenchment.

But how can we retrench? There are so many needy fields, some of them new and many of them are fields where the work is already commenced. How can we retrench? We can not, we must not think of doing this!

We have not closed the year in debt in three years, and we must not this year. The people have done nobly in past years, and we are expecting even better this year. Christian people are learning better and better how to give. Those who had these matters in charge tell us that during the World War ninety per cent of the vast sums raised for the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army, and Knights of Columbus were given by the people of the Church. This means

that only ten per cent was given by the rest of the people, who constituted fifty per cent or sixty per cent of the population. The smaller part of the population gave ninety per cent of the relief funds during the war, and besides this supported the churches and the mission fields. Christians are learning how to give, and the burden rests on them. Yet it is not a burden. It is blessed to give, and Christians are finding it out.

Are we to come to the end of the year in debt? If not, the churches, the pastors, treasurers, other officers, and one and all must meet the situation and do it now.

LETTER FROM CHINA

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

As I have awakened earlier than usual, it gives me the opportunity I have been looking for, to write to you. It is a beautiful spring morning, and the English sparrows are chattering about it (I suppose it is about the weather) to "beat the band"!

I love beautiful weather, but at present I would prefer rain for both personal and general reasons. The personal ones are chiefly concerned with our own little strawberry patches. The berries are just beginning to ripen, but will mostly dry up if we do not have rain. A greater reason is that the farmers' crops will suffer, and a greater still is that in the northwestern part of this province and in another, west of us, famine already prevails because of drouth last year and so far this year. Those regions have already been devastated by war, and are now overrun by bandits, many of the famine sufferers joining the bandits, so that the life of the people there is indescribable for misery. I should think they would be willing to die from any cause!

And now it looks as if our far-famed "Christian general" were beaten; and though the victors cry "peace" I have my fears that it is an empty cry. All the war lords who ran away to Japan, one after the other, allowing their soldiers to do whatever they would, when they were beaten, have returned and come to light, like buzzards to the carrion.

Last night I read about the closing of the Canton Hospital, the oldest and largest medical missionary institution in China, founded over ninety years ago. They were forced to close by the labor union, a "red"

or Bolshevik organization, which made such preposterous demands and drove out all their helpers. North, south, east, and west, the condition of China looks hopeless. Perhaps it is the darkest hour, just before the dawn. Let us hope so. If the people would only turn to God, one might look for him to help them. Perhaps he will, for the sake of the comparatively few who are trusting and entreating him.

To come down to our own little town, my Bible woman, who goes out every afternoon to teach the gospel whenever she can find listeners, reports that people are becoming generally more willing to listen, often eager to hear, while a few are quite bitter in their opposition, more especially the educated class—as usual, the "scribes and Pharisees." Surely the people here are not left without opportunity to *hear* and *read* the gospel these days. The war put Liuho on the map, as they say. It has been building up wonderfully fast; and what was the worst ruined district of all looks better than ever, though the people say that the good looks and good buildings are only in front, a sort of shell, as it were, covering the ruin in the rear. But some of them I know are entirely new.

Three new missions have started—Methodist, Apostolic, and Catholic. The Methodist started before the war. They have an energetic young preacher. During the war he acted a rather spectacular part and was highly lauded by his mission, in the press, and boldly maligned by some of the people here. Anyway he has had quite an influence and gathered together a little church and has managed to obtain money and build a church and parsonage at the north end of the town. He asked us all to help in the meetings in connection with the dedication. He asked me to speak at the dedication service, comparing conditions when I came to Liuho with those at present. Only one of their own foreign missionaries was present, and she made a very enthusiastic speech. In the beginning she acknowledged that they were building on a foundation laid by me and our other missionaries. I must confess that my heart was a little sore with envy at their sudden success when we have been working so long and seemingly accomplish so little. But that has been the case with all our Seventh Day Baptist work in China, preparing the ground and sowing the seed

and seeing others reap most of the harvest. The Sabbath is no more popular here than at home, and with greater reason, for the people here have no Bible background to which they owe loyalty. When they do become Christians, that in itself seems sufficient. For the rest join the most popular church and be in the swim.

I have a feeling that our own church would be more popular if we had a real meeting house, but I may be mistaken. After the dedication of that church, if I could have squeezed out the money anywhere legitimately, I would have built one like it immediately! But I had just put up a little cottage for our evangelist, and had used up more than my "spare" cash. Perhaps it is well to wait a while anyway.

The Methodist evangelist is after our man to get our church to unite with theirs. Our evangelist even suggested the union. Of course, *union* is the one topic these days, so he is not to blame. But how we, as Seventh Day Baptists, can unite with those who disregard the Sabbath and its claims, I do not see. In a call on the young man and his wife after they had moved into the new quarters, I took the opportunity to present to them faithfully the claims of the Sabbath and my own history in regard to it and reasons for observing it—not exactly proselyting, but explaining.

Mr. Foo, the friend who tried to do something in the line of getting some indemnity for us, came home for a visit and helped us to reopen communication on the subject with the new governor in regard to it, though so far with no success, though the governor is an acquaintance of his. Perhaps they feel, as the labor leaders in the agitation against the Canton Hospital were heard to remark, that they can do as they please "as America does not use force."

It is time I was getting about the business of the day, which this morning will be the planning and preparation of needlework, and this afternoon the usual work with my thirty women and girls. They certainly manage to do a lot of work in their three hours and a half each afternoon. I prepare what looks enough for a week, and in two afternoons it melts away, till my drawer shows the bottom! Lately we have had some large orders so that I have had to do less thinking and planning than usual, but

they are all filled, so now it will be a sort of "stepping out on faith" again.

At the study period yesterday afternoon, one of the girls was distributing Scripture picture cards, new ones, of which she had a bunch of about a hundred, which had been given her by one of the missions to distribute and ask people to come to *their* church. The town and country is being literally *sown* with portions of Scripture by traveling evangelists, as well as by our own. Will there be a harvest? I hope so.

Your friend,

(Signed) ROSA PALMBORG.

May 7, 1926.

HARRY B. IRISH

The following sketch of the life of Harry B. Irish was written by a close friend of the family, and of the deceased:

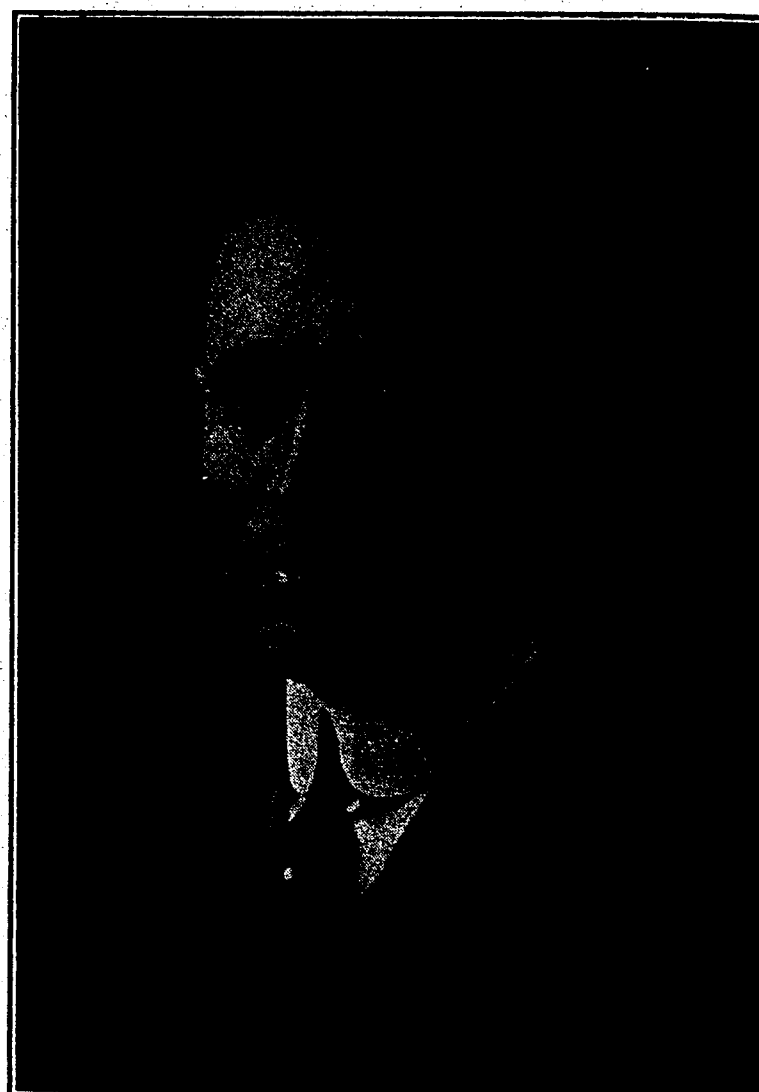
Harry Bond Irish, the son of Henry P. and Eva Bond Irish, was born August 7, 1883, at Farina, Ill., and died there May 10, 1926, as the result of being struck by a bursting fly wheel in a garage which he had just entered. His age was 42 years, 9 months, and 3 days. His sudden and tragic death has been a severe blow not alone to his family but to the whole community, for it brought to a close a life more than commonly rich in usefulness and influence.

Harry has always lived on the farm near Farina where he was born. After the death of his mother, which occurred before he was two years old, he and his younger sister Edith were cared for by their father and grandparents until the children found a second mother in Mary Jane Haven Irish, who came into their home in 1891. More than one of Harry's friends have heard him say that his own mother could never have done more for him or meant more to him than the one who has been his mother from the time he was eight years old. She and his father and sister, now Mrs. Elverson Babcock, of Riverside, Calif., are left to mourn their loss.

Harry first went to school in the Gove district, then at the high school in town, and later at Milton College. After he had definitely taken over his share of the responsibility of his father's farm, he often visited the school of agriculture at the state univer-

sity to fit himself better for his chosen work. He and his father were pioneers in scientific farming and dairying in this community. He kept himself informed by wide reading not only in the field of progressive farming but in world affairs, music, literature, and the cultivation of flowers, in which he was especially interested.

In January, 1897, during the pastorate of Elder John L. Huffman, at the close of a series of revival meetings conducted by



Elders J. G. Burdick and E. B. Saunders, Harry and ten others including his sister Edith were baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church. Of the eleven who joined at this time, only two now have their names on the roll. Next to his home, the church has been the great loyalty of Harry's life. He has been church clerk and superintendent of the Sabbath school for years, and has sung in the choir since boyhood. At the time of his death he held the office of moderator of the Northwestern Association of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference. He was active for a number of years in Christian Endeavor work, and frequently held office in the district union. It was always he who urged attendance at

Christian Endeavor and Bible school conventions, who went himself, and who took as many others as he could.

His loyalty to church interests was one expression of the outstanding quality of Harry's character—the will to serve. Other expressions of this desire to be useful to others, in the home, in social life, in community enterprises, are so numerous that they can not be told here. He used to the utmost that opportunity which the man who does not marry and start a new home has of being of service to his parents, to a large circle of friends, and to the community.

"To serve the present age
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will."

seems a perfect expression of the dominant purpose of his life. He was not, like most of us, merely willing to be of service when the need arose, but his whole happiness was bound up in doing things for other people. All the interests he had were those of his family, his friends, his church, and his community. The farm, with its stock, crops, and flowers, which gave him congenial work, was for his parents; the car was always for them and for his friends; his love of the outdoors, music, and good books was always shared with friends of like interests; his time, money, and energy were always given freely to the needs of the worthy causes of society. It is hard to imagine a life more gratuitously expended or one more genuinely rewarded by the happiness which unselfishness brings.

A man of such qualities will be sorely missed in uncounted ways, but his influence is undying. Friends made here in his home, village and neighborhood, friends of college days, and those made elsewhere in various business and religious activities grieve bitterly over his absence; but somehow the friendship remains, a sustaining and comforting memory. Death came to him in a sudden and violent way, but it found him prepared. If to have found and put into daily practice a satisfying religious faith, to have loved beauty in all its forms, to have lived vigorously, unselfishly, and happily, and to have met death without flinching—if to have done this is to be ready to die, then this man was ready. Although Harry's

work seems unfinished and his place seems impossible to fill, the realization that he has done more worth while work, had more influence for good, and left behind more loving and loyal friends than most men who live out the full span of years, brings rejoicing in the midst of sorrow.

A FRIEND.

Funeral services were held at the Seventh Day Baptist church, Sabbath morning at the regular hour of service, conducted by the pastor, Rev. C. L. Hill, who was assisted by Rev. Mr. Hahn of the German Evangelical Church and Rev. Mr. Harper of the Methodist Church. Professor Stringer of the department of music of Milton College was present and, speaking for the faculty and himself, paid tribute to the worth of the character and friendship of the deceased. Music was furnished by the choir and a male quartet. The gathering of friends, neighbors, and co-workers in many fields, over-flowed the capacity of the church; and the large floral offering, coming from friends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, spoke silently, but convincingly, of the respect in which he was held. Harry will be sadly missed from the various places of activity which he so willingly and efficiently filled, most of all by his aged parents, who have the sympathy of the entire community. Burial was made in the Farina cemetery.

C. L. H.

"The one thought and ambition of every college man should be to be a public official without vice, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, a man without guile, submissive to law, obedient to authority, thoughtful, kind and, above all, loyal to country and self."

Such is the code outlined by John G. Sargent, who recently became Attorney General of the United States.

This is a fine code not only for college men, but for every one who aims to be a good citizen under any civilized government.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Whatever our place allotted to us by providence, that for us is the post of duty and honor. God estimates us, not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—*T. Edwards.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

FROM SAILOR TO SWEDISH EVANGELIST

(A story of how the Mariners' Temple in New York became the Mother of Swedish Baptist Churches.)

In April, 1844, Gustavus Schroeder, a Swedish sailor from Gothenburg, drifted into a Methodist meeting house in New Orleans with his friend Paul Bruere, and was converted. In later years, when referring to this event, he said, "I have ever loved my Methodist brethren for their zeal in winning souls, and particularly mine."

After a voyage to an English port, Schroeder returned to New York and with his room-mate attended a service at the Baptist Seamen's Bethel where the latter was a member. On November 3, 1844, in the East River, near what is now called Corlear's Hook Park, he was baptized by Rev. Ira R. Steward, pastor of the Baptist Seamen's Bethel, and became a member of his church which was at that time worshipping in a hall on the corner of Catherine and Cherry Streets. This church is now internationally known as The Mariners' Temple. The old building, one of the places of historic interest in the downtown section of New York, may crumble into dust but the work that it has helped to build up will not die.

In 1845, Schroeder was offered a chief officer's place on board a Chilean bark, and upon his arrival at Valparaiso he was put in charge of a new vessel. Thus in six months he was advanced from before the mast to a captain's position.

When Schroeder became a Christian he knew of no other Swedish Baptist in the world, although there might have been Swedish members in English-speaking Baptist churches in England or America. Today Swedish Baptists can report 60,530 members in their churches in Sweden and 31,000 in America. In addition there are thousands of them in English-speaking churches throughout America. It was Captain Schroeder who helped forward the early struggle for religious liberty in Swe-

den and so was instrumental in establishing the Baptist churches there.

After having made several coasting trips from New York, Captain Schroeder returned to his birthplace, Gothenburg, Sweden, in June, 1845. Here he met F. O. Nelson, a sailor missionary, who was supported by the American Seamen's Friend Society. On the following Sunday, Nelson was invited to preach in Schroeder's home, three miles from the city, where his mother and sister and several friends and neighbors met together. After the meeting, Schroeder made known the doctrines and practices of Baptists, so that it was there, in his childhood home, that the Baptist doctrines were first made known in Sweden.

Then he went to Stockholm and met other Christians to whom he related the story of his conversion and baptism. As a result of Pastor Nelson's activities in Gothenburg he was arrested and tried before the High Court at Jonkoping. A sentence of banishment was passed on him, and when he appealed to King Oscar I, he was told that royal clemency could be granted only on condition that he promise "not to preach the gospel of the Son of God." As he would not surrender this privilege he and his wife departed from Gothenburg on July 4, 1851, amid the farewells of a company of weeping Christians. Going to Denmark, he became pastor of a little church in Copenhagen. While laboring there, Nelson baptized A. Wiberg, an eminent minister and teacher of the Lutheran State Church of Sweden, who had also been banished from his native land because of his religious beliefs. Wiberg went to America where he was ordained by the Mariners' Church, which engaged him as a colporteur and missionary among the Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians. He became, in consequence, the first Baptist home missionary among these nationalities in the Eastern States.

The persecution of dissenters continued in Sweden so that in 1853 about thirty Baptists asked Nelson to go with them to America. Upon their arrival in the new world, they were kindly received by the Mariners' Church, and were assisted to continue their journey to Minnesota where, as Schroeder has chronicled, "Nelson organized and became pastor of several churches."

At Bordeaux, in May, 1861, Captain

Schroeder sold his vessel for her Chilean owners and proceeded with his wife and daughter to Stockholm. He found the Baptists holding services in an obscure place for fear of arrest and at hours other than the regular time for the services of the State Church. The persecutions and discomforts to which evangelical Christians had been subjected during the decade 1850-1860 had led to the flight of thousands of Swedes to America.

The fearless master of ships was aroused by the injustices to which evangelicals were subjected and journeyed to Gothenburg to see how his brethren fared. Soon after his arrival at Gothenburg, he attended the funeral of a little nephew and was told by two priests of the Lutheran Church that the "heretic," Nelson, who had been permitted to return to Sweden, was holding meetings in out-of-the-way places so as to avoid the vigilance of the authorities. Again the spirit of the crusaders found an echo in the captain's heart, and he determined to give up his life upon the sea and remain in Sweden to assist his brethren. Meeting Pastor Nelson later, he told him that he had made up his mind to build a house in a prominent place in Gothenburg; and in the front part of this house, which was to be his home, he would build a hall for worship, where all passers-by could see it.

Providentially, he found a vacant corner lot on one side of the Alameda, a public promenade. This lot he bought for \$1,350 and soon began the erection of a two-story house in which was a hall for worship, capable of seating about two hundred. While the building was in process many speculations were made as to the purpose of such a hall, some saying that it was for the Catholics, others for Mormons, and others, for the Baptists. Finally, a large sign-board was made, extending the entire length of the house, containing the words, *Baptist Meeting Hall* in large letters. Pastor Nelson begged the captain, in view of the possible consequences, not to put it up, but Captain Schroeder replied, "I have put my hand to the plough, and ahead it must go."

"Well," said Pastor Nelson, "God's will be done."

Captain Schroeder tells the story of what followed:

"On the eighth of December, 1861, the

hall was ready. Advertisements had been put in the papers, among the church notices, making known that preaching would be held in the Baptist Hall, forenoon and evening. In the forenoon it was during the time of the high mass of the State Church. Only once before had such a thing occurred, and the result was a fine.

"That afternoon Nelson spoke on the following subject: 'The Baptists, What Are They, and What Do They Want?'

"There was present a priest who, I observed, when Nelson read the articles of faith, took notes. After the service I gave him a copy in print, telling him he would have it so much more complete.

"In the evening the hall was full of people, but only fifteen or sixteen were Baptists, six of whom had, on the fourth of August, been organized into a church in my rooms. That was and is the First Baptist Church of Gothenburg, now numbering from five to six hundred members, worshipping in a fine building called the "Tabernacle," costing about \$25,000, ten thousand of which was given by Americans. . . .

"Nelson and I, by the demands of the bishop, were first cited to appear at the police court. Nelson's crime consisted in the charge of preaching the gospel of the Son of God; mine in allowing such preaching in my house. Both charges, of course, were served up in legal phraseology. The judge, however, after hearing us, referred the case to the city court. On account of Nelson's former punishments, that court acquitted him, but contrary to law, sentenced me to a fine of \$26. This amount, by costs of appeals to the higher and highest courts, became doubled. But the popular cry of shame and disgrace to the country on account of that trial was such that they never troubled us any more. We could meet when we pleased, advertise the meetings, and do everything in accordance with God's Word as we thought best, 'none to molest us, or make us afraid.' All these blessings and exemptions from persecutions, which others suffered in other places, were certainly worth \$50, when five thousand had been spent in building the house, which was a free home to the Baptist Church from 1861 to 1875, when a much bigger hall was required."

Space does not allow the telling of other chapters in the history of religious liberty

in Sweden which have to do with the work of the colporteur-missionaries of the American Baptist Publication Society in Sweden and of their persecutions while endeavoring to disseminate the gospel through the printed page. The work has, however, grown to large proportions, and today not only do all churches and denominations enjoy full liberty of conscience in Sweden, but the Baptists of the world have been royally welcomed in the capital of the country.—*Rev. Coe Hayne, in The Missionary Review of the World.*

MINUTES OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING

On May third the Woman's Board met with Mrs. Edwin Shaw. The president read a part of the one hundred fourth Psalm and Miss Phoebe Coon offered prayer.

Members present: Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. M. G. Stillman, Mrs. E. E. Sutton, Mrs. Edwin Shaw, Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Mrs. Nettie West, Miss Phoebe Coon, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. J. L. Skaggs.

Visitor: Mrs. Emma Landphere.

Minutes of the April meeting were read. The treasurer reported receipts \$255.60. There were no disbursements. Balance on hand \$307.50.

Mrs. A. E. Whitford read letters from Rev. W. D. Burdick, Plainfield, N. J., and Miss Fucia Randolph, Fouke, Ark.

The corresponding secretary reported communications from the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, letters in behalf of Mother's Day and the Near East, a letter from Miss Edna Saunders, Western, and a note from Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Milton.

Mrs. West read a letter from Secretary W. L. Burdick including a letter from Miss Susie Burdick of our China mission.

Motion made and voted asking the secretary to convey to Miss Susie Burdick and Miss Anna West our appreciation of their attitude toward raising the salaries of our women missionaries.

Mrs. West reported progress in getting plans started for the Conference program.

A letter had been received from Mrs. Luther Davis of Marlborough, N. J., inquiring about the program of the Woman's Board for the Eastern Association.

Mrs. G. E. Crosley reported interesting items from a letter from Dr. Palmberg.

There was some discussion of the Fouke School situation. It was decided to leave this matter for consideration in the light of more information at the June meeting.

Mrs. West reported having written to Mrs. Trainor of Salem as requested at the April meeting. Mrs. Trainor was unable to represent the board at the Law Enforcement Conference held in Washington.

Motion made and voted that the bill for the night letter which was sent to the Senate Judiciary Committee be paid when presented.

The minutes of this meeting were read, corrected and approved.

Adjourned to meet with Mrs. J. L. Skaggs in June.

MRS. A. B. WEST,
President.
MRS. J. L. SKAGGS,
Secretary.

HE DIGGED ANOTHER WELL

(Sermon to the boys and girls, Plainfield, N. J., May 29, 1926)

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

Text: *And he removed from thence, and digged another well.*—Genesis 16:22.

Wells are dug in these days with a big machine called a well drill. The hole made in the ground is not large, but is usually very, very deep. I think the wells we used to dig amid the hills of West Virginia were more like the wells of Palestine. They were very much like deep, cool springs.

Associated with my earliest memories is a well. It was about three feet in diameter and was walled up with stones picked up off the ground. It was not very far down to the water, and you could look in and see the reflection of your face in the water. I usually saw two faces when I looked in; for there was often a little girl's face right up close to mine. The well had a curb around it, something like a big box with the bottom out, to keep us from falling in, and to keep other things from falling in too, of course. It was provided with a sweep to help in drawing the water.

When we built the new house, some distance from the old one, we dug another well. Like the first one this well was right

up under the steep hill. We didn't have to go very deep to get plenty of good water. It was cool and it was pure, for it came right out from under a big high hill. A windlass was provided for drawing water from this well.

Some years ago I was visiting in Oklahoma, and there I saw a well out in a pasture field that often comes to my mind. It was summer, and the weather was very hot, and it looked as though everything was about to burn up. I asked my uncle how long it had been since they had any rain. He replied, "Two years." Then he smiled. But it *had* been two years since they had had a real good soaking rain. But this well out there in the pasture field, in that dry, parched pasture field, was supplying plenty of water for the thirsty cattle.

Much is said in the Bible about wells. And I want to tell you this morning about how Isaac "digged another well"; and why, and what came of it. Moses is usually thought of as the meekest man, but Isaac follows him very closely. And they were both great men.

Abraham had left to his son Isaac lands and cattle. One day Isaac's herdsmen were cleaning out one of the wells to water their cattle when the Philistines who had filled the wells with earth, came out and drove them away. Then Isaac went farther away from the Philistines and began digging another well. But again the Philistines came down and claimed the well was theirs, and drove Isaac's herdsmen away. His men were ready to fight, but Isaac knew a better way. He knew there were other places where he could go and dig wells and pasture his cattle. So he went on still farther and digged another well, and this time the Philistines did not follow him. He was now permitted to live his life in quietness, instead of having to contend all the time with the Philistines. Isaac was too great to quarrel over small matters and to spend time demanding his rights in little things when there were so many good things to enjoy where there was peace.

It was a long time after Isaac lived that Jesus came to the earth. Jesus said, "The meek shall inherit the earth." But we are so slow to believe it. We act as though the earth were for those who will go out and take it. You may be able to get a deed for

a small bit of the earth that way, or a title to a piece of property. But if that is all there is to it, it isn't worth the effort it takes to get it or to hold it. As we look back from this distance upon Isaac he looks big and fine and great. The Philistines who went out to hold the wells by force look mighty little and mean.

Just twenty-four years ago I met General O. O. Howard, that fine Christian general who fought in the Union Army more than sixty years ago. Not long since I read a story about him, which illustrated this same point—that is, that it often pays to give up even that which is rightfully yours.

In the last campaign of General Sherman he placed General Howard in command of a certain division of the army. After the war there was a great parade in Washington and the general whom Howard had displaced wanted to ride at the head of his old division. Because of his demand, and because of his influential friends, General Sherman didn't see how he could do otherwise than grant his wish. So he went to General Howard and told him the situation. "Well," replied General Howard, "that is my command, and I have a right to ride at the head of the division." "So you have," replied General Sherman, "but you are too much of a Christian to be contentious about it." "Well," replied General Howard, "If you put it on that basis I yield my place to the other man." "I knew you would," General Sherman replied. "Now saddle your horse and be ready for the parade, for you are to ride with me at the head of the whole army." *"And he removed from there, and digged another well."*

When in the late nineties two young Chinese women returned from America with unbound feet, and with doctor's diplomas from a leading university, a group of wide-awake, progressive young men were so impressed that they formed a compact never to marry a girl with bound feet, and they organized themselves into an anti-footbinding society.

These two girls were beneficiaries of the Boxer Indemnity Fund. Upon whomsoever this fund is used, and wheresoever it is known, confidence and friendliness between China and America are established.—*Record of Christian Work.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

JAPAN AND KOREA

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 26, 1926

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Expect honesty (Deut. 25: 13-16)
Monday—Justice (Deut. 16: 18-22)
Tuesday—New vision (Joel 2: 28-32)
Wednesday—High ideals (2 Pet. 1: 1-11)
Thursday—Salvation from sin (Rev. 21: 22-27)
Friday—Hope for the Future (Rom. 8: 16-28)
Sabbath Day—Topic: What may Japan and Korea expect from Christianity? (Micah 6: 6-8. Missionary meeting.

Japan and Korea may expect from Christianity a new way of life, the Christ way. We can help by living that way in our dealings with them.—*Endeavorer's Daily Companion*.

The following items, taken from the *Missionary Review of the World*, show some of the results already attained by Christianity in Japan and Korea, and give us an idea of what future results may be if Christianity is properly presented to them.

One hundred girls and women met last October in the first National Convention of the Japanese Young Women's Christian Association. The purpose of their organization was defined as follows:

1. To reproduce the life and ideals of Christ in Japan in individuals or groups.
2. To help make friendly and right all international relations.

The Koreans have demonstrated their ability to organize and carry out successful evangelistic campaigns. In the past twenty-five years in Pyeng-yang alone fifteen Presbyterian churches have been organized, with congregations numbering above five hundred each. Most of them are self-supporting.

In one church in Korea a student volunteered to conduct a Daily Vacation Bible School. Eight dollars was raised for that purpose. As a result sixty children were enrolled for a six weeks' term. Fifty children learned to read and write. Many of the children became regular Sunday school attendants.

Christianity has been so successful that Buddhists of Eastern Asia are imitating its methods, celebrating Buddha's birthday as Christmas is celebrated, printing and distributing books and pamphlets in Occidental languages, and sending missionaries to other parts of the world. To combat this, Christianity must work with renewed zeal in these countries.

THE INTERMEDIATE CORNER

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK

Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Topic for Sabbath Day, June 26, 1926

WHAT IS OUR CHRISTIAN DUTY TO JAPAN?

MICAH 6: 6-8. (MISSIONARY MEETING)

THE GOLDEN RULE

In these brief words of our Master is contained our duty not only to Japan but to all the human brotherhood as well:

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

What does that mean? Well, suppose you were a Japanese boy or girl and were troubled by the sin all about you and longed for some power to overcome sin and to give assurance of the life to come. Suppose you heard that in a great nation across the sea there were people who possessed the knowledge that you desired. What might be your wish, down deep in your heart, "that men should do to you"?

Suppose that among your loved ones you saw the ravages of disease and even felt the threat to your own life of such dread scourges as leprosy, small pox, scarlet fever, tuberculosis. Suppose that the only remedy suggested by your local doctor for some of these was a spider web soaked in ink, while you knew that in a land across the sea there were many doctors who had knowledge of the cause and prevention and possibly the cure of them all. What would be your desire and prayer that those men might do for you and yours?

Suppose that you were a missionary in Japan and were seeing the results of your work in the healing of bodies, the teaching of minds, and the comfort of souls. And suppose a letter came from the homeland saying that because of the shortage of funds, you could not be supported any longer and must return home. Would you not wish that a nation rich in automobiles and movies

might gain a vision of world service? Might you not pray for a beginning of that vision in the Christian Endeavor societies of the land?

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Listen to this from a Japanese who is not a Christian, Mr. Sheba, editor-in-chief of the *Tokyo Times and Mail*, "It is the Christian workers and Christian civilization that have lifted Japan above the darkness of old ideas and backward customs, and put her on the path of progress and higher culture."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

FIVE DAYS IN EGYPT

ANNA CROFOOT

It takes the better part of a day to go from Jerusalem to Cairo, traveling on the railroad that was built by British soldiers during the war, and which cost the lives of some twenty-seven British soldiers per kilometer, or ten thousand in all. The territory through which we went was very interesting, being largely the ancient land of the Philistines. In Palestine the land seemed to be largely fertile spots in the midst of the desert. After we passed the frontier into Egypt we traveled mostly through desert, although occasionally we did see an oasis.

We did not arrive at Cairo until nearly midnight, so we did not feel like doing much sightseeing the next morning. In the afternoon we took a trip to Sakkara and to the pyramids of Giza. Here even more than in Palestine one is impressed by the antiquity of things. Sakkara is the modern name of ancient Memphis. Nothing is left there of the ancient temple but there are two huge statues of Rameses II. On one of the statues are pictures of the king's wife and son. Rameses is supposed to be the pharaoh of the oppression of the Israelites and ruled about 1330 B. C. Near the two statues is a little sphinx, which is said to be the only alabaster sphinx in Africa.

Near Sakkara there are several pyramids which are not so large, nor so well preserved as the pyramids of Giza. One of them, known as the "Step Pyramid" is the oldest one, having been built in 3800 B. C. We

entered the pyramid of Ti, who was like Joseph an overlord for the king. In this we saw various different chambers covered with hieroglyphics and pictures depicting scenes from Ti's life. There were a great many pictures of slaves carrying many kinds of things for the use of Ti's soul.

The excavators have arranged systems for ventilating and lighting Ti's pyramid, but nothing of the sort has been done for the next place which we visited, the tomb of the sacred bulls, Apis. The tombs were underground, and we went through long tunnel-like passageways to see the twenty-four enormous sarcophagi in which the bulls were buried. Only one or two of the sarcophagi had hieroglyphics on them. We were glad to get out of the place, for it was so dark and hot and stuffy there. Fearing that it would be late when we got to the other pyramids, my father and I seized the opportunity offered to us and rode from the tomb of Apis back to our waiting car on camels. There is fun in getting on and riding, but when the camel begins to fold himself up so that the rider can get off, it is rather terrifying.

The pyramids of Giza dominate the landscape for a long time before one gets to them. We kept looking for the Sphinx but could not see it. The car was not allowed to go up on the plateau on which the pyramids are. Before the car stopped our guide wanted us to tell him what kind of conveyances we wanted for going up to the pyramids. His point was well taken, for as soon as the car stopped we were entirely surrounded by camels with their drivers, sand carts, and donkeys, every person trying to get us to take his animal or vehicle. It was confusion worse confounded for a few minutes with camel and donkey boys grabbing us and trying to get us on their animals, and the policemen trying to drive them away by beating the camels with their sticks. Camels do not have the best kind of dispositions in the world, and every time one of the poor creatures was whacked it would let out a complaining grunt and roar. At last four of us got on camels, and my father walked up to the plateau. (In the bill submitted by the guide he was charged for a donkey, but didn't pay for it.) Our trip up to the pyramids and Sphinx would have been much pleasanter if it had not been

for the camel boys. As soon as we got comfortably started they began to try to get us to let them tell our fortunes. When they saw that they could not succeed at that, they began saying, "The camels belong to the sheik" and asking for "backsheesh." Most of the people of Palestine and Egypt seem to be born with the palms of their hands up, and the first word they learn is "backsheesh," which means "tip" or "gratuity."

The three large pyramids at Giza are all that they can be imagined to be. To get to the Sphinx we had to go down a little way. Excavators have been working on it and have uncovered its paws, or are they hands (?), and given it a general cleaning up. It is quite a remarkable thing to look at, and we of the modern era regret the fact that it has been so disfigured by the vandalism of previous generations. After seeing the Sphinx we went back up to the pyramids, and Mr. Partch and my father went inside the Great Pyramid. I think it was harder work getting anywhere inside of it than they had imagined. Our last view of the pyramids that day was just as the sun was setting behind them, and they certainly were a lovely sight with that beautiful sunset glow.

We spent Thursday morning in the museum. One could spend weeks there studying the many antiquities, but unfortunately we had only one morning to spend there. It was the month of Ramadan, the Mohammedan month of fasting, so the museum closed at one o'clock. Among the things that especially impressed me was the way the eyes were made in some of the statues of ancient kings. The whites were made of alabaster, the corneas of crystal, behind which were bronze nails representing the pupils. Another wonderful thing was a painting on plaster representing six geese. It was found in a tomb of the fourth dynasty (about 3150 B. C.) but looked as fresh and life-like as any pictures I have ever seen.

The most interesting and important things which we saw in the museum were the several hundred objects which were taken from the anteroom of the tomb of Tut-ankh-amen.

In the afternoon we went to see a few of the mosques. There are three hundred or more in the city. The principal one which we visited was the Mosque of Mohammed Ali. We were fortunate indeed in going

there at the time we did. On account of the facts that it was Ramadan, that the next day was King Fuad's birthday, and that the king was going to worship at that particular mosque on the next day, the mosque was specially decorated. The road between the palace and that mosque was decorated with flags; special carpets were being laid on the floors, and the big crystal chandelier was lighted. The whole effect was beautiful. The Mosque of Mohammed Ali is on the citadel from which we got a fine view of the whole city with the pyramids of Sakkara and of Giza in the distance.

The next day we went from Cairo to Port Said. That trip was too hot and dusty to be really pleasant. There is nothing to see in Port Said but a statue of De Lesseps, so we were glad to leave there and get on board the Steamship *Angkor* for Marseilles.

THE BIBLE AS A BOOK OF RELIGION

Ye search the Scriptures, because ye think that in them ye have eternal life; and these are they which bear witness of me.— John 5: 39.

Often as we roam through certain portions of the Bible searchingly and prayerfully, we are sensible of a peculiarly spiritual atmosphere and the pages seem interpenetrated with a living spirit. The reading of certain passages slowly, quietly, and thoughtfully reacts upon and exhilarates the soul.

Are you sagging in body or mind because of your toil? There is renewal of vigor for you as you repeat, "Come unto me, ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

You will escape from the hard matter-of-factness and monotony of the daily grind, breathe the air of the fields, hear the song of brooks, and the pulses of your faith will be quickened as you yield yourself to the cadences of the Shepherd's psalm.

Are you perplexed concerning momentous decisions to be made or plans to be wrought out? Say to yourself that assurance of the prophet, "Thou shalt hear a voice behind thee saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when thou turnest to the right hand, and when thou turnest to the left," and more than likely some clear guiding intimation will be given you.

COMFORT IN THE BIBLE

Are you wakeful because of many cares and anxieties, or for any cause, mental or physical? The drowsy sensations are more likely to steal upon you if you employ as a hypnotic the confident lines of the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety"; or repeat, with the dear familiar imagery in your fancy, the message to the prophet, "As a man whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Are you sorely pressed in an emergency for which your strength is too weak, is there doubtful foreboding in your heart? Then, make abundant use of the promises whose very sound is vibrant with good cheer.

Mrs. Elbert F. Baldwin has given in a recent number of the *Outlook* a most vivid account of the experience on the *Roosevelt*, as in a terrible storm that gallant ship responded to a call of distress, and stood faithfully by in the heroic and successful effort to save the helpless crew of the foundering *Antinoe*. The point in the description to which I particularly refer is when three days had passed, all efforts at rescue had proved futile, two seamen had been lost, and there was but an hour of daylight remaining. The wind had increased and the approaching night seemed ominous indeed. The situation appeared beyond human aid, and "a sort of calmness of despair or faith," fell upon the *Roosevelt's* passengers. They spoke to one another of prayer, and all prayed inwardly. "Then," continues the writer, "there was a hasty searching of Psalms," and such verses as these rewarded the quest: "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea"; "he that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

The hopeful words were not recalled and uttered in vain; for this is our friend's testimony, as noted in her diary's record of the tremendous experience: "How dynamic the Psalms! Just to copy this helps."

Cherish, preserve and diligently read the Book of books.

Seek to understand it the better by availing yourself of the aid of that scholarship of our day which is sincere, wisely dis-

criminative, constructive and reverent—some of the Biblical criticism is not all that—yet know that your own prayerful common sense will enable you to see and to appropriate the most precious treasures. Remember that the Bible, taken all in all, is the biography of a people in process of being educated by God; that the focal point in that schooling is one supreme personage, and all in the Book which comes before the portrayal of him anticipates him, and all which follows that portrayal reflects him.

Strive especially to know the four Gospels, and you may expect that as you form the habit of turning to them frequently, he of whom you read will seem to emerge from the pages and become a living presence, doing for you that which on the first Easter afternoon he did for two saddened and bewildered men, as he drew nigh to them and walked along with them and, while their hearts were burning within them, opened to them the Scriptures and showed them how it behooved the Christ to suffer and to enter into his glory.

THE INSPIRED BOOK

Is the Bible inspired?

It is the most human book ever written, but as we bring our humanness to its humanness it finds us, as Coleridge said, as no other book does. We come to it in our weakness, and even as we read it imparts strength. We come to it in our doubts and uncertainties, and even as we read it dispels the mists. We come to it polluted by our selfishness and sin, and even as we read the cleansing begins. At times we are especially conscious that by its influence upon us we are given a mystical and quickening touch with the divine Presence.

Its authority is the authority of its convincing truth; and we know that it is instinct with the Spirit, as is no other book, because it helps us to live the more abundant life.

—Harry P. Dewey, in *The Baptist*.

Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God!—*Philippians* 4: 6.

The praying life can not be an anxious life. Patience in prayer means a trustful soul.—*John Timothy Stone*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

CHINESE LANTERNS

Billy Andrews pushed his chair back from the supper table and turned a persuasive smile on his mother—

"Can I go out for a little while, mamma? Gene Wilson and Harry Matthews have made some new lanterns and we want to parade."

Mrs. Andrews gave a doubtful shake of the head: "How about lessons, Billy? When you boys begin to run about these spring nights—I notice marks go down at school."

"It's Chinese lantern time, mother," laughed Sara, Billy's older sister—"that's like marble time, or baseball season—you might as well let 'em work it out of their systems."

"Especially as Cousin Annie's visit is responsible for this last development in lanterns," Paul put in—Paul was the older boy at the table.

A recent visit from a missionary cousin was fresh in their minds. Miss Annie Miller had many interesting things to tell and to show—not least among them several dainty Chinese lanterns, flaming in gorgeous colors of red and gold, and showing when illuminated, weird shapes of dragons or picturesque hieroglyphic writing on their glazed surfaces.

"Our Chinese friends come to visit us, on our arrival," she had said, "and you can not imagine how pretty a sight it is, to see your little yard full of bobbing globes of soft light."

"I would be scared to death, Cousin Annie," complained Sara, "if I looked out and caught sight of that dragon lantern grinning in my window."

"Ah!" smiled the missionary, "but suppose you saw, instead, this lovely golden one, with the message—'We love you and greet you' painted on it in vivid characters like this."

She held up a lantern, showing such a message, and translated it for the benefit of her listeners.

Before her brief visit was over, Billy had invested in a paper lantern at the five and ten cent store and gotten his cousin to show him how to cut out the ordinary flowered paper covering and insert more striking designs, prepared on separate pieces of paper to fit the openings.

A week later "lantern season" was in full swing. All the children on Tremont Avenue had followed Billy's example, and nightly processions bobbed up and down the street, each boy vying with his neighbor to produce the most fantastic lantern.

Presently the nightly procession palled, and Gene Wilson's restless spirit devised a new turn to the game.

"Say, Bill," he confided to his comrade, "I've made a lantern—a big round one, with the awfulest looking face on it! I've hung it on a long piece of rubber fastened to a fishin' pole—so it'll float, like, in the air. I'm goin' to take it round to that little house on the corner where the Huttons lived—remember?"

Billy's face sobered—"What you going there for? After Mr. Hutton got arrested for that moonshine business, Mis' Hutton and Ned moved away—there isn't anybody there now."

"But there is," the other declared triumphantly. "Didn't you know Mis' Hutton and Ned had come back? Sure! They came back a week or two ago! Nelly Houston told mamma that the neighbors on Benton Street just let 'em understand they didn't want any bootleggers living on their square—not a soul has been to see them yet."

"What's your idea?" Billy wanted to know.

Gene grinned. "I'll give 'em a little excitement. My lantern swinging before the windows will wake 'em up, you bet."

Billy was silent for a moment; "That Ned Hutton is a nervous sort of boy, what's the use of scaring him into fits?"

Gene shrugged; "Oh, he'll get over it—I just want to hear him squeal. Don't tell the rest, though—they'd make too much noise."

Curiosity to see the lantern overcame Billy's reluctance to scaring Ned Hutton; and that night the two boys slipped away from the crowd on Tremont Avenue and carried Gene's masterpiece round to Benton

Street. It was a terrifying spectacle—a great staring face, with a red gash for a mouth; and Billy hung back as Gene paused to light the candles inside it.

The little house on the corner was but dimly illuminated—a solitary light in the rear showed Mrs. Hutton at the kitchen sink, washing the supper outfit. The disastrous crash which had carried down her husband's reputation, had found her fiercely incredulous at first. Then, when the sad truth had been established and the leaders of the organized law-breaking business sentenced to a term of imprisonment, the poor woman froze into a defiant silence—picked up her boy and departed hastily from the scene of the disgrace, to find work elsewhere.

A sharp struggle ensued, ending the failure of her attempt; and reluctantly she must come back to Hestonville, where, at least, the cottage on Benton Street offered shelter.

The fortnight's experience, however, had been an unhappy one. Hostility was evident on the part of her neighbors, who had been offended by her first attitude; and she and Ned spent some bitter and lonely days. The boy was a sensitive little fellow and refused to thrust himself on the "gang" he had once run with—preferring to stick in the house with his mother. This unwholesome life told on him; he looked pale and dispirited and had finally confessed to headache and drowsiness, that night.

While Mrs. Hutton busied herself in the kitchen, he curled up on the sofa in the front room and fell into a doze in the friendly dusk.

Suddenly he was aroused by a light; he sat up, dazed, rubbed his eyes, and stared panic stricken into a terrific face floating in mid air, just outside his window.

"Oh! Oh!" he screamed, springing up—"mother! come quick."

The startled woman ran in from the kitchen—"Ned—what is it?" she cried, following his shaking hand as he pointed to the weird apparition outside.

Consternation gave place to anger in her heart—"That's nothing but a lighted lantern of some sort, Ned," she soothed him.

Her clear tones carried through the open side window, and the lantern bearer took an involuntary step backward, treading on Billy's toes as he did so.

"Let's beat it," whispered that youngster

uneasily—"I told you it wasn't any fun scaring a boy like Ned."

When the overwrought lad lifted his head from his mother's arms, the ominous face was gone; but Ned was shaking uncontrollably, and it needed no trained eye to see that he was flushed and feverish.

The mother shut her lips tight, put him to bed, and watched him toss and turn through all the restless night. Next day, the doctor confirmed her fears—Ned was in for a "little run of fever," as he expressed it; and he put some shrewd questions as to the lad's evident nervous tension. The story of the lantern scare was told.

"Humph!" grunted Dr. Jackson, "not a very good experience for a half sick boy! We'll have to keep him quiet, Mrs. Hutton—I'll pass the word along the street here to these young hoodlums."

"Not one of them has been in to speak to him," the mother said bitterly; "this was their only form of welcome."

Two days later, Billy Andrews met Gene Wilson at the well patronized ten cent store, buying lanterns.

"Gene," he said anxiously, "did you hear that Ned Hutton was real sick? Dr. Jackson went down Benton Street the other day and told Mike Garner and Jo Hunt and the rest they had to cut out the noise for the present—seems like Ned's got fever and is all the time waking up and yelling as if he was scared."

Gene had nothing to say. "Reckon your lantern had anything to do with getting him that way?" Billy persisted.

"Don't know," Gene answered ungraciously. "Can't do anything about it, can I?"

Billy bought a new lantern in thoughtful silence—a new impulse was growing in his mind, born of pity and regret. He carried his purchase home and spent hours at the table, Sara's paint box at one end, and his mother's tube of paste at the other. He took no one into his confidence and that night joined the regular procession on his own avenue. Next day, however, he swung himself up on the running board of Dr. Jackson's little car, standing outside the hospital.

"Doctor, how's Ned Hutton?" he asked. "Ned? He's getting on pretty well," said the doctor, with a keen look at the boy's face—"Ned a friend of yours, Billy?"

"I know him, but I haven't seen him since he came back," Billy replied.

"Well, see that you don't visit him in the same fashion that *somebody* did the night he got sick," the doctor said significantly. "That piece of business upset him more than you'd believe." Billy dropped off the car with a silent nod.

Supper over, he departed alone, something carefully hidden under his coat. As darkness deepened, he approached the little house on Benton Street. The room to the right of the entrance was evidently occupied by the sick boy, and again the kitchen light showed the mother at the stove.

Billy crept 'round under Ned's window, lit the candle in his lantern, and hoisted the flimsy paper thing until it swung on a level with the little boy propped up on pillows in the bed just inside the window.

Ned gave a start as the illuminated square slowly rose into view—then he leaned forward with an odd exclamation—

On a white background he read the carefully painted legend—"Glad you are better. Hurry and get well and come out with us on our lantern parades. The Tremont Avenue Gang."

"Mother!" Ned cried, happily, this time—"come here and see something!"

Mrs. Hutton hurried in, gave one glance at her patient, and read the kindly message.

"Isn't that nice?" she smiled. "Shall I open the window and speak?"

But Billy ducked suddenly, and the candle flickered out, leaving him to slip away undetected.

Next night, a new sentence sprang to light before Ned's interested eyes—"Let us know when you want visitors—we hope you can see us soon."

By the third night, Billy had enlisted the aid of Harry Matthews; and gradually the Tremont Avenue gang was "let in" on the lantern business.

On a balmy night shortly after, Mrs. Hutton called the visitors in; and any embarrassment they may have felt was lost sight of, in eager explanations of the possibilities of Chinese lanterns!

Ned is a member of the "gang" now. Benton Street has joined forces with Tremont Avenue in the lantern parades, and the little house at the corner is no longer isolated and shunned.—*Junior World.*

MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY

"Well begun is half done."

Ask your grandma what she thinks my grandma meant.

THE FIRST FOLDING FAN

Do you know of the folding paper fan?
It was made at first by a Japanese man
Who sat in the dusk of a summer's day
When a bat came out in the dusk to play.

Opening and folding his wings he went,
Till the dark came in and the day was spent,
While Jingo Kogo sat watching the play,
And dreamed in the dusk of that summer's day.

"I believe I'll make me a fan like that,
To open and shut like wings of a bat."
And ever since then the folks of Japan
Keep making and using old Kogo's fan.

—*Normal Instructor and Primary Plans.*

Mr. Harrison was in a bad temper, and when an acquaintance met him one morning on the Strand, with the question, "Ow is your 'ealth today, Mr. 'Arrison?" he waxed wrathful.

"My name is not 'Arrison!" he snapped.

"Well," said the other, "if a haitch, a hay, two hars, a hi, a hes, a ho, an' a hen don't spell 'Arrison, what on earth do they spell?"

NOTICE OF SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

The Semi-annual Meeting of the Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota Churches will be held with the Dodge Center Church June 18-20, 1926.

ROBERTA WELLS.

The Lord accept my song of praise for all the goodness of the way! Sometimes he has caused me to sit down awhile that I might get breath again, sometimes he has taken me into an unknown hostelry and there refreshed me with bread when I thought there was none. Good is the Lord: his lovingkindness and his tender mercy are beyond all my thought! I will therefore praise him loudly, sweetly, with my whole heart, and with the buoyancy of ecstatic love.—*Joseph Parker.*

There is no universal rule for cultivating all the graces, but it is certain that prayer provides a marvelously congenial soil for their healthy growth.—*J. E. Roberts.*

Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

JESUS CHRIST, THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE OF GLORY

MARY E. FILLYAW

A PRIEST FOREVER AFTER THE ORDER OF MELCHISEDEC

(Concluded)

Melchisedec was not only a priest of the most high God but was a king also. As king he had the power to govern as well as to teach and mediate. He had the right to levy taxes to carry on a government suited to the needs of his people. His government was one of righteousness, and, after that, one of peace. It takes righteousness to bring peace. The prophet Isaiah, speaking of the desolations that would come upon the land of his people, until the Spirit was poured upon them from on high, and the wilderness had become a fruitful field, and the fruitful field was counted for a forest, said, "Then judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field. And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever. And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places." See Isaiah thirty-second chapter. And St. James wrote, "But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace for them that make peace." James 3:17, 18. And Jesus himself said, "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God." Matthew 5:9. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God." Romans 8:14. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: And if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together"—verses 16, 17. Those who suffer persecution with Christ bear his cross "after him," and the world is crucified unto them

and they unto the world, and so "fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the church." See Luke 23:26; Galatians 6:14; Colossians 1:24. In the "perilous times" of the "last days," "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." See 2 Timothy, third chapter.

In Hebrews 7:4, we are called upon to consider the greatness of Melchisedec, "unto whom even the patriarch Abraham gave the tenth of the spoils." One feature of his greatness was his power to bless. No one without the Spirit of God can really bless. Jabez understood that when he prayed to God, saying, "Oh, that thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me! And God granted him that which he requested." See I Chronicles 4:9, 10. And in his gospel, John wrote, "For he whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God: for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him." John 3:34.

Another and perhaps the greatest feature of Melchisedec's greatness is his abiding priesthood in the likeness of the Son of God. See Hebrews 7:3. The seventh verse says, "And without all contradiction the less is blessed of the better." To be "made like unto the Son of God" was to have a body featured like his, one that could be recognized by those who were given the ability to distinguish his form from that of other men, as Nebuchadnezzar was when he saw "four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." See Daniel 3:25.

As the man Melchisedec was greater than Abraham, so our king of righteousness and of peace is greater also than Abraham for he "is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life." Hebrews 7:16. And "because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood. Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them"—Hebrews 7:24, 25. What greater blessings could we ask than salvation from sin and a resurrection in his likeness? What greater satisfaction than to "awake with his likeness"? See Psalm 17:15.

Those Jews who were seeking to kill him, could think of no greater man than their ancestor Abraham, and said to him, "Art thou greater than our father Abraham, which is dead?" because Jesus had said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death." And when they said unto him, "Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham? Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am." See John 8: 37-59.

The Son of God was a "wonderful" Man—wonderful in his power to control the forces of nature: healing the sick and bringing the dead to life again, casting out demons and changing the nature of things, feeding multitudes with a few loaves and fishes, stilling the tempest and causing the ship in which he had been "willingly received" to be "immediately at the land whither they went," compressing time and distance into a moment and a step. And there was no question too hard for his wisdom. What a man Melchisedec was, "made like the Son of God, abideth a priest continually." And the following beautiful poem shows the process by which a Christian is made in "form like unto the Son of God."

I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.—
Isaiah 48: 10.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow;
And all my heart in anguish shivers
And trembles at the fiery glow:
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in the hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in his mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
The end may come, and will tomorrow,
When God has done his work in me:
So I say trusting, "As God will!"
And trusting to the end hold still.

—Julius Sturm.

NOT MODIFICATION BUT ANNULMENT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE WETS

[The following is an editorial from the *Western Recorder*, of Louisville, Ky., the denominational paper of the Southern Baptists. It shows something of the wide spread public sentiment of the South land upon the vital question before the American people.—T. L. G.]

For several years the enemies of national prohibition have conducted a propaganda campaign to "sell" to the American public the belief that prohibition is incapable of enforcement.

Their purpose in doing this has been to prepare the public mind to back them up in an effort to secure a modification of the Volstead Enforcement Act that would permit the selling of beer and light wines. The wholesale liquor people and their paid propagandists and dupes are arguing that this would be a temperance measure.

Informed public opinion can not possibly believe that they are sincere in this argument. Ninety percent of the volume of liquor sold under the open saloon system was beer. It had a smaller percentage of alcohol, but the total intoxicating effect and the total amount of alcohol in the beer was larger than that sold as whisky. For the public to be convinced by this group when it camouflages itself as the voice of temperance would be to exhibit a faith which has less justification than had that of little Red Riding Hood of nursery story fame.

The Eighteenth Amendment provides that intoxicating liquors shall not be manufactured or sold in the United States, except for sacramental, mechanical, medicinal, and scientific purposes. This amendment was not submitted to the states until it had received the vote of two-thirds of the members of the House of Representatives and of two-thirds of the Senate. When it was submitted to the states, in order for it to be adopted it was necessary that a majority vote of both the Senate and the House of Representatives in the legislatures of three-fourths of the states in the union should ratify the proposed amendment.

Instead of a bare seventy-five percent of the states approving the prohibition amendment, however, forty-six out of forty-eight commonwealths gave their approval through their legislatures.

Nor was this the whole of the story that proves that the electorate of the United States is overwhelmingly for prohibition. Before the proposal of the constitutional amendment, thirty-three out of forty-eight states were already dry under legal enactments of their own. There were numerous opportunities in which the prohibition amendment could have been easily defeated if there had not been for it an overwhelming demand. Twenty-eight out of ninety-six United States Senators could have prevented the submittal of the amendment. If there could have been found only thirteen states of the forty-eight that did not desire the law made part of the Constitution, they could have prevented national prohibition.

These facts are matters of record. We doubt if any great moral reform was ever undertaken by a nation for which there was such a general and strong demand. All of these facts are known to the liquorites, however diligently they hide them from their propaganda to break down the morale of national prohibition enforcement.

Knowing the above facts, it is hardly reasonable to believe that the liquorites have any hope in a legal and fair way to secure a change in the prohibition law. They can not hope to get the amendment submitted to the states.

If they could not get twenty-eight senators to vote against submission on August 1, 1917, how could they expect to get all but twenty-eight for resubmission now when thirty-three states with sixty-six senators had already gone dry under state-wide enactments of their own before national prohibition was submitted. Nor is it possible to believe that they have any straight forward honest purpose in all of their propaganda for the sale of beer and light wines.

Let us suppose that Congress should pass a law to legalize light wines and beer—that it would thus nullify the intent of the Volstead Enforcement Act. Even then it would fail. The Eighteenth Amendment provides that intoxicating liquors shall not be manufactured or sold. But beer and wine are intoxicating liquors. Therefore the law would be against the Constitution and therefore void.

What, therefore, is the purpose of the anti-prohibition agitation? It is their hope, through the knocking out of the enforce-

ment provision, to secure a practical nullification of this amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Their hope is nothing less than to bring about a condition of national lawlessness and anarchy, of contempt and disregard for the constitutional law of the land.

Their hope is, through weakening of the enforcement act, to destroy the confidence of the law-respecting citizens of America in their ability to enforce the prohibition law and thus to make the whole thing a hissing and a byword.

In order to accomplish this, these vulture interests are willing to create a condition of anarchy that would shake the foundations of the republic. For nothing less than contempt for all law could possibly follow the saturnalia of lawlessness and vice and drunkenness which confessed failure in enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment would bring about.

The decent citizenship of America can have only one answer to this vicious proposition. It will never tolerate it. But in order that it may cleanse its skirts from the moral turpitude and contempt for constitutional law which the liquorites are now proposing, it is necessary they should become awakened and aroused. The Christian citizenship of the country, which in the first instance made prohibition possible, must shake itself free from the slumber into which it allowed itself to fall when the law was once passed. The enforcement of a constitutional law that safeguards sobriety is worth staying awake for. We must wake up.

We should encourage enforcement officers, both state and national, in the performance of their duty, and be no less diligent in seeing that officers who are betraying their trust and selling out to the whisky people, are made to pay the penalty for their betrayal. And we must arouse our people to a realization that all the present astute maneuvering of the wealthy liquor barons and their paid servants proposes the rehabilitation of its vicious business even at the price of practical anarchy and the destruction of all respect for national law.

"Who has not found by experience that when we lift another's load we make our own load lighter."

SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

FROM PASTOR SIMPSON, BROOKFIELD

ONE WAY OF MAKING A TEST, INTERMEDIATE WORK

I have today received the following letter, which is interesting to me, and I am thinking it may be so to others. It is from Brookfield.

"Sometime ago you, through your page of the RECORDER, asked for items from various Sabbath schools, naming Brookfield along with some others, from whom you would like to hear. I am not now writing for the whole school, but only for the intermediates. The members of the class differ somewhat in their ages, yet we have not seen how to put them into two classes with two teachers. It might be better for the pupils if we could do so. We have eight in regular attendance, and a few others who come occasionally.

"Usually, at the end of a quarter's lessons I give them a written review. The most of them test themselves as students, and for me to test myself as teacher rather than as a dreaded examination. I usually correct their papers and hand them back without marking standings upon them. I am sending you a sample of such reviews.

"Would it not be a good plan for some of us older folks to test ourselves upon this intermediate review? We had a series of lessons upon Paul's life, conversion, and missionary journeys. Do we remember?"

WRITTEN REVIEW: INTERMEDIATE SERIES: SECOND YEAR: PART II

March 27, 1926.

- Name.....
1. Saul, who was later called was born of parents of the tribe of, in the city of, and was a citizen.
 2. In early life he learned the trade of Doubtless he was trained from youth in the religion of his parents. When he was old enough he was sent to be the pupil of the great religious teacher,, in the city of
 3. He was a member of the religious party of

....., who adhered very strictly to the Jewish laws.

4. Saul must have been about the same age as Jesus. After Jesus was crucified, had arisen from the dead, and ascended into heaven, the Christian religion was gaining new adherents; but Saul did not believe that Jesus was the Messiah, because

Saul must have been a member of the Jewish, for it is recorded that he gave his vote in favor of the stoning of, the first Christian martyr.

5. Saul regarded all Jews who believed in Jesus disloyal to the Jewish religion. So he obtained a legal right from the Jewish authorities in Jerusalem to

He was on such an errand on the way to the city of, when he had the vision from which he dated his conversion to Christ.

6. Where was Saul after the time of his conversion, and before he went on his missionary journeys?

7. How many missionary journeys did Paul make? On his first journey he had as his principal companion; on his second Name as many as you can of the places he visited in his missionary journeys.

8. Draw your pencil through the names of such persons here mentioned as were not associates and helpers of Paul: Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Peter, Andrew, James, Philip, Bartholomew, Barnabas, Thomas, Timothy, Judas Iscariot, Titus, Philemon, Priscilla, Aquilla, Thaddaeus.

9. How did Paul happen to go to Rome?.....

10. Name such books of the New Testament as you believe Paul wrote.

And now who else can, and will, suggest some special feature of Sabbath school work? Whoever has something helpful in mind should be willing to let others know about it.

Let us help one another. Who will write something about Sabbath school music?

Also, who will answer this question? "In our Sabbath school class work what should be our main purpose, increase of Bible knowledge or conversion?"

Sabbath School. Lesson XII.—June 19, 1926

JUDAH'S PLEA. Genesis 44: 18-34

Golden Text.—"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." Psalm 51: 17.

DAILY READINGS

- June 13—Selling Joseph. Gen. 37: 18-28.
 - June 14—Joseph's Promotion. Gen. 41: 37-45.
 - June 15—The Brothers' Distress. Gen. 42: 14-25.
 - June 16—Jacob's Care for Benjamin. Gen. 42: 35-38.
 - June 17—Joseph Recognizes Benjamin. Gen. 43: 26-34.
 - June 18—Judah's Plea. Gen. 44: 18-34.
 - June 19—Prayer for cleansing. Psalm 51: 9-14.
- (For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

MY OLD BLIND HORSE

He was born in my father's barn. When ten days old, I named him Charlie. He was a noble looking colt—bay colored except for a diamond of white on his forehead.

I was my father's eldest son, and was chief hostler and teamster. Charlie was my favorite charge, and we loved each other from his natal day. Never did he give or receive rude treatment, although he was a very dynamo of fun and frolic.

When, in three years, he became of working age, and was ushered into harness,—ill-fitting and chafing to his tender body—and hitched to the farm wagon, then he would turn his anxious eye toward me for reassurance. And I know that he understood when I quietly encouraged him to go on. Then it was I learned the value of the faith we had in each other. When his shoulders grew tired and sore from hard work, still he trustingly obeyed my commands. His faith in me was faultless. I have thought that if I would but trust my Master as Charlie trusted me, my duties would be easier, and my burdens lighter. Day or night, Charlie willingly accepted any duty required of him. Often he has braved the chill of bitter cold winter, faced storms of hail and snow, and forded ice-cold streams to help—if possible—save the life of my sick companion. Even when drawing loads which almost wrenched his taunt muscles he never complained. Every ounce of his body was exerted to do my bidding. Hundreds of miles he has traveled in furthering his master's interests and helping make the world better. Thousands of tons of produce have gone to feed this hungry world at a cost to him of aching limbs. Yet his only reward has been his

food and shelter. It seems to me that the world is more indebted to Charlie than to me. I have thought a thousand times that if I had served my God as faithfully as that horse has me, I would not have to die but would be translated alive. A more loyal servant of man never lived.

But now after nearly thirty years of service, Charlie is old, and blind, and almost deaf. Did I say he is useless? Never! He is a pattern to me for that period of my life when I shall be old. Patient, gentle, peaceful, he keeps my heart tender. I can not be sullen and fretful and bitter when old Charlie is around. When life's hard battles rend my soul, and the outcome is doubtful and dark, I learn from him as he puts his nose to my hand—since he can not see now—trusts me to lead him out to the clover pasture.—*Elmer R. Akers, '27, in "Milton College Review."*

COURAGEOUS SOCIAL LEADERS NEEDED

Recently a special appeal was made by a government official to the women of the nation to create sentiment against the serving of alcoholic beverages at social functions. "You can hasten the day," it was urged, "when the hostess will feel apologetic for serving cocktails rather than apologetic for not serving them."

Courageous social leaders have a fine field for patriotic service today in holding high the standard of law observance, and not a few there are who are living up to their privileges.

From the earliest days of the temperance movement there have been morally fearless women who have been willing to brave ridicule for the sake of principle, and have not hesitated to take a stand for total abstinence far ahead of their age. One recalls the inspiring chapter of history during the Presidency of Rutherford B. Hayes, when the "first lady of the land," Lucy Webb Hayes, refused to serve liquors to the guests at the White House and thereby incurred the severe displeasure of the Secretary of State, who considered such action an insult to the representatives of foreign countries where it is customary to serve wine. It will be remembered that Mrs. Hayes was supported by her husband in her insistence that nothing but non-alcoholic drinks be served in the White House. "I have young sons

who have never tasted liquor," declared Mrs. Hayes. "They shall not receive at my hand, nor with the sanction that its use in our family would give, their first taste of what might prove their ruin. What I wish for my own sons, I must do for the sons of other mothers."

It was infinitely more difficult for Mrs. Hayes in that faraway pre-prohibition time to take this stand than it can be for any present-day hostess, even the mistress of the White House in 1926, for today sufficient justification for such action is found in the explanation "To serve liquors is contrary to the law."

Doubtless it takes a certain amount of courage for women in some circles to subject themselves to criticism for their "puritanical notions," but history reports that Mrs. Hayes made, rather than lost, friends by her brave attitude, and won the respect of even those who continued to disagree with her.

Through our national membership campaign, in which women of all strata of society are being invited and urged to help in "Mobilizing for Law Observance and Law Enforcement," we will reach many who have it in their power to change the custom of social drinking, all too prevalent, and make it unpopular and unfashionable. The relat-

ing of this story of the wife of a President of the United States who dared to live up to her convictions, may lead some other woman in high social position to realize her responsibility to observe the law and help protect her own sons and those of other mothers by refusing to serve alcoholic drinks in her home.—*The Union Signal*.

THINK ON THESE FACTS

21,000,000 letters went to the dead letter office last year.

803,000 parcels did likewise.

100,000 letters go into the mail yearly in perfectly blank envelopes.

\$55,000 in cash is removed annually from misdirected envelopes.

\$12,000 in postage stamps is found in similar fashion.

\$3,000,000 in checks, drafts, and money orders never reach intended owners.

The government collects \$92,000 a year in postage for the return of mail sent to the dead letter office.

It costs the government \$1,740,000 yearly to look up addresses on misdirected mail.

This amount could be saved and the dead letter office abolished if each piece of mail carried a return address, and if each parcel were wrapped in stout paper and tied with strong cord.—*The Baptist*.

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.

DEATHS

DANIELS.—Katie Gavin Daniels, daughter of Henry and Anna Gavin, was born September 20, 1854, at Syracuse, N. Y., and died at her home, May 12, 1926.

She was married to William H. Daniels, February 3, 1872. Brother and Sister Daniels made their home in Richburg for a few years, then moved to Nile, where they have resided since.

Sister Daniels was baptized and joined the Richburg Seventh Day Baptist Church. She later became a member of the Friendship Seventh Day Baptist Church at Nile, N. Y., by letter. Mrs. Daniels took a great interest in church work and did all in this way that her strength permitted her to do.

She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Irene Daniels Jordan, Nile, N. Y.; and Mrs. Hazel Daniels Wilkinson, Cuba, N. Y.; seven grandchildren: Max C., Ruby and Darrell Jordan, Mrs. Audrey Almy Cornish, Robert W. and La Rue Almy, and Richard W. Wilkinson; and one nephew, Merle A. Coats.

Funeral services were conducted from the home by her pastor. Deacon Milton Jordan of Nile, offered prayer. Interment was made in the Richburg cemetery.

Through the request of Sister Daniels' daughters the same poem was given which was read at the funeral services of her other daughter, Mrs. Nina Daniels Almy, Richburg, N. Y.

SLEEP

"So he giveth his beloved sleep!"

He sees when their footsteps falter,
When their hearts grow weak and faint;
He marks when their strength is failing,
And listens to their complaint;
He bids them rest for a season,
For the pathway has grown too steep;
And folded in fair green pastures,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children
That sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing
For the home and its sweet repose.
So he calls them in from their labors
Ere the shadows around them creep,
And silently watching o'er them
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently!
As the mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows
So tenderly on her breast.
Forgotten now are the trials
And sorrows that made them weep,
For with a soothing promise
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it. Friends the dearest
This boon can never bestow,
But he touched the drooping eyelids
And placid the features grow.
Their foes may gather 'round them,
And storms may around them sweep,
But, guarding them safe from danger,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future,
All fears that oppress today,
Like mists that clear in the sunlight,
Have noiselessly passed away.
Nor calls, nor clamors can rouse them
From their slumbers so calm and deep,
For only his voice can reach them,
Who giveth his loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over;
Weep not that their race is run;
God grant we may rest as calmly
When our work like theirs is done.
Till then we would yield with gladness
Our treasures to him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance,
"He giveth his loved ones sleep!"

—Pansy, Wamego, Kansas.
H. S. W.

SAUNDERS.—Albert Eugene Saunders was born in Voluntown, Conn., November 29, 1863, and died at Rockville, R. I., May 22, 1926.

Eugene Saunders was one of ten children born to Charles Henry and Sally (Brown) Saunders. He was united in marriage to Nellie S. Burdick, January 21, 1883, by Rev. James R. Irish. To them were born two children: a daughter, Effie Saunders, who died September 23, 1903, and a son, Frank H. Saunders, of Rockville. There is also one grandson, Frank, Jr. There remain also his wife and four brothers—Charles A. of Providence; N. Seth, of Hope Valley; Irving E., of Canonchet; and Byron A., of Rockville.

Mr. Saunders was baptized by Rev. Alexander McLearn and joined the Rockville Seventh Day Baptist Church, December 8, 1894. He was a man who was of a friendly disposition, and will be missed by a large circle. He was especially good in caring for the sick. By occupation he was worker and overseer in a mill.

The funeral was held at his late home in Rockville. It was conducted by Rev. Paul S. Burdick, and was attended by a large number of friends and relatives. Burial took place in the Rockville cemetery.
P. S. B.

TOMLINSON.—Mattie Jane Tomlinson, daughter of Lawrence and Louisa Harris, was born near Shiloh, N. J., October 23, 1858, and died at her home in Shiloh, May 11, 1926.

November 26, 1890, she was united in marriage to John Ward Tomlinson. To them were born two sons, Earl Harris and John Ward; and two daughters who died in early life.

Mrs. Tomlinson's home has always been in or near Shiloh. She united with the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church in early life. She maintained her interest in and continued her support of the

church and its organizations to the end of her earthly life. She was a member of the Benevolent Society and Sabbath school, and for over thirty years was an active member of the local Grange.

Two brothers, Hoover and John Harris, remain: they, Mr. Tomlinson, the two sons and families, and many friends mourn their loss. Mrs. Tomlinson was laid to rest in the local cemetery.

E. F. L.

DIXON.—Mary Loper Davis, wife of John T. Dixon, was born in Shiloh, N. J., May 5, 1846, and died in Shiloh, May 12, 1926, just 80 years and 1 week of age.

She was a daughter of Caleb A. and Keziah Ayars Davis. She was the sixth of twelve children ten of whom grew to maturity and seven of these are still living: Mrs. Ada K. Stanley, Harrison W., Mrs. Lucy Willis, Brazilla, Den and William, and Mrs. Patience Sheppard.

Mrs. Dixon was baptized at the age of thirteen, at the "Seventh Day Mill" by Rev. Walter B. Gillette and joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Shiloh, of which she was still a member at the time of her death.

She was married to Mr. Dixon, December 23, 1868. Six daughters were born to this union: Hannah May, Lizzie, who died in infancy; Mattie Elizabeth, wife of Rev. A. E. Main; Elvira, wife of Walter Butterfield, who died at the age of twenty-three; Annabel, wife of John H. Austin; Ida Mabel, wife of George A. Main. There are also two grandchildren, Cora May Butterfield Jackson, and Dorcas Dixon Austin; and two great grandchildren, Betty Elvira, and Edmond Jackson, Jr.; two step grandchildren, Alexander and Elizabeth Austin; also Erline and Ethel Main, who thought much of their grandmother. She leaves many nieces and nephews to mourn their loss.

She was a member of the Shiloh Benevolent society, Memorial society, and adult Bible class. To all of these she was faithful.

December 23, 1918, she and Mr. Dixon celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Five years later Mr. Dixon died, both having spent fifty years in Shiloh.

At the age of seventeen she went to New Market, N. J., to learn the tailoress trade. She made both her own wedding clothes and those of her husband.

She loved to go to church and prayer meeting and did as long as her strength would permit her to do so. She felt the need of reading the Word of God, and whether sick in bed or busy about her work the Bible was near so she could turn to it for help and comfort. She is greatly missed by the family and many friends.

The earthly tabernacle was laid to rest in the Shiloh cemetery on Sabbath afternoon, May 15.

E. F. L.

IRISH.—Harry Bond Irish, the son of Henry P. and Eva Bond Irish, was born August 7, 1883, at Farina, Ill., and died there May 10, 1926.

An extended obituary will be found in this issue of the RECORDER.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

L. H. North, Business Manager

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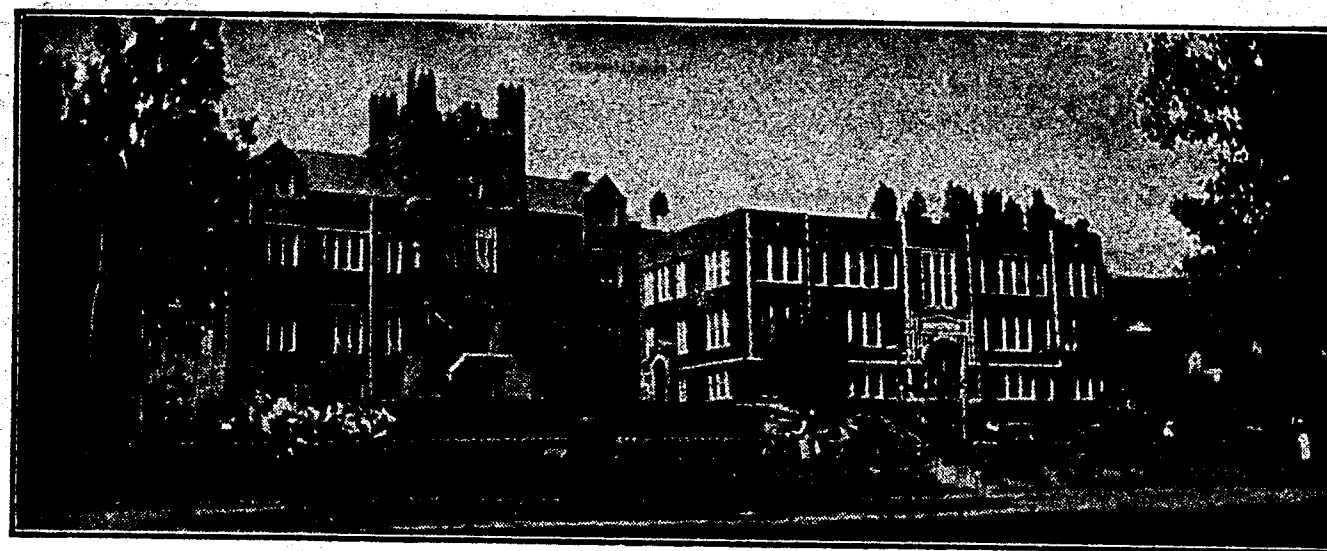
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ONLY TO KNOW

"Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk."—Psalm 143:8

Only to know the path I tread
Is the path marked out for me;
That the way though thorny, rough,
and steep,
Will lead me up to thee!

Only to know that the cross I see
Is the cross of Calvary;
On which the world's Redeemer died
To purchase life for me!

Only to know his peace within,
My will to his resigned;
Oh, fill me with thy fullness, Lord,
And make me wholly thine!
—Allie Starbright.

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