

The Sabbath Recorder

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

THE DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING
A VISION IN MATERIAL FORM

F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

THE teachings of Holy Writ are clear and explicit in the truth that the spiritual life and real prosperity of the people of God depend upon their attitude toward his Sabbath. Blessings are pronounced upon all who really remember it to keep it holy, and time and again Jehovah makes the Sabbath a test of loyalty. Whenever his people forgot their God and went into idolatry, his first words of rebuke were, "Ye have forgotten my sabbath." For this, Jehovah let them fall a prey to their enemies. For this, he gave them over to captivity. And upon their deliverance from bondage, the restoration of the Sabbath was among the first evidences of their reform, and renewed loyalty to God.

When Christ came to establish God's law and to give it a broader interpretation, he who was God, who was with him in the beginning, who made all things, even the Sabbath, declared that he was its Lord and that it was made for man. It had held for ages a most prominent place among God's Ten Words, as his measure of man's loyalty. And of the law to which it belonged. Christ said not one jot or tittle should pass away till all was fulfilled.—T. L. G.

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WHOLE No. 4,225

"O God, who searchest the hidden secrets of the heart, satisfy, we beseech thee, our deep unspoken longings, open our eyes to the glory and beauty of humble things, and enable us by thy Spirit to apprehend thy purpose, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen."

God's Messages In the Snow As I came to the office this morning, a raging blizzard was filling the air with snow and drifting the walks full; and now the forenoon is nearly spent, the storm still rages while men and women go plodding their way through, and many workmen are toiling to keep the paths open.

Snow is one of God's messengers to men, suggesting some of the most precious things in the pages of the Bible. And I could not help recalling some of them as I looked upon the snow-sermon which was flooding the world today. Nothing in nature suggests more inspiring truths, to the thoughtful soul, than does the snow of winter. We love God's messages of spring and summer and autumn, so full of wonderful teachings; but he speaks quite as helpful in the storms of winter as in the sunshine of summer.

When Jehovah would convince Job of ignorance concerning his mighty works, he takes the little snowflake and says to his child, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" What an inferior object man is after all! He may think he knows about all the phenomena of earth and air and sea and of the wonders of the heavenly bodies; and yet when the whirlwind presses the question, "Hast thou entered into the treasurehouse of the snow?" he stands dumb!

Treasurehouse is a good word to use here. If we could only reach the vast depths of those treasurehouses from whence comes the snow, and fully understand the laws that fill our air with wonderful crystals of purest white, what a stimulus would be given to revere and praise him who opens the doors of his treasurehouse and "Giveth snow like wool." When the Psalmist would sing of all the wonders of earth and heaven,

he includes the snow, calling upon it to praise the Lord:

In Psalm 147:16, the entire passage vibrates with the sense of divine activity. The Psalmist touches the harp-strings of heavenly music and tells of the stars, the way of God in the clouds, the rain, the grass, the fields of wheat, and finally says, "He giveth snow like wool." What a wonderful gift! It blankets the naked earth, piles warm woolly folds over the roots in winter, and ensures life and food for summer.

When the industrious woman of Proverbs has clothed her household with "double garments, she is not afraid of the snow."

Again, every falling snowflake is a silent prophecy of the certainty of God's Word. In the snow the wicked man may receive this message if he will:

"Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you. . . . Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God for he will abundantly pardon. . . . For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth."

Read the whole chapter of Isaiah 55 and see what a precious message you find there of which the falling snow becomes a part.

Where is there a sin-sick soul—a sincere penitent, longing for peace—who can not voice his prayer in the words, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." He may hear if he will, these precious words:

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

No word in our language can represent more forcibly than snow the perfect purity God offers the penitent sinner, and no word can better show how fully God forgives. No matter how soiled may be the page of life upon which one has written, God wipes out the record by forgiveness and gives a clean page upon which to begin anew.

No wonder that the transfigured Christ on the mount, teaching his disciples of things to come to his followers, appeared in raiment exceeding white as snow. When one of that group afterwards had the vision of future glory, he beheld the Savior with head and hair "white as snow."

I am thankful that among the great things Job saw, we find, "He saith to the snow: Be thou upon the earth."

**"Keep Smiling"
"The Joy of the Lord
Is Your Strength"**

A story is told of an aged blind man, whose radiant face brightens every corner where he goes and shines along the street where he walks. He is also under the handicap of being a colored man in a world of white people. Yet it is no uncommon thing to see a policeman lead him across the crowded street and return smiling to his post. Sometimes a white man takes him by the arm and walks with him, and they both smile as they go.

That poor man's face, though marred by blind eyes, seems illumined with a peculiar sunshine that seems to be reflected by every face he meets.

The influence of such a man is a blessing wherever he goes. In a world where personal and family problems distract; where the struggle for the necessities of life is severe; and where the Church is troubled with many perplexing questions, a smiling, hopeful face is like sunshine in a dark day. It brings self-poise and good will into home life, into church life, and engenders mutual confidence. It disarms suspicion, sweetens many a bitter cup, inspires weary toilers, dispels opposition, and impresses the prophet's words, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." The spirit of radiant optimism is far more helpful than the spirit of pessimistic fault-finding, whether it be in the home, the church, or in the world of business.

It Set Them to Singing A few days ago, as I stood with my daughter in Wanamaker's great store in New York, waiting for a parcel to be delivered, just as the time began to seem long, and waiting was becoming rather tedious, all at once the noontime chimes in the rotunda began to ring their mid-day music.

For several minutes the air was filled with mellow and pleasing strains of familiar

songs and ballads, beginning with "Highland Laddie"; and other home ditties, one after another followed. It was interesting to see the change that came over the spirit of the crowds that thronged the great store as that music filled the house.

Our own waiting, of which we began to be tired, seemed no longer tedious—indeed we forgot all about that, and the pleasing sounds seemed restful. Hearts were touched by familiar strains of old-time music, and we could not help noticing how many men and women were humming in undertones the songs of other days.

I could not help thinking of the blessings one man can bring to earth when his doings set the weary work-a-day world to singing. Of course no one of that multitude broke out in open song; but their almost inaudible humming revealed the music that the organist had started in their hearts.

What a blessed thing it is when one soul can start sweet, soothing music in the hearts of the throngs of weary plodders amid life's burden-bearing multitudes. Music in the heart lightens every load and brightens every corner.

During the World War I read something to the effect that the world marches farthest with the soldiers who sing. Friends, does not the simple thought of these things, as you read these lines, revive memories of other days, when the sweet music of home and church and school stirred your hearts and made the world seem brighter? Blessed indeed are the sweet-spirited men and women to whom God has given the ability to set the world to singing.

Memories of a Good Man Awakened by the Death of His Daughter

In this RECORDER will be found a life sketch of Mrs. Thankful C. Childs, of Farina, Ill., who was the daughter of Elder Leman Andrus, a consecrated minister in the Western Association for many years.

Sixty years ago as pastor at Nile, N. Y., Elder Andrus baptized me. He was then an aged man whom we all loved. The older persons in the Western Association will remember with pleasure his gift of song, and recall his looks as he sang and played his melodeon in some of our meetings.

Elder Andrus was a convert to the Sabbath in Niagara County, N. Y., in the days when Rev. Nathan V. Hull was a young

man in the Clarence field, Elder Andrus had been a Baptist pastor; and when he embraced the Sabbath, he organized a Seventh Day Baptist Church at Pendleton, N. Y. Sixteen of the eighteen constituent members were converts to the Sabbath with him. He was pastor of that church eight years.

After leaving Pendleton, he served Richburg and Nile churches for several years. From Nile he went to Farina, where he served the church for many years.

SOME QUESTIONS IN CONNECTION WITH OUR SABBATH STUDY

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

Leader in Sabbath Promotion

I am sharing with SABBATH RECORDER readers this week a letter which I received recently from one of our pastors. I am giving space to it here because of the very thoughtful and thought-provoking list of questions concerning the Sabbath which it contains. These are not such questions as come from superficial thinking. They are not such questions as admit of categorical answers, but they are well worth serious study.

If the little book to which this pastor refers in such complimentary language will help to answer these questions for those who are inclined to think seriously and deeply upon this vital question, I shall indeed be glad.

Another writes with reference to a question that was raised in a Sabbath school class in the study of the Sabbath lessons. The question and our answer are given below.

We welcome this question, and shall be very glad to answer in these columns any questions in connection with the study of the Sabbath lessons that may be of general interest.

LETTER FROM A PASTOR

DEAR BROTHER BOND:

I wish to express my appreciation of the new *Helping Hand* containing the Sabbath studies. The questions discussed therein are central to our position as Sabbath keepers in this present age. They can bear expanding at some future time when the limits

of space are not so closely drawn as they are in Sabbath school lessons.

These are some of the questions that I have been thinking of for a number of years:

Is the Sabbath commandment a moral or ceremonial law?

Was it given to the Jews or to all mankind?

Is the moral principle involved satisfied by the observance of "one day in seven"?

Is the only connection between a Sabbath and a particular day of the week, that which is supplied by historical associations?

If so, do the historical traditions of the past nineteen hundred years establish a precedent for Sunday keeping?

By accepting the Bible as our guide, do we thereby accept only those parts which can be conveniently adapted to modern life, or does the Bible contain within itself a criterion showing how and when its teachings are to be applied?

What bearing have the teachings of the prophets, Jesus, and Paul, on the above questions?

Perhaps not the strongest argument, but at least the one that appeals to me as clearest at present is the practical one; the failure of Sunday observance to make any authoritative appeal to reason or conscience, and the incongruities found in the arguments of most advocates of Sunday observance. We can not view without apprehension the loss of regard for any day as holy, that is likely to result from such teachings, and the result upon morals in general of such a treatment of the Bible.

The addition of pictures to your book of Sabbath studies is a distinct improvement—an aid to the imagination. A lady who is a lone Sabbath keeper, to whom I sent a copy of the *Helping Hand*, suggests that we give more prominence to the Ten Commandments by having them printed on the covers of our *Helping Hands*, tracts, etc. She wanted a dozen more copies to distribute among acquaintances, and the young people here ordered thirty-three copies for the same purpose. We were sorry to learn that the supply had been exhausted; and that more could be secured only at a considerable increase in price.

Cordially yours,

QUESTION

In Sabbath school class Sabbath-day the question arose as to the original wording of the Ten Commandments.

In the *Helping Hand* on page 48 in the quotation from Briggs we get the idea that the commandments in the original form were very brief sentences, and have been enlarged in translation. Can you tell us how the fourth commandment was worded in the original form and how much has been added in translation?

ANSWER

No change has been made in the Ten Commandments in translating the Old Testament from the Hebrew.

It is pretty well agreed that the Old Testament canon ("canon" simply means "accepted Scripture") was completed as early as the days of Ezra and Nehemiah, which takes it back to more than four hundred years before Christ. At that time, of course, the Commandments were in the form in which we now have them. They may go back in their present form much beyond that.

Our Gospels as we now have them are supposed to be based upon earlier writings which are no longer extant. Note Luke's introduction. In the same way it is held by many scholars that back of the Old Testament Scriptures as we now have them are earlier writings.

If the Ten Commandments were originally in briefer form, they were expanded into their present form long before the days of Jesus, who gave them his unqualified sanction.

We do know, of course, that during the long centuries in which Israel was schooled in the religion of Jehovah the Scriptures grew. Christian scholars believe that the norm of the Old Testament is the Ten Commandments, and possibly a briefer form than we now have of these commandments.

The value of the quotation from Professor Briggs lies in the fact that this Christian scholar who has sought to trace to its beginning the "written Word" holds that the most ancient Scripture is "The Law," that the heart of the "Law" is The Commandments, and that very possibly the com-

ponent parts of this table of the law were in briefer form to begin with.

According to Professor Kent the briefer form of the fourth commandment was as follows: *Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.* Another possible form reads: Six days shalt thou toil, but on the seventh thou shalt rest.

Remember, on the one hand, that this is largely in the realm of investigative interest and not of certitude. On the other hand, whatever investigations have been made as to the ultimate origin of the sacred writings as we have them back in our Old Testament Scriptures lead back to the "Ten Words" delivered to Israel, at the center of which is the Sabbath commandment.

CLIPPED WINGS

What a helpless creature is a bird with its wings clipped! A man took from his flock a chicken that used its wings to fly out of the yard in which he placed it. With a pair of sharp shears he clipped the tips of one of its wings. After that it never flew out into the wide open spaces beyond the fence; it tried, but those poor clipped feathers kept it down near the earth.

What a tragedy to be born for flight, and yet to be held down to the ground by clipped wings!

There are men who are hampered in their efforts to do the things God intended them to do because of wings clipped by sin! Their ambitions are spoiled because of some lapse of conduct, some night of revelry with base companions! Many are fitted for eagle flights in the world of business, religion, or literature, but are doomed by evil to follow life's darkest pathways. It is easy for one to ruin his own powers of mind and body.—*E. L. Vincent, in Nortonville Quarterly Review.*

I will not quarrel with you about opinions. Only see that your heart is right toward God; that you know and love the Lord Jesus Christ; that you love your neighbor and walk as your Master walked, and I desire no more. Let my soul be with these Christians, wheresoever they are and whatsoever opinions they are of. Whosoever thus doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother and sister.—*John Wesley.*

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST
ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

OUR BULLETIN BOARD

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Crofoot and daughter are on their homeward journey from our Shanghai mission. May their furlough be one of blessing to all of us!

Why do people keep Sunday? The article by Rev. G. E. Fifield in last week's SABBATH RECORDER is enlightening.

OUR CHURCH PAPERS

I am not referring to the SABBATH RECORDER, or *De Boodschapper*, or the *Sabbath Observer*, or the *Gospel Herald*, or the *Seventh Day Baptist Reformer*, but to several papers issued by churches, dealing largely with reports and news of the local church.

Some of these are weekly, while others are monthly, bi-monthly, quarterly, or once a year.

I have been looking at some of these papers that have been coming to me the past five years, and I find them a very interesting and suggestive collection of church papers.

I believe that the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER will be glad to see the list of these papers—and you may have in mind other papers than these that I mention.

The weekly bulletin of the Plainfield Church.

The weekly bulletin of the church at Battle Creek.

The *Bulletin of the Seventh Day Baptist Church*, North Loup, Neb.

The *Annual Bulletin*, Alfred, N. Y.

The bulletin of the Salem, W. Va., Church.

The *Quarterly Review* of the Nortonville, Kan., Church.

The *Quarterly Visitor* of the Milton, Wis., Church.

The *Ashaway Messenger*, Ashaway, R. I.

The *Assistant Pastor*, DeRuyter, N. Y.

Pep-o-Gram, Nile, N. Y.

Lost Creek Booster, Lost Creek, W. Va.

Waterford Review, Waterford, Conn.

These papers are doing a good service, and we should realize their practical value and support them financially and with our hearty good words.

When the paper is a weekly bulletin of the church the program of the Sabbath service is given, proper notices of the other appointments of the church, names of the officers and committees of the church and its auxiliary societies, and such notices as would otherwise take the time of the pastor on Sabbath morning.

The church paper calls for reports of the church and societies, prepared in a business-like and appealing manner, to be presented to the entire membership of the church. And it is a worth while effort on the part of a church to cultivate the ability of its officers to prepare good reports of work done, and to write up plans for future work that will appeal to the church members and friends.

"Our paper" gives the pastor opportunity to appeal to the eye with his message, when distance, or some other reason—or excuse—keeps the member from listening to the stirring appeal as given in the Sabbath morning sermon.

The church paper has large possibilities for encouraging and holding the nonresident members of the church, and by the reports, news items, words of the pastor, and general information given, interest them more and more in the services and work of the home church.

Often such a paper offers an inviting field for the young people to have charge of a department, or to prepare reports or papers, or even to take editorial charge.

We are always in need of good writers among our young people. We need them in every church; we need them in our associational gatherings; we need them in all of our denominational work. The church paper can be used to encourage them in this line of service.

As a closing word, I wish to thank those who have been sending these papers to me. I appreciate the good work that is being done for your resident and absent members through this medium of communication, and I am confident that in this way you are being more closely bound together.

Through these papers I am better able to understand your work, problems, plans, and desires, and, I trust, will be the better able to serve you when occasion permits.

REPORT OF THE EVANGELISTIC QUARTET TO THE QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN WISCONSIN AND CHICAGO CHURCHES

During the summer vacation of 1925 there was sent out by the Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago Churches an evangelistic quartet. This quartet was composed of: Paul Green, Farina, Ill., first tenor; Carroll Hill, Farina, Ill., second tenor; Paul Ewing, Shiloh, N. J., first bass; Lloyd Seager, Albion, Wis., second bass. All four were students of Milton College during the year 1924-25. The quartet was furnished with a Ford car, which was the property of Mr. George Sayre of Milton and was rented for the use of the quartet during the summer.

The quartet left Milton on the afternoon of June 16, and stopped that night and the next day at the Lake Geneva Student Y. M. C. A. Conference. The second night was spent at the home of Dr. Larkin of Oak Park, Ill., and the third night at about eleven o'clock the quartet arrived at Farina, Ill. Here the quartet spent the week-end, helping with the Friday night prayer meeting and the Sabbath morning service and the Christian Endeavor meeting. The Sunday following, the quartet continued its journey to Stonefort, Ill., to begin a series of meetings. Because of the ruggedness of the roads the quartet did not arrive at the home of Pastor Lewis until seven-thirty. No one was home at Pastor Lewis', but in a few minutes he and his wife drove into the yard with the news that the meetings were supposed to begin that very night at seven-thirty. After hurriedly changing clothes the quartet were piloted some distance to the church, where they arrived, after suffering one flat tire, just one hour late. The congregation was patiently waiting. A short meeting was held with Pastor Lewis giving the message. After the meeting, some time was spent in making the acquaintance of the people. The quartet went to spend the night at the home of the pastor.

For the next two nights rain prohibited the holding of meetings. However, the third day the weather cleared, and it was possible to venture away from home with the reasonable assurance of a safe return.

The day was spent in visiting the homes of several of our people and in getting an idea of the field. The Stonefort Church is located in "Old-Town," or the original settlement of Stonefort, which is about two miles from the present town site. Not far from the church there was a railroad camp, and there was being constructed a new railroad. They were running both day and night shifts, so that all times of the day and night could be heard the sound of engines, steam-shovels, and the shock of blasting. Often during the meeting it was necessary to pause and wait for the blasting to cease before the speaker could be heard. Men from the railroad camp began to attend the meetings, and before they were closed it was unusual for any blasting to take place during the services.

Meetings were continued at Stonefort every evening and Sabbath and Sunday morning until the middle of July. For the first two weeks the meetings were in charge of the quartet, each member taking his turn at speaking, the other members having charge of the music, prayer service, and helping in other ways. Pastor Lewis spoke from the pulpit three times in the first two weeks.

At the end of two weeks Pastor Hill of Farina came to assist in the meetings, and stayed with the quartet for the rest of the summer's campaign. The meetings were well attended, and the last few services saw the church full, with a goodly number gathered around the door and outside the windows.

The days were spent in visiting, helping in the hay fields, orchard, garden, or in preparing for coming meetings. Invitations to meals and to stay over night came in such numbers that they were necessarily declined. The homes of the community were always open and visitors were welcomed with true Stonefort hospitality.

About the middle of July the meetings closed. There seemed to have been considerable interest in the meetings. There were many testimonies, but there were none that presented themselves for baptism or membership in the church.

Before Pastor Hill and family and the quartet were allowed to depart, they were treated to a picnic at Belle Smith Springs, several miles from Stonefort. Here a very

pleasant day was spent before the visitors went on their way to Farina. They carried with them pleasant memories of the genuine hospitality of the Stonefort people, of the many new acquaintances, of the happy hours spent together in Christian fellowship. One thing that will stay in the mind of the writer of this report is the Christian Endeavor hour of Sabbath afternoon, when a large group of young people gathered at the home of the pastor.

The trip from Stonefort to Farina was accomplished in a long half day, and there was begun a two weeks' campaign at Farina. The meetings at Farina started off well, considering that there were meetings being held at one of the other churches in town. The meetings had been continued for some time and closed one week after the beginning of services at the Seventh Day Baptist church. The male quartet of the Farina Church combined with the Milton quartet put on street meetings several nights in order to advertise the evangelistic meetings. This was very successful, and the meetings grew in numbers steadily. Here, as before, the days were full of visiting, singing for the shut-ins, and prayer that the work might be of a great deal of benefit. It seemed that God must have heard, for at the conclusion of the meetings there were five young people baptized and accepted into the membership of the church.

Before leaving Farina, the quartet gave a concert, at which a freewill offering was taken. The results of this offering were very gratifying to those who had the work in charge, and expressed in some measure the spirit of the Farina people.

The practicability of a Ford car for evangelistic work was proved, when the move was made from Farina to Welton, Iowa. The members of the quartet accompanied by Pastor Hill made the trip of something over three hundred miles at an expense of less than five dollars. The drive was accomplished between five o'clock in the morning and seven o'clock in the evening.

The people of Welton gave the evangelistic group a hearty welcome, as they were then without a pastor. The meetings began with a good show of interest and continued so to the end, but several things handicapped the work. Those who have an

acquaintance with Iowa mud will understand what it means to close a week's evangelistic work with two days' rain. It was during the threshing season and the people were detained first because of the work, and then because of the mud. Despite these things the Welton people were loyal to the end. There were no baptisms or additions to the church during these meetings, but it was a source of satisfaction to see the Welton people, on the last night of the meetings, call a pastor. A concert was given at Welton, and a liberal contribution was made by the Welton people.

From Welton, the quartet went, by way of Chicago, to Jackson Center, Ohio, where they stayed over Sabbath day. They assisted in the regular Sabbath morning service and at the Christian Endeavor meeting in the evening. There were so many stopping at Jackson Center on their way to Conference at Salem that one could easily believe that he was in Milton or Battle Creek or North Loup. The trip from Jackson Center to Salem was accomplished in twenty-seven hours, steady driving. The quartet arrived in Salem in time to furnish music for the young people's pre-Conference meetings. During the Conference the quartet furnished music for the young people's meetings and for some of the regular Conference sessions. While there, a side-trip was made to a neighboring village to sing at the funeral of one of the Salem College students.

The quartet broke up immediately after Conference, having been together for about ten weeks. The members of the quartet are very grateful to those who have made it possible that this work might be done. Not all was accomplished that they would like to have seen accomplished. They feel that there are great possibilities in this line, and that it could be a great help to our people. Perhaps if this work is continued, it might be in some way combined with the work of the Daily Vacation Bible School, for the children and young people of some of our scattered communities need the religious experience of such a school. This report is submitted with the hope that the work of evangelistic quartets will become a part of our religious program.

CARROLL HILL.

MISSIONS

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

PASSION AGAINST MEN OR PASSION FOR MEN

One of the most difficult things in the struggles of life is to keep the heart right; and this statement is backed by the Scriptures, as well as by the experience of every sincere disciple. See Jeremiah 17:9; Proverbs 4:23; and Matthew 15:10-20.

One of the things most insidious and hardest to fight is the feeling of ill-will toward others, known by such names as hate, jealousy, bitterness, revenge, animosity, contempt, and any one of a dozen similar terms. When people oppose us, refuse to come to our terms or do and say things we do not like, there is often a temptation to feel unkindly toward them. This is a tremendously dangerous situation; it separates us not only from our fellow men, but also from God. There is no approach to the good God and Father while such feelings lie buried in the heart. Closely akin to ill-will is indifference regarding the welfare of others. This, too, is un-Christlike, for Christ's heart was all aglow with a passion to help people of all descriptions.

The insidiousness of ill-will is seen in the fact that reformers and other Christian workers sometimes appear to have an animosity against the evil doers whose wrongs they are trying to correct. Who has not listened to addresses attacking evil and was made to feel that back of the speech was ill-will instead of a passion to help those following crooked ways? Such an attitude of heart is passion against men instead of passion for men.

Utterances that indicate animosity, though directed against wrong, are always hurtful; while the strongest reproof often can be given with benefit if those reprovéd are made to feel that the words come from love for the wayward and a passion to help. The missionary spirit is a passion for men, an intense impulse to help and to lift them to Christ and to the best in a life hid with Christ in God. It is this which is going to conquer the world for Christ. Mission-

ary endeavor prompted by anything else will fail miserably. It is a sad day when men come to feel that the Church does not care for them. It is a sad day when the heathen people come to feel that Christian nations and Christian missionaries are trying to put something over on them. May Christ give his Church and its ministry such a passion for men as to make it a boundless power and to remove all doubt as to its unselfish purpose.

OBSERVATIONS FROM SHANGHAI

J. W. CROFOOT

At Christmas dinner at the Davises one of the guests made the remark that this was his sixteenth Christmas in China. This led me to think that it was my twenty-fourth, and to make some comparisons between this and some former ones. I remember distinctly writing to the RECORDER about my first, and saying something to the effect that if the people at home could have been present at the exercises in our Girls' School room it would result in added support of our work here.

The exercises of Christmas eve perhaps do not require to be described in detail, for they were much like those held, I suppose, in many of our churches at home. To be sure they required much hard work on the part of Mrs. Davis and others to prepare, but that will not be news to the many hard workers in our churches and Sabbath schools in America. I may add that from other missionaries I have received the impression that the singing in our church compares very favorably with that in other Chinese churches.

When we compare our work and results with each recent year it is not so easy to see progress. Certainly there is no such progress as we should like to see. But when we compare the present with the end of the nineteenth century it is less discouraging.

The anti-Christian movement had been much advertised as planning special demonstrations during Christmas week and especially at Christmas exercises, but the results of those plans, so far as can be seen here, were negligible. The daily papers contained a long list of the places in Shanghai where Christmas services were to be

held, but in no case was there any serious interruption. In one or two places little things happened, such as the breaking of the light globe in front of a church door and the like, but that was all of the interruption. Some students did speak on the streets but to small and indifferent groups apparently. Nor have we heard of serious disturbances at other places in China.

Politically, China may be said to be *in statu quo*. Assassination, murder, piracy, and civil war are still rife. How the country worries along so well as it does with nothing worthy of the name of a central government is a wonder. We ourselves do not feel much effects of the general disorder, for the war of 1925 was farther away than the war of 1924, and we have hopes that the war of 1926 will be still farther away—perhaps not come off at all.

The report of the judicial inquiry into the "incident" or "atrocities" of May 30 when a dozen students and others were shot by the police on Nanking Road, has just come out. The British and the Japanese judge agree in exonerating the police, but the American judge brings in a minority report blaming them. Naturally, the British of Shanghai are inclined to make slighting remarks about the American judge. However, though the police are exonerated, the Shanghai Municipal Council has accepted the resignation of the head of the police, and of the inspector who gave the order to fire. It has also made a "compassionate grant" of \$75,000 for the families of the victims of the shooting.

It is to be hoped that the business men who wish to do business in this country are learning that their work, like that of the missionary, can not succeed unless they can get the good will of the Chinese.

Our own boys' school has had only forty pupils this term, less than for several years; and it comes up to the end of 1925 with a deficit, and two months more to run before any new fees can be received. We are grateful that we have not had such serious problems of discipline as some have had.

Some of my friends may wish to know our plans and some may even try to send letters to us on our anticipated journey; so I will give a summary here. We hope to leave here on February 13, by the French boat *D'Artagnan*, of the Messageries Mari-

times. It is due at Hongkong, February 16; Saigon, February 22; Singapore, February 24; Colombo, March 1; Djibouti, March 9; Suez, March 13; and Port Said, March 14. There we plan to leave that ship and spend two weeks in the Holy Land and Egypt. Letters in care of the Messageries Maritimes at Port Said, or in care of the American Colony at Jerusalem, should reach us if there at the right time. We hope to spend about half of April on the continent, and after a week in England reach New York about the beginning of May. Letters should reach us in April if sent care of the American Express Company at Marseilles or Paris, or in Paris may be sent care of Mr. Green at the American Embassy.

Shanghai, January 1, 1926.

TREASURER'S MONTHLY STATEMENT

S. H. Davis,
in account with
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society
January 1, 1926-February 1, 1926

Dr.	
Balance on hand January 1, 1926	\$17,534.60
Riverside Philathea class, Java mission	5.50
Mrs. Bert Greene, Missionary Society	2.50
Memorial Board—	
Charity L. Burdick	9.04
Utica Church	15.00
D. C. Burdick Bequest	271.88
D. C. Burdick farm	13.23
E. L. Babcock	146.66
Estate Edward W. Burdick	30.71
E. K. and F. Burdick	68.12
Mary E. Rich Fund	33.75
Missionary Society	33.82
Penelope R. Harbert	30.82
S. P. Potter	24.26
Woman's Board, Miss West's and Miss Burdick's salaries	39.50
Washington Trust Company, interest credit	1.64
Onward Movement, Missionary Society	862.52
Adams Center Church, Missionary Society	40.00
First Alfred Church, Missionary Society	10.00
Battle Creek, Sabbath school, Missionary Society	20.85
Berlin Sabbath school, Missionary Society	19.54
Dodge Center Church, Missionary Society	3.57
Dodge Center Church, China field	14.51
Dodge Center Church, H. Louie Mignott	2.50
Milton Junction Church, China field	9.25
Milton Junction Church, Georgetown	7.50
New York City Church, Missionary Society	25.00
	<u>\$19,273.27</u>

Cr.	
T. L. M. Spencer, December salary	\$ 83.34
Wm. L. Burdick, December salary, traveling expenses, etc.	169.25
L. J. Branch, December salary	25.00
C. C. Van Horn, December salary	41.66
Ellis R. Lewis, December salary	50.00
R. B. St. Clair, December salary	125.00
Geo. W. Hills, December salary	50.00
Angeline P. Allen, December salary	25.00
H. Louie Mignott, December salary	35.00
Wm. L. Burdick, Clerk hire	33.34
Carl A. Hansen, December salary	33.34
Mabel L. West, December salary	41.66

G. Velthuysen, October-December salary	175.00
Charles Thorngate, October-December salary	50.00
Lena G. Crofoot, October-December salary	25.00
William Clayton, October-December salary	25.00
Marie Jansz, special contributions	52.00
Washington Trust Company, China draft	78.62
Washington Trust Company, China draft	36.00
Treasurer's expenses	28.00

Balance on hand \$ 1,182.91
18,090.36

\$19,273.27

Bills payable in February, about \$ 1,300.00

Special funds referred to in last month's report now amount to \$18,735.95, balance on hand \$18,090.36, net indebtedness \$645.59.

E. & O. E.

S. H. Davis,
Treasurer.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM CHINA

Dr. T. L. Gardiner,
Sabbath Recorder,
Plainfield, N. J.

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

It has been a long time since I have written anything for the RECORDER, but my interest in the good work of our people is just as great, even greater as the years come and go.

Just now I am especially interested in looking ahead in our school work for the time while Mr. Crofoot will be away on furlough. Perhaps it will not be out of place to let the good people at home know that during Mr. Crofoot's absence I will be assisted in the work of the school by a committee of four Chinese: two elected by the alumni and two elected by the Shanghai Church. Eling Waung, Dr. Palmberg's adopted daughter, who is known to many at home, is one of the members of this committee, as is also T. M. Chang, who graduated from Milton College and worked for a time at Battle Creek in the laboratories of the sanitarium. Tong-ming has been teaching for two years in the Science Department of Shanghai Baptist College. The other two members of the committee are not so well known to the people at home, but are very important members of this group.

David Sung came to us about nine years ago, and after graduating from Grace High School, took a course in Shanghai Baptist College, and since his graduation has taught for a year and a half, being at the head of the English Department in Misg Jang Academy, a school of the Southern Baptist Mission. David joined the church

while in school and has been so faithful that the church has unanimously elected him to the office of moderator for the past two years.

He is a very earnest, faithful, devoted Christian young man and is willing to come back to our very small school to help us build it up. Incidentally he is engaged to Eling and we all heartily approve.

Mr. Tsu is a rice merchant who came to us less than ten years ago. It has been my privilege to baptize eight people who have come into the church directly through his efforts. That in itself recommends him to me, but he has been very helpful in many ways and has been upon the Executive Board of the church for several years.

This group has met a number of times during the past weeks, and we hope to double the number of students next term.

To this end we are endeavoring to improve the school, even though it is next to impossible to improve the buildings. The committee hopes to have a group of American and Chinese magazines for next year. I have just gone over a list and wish we could put our hand on \$50 gold for Americas magazines that would be helpful for boys for next year. The *Book of Knowledge* would be a great asset in our work, but at present it is impossible for us to do anything outside the regular line due to lack of funds.

We are putting in typewriting next term and need two or three second hand machines. I am sure there are interested readers of the RECORDER who would be glad to help the school in some practical way and not lessen their gifts to the Onward Movement.

These are trying times for the Church of the Living Christ, both in China as well as America. We must hold steady and carry on with courage and faith in his ultimate victory.

Sincerely yours,
H. EUGENE DAVIS.

January 19, 1926.

"But here is something to ponder: The United States may have more crime just now than any other country, yet a large percentage of the criminals are not Americans."

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Contributing Editor

THE STOCKHOLM CONFERENCE

XIII

DEAN J. NELSON NORWOOD, PH. D.

THE YOUTH MOVEMENT

The Stockholm Conference gave some time to the Youth Movement. Perhaps all RECORDER readers have read or heard more or less of this strange, somewhat mysterious phenomenon. Perhaps they have all wondered a good deal as to what it is. I met with it under several different circumstances largely, however, at second hand. I heard an American Oxford student retailing his experiences with representatives of it—expressing weird, half-formulated aspirations and longings, often strikingly intangible and formless. I heard much of it in Germany. Indeed, several representatives of it spoke to us in the Sherwood Eddy Seminar meetings in Berlin. I saw strangely garbed wanderers on the streets of Stockholm said to be participators in it. The great Conference on Life and Work heard its spokesmen and tried hard to make an appeal to youth. From Russia, from India, from Turkey, and from China come reports of its spread. There have been suggestions of its presence and influence occasionally at recent conventions of young people in the United States although a definite Youth Movement has not appeared here.

Saying it is indefinite is only another way of saying it is hard to objectify. In some countries we see young folks—boys and girls—twelve to twenty-one years of age running away from the din and complexity of our life. They go out into the quiet of the open country week ends or as frequently as possible. They think, study, dream. Sometimes young people appear in aimless wandering bands.

In Germany after 1900, and especially since the World War, the Movement has developed organizations. Many and varied

are these—thousands of, young people in forty different loosely held groups. Some are radical—communistic, socialistic, anti-religious, anti-Church, anti-Catholic, anti-Jewish. Some are conservative—religious, Church supporting, monarchistic, even reactionary. Some are definitely neither.

How can we account for the movement? Why has it arisen? It is often unable to account for itself. Perhaps it is all best summed up in the remark, "Well, the old folks have made a mess of it, let us see what we can do." Undoubtedly it is a deep but half-formed revolt against a civilization so unexpectedly near bankruptcy as to allow a tragedy like the Great War—a civilization, too, that lives so comfortably and so cynically in the presence of such glaring evils as our social and industrial life admittedly contains. It is also a revolt against the sham, unreality, make-believe, and insincerity, with which our modern life too largely abounds. As one speaker at Stockholm said, "To youth, too, much of our grown-up life is but an imposing facade." Youth is inclined to ask us how much we mean by what we say and do.

Seldom does the movement mean unlimited self indulgence. Too, often, perhaps some of our young folks fancy that the Youth Movement is an excuse for letting themselves into wild dissipation. No. It is true, that it appears freakish many times. True also, it demands reality and freedom, but it is too terribly serious for frivolity and personal selfishness. It has little affinity for jazz and flapperism.

What can the Youth Movement do? It shows a tendency to run away from life's problems and just dream. This, however, may merely correspond to the forty years of preparation in the wilderness in the life of Moses. To some older heads it seems like a dodging of discipline, and without discipline the work of our modern life would soon stop. If a community demands hard coal for domestic fuel, then it condemns a fraction of its members to spend most of their working hours delving in the mines. If it insists on shoes and automobiles, other thousands must spend their days (or nights) in the deadening round of the factory among the machines. If we demand freedom from this, then we must be prepared to forgo its fruits in de-

sirable material accessories to life. Everything has its price.

Occasionally it appears as if the movement questioned whether the wages of sin are really death. It is willing to try it. The old generation knows. Must we always learn by experience? Is vicarious experience never sufficient? Perhaps not.

So far the movement has done exactly nothing. It is up in the air—simply questioning, mentally experimenting. It is a grand aspiration. Is it an inspiration with more of truth to reveal than experience has vouchsafed to gray hairs? We look on with fear and hope—fear that we may be disappointed in its real promise, and hope that it may bring us as one commentator says to “the morning hours of a renaissance.”

DYNAMIC IDEAS

ELMER AKERS

It has been said that human history may be told in the biographies of a few great men. It might also—and perhaps even more fully—be told in the history of a few great ideas. Ideas are the pivots upon which the wheels of human activity—political, religious, social, and even commercial—turn. To trace the development of a great idea from its conception to the present, would take us through the most portentous human errors, and its most signal triumphs. Reflect, if you will, upon the amazingly interesting books that might be written tracing the influence upon mankind, of the following ideas: Pantheism, Monotheism, Nebular Hypothesis, Browning's Doctrine of Imperfectability, Theory of Relativity, Christian Love.

I feel that many biographers fail to account fully for the movements of their subject because they fail to recognize and estimate the paramount importance of ideas. They endeavor to show how this or that circumstance, or how this or that inborn trait has impelled to such and such an action, whereas the real cause was an idea. No man, great or small, performs an act, conscious or unconscious, that has not first been performed in his own mind. A deed is the replica of the original which is an idea.

It would be the greatest revelation pos-

sible to any man to read the story of his own life—each chapter devoted to the results of a certain idea. How careful he would be thereafter in choosing his ideas, and in discriminating between those he would cultivate, and those he would relegate to an obscure chamber of his mind! I can imagine no greater error in the lives of men than the promiscuous adoption of ideas. Many a life has evolved a pitiful tragedy of character because of a pernicious or perverted idea. Very often a man's ideas of life and purpose are not evil, they are merely mediocre or trivial; yet they are scarcely less a curse, because they usurp the mind and dissipate its energies; they prevent the adoption and fruition of redemptive and ennobling ideas.

It is the same with nations. Consider the selfish idea of military supremacy which recently bore fruit in the most colossal tragedy of human relations. And may I ask, is there need that America consider whether she is permitting the ideas of self-aggrandizement to blind her to the opportunities for world service and human uplift?

A man may make himself just about what he wills, by choosing appropriate thoughts. Meticulous ideas of etiquette, the latest styles, and popular jazz songs can produce only a dandy dude. Ideas of service and Christ-like ideals can produce only a Christ-like character. The principles upon which ideas bear fruit are mathematically exact. How appallingly serious is the fact! And yet how good! When the world provides its high-school youth with a book which will make plain to them the results of ideas and their own power of choice in the matter, mankind will come nearer its own.

One writes: “I was rummaging along the seashore, gathering treasures of stone and shell. High on the beach lay a shell more beautiful than any I had seen. I said to myself, That shell is safe enough: I can pick it up as I return. So I wandered along, but when I returned to pick up my most beautiful shell I found a high wave had swept it back into the bosom of the sea.”

The wave of another year is coming in, dear fellow workers! Let us not fail to pick up the beautiful shells of opportunity of which life is so full!—*Selected.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

TO LIVE

Live! Live! Live! and be glad that the sky is blue;
Breathe your share
Of the sweet, pure air
That God has provided for you.
Give! Give! Give! of whatever you have and hold;
A word is worth while
And even a smile
Is good for its weight in gold.
Work! Work! Work! and be glad there is work to do;
Do your best,
And leave the rest
To God, who believes in you.
Love! Love! Love! and be richer, far, for the giving;
Grow each day
In some good way
And life will be worth living.

—M. Van Campen.

CHRISTMAS AT LIUHO

DEAR RECORDER FRIENDS:

According to schedule I am due to write a letter to you, and I am rather glad that it is so. Among the Christmas letters which I have received, several have spoken of watching the RECORDER for letters from us. One enjoys writing letters which are eagerly watched for.

Dr. Palmborg said that I should tell you about our Christmas festivities. That is a pleasure, too, because this year we were rather more Christmasy than usual. To tell you all about it, I must go back a year.

You will remember what Dr. Palmborg wrote you of our last year's Christmas eve. We were sitting at the table in the two by four room which served us as dining room and living room in those days of repair. We had finished supper and were happily looking over a very abundant bunch of Christmas mail when we had some stranger callers who invited us to a lovely Christmas dinner on a houseboat.

That experience has had its aftermath. Mr. Starr and his aunt, Miss Vander Starr, have remained our friends and have visited

us numerous times. Mr. Starr is president of the Asia Life Insurance Company and of the American Asiatic Underwriters of Shanghai. Of course, he has in his employ numerous Chinese young men.

One of these young men, a Mr. Tsiang, was in very poor condition from tuberculosis and other troubles. Mr. Starr conceived the idea of bringing him out here for treatment. He came, and after the first difficulties of adjustment to new surroundings he was kind enough to improve quite rapidly.

This encouraged his employers, and they have sent other of their employees until at Christmas time we had six of their young men here besides one from The International Dispensary (a drug store) and one from Anderson Myer's drug department of Shanghai. There was also a young man from a neighboring town. All of these, excepting one, were tuberculosis cases, and so here for rather long periods. They were also all able to be about.

They took a great deal of interest in our Christmas plans, and when they saw the nurses making decorations for the house and hospital they were not going to be outdone. So they went to work and decorated the porch of the men's ward until it looked as though it had been arranged for a wedding. Both the girls and the men were very clever at making paper flowers, paper chains, and wreaths; and the whole place was decorated as never before.

One of the cleverest things that the men made was a rabbit lantern made from a duck's egg shell. The shell had very small holes drilled in it so that the paper head and tail could be fastened on. The hair was made of very finely cut white paper and the mouth, nose, and eyes painted. It was hung by fine wire to a striped handle on the end of which was a little colored paper windmill and below was an elaborate paper tassel. They had little tin oil lamps made so that they could really light the lanterns. They made seven or eight of these much to the delight of the children and others.

There had been a Christmas planned for the mission children in Shanghai, so the Thorngate family would not be here Christmas eve, therefore we planned our celebration for the hospital for Wednesday night.

We had it in the house and nearly all the patients were able to attend. It was very democratic—patients, servants, children, everybody, all together having a good time. Dr. Palmborg had borrowed an evergreen tree from some one's graveyard, and we had something for everyone. We began with the Christmas story, a hymn or two, and a prayer. Then Mrs. Thorngate gathered the children all about her and played games with them while the older ones amused themselves around the tree. There was not a dull moment, for everyone entered gaily into the fun.

Mr. Starr and Miss Vander Starr had driven out for supper and spent the evening with us. They came laden with gifts, among other things a box of apples for the men and some splendid books for us. Brier also had a real train of cars which ran on a track. But still more than this, after all the distribution was over Mr. Starr asked for the floor and, in a neat speech of appreciation of what the men had received here, he presented the hospital with a one-hundred dollar bill. Thus ended the first festivity.

Christmas day Dr. Palmborg entertained her women and their children or little brothers and sisters at her rooms. The girls and I went over and helped some in making candy and leading in games. It was a jolly occasion and everybody enjoyed it, although some of the girls were too bashful to enter very heartily into the fun. They will get over that when they have had more chance to know how to play. Dr. Palmborg gave them a talk about the meaning of Christmas, and everybody had some candy and fruit to take home with them.

Sunday afternoon we entertained the yearly church meeting at Dr. Thorngate's house. The Christmas decorations were still there and we had candy, oranges, and apples for everybody in addition to the usual refreshments. There were also gifts for all the children from a box sent by some of the Plainfield friends. We had a very jolly time which everyone seemed to enjoy, after which we had the usual business meeting. Rev. Eugene Davis and Mrs. Crofoot were here; and they together with Dr. and Mrs. Thorngate sang some college songs, which caused a lot of merriment in spite of language differences.

Take it all in all, our Christmas has been a very delightful one. The dear ones at home have not failed to add their share to our happiness. As a result my drawer is well filled with unanswered letters, although I made a point of answering every one of the old ones before Christmas. I am glad to have them, just the same, and I hope that I shall answer them so promptly that the drawer will be filled many times before another Christmas.

We are greatly blessed in having so many thoughtful friends in the homeland, and we want to thank them many times over for all they do for us. We want to thank our Father, too, for giving them the kind hearts that they have.

Yours in the Master's service,
GRACE CRANDALL.

January 7, 1926.

REPORT OF TREASURER OF WOMAN'S BOARD

Mrs. A. E. Whitford,
in account with

The Woman's Executive Board
For three months ending December 31, 1925

Dr.	
Mrs. A. B. West, lantern slides	\$ 4.75
Mrs. A. B. West, expenses Conference program..	7.32
Davis Printing Company, circular letters and letter heads	11.50
Correspondence expenses of officers for year ...	38.00
S. H. Davis, salaries Miss Burdick and Miss West	475.50
Mrs. W. D. Burdick, expenses to meeting of General Federation of Women's Boards	1.85
Mabel West, expenses to Northwestern Association	11.50
Milton College Thanksgiving offering	2.50
	<u>\$552.92</u>
Cash on hand December 31, 1925	7.39
	<u>\$560.31</u>

Cr.	
To cash on hand September 30, 1925	\$ 11.91
Harold R. Crandall, treasurer Onward Movement	464.40
Harold R. Crandall—	
Milton Junction Church for China	6.50
Verona, N. Y. Boys' School	5.00
Verona, N. Y., Girls' School	5.00
New York City Church, Girls' School	5.00
Albion, Wis., Missionary and Benevolent Society, Miss Burdick's salary	15.00
Alfred, N. Y., Woman's Evangelical Society, Woman's Board expense	8.00
Dodge Center, Minn., Mrs. E. L. Ellis, unappropriated	2.00
Dodge Center, Minn., Mrs. E. L. Ellis, Milton College, Thanksgiving	2.50
Gentry, Ark., Ladies' Aid	5.00
Walworth, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society	30.00
	<u>\$560.31</u>

The Treasury Department is trying to find paper money that lasts longer. Sometimes the Treasury Department seems almost human.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

MRS. THANKFUL C. CHILDS

Thankful Andrus Childs died at her home in Farina, Ill., February 4, 1926, at the age of ninety-six years, four months, and seventeen days.

Friday, January 22, while about her duties she fell, so bruising the muscles of her hip and thigh that the doctor advised

retained her faculties to the very end of life, and in many ways showed to those about her, her appreciation of their kind and loving attention.

She is the last of her father's family and the last of her own family. She is survived by three grandchildren: Wallace Maxson, Garden Grove, Calif.; Mrs. Eva McClain, Gentry, Ark.; Mrs. Sylvia Clubb, Dinuba, Calif., and fourteen great grandchildren, and a large circle of friends and neighbors.

Funeral services were held at the Seventh Day Baptist church in Farina, February 5, at 1.30 p. m., conducted by her pastor, Rev. C. L. Hill, and interment was made in the family lot in the Farina Cemetery.

The following story of her life was dictated by her to Mary S. Andrews in 1920.

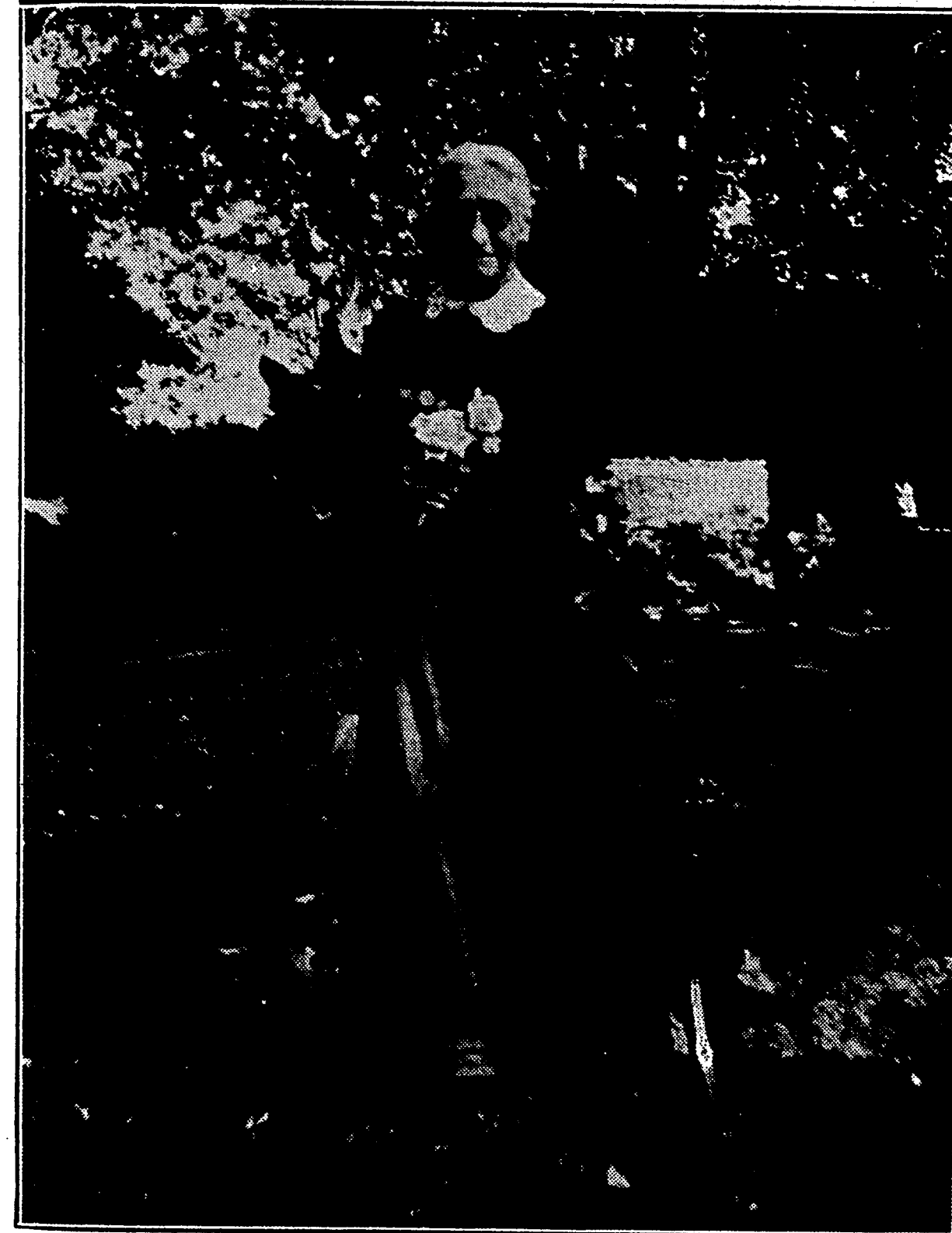
"Thankful Cobb Andrus, the daughter of Elder Leman and Wealthy Ann (Cobb) Andrus, was born September 17, 1829, at Hampton, N. Y., where her father served as pastor of the Baptist Church for six years. She had a sister Emily

and a brother John, both older than herself, and a sister who died in infancy. complete rest in bed until the injured tendons should have time to heal. She contracted a cold, pneumonia set in, and in spite of the most faithful attendance of relatives, friends, and neighbors, she fell asleep after the most valiant struggle to overcome the disease.

Her patience in her illness was characteristic of her long life of patient service. She

and a brother John, both older than herself, and a sister who died in infancy.

"When Thankful was a year and a half old her father 'took up' one hundred fifty acres of unimproved land in Niagara County, six miles west of Lockport, five miles from Pendleton, and eighteen miles from Niagara Falls. Here he built a log house, moved his family into it, and lived



there twenty-four years, from 1831 to 1855. It took many years of hard work to pay for the place, his wife and children sharing in the labor as they could. After some years a railroad was built across his farm, and a station built nearby was called Pendleton Center.

"In the spring of 1840 Thankful was baptized by her father and joined the Baptist Church for which her father was preaching, near his home. When she was fourteen years old her father was converted to the Sabbath; after which his wife and his parents accepted it, but she did not definitely begin the observance of the Sabbath until six years later when she was twenty years old. She had little opportunity for schooling, but attended school as much as she could, in a log schoolhouse; and when she was seventeen years old taught a summer school of five months near her home.

"She helped with the work of the family, which included making cheese, spinning wool, and weaving it into cloth, and helped in the field when her father was called away to a funeral or other meeting.

"Her father began giving her lessons on his melodeon, but they had to be discontinued for lack of time, as her mother was taken ill with a year's illness. She enjoyed the melodeon and would have been glad to continue playing had it been possible.

"On May 21, 1851, Thankful was married to Alonzo W. Childs, by her father, at their home, going to Niagara Falls the same day for a wedding journey. After their marriage they lived at Pendleton, Friendship, Perry, and Richburg, until 1867, when they came to Farina, where he died in 1888. They had three children, born in New York State: Wealthy, Harmon, and a little son who did not live long enough to be given a name.

"While living at Friendship Mrs. Childs united with the Nile Seventh Day Baptist Church nearby, under the pastorate of Elder Joel C. West. When she moved to Farina she transferred her membership from the Nile to the Farina Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she is still a faithful member, regularly attending the Sabbath services and assisting in its financial obligations.

"Since the death of her husband she has lived alone much of the time. Her parents

moved to Farina in 1868, and spent nearly all their life here after that time. After her mother's death her father lived with her on her farm for two years, until he died in 1890, at the age of ninety-three years and four months.

"For many years Mrs. Childs has lived in the village. She has worked hard and lived plainly, to which, in addition to heredity, she attributes her long life. Her father's Andrus ancestors for several generations lived to be almost one hundred and some of them more than one hundred years old. Mrs. Childs mentions the avoidance of tea and coffee during the most of her life as one probable cause of her good health and long life.

"A very prominent trait of her character is her appreciation of the little acts of kindness done for her by her friends and neighbors."—*The Farina News*.

HEAVEN

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

(Sermon to the boys and girls, Plainfield, N. J., February 13, 1926)

Text: *And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.*—Zechariah 8:5.

I do not think my Plainfield boys and girls think the streets, even of our quiet and beautiful city, would be a safe place in which to play. I am sure your mothers and fathers would be afraid for you to make a regular playground of the streets. You all know our city engineer, Mr. Vars, for you see him at church every Sabbath; and you know he will make the streets as safe as he can. But after all, streets are made to travel on and not to play in. And just because so many people travel the streets, the streets are not safe as a place to play.

We read in the Bible that a long time ago a good man said that a time would come when old men and old women could sit in the streets of the city, and when boys and girls could play there and not get hurt. Now, when that was written there was no comfortable place for old people to sit and no very safe place for boys and girls to play. They couldn't play in the country, because the country was full of robbers. The people built great walls about the cities to keep the robbers out; but then the streets

were narrow and crowded, and the cities were not safe for children, or for old people who have to lean on a cane. But this good man—this prophet of God—dreamed of a city somewhere in the good time to come, where the boys and girls could play in the streets and be happy all day and never get hurt or be sick or anything. Now, the prophet must have been telling about heaven. A city was the safest place he knew about, and he thought of heaven as a beautiful city and a safe place for children.

A little boy had typhoid fever and had been sick a long time. When he began to get better, he was very hungry. But he could not have all he wanted to eat because he would have eaten too much, and he would have been very sick again. One day when he was so hungry that he could hardly stand it at all, he said to his mother, "Mother, can I have just all the bread and butter I want in heaven?" And his mother answered him, "Yes, my dear boy, you can have all the bread and butter you want in heaven." And her answer was right, for in heaven no one will have to go hungry any more.

One day I was riding on the train with a man who said he did not believe in heaven at all or any hereafter. He said he didn't like the city anyhow; and then he added: "This is the kind of heaven I should like—a road with trees growing on both sides, their tops coming together over the road, and birds singing in the trees; and on either side of the road beautiful green fields, and cattle lying in the shade. That," said he, "is the kind of heaven I should like." He looked as if he expected me to say, "But that isn't what the Bible teaches about heaven."

He was just about to leave the train, and as I bade him good-bye I said to him, "If we never meet again in this world I hope we shall meet in heaven—the heaven you have just described, and which you like so much. Perhaps we can lie down under the trees in the soft, green grass, and talk things over."

For another good man has told us in the Bible about a river, and trees where "they shall reign for ever and ever." People, then, who love the country may think of heaven as a beautiful country.

Some years ago I dreamed that I went home, back to my boyhood home. I walked

up through the meadow, and the grass was green and beautiful and as soft as velvet. The hillside in front of the old home was lighted up like gold. As I approached the house I saw all the members of the family. Although one of them had been gone from earth for a number of years, and another had gone more recently, they were all there to welcome me home; and the whole place was glorified and radiant. I awoke and with great joy I said in my heart, "That is heaven—to go home and find them all there." Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many abiding places." Heaven is a place where we shall meet our friends and make new friends, and live friendly lives with good and happy people.

Did you ever see the sunset clouds when they looked like very gates opening into heaven? In *Uncle Tom's Cabin* we read about little Eva and Uncle Tom who sat looking upon "one of those intensely golden sunsets which kindles the whole horizon into one blaze of glory." "Where do you suppose new Jerusalem is, Uncle Tom?" said Eva. "Oh, up in the clouds, Miss Eva." "Then I think I see it," said Eva. "Look in those clouds!—they look like great gates of pearl; and you can see beyond them—far, far off—it's all gold." . . . "Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I'm going there."

"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

Christ was a home missionary, in the house of Lazarus.

Christ was a foreign missionary, when the Greeks came to him.

Christ was a city missionary, when he taught in Samaria.

Christ was a Bible school missionary, when he opened up the Scriptures and set men to studying the Word of God.

Christ was a children's missionary, when he took them in his arms and blessed them.

Christ was a missionary to the poor, when he opened the eyes of the blind beggar.

Christ was a missionary to the rich, when he opened the spiritual eyes of Zaccheus.

Even on the cross, Christ was a missionary to the robber, and his last command was the missionary commission.—*Amos R. Wells*.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

ANGER AND REVENGE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
March 13, 1926

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—An old sin (Gen. 4: 1-8)
Monday—Leave vengeance to God (2 Thess. 1: 1-10)
Tuesday—The Christian spirit (Eph. 4: 31, 32; 5: 1, 2)
Wednesday—Forgive (Matt. 18: 15-22)
Thursday—Pray for enemies (Matt. 5: 43-48)
Friday—No overnight anger (Eph. 4: 26, 27)
Sabbath Day—Topic: How overcome the spirit of anger and revenge? (Matt. 5: 21-26; Rom. 12: 14-21)

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

Many terrible crimes have been committed by people who were in a fit of anger. They acted impulsively, without thinking of what the consequences would be. After the deed has been done, and they "come to themselves," they are sorry; but often it is too late to right the wrong. How can this spirit of anger be overcome?

Jesus said, "Love your enemies." It is very difficult to love those who have done wrong to you. Yet it is possible to cultivate love for your enemies, and the love of Christ in your hearts will enable you to do this love works wonders. So if we substitute the spirit of love for the spirit of anger and revenge, our enemies will become our friends. Let us ask Christ to help us do this.

Battle Creek, Mich.

THE INTERMEDIATE CORNER

PAUL S. BURDICK
Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent
FROM THE FIELD

We learn from the *Quarterly Visitor* of the Milton Church, of the activities of the Milton intermediates. They are spending twenty minutes of each meeting hour on the mission book, *The Man From An Afri-*

can Jungle. They are also engaged in the RECORDER Reading Contest. Good work, Milton.

The *Pep-O-Gram* informs us that the Nile intermediates have elected Richard Wells for president for the coming year. Pastor Hurley S. Warren is the superintendent.

Topic for Sabbath Day, March 13, 1926

THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD COMRADES. PS.
I: 1-6

No topic that we have had in a long time is any more important for young people of high school age than the one we have today. There are two great decisions that are often made at this age. One is to become a Christian, and the other, the choice of a life work. But the choice of companions is a matter that comes up almost every day for us to settle, and is almost as important as these two.

We do not mean that it is necessary for a person to be snobbish or lacking in courtesy toward all. But there are some whose thoughts are pure and whose speech is clean. We learn to trust them more fully than many others, and enjoy being in their presence.

The Psalm we have today expresses in three words our attitude toward different classes of people. "Walketh. . . standeth. . . sitteth." We may be friendly to all, but those with whom we will walk, or will stand and talk, are more than those we are willing to engage in heart-to-heart conversation in the privacy of our homes.

"Perhaps I can help him," we often say, as an excuse for making a friend of a person whose standards of goodness are not so high as ours. And that may be true. But it does not take long to find out whether we are helping him or he is dragging us down to his level. If it is the latter, then the time has come to end the friendship.

THE ILLUSTRATION OF THE MAGNET

This would be a good object lesson for the leader to use in the meeting, if a magnet can be secured. Put into a dish some small objects made of different materials. A steel needle, an iron tack, a copper penny, a brass screw or nail, a pin (which is commonly made of brass tinned over), a piece

of cloth, wood shavings, buttons, paper, piece of rubber, lead, aluminum, and so on. It will be found that the only material to be attracted by the magnet is iron or steel. So like attracts like, and the life that is Christ-like will attract to itself those that are like-minded, and will in turn be attracted to Christ.

Rockville, R. I.

PLAINFIELD INTERMEDIATES

Last fall when a Senior Christian Endeavor society was organized in the Plainfield Church, the entire Intermediate society joined with a number of the older young people to make up the membership of the new society. A new Intermediate society was then organized, composed of the older juniors.

Our society is small, but very much alive. We have only seven members, but there is very seldom one absent, and each one takes part in every meeting. Pastor Bond is the superintendent and members take turns in leading, in alphabetical order. Given in that order, following are the names of the members: Wilna Bond, Helen Davis, Iva Ellis, Kenneth Lewis, Charles North, Eleanor Olsbye, and Helen Whitford.

Now that we have taken our place in the "Intermediate Corner" in the SABBATH RECORDER, we hope others will join us, and be chatty.

JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

SUGGESTIONS FOR MARCH 13

Remember that the testimonies are to be favorite verses from the daily readings. Today we make another torch, this time for Moses; and the lesson we will emphasize is that of willing obedience.

Do not take the time to tell the story of Moses' life, but tell only such parts as will bring out his willing obedience. Moses showed his willing obedience at the time of the burning bush when God spoke to him; his visits to Pharaoh to seek freedom for his people; his guidance and care in their journey toward the Promised Land; the giving of the Ten Commandments and Moses' talk with God on Mount Sinai; the building of the tabernacle. Show the jun-

iors that even today God is speaking to us through the teachings in the Bible, and we can be like Moses and willingly obey God's teachings.

Ashaway, R. I.

NOTICE—TITHERS—NOTICE

Every tither whose name is on my list has received, or will receive, a card from me. If no card comes to you, then you will know that something is wrong. Either your society hasn't a Tenth Legion Superintendent, or he hasn't sent in his report or he doesn't know that you are a tither. Now get busy and line up some plan.

The following societies have reported: Verona, Salem, Milton Junction, Fouke, Waterford, New Auburn, Marlboro, New York City, Farina, New Market, Ashaway, Dodge Center, North Loup, Andover, Detroit.

Now about the account book. I like to keep account of all the money I spend—it's the only business-like way to do. Why should we not record the spending of our tithe? This may be a new idea to most of you, but won't you try it? At the end of the year we could then estimate what per cent of the tithe is being used for each cause. Perhaps we will find that that is the reason we are behind financially in some departments. This systematic way of contributing will have its results. Make your own account-book and try it.

If you don't know whether I have your name send it to me anyway now.

BERTRICE BAXTER.

*380 Cridge St.,
Riverside, Calif.*

It is related that a certain benevolent man had an unsympathetic, glum friend, to whom the world seemed cold, uncharitable and matter-of-fact. This man had often tried to win his friend to a better state of mind and heart. Finally one Christmas he induced his friend to join with him in distributing gifts to others. When the day was over the crusty man's heart was melted and transformed by service and sacrifice (for he was not rich), and he jubilantly exclaimed:

"Why, there must have been real joy for Christ in dying on the cross!"—*Selected.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

MOSES

ELISABETH KENYON

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
March 13, 1926

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Moses, the fighter (Exod. 2: 11-15)
Monday—Moses, the humble man (Num. 12: 3)
Tuesday—Moses, the courageous (Exod. 5: 1, 2)
Wednesday—Moses' great torch (Exod. 20: 1-17)
Thursday—Moses, man of prayer (Deut. 3: 23-29)
Friday—Moses, who saw God (Exod. 33: 18-23)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Moses, who held the torch high for his people (Exod. 3: 1-10)

[The lesson we are teaching the Juniors today is that great characteristic in Moses' life—willing obedience. So instead of having the leader tell the story of Moses' life, which all juniors should know, let the leader read this story of obedience. It was taken from *The Bible in Lesson and Story* by Ruth Nowry Brown.—E. K.]

JUST AS WELL

"Be sure, my child," said the widow to her little daughter, "that you always do just as you are told."

"Very well, mother."

"Or, at any rate, do what will do just as well," said the small housedog, called So-so, as he lay blinking at the fire.

One day the widow was going out on business, and she called her little daughter and said to her: "I am going out for two hours. You are too young to protect yourself and the house, and So-so is not as strong as Faithful was. But, when I go, shut the house-door and bolt the big wooden bar, and be sure that you do not open it for any reason whatever till I return. If strangers come, So-so may bark, which he can do as well as a bigger dog. Then they will go away. With this summer's savings I have bought a quilted petticoat for you and a duffle coat for myself for winter; and, if I get the work I am going after today, I shall buy enough wool to knit warm stockings for both of us. So be patient

till I return, and then we will have the plum-cake that is in the cupboard for tea."

"Thank you, mother."

"Good-bye, my child. Be sure to do just as I have told you," said the widow.

"Very well, mother."

Little Joan laid down her doll and shut the house-door and fastened the big bolt. It was very heavy, and the kitchen looked gloomy when she had done it. She got into the rocking-chair to put her doll to sleep. After a time she grew tired of this.

"It's a beautiful day," said little Joan. "I wish mother had allowed us to sit on the door-step. We could have taken care of the house—"

"Just as well," said So-so. "The air smells fresh," he continued.

Little Joan came to smell the air at the keyhole, and, as So-so had said, it smelt very fresh. Besides, one could see from the window how fine the evening was.

"It's not exactly what mother told us to do," said Joan, "but I do believe—"

"It would do just as well," said So-so.

By and by little Joan unfastened the bar and opened the door, and she and the doll and So-so went out and sat on the door-step.

"It does just as well, and better," said little Joan; "for, if any one comes, we can see him coming up the field path."

"Just so," said So-so, blinking in the sunshine.

Suddenly Joan jumped up. "Oh!" cried she, "there's a bird, a big bird. Dear So-so can you see him?"

"I'll catch him," said So-so, and he put up his tail and started off.

"No, no!" cried Joan. "You must stay and take care of the house and bark if any one comes."

While they were talking, an old woman came up to the door; she had a brown face and black hair and a very old red cloak.

Good evening, my little dear," said she. "Are you all at home this fine evening?"

"Only three of us," said Joan, "I, and my doll, and So-so. Mother has gone to the town on business, and we are taking care of the house; but So-so wants to go after the bird we saw run into the corn. I should like to go after it myself, but we can't leave the house."

"I have some distance to do this eve-

ning," said the old woman, "but I do not object to a few minutes' rest; and sooner than that you should lose the bird I will sit on the doorstep to oblige you, while you run down to the corn-field."

They did not catch the bird, though they stayed longer than they had intended. When they reached the house, the old woman had gone; and she had taken the quilted petticoat and the duffle coat and the plum-cake from the top shelf, away with her, and was never seen again.

When the widow returned home and found what had happened, she felt very sad; for she did not know where she could get more clothes to take the place of the ones the old woman had stolen; and, what was worse, her daughter had not obeyed and done what her mother had said.

"For the future, my child," said the widow, "I hope you will always do just as you are told, whatever So-so may say."

[How does this story compare with the story of Moses? What would Moses have done?—E. K.]

Ashaway, R. I.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

Park Taylor and Greg Haver, sitting on a bench near the little box-stove whose hot flanks filled the mountain cabin with a comfortable warmth, lifted their heads with a jerk. Both had been half asleep. The sound of crunching footsteps came from the snow-piled yard.

"Somebody is coming!" Park exclaimed.

Greg was the first to reach the door. He admitted a muffed, fur-coated figure.

"Why, hello, dad!" the boy exclaimed in happy surprise, as he took the medicine case from the mission doctor's mittened hands. Park helped remove the heavy overcoat. "We weren't expecting you today. Had we known you were coming we would have met you with the dog team."

"I returned one day sooner than I expected" the doctor explained. He pulled off the thick mittens and held a pair of delicate, slender hands over the hot stove. "Had a chance to ride in on the postcarrier's sleigh. He brought me as far as Three Corners' store. It's a bit cold outside—thirty below right now—and still falling." The physician dropped wearily into a chair.

There was a look of dead-tiredness on his bearded face. "I should have remained a while longer over in the Sitku country—a number are sick—several ought to get back. I have been worrying about mother. How is she?"

"We think she's better," Greg reported. "Park and I have given her close attention. We've taken turns sitting up nights."

"I knew you would," the physician commended. "But I couldn't help worrying." At this juncture a woman's voice called feebly from an adjoining room.

"Yes, mother, I'll be right in," the doctor answered. His features took on an expression of sober concern as he fixed a keen gaze first on his son, then on Park. Both youths guessed there was something more on his mind than his anxiety for the sufferer in the home cabin.

"As I was getting out of the sleigh at Three Corners," he informed them, "Tom Mercer came from the store to tell me a phone message had just arrived from Sitku. Several influenza cases have developed since I left. Lodi Jalapa, son of Louis Jalapa, is very sick. You boys remember Lodi; his father served as our guide when we made our camping trip to Green Lake, last summer."

"I should say we do remember him!" Greg assured. "He saved Park and me from drowning the day our canoe capsized. He swam out to help us after we had yelled our heads off for Jude Millikin. Jude was closer by, but refused to come to our aid."

"Jude is the only real coward I've met in the North Country," Park brought in bitterly. "Now if he were the one who is sick—well—I don't like to say—"

"Then don't say it, Park," smiled the mission doctor kindly. "It must be Lodi who is so severely ill. Anyhow, Tom Mercer so informed me. I ought to go back—but to tell the plain truth, I'm worn out. Have had no sleep or rest for three days. I could send medicine—but I hardly know—"

"Listen, dad!" Greg cut in. "You get the medicine ready: Park and I can go. We know the trail, and we can use our own team."

"Sure we can go!" Park seconded. "Anyway, we owe Lodi something after what he did for us."

The look of dead weariness left the doctor's eyes. "You're a splendid pair of helpers," he said happily. "But you know, of course, it will be no pleasure trip—and you'll need a gun. The post carrier says it's a lucky thing he can make his run by daylight. And you will be going, understand, not only for Lodi, but for any and all who need—"

"We understand all that, dad" Park interjected. "We know, too, it will be no pleasure jaunt. It will be deep in the night before we reach Sitku. Park can take his automatic to use in case it's needed—which we hope it won't. Get the medicine case ready while we put the dogs into harness."

The youths began bundling themselves in wool and fur. They were eager for the trail, no matter what the danger. Both were imbued with the dauntless spirit of the North Country.

In less than half an hour the four huskies which made up the mission doctor's own outfit, were sending up short, sharp yelps as they waited in the yard, ready and harnessed to the sledge. A few minutes later the outfit carrying Greg and Park, went speeding over the frozen trail.

The route led first along the Chusana River, then lifted over a pine-bristling shoulder and climbed a high mountain divide. The air was biting cold, but there was little wind. No fresh snow had fallen for more than a week, so the path was beaten hard. The dogs were held to a slow jog on the long ascent, that they might have wind and stamina for the hard going later in the journey.

As only a small portion of the short Arctic day remained when the outfit left the mission post, a gray dusk soon fell. This was tinted with shades of lavender along the backbone of the ranges. But even this faint light soon faded and darkness dropped like an enveloping blanket—a rich, velvet blanket it was, that seemed to cover the world—a blanket jeweled with stars that scintillated and sparkled. Soon the Northern Lights began shooting their million pyrotechnics above Wrangel's ragged edge.

Park and Greg took turns running at the tail of the sleigh till the hump of the divide was reached. Near the summit the trail narrowed. In places it was but a high rock shelf running perilously along the face of

the sheer bluffs. Around these uncertain sections both boys walked.

Then came an open sweep down a broad, snow-covered slope. Both boys were riding now, and the outfit sped over the ridge with a fair prospect of reaching Sitku in record time. Then a new danger—though not an unexpected one—presented itself. A doleful, howling cry arose out of the night. At first it seemed only a part of the steel-gray Alaskan darkness.

But the dogs were not deceived. The team suddenly became restless as if pursued by an uneasy fear.

"Keep on, Heck! Steady, Juno!" Greg called to the lead dogs as he cast a keen glance rearward.

"Wolves!" Park muttered under his breath.

"You guessed it!" said the doctor's son. "Must be a big pack of the brutes, and they're swinging this way, straight on our trail. If you can beat them down the slope—"

He shouted to the dogs, giving his long whip a resounding crack. The huskies threw all their strength and speed into the harness. The sleigh went singing over the frozen snow. Fast as it sped, the wolf pack came faster. It loomed on the white expanse, like a black, racing ominous shadow.

"Just three more miles to go!" spoke Greg. He shot another glance backward, and shouted again to the dogs:

"Keep on, Heck! Speed up, Pluto! Hi-yi!" Once again the long whip spun out and cracked like a rifle shot.

With renewed determination the panting huskies lowered their heads and gathered speed. Both Greg and Park realized that, at best, it would be an uneven race. Having already covered many miles, the dogs were fagging. The wolves came on, drawing relentlessly closer and closer. Above the singing of the sleigh runners on the hard-packed snow and the panting of the huskies, could be heard the muffled thumping of cushioned feet, the shrill, sharp yelps of the pursuing pack.

When the pursuers had almost reached the tail of the sleigh, Park drew the "bulldog" revolver from the pocket of his mackinaw. For a few moments his right hand was exposed to the biting cold as his fingers gripped the weapon and directed it straight

into the snarling faces of the hunger-maddened brutes.

"Bang! Bang!" With the loud-cracking report there came a howl of terror from the pack. One wolf dropped on the snow; and the others, snapping and snarling, pounced upon it.

The dog team became frantic. Greg could no longer hold them in line. He yelled and shouted and cracked the black whip in vain. At the critical moment when the wolf pack was repulsed, he lost control. Heck, the big leader, whirled from the trail, squared round and snarled savagely at his mates. Juno struck at his throat. For a time the two lead dogs threatened a vicious fight on their own account. The swift-moving sled struck the rear huskies, and the whole outfit piled up in a confused mass of snapping teeth, striking claws, and tangled leather.

Greg leaped out and jumped into the tangle.

"Get-up, Heck!" He cracked the whip in the dog's snarling face. "Out of this, Juno! Hi-yi! Keep on!"

The team finally got into line again and swung on down the slope. But soon like gaunt, gray shadows, the wolves again took up their relentless pursuit. The carcass of their fallen comrade had served to stay them only for a brief time; and they came on, their fangs only tantalized by the taste of blood.

"Just one more mile!" muttered Greg. "Give them the lead, Park, if they crowd too close. We must hold them back a little while longer!"

The wolf pack quickly shortened the distance between its slathering muzzles and the tail of the sleigh. Once again the "bulldog" pistol spit a streak of fire into their snarling faces. Two more wolves went down. But most of the others pressed on, snapping and striking. Twice the sharp claws of one of the leaders reached Park's arm. The revolver cracked, and this one too, crumpled in the snow.

Again and again the short-muzzled weapon spoke—till its chamber was empty. Greg dropped it to the floor of the sleigh and drew on his mitten. Dismay seized him. He had no more shells. It seemed for a few uncertain moments as if the outfit would be overwhelmed by the pack. But

in those few moments, while the wolves fought and snarled over the last of their number the revolver had claimed, the dog team made good its opportunity to beat down the ridge. Lights twinkled in the darkness—glowing from cabin windows at the mountain's base.

Then suddenly they heard a deep-throated baying just ahead of them.

The leg-weary huskies were almost done. "Keep on, Heck! Keep on, Juno!" The sledge hurtled forward once more, only to slow down again after a pathetic sprint of a few yards. On came the pack for a final plunge.

Once more that deep-throated howl reached the ears of Park and Greg. Then a great black figure loomed out of the gray darkness, swept past the outfit and hurled itself like a thing of mad fury into the snarling pack.

"That's old Neptune, Lodi's great Dane!" Greg shouted happily. "He will clean 'em up!" Then he yelled encouragingly: "Sic 'em, Neptune! Eat 'em alive!"

Other dogs, howling and yelping, swept up from below to join in the melee till the snarling wolf-pack—or what was left of it—turned tail and ran for their lives.

Another figure appeared; and the voice of a youth, familiar in its quaint accent, called to the boys on the sleigh: "Bon soir! Medicine men!"

It was the voice of Lodi Jalapa—of Lodi, the brave, whom they had expected to find ill.

"Hello, Lodi! Can this be you?" Park and Greg answered in mingled amazement and gladness.

"Sure, much!" The little half-breed came closer and peered at the youths. "I hear da wolf brutes howl. So I say, somebody coom; Maybe, it ees Park and Greg. So meeny seeck folks—da be glad. You breeng medicine from white doctor?"

"Yes, we've brought medicine," Greg answered. "Father was worn out. But we expected to find you sick, Lodi. A message came to Three Corners saying you were ill with the flu—"

"Ho! Ho! Me seeck? But no! Jude Millikin—he ees seeck."

The dog team, glad of the chance to rest, had halted at the border of Sitku. Lodi leaned over the sled and held his face with-

in a few inches of Greg and Park's muffed features. When he had spoken he paused as if he well knew what effect his words would have on the two youths.

Greg turned and peered into the eyes of Park. Then the doctor's son replied for both: "Jude Millikin? What about him?"

Lodi answered in a voice scarcely audible: "Jude verree seeck—verree seeck. No get medicine to cure, maybe die. White doctor he go away; no can come back soon. Everybody say: maybe boys—they coom—but—"

Lodi hesitated, as if uncertain what more to say. Already the minds of Park and Greg were made up. Indeed, they had determined when they started on what they should do. In the low, almost musical voice of the half-breed, they recognized the spirit of the Northland—its bigness, its fairness, its squareness.

Though Park had been the one to declare that Jude Millikin was the only coward he had met in the North Country, he was now the first to give voice to the unselfish purpose that had brought them over the long trail: "We'll go at once to Jude's cabin. Show us the way, Lodi."

"Bon gre! Cher ami! I knew you would!" Lodi answered joyfully as he led off on the run.

—Boys' Comrade.

The honeysuckles came in red,
The violets in blue,
The daisies dressed in spotless white
Stepped shyly into view.
The sun smiled brightly as they stood
In patriotic pride;
To be a credit on this day
Each little flower tried.
So each stood proudly in its place
And waved the colors true,
That are beloved on land and sea—
The red, the white, the blue. —*Jewels.*

SCRIPTURE ALPHABET

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

Matthew 7: 1.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

Proverbs 4: 23.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

Psalms 103: 13.

MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY

"Time is money."

Ask your grandma what she thinks my grandma meant.

SAD FACTS

Of more than two thousand criminals received in the Ohio State Prison, not one could repeat the Ten Commandments.

Of fifty prisoners questioned in a New York penitentiary, only two could repeat the Ten Commandments. What woe will overtake those parents who have so shamefully neglected their children.—*Selected.*

HOME NEWS

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.—Members and friends of the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church of Brookfield, numbering over sixty, assembled at Odd Fellows hall on Sunday, February 7, 1926, enjoying an appetizing and bountiful dinner and good social visit.

The annual business meeting of the church was held in the afternoon. Reports from the different branches of church work showed growing interest and activities, especially among the young people.

The older members of the primary Sabbath school have been promoted to form an intermediate class under the supervision of Pastor Simpson. There are yet twenty-three names on the primary roll.

The adult Sabbath school has had an average attendance of twenty. There are seven members of the home department, and eleven names on the cradle roll. Over \$100 has been contributed, which, besides paying for lesson helps, has been given for county and denominational work.

The Junior Christian Endeavor society has been divided, the older members organizing an Intermediate C. E. society. Both societies are doing good work in developing useful lives and training for church work. A quartet is helping in the choir.

The Woman's Missionary Society has served eight dinners, two suppers, held three bake sales, and the annual holiday sale, supper and entertainment. Over \$300 has been raised. The interior of the parsonage has been newly painted and papered, a new cook stove and "heatrola" have been purchased for the parsonage, largely from

this fund, and other home and denominational work has been aided.

The good work of Pastor Wm. M. Simpson is appreciated. He is asked to continue as pastor, with an increase in salary.

During the year six names have been added to the church membership—one by baptism, five by letter. Two members have been granted letters of dismissal to other churches, two have passed to the "great beyond."

L. A. Worden, G. Arthur Whitford, and Mrs. Elizabeth Crumb were elected trustees for three years.

Miss Ruth Brown was elected organist; Miss Dorothy Worden, assistant organist; Pastor Simpson, chorister; Alonzo Brooks to pump the organ; Kenneth Rogers, Donald Witter and Clair Cross, ushers.

The church is looking forward to entertaining the Seventh Day Baptist Central Association in June, and anticipate the benefits of Daily Vacation Bible School and Week-end Evangelistic Mission in the summer.—*Brookfield Courier.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Is still alive, though we have said nothing about it in the RECORDER of late.

We are a "peculiar people," out here in the "Land of the Setting Sun." Our church is not situated like any other within the range of our knowledge. We have mountains of difficulties to surmount that others have not. Because of these facts we do not do as other churches do. In some things we can not.

Our members are but few and widely scattered. There is but one family near the church excepting the pastor's. The most of the members live at long distances from the services. Some are twenty-five miles away; yet they are so much interested and so loyal that they are very regular and prompt in attendance at the Sabbath services.

Under these scattered conditions we can have no evening meetings, which we greatly regret. To offset this difficulty in some measure, we hold an all day Sabbath service, which is working out with very satisfactory results.

We have Sabbath school at 10 a. m.; preaching services at 11 a. m.; lunch at 12 m.; and Bible class at 1.30 p. m.

All bring their own lunch, as we did back in country district school days. We have a very pleasant time, and the interest has been remarkably good from the first.

Some of our eastern friends are here for the winter, whom we are glad to welcome. A number who attend our Sabbath meetings are not members with us, but we are glad indeed to have them among us. We act, and appear to feel, that we are all one.

Our afternoon Bible class follows no one's marked-out plan or schedule. We are studying the Bible solely for the sake of trying to know what it teaches; and not to follow out any man-made theory, nor what some one else thinks, or wants it to teach. We study with a "willing mind," with a prayerful spirit, and a desire to be led and instructed of God from his own textbook, that teaches the true "way of life." In prayer we ask to be illuminated in mind and heart by the Holy Spirit, who inspired the writing of the Book of God, that we may secure the thoughts and desires of our heavenly Teacher for us, that we may live them.

We began to study at the beginning of our textbook, Genesis 1: 1, and are following in its divinely planned order of teaching. We will be delighted if we may be able to follow on and on, until we reach its close with the closing chapter of Revelation.

We find that in following its teachings in this manner, that it unfolds, explains, and interprets itself. Scrupulous, unsystematic study of the Scriptures is very far from satisfactory in its work and results. It does not secure a clear understanding of Bible teachings, and of Jesus the Christ, the God-man of the cross, our only Savior, the central figure of its teachings.

After careful, prayerful thought and deliberation, we adopted a class motto, by a unanimous vote, which is a statement of our faith and confidence in our textbook and its divine Author. It is this:

"We accept the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, as the all-sufficient and only authority on all questions of religious faith and Christian living."

Very sincerely, in the name of "him whom not having seen, we love."

REPORTER.

(Continued on page 251)

SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

MINUTES OF SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD MEETING

A special meeting of the Sabbath School Board was held at the home of the secretary, Sunday afternoon, January 10, 1926, at two o'clock. President Erlo E. Sutton presided and the following trustees were present: E. E. Sutton, D. N. Inglis, H. W. Rood, A. E. Whitford, J. L. Skaggs, J. F. Whitford, M. G. Stillman and A. L. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Prof. D. N. Inglis.

The minutes of the last meeting were read.

The special committee appointed to present the call of the board to Rev. Willard D. Burdick to become editor-in-chief of the *Helping Hand* and field representative of the board, reported correspondence with Dr. Burdick in which he declined the call, since it was not thought wise for him to leave his present position. The report was adopted.

It was voted that the president appoint a committee of three to consider the matter of securing an editor for the *Helping Hand* and report at the next meeting. J. L. Skaggs, A. E. Whitford and D. N. Inglis were appointed as such committee.

After a full discussion of the report of the Committee on Field Work, it was unanimously voted that the Sabbath School Board extend a call to Rev. Erlo E. Sutton to become the field representative of the board.

The committee on revision of the courses of study for Vacation Religious Day Schools presented a preliminary report which was adopted as a report of progress. It was voted that the secretary be authorized to secure the needed stationery for the use of the board.

The minutes were read and approved.

Adjourned.

A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

MINUTES OF SPECIAL MEETING HELD FEBRUARY 14, 1926

A special meeting of the Sabbath School Board was held at the home of the secretary Sunday afternoon, February 14, 1926, at two o'clock. President Erlo E. Sutton presiding, and the following present: Trustees E. E. Sutton, G. M. Ellis, L. A. Babcock, Mrs. L. A. Babcock, M. G. Stillman, J. L. Skaggs, Edwin Shaw, H. W. Rood, D. N. Inglis, A. E. Whitford and A. L. Burdick. Visitor: Mrs. M. G. Stillman.

Prayer was offered by Hosea W. Rood. The minutes of the last meeting were read and the secretary announced the business that was to come before the meeting as stated in the call for the special meeting.

In this connection correspondence was read from Rev. Erlo E. Sutton, in which he indicated that he would accept the call of the Sabbath School Board to become its special agent and also submitted his resignation as a trustee of the Sabbath School Board and as its president. In accepting the call Pastor Sutton suggested that his term of office begin March 1 and that for the first four months his services be on half time and at one half salary, the other half of his time being given to the church of which he is pastor, and that after July 1, 1926, he would give full time to the board.

In view of the above facts it was voted that the resignations of Mr. Sutton be accepted.

The report of the special committee to consider the editorship of the *Helping Hand*, recommending that the position of editor-in-chief of the *Helping Hand* be included in the duties of Rev. Erlo E. Sutton, in case he accepts the invitation of the board to enter its employ, was presented and, on motion, was adopted.

On motion it was voted that the board comply with the suggestions made by Mr. Sutton, that for the first four months he be employed on half time. It was also voted that the position to which Mr. Sutton has been called be designated as "Director of Religious Education of the Sabbath School Board," and that he be paid an annual salary of \$1,600 and necessary expenses.

The resignation of Miss Ruth Marion Carpenter as editor of the Children's Page in the *SABBATH RECORDER*, was presented, and it was voted that the matter be placed

in the hands of the director of religious education with power to act.

It was voted that Robert E. Greene, Milton, Wis., a member of the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist Church, be elected a trustee of the board to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of E. E. Sutton.

On motion duly made and seconded, Prof. D. Nelson Inglis was elected president of the Sabbath School Board in the place of Rev. E. E. Sutton, resigned.

It was voted that the director of religious education be appointed a delegate to attend the quadrennial convention of the International Council of Religious Education, at Birmingham, Ala., at the expense of the board.

It was voted that Rev. Erlo E. Sutton be appointed a member of the Executive Committee of the International Council of Religious Education, and also that he be named as a member of the International Lesson Committee to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late William C. Whitford.

The minutes were read and approved.
Adjourned.

A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

HOME NEWS

(Continued from page 249)

WATERFORD, CONN.—Christmas exercises were held in the Waterford Church on Christmas eve. It was not a very cold night so that the church was well filled. A short, but good, program by the children was followed by the distribution of gifts by Santa and several assistants. The tree was unusually pretty, as it was adorned with colored lights in addition to the usual decorations. In accordance with the yearly custom, a free supper was served by the Ladies' Aid society. An especially fine spirit of friendliness and co-operation was manifest during the Christmas preparations this year.

On February thirteenth, at the regular Sabbath morning service, a roll call meeting was held. Deacon Charles Gardner, the church clerk, read the names and oral or written responses were received from a majority of the members, including two from Spokane, Wash., and one from

Stoneson Grant in Utah. Since this part of the service did not take as long as had been anticipated, the pastor preached his customary sermon to the boys and girls and a fine sermonette to the older members of the congregation on theme, "What is Your Aim?" Special music, including a solo by Miss Helen Maxson, and printed programs furnished by Mr. George Gavitt further marked the occasion. It is nearly sixteen years since the last roll call meeting was held, during the pastorate of Rev. Andrew Potter.

At two o'clock on Sunday, February fourteenth, the annual church business meeting was held at the church. In spite of rainy weather and very unpleasant traveling, there was a good attendance. Encouraging reports from the pastor and the various officers of the church, also the Sabbath school and Ladies' Aid society were presented. Officers for the ensuing year were re-elected with the exception of treasurer and one usher. On account of the serious illness of our former treasurer, Mr. H. M. Swinney, it was necessary to choose a new one.

With the assistance of C. S. Bailey, Y. M. C. A. secretary, the boys of the church have been organized into a Pioneer Club, called the James Rogers Club, from the first pioneer in this section. Under the leadership of Mr. Ogden the boys meet weekly from seven until eight-thirty on the evening after the Sabbath. The aim of the club is the four-fold development of the boys, religious, intellectual, social, and physical. The interest of the boys seems to promise fulfillment of its mission.

JOSEPHINE MAXSON.

THE BUSY SUN

The busy sun has much to do,
He is at work the livelong day;
He can not take a nap like us,
He can not stop to rest or play.
He helps the flowers and grass to grow,
He gilds all places, poor and plain;
He raises water from the seas,
To fill the clouds and send us rain.
He dries the puddles in the road,
He makes the nursery warm and bright,
And never goes to bed at night,
Yet though he must be very tired—
Across the sky is such a climb—
He never fails to mark the hour
That tells us when it's dinner time.
—The Herald and Presbytery.

MARRIAGES

SHOEMAKER-CAMPBELL.—At the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage, Marlboro, N. J., February 10, 1926, by Rev. Rolla J. Severance, Mr. Howard Shoemaker of Salem, N. J., and Miss Lucy W. Campbell of Shiloh, N. J.

DEATHS

CHILDS.—Mrs. Thankful Andrus Childs, daughter of Elder Leman Andrus, and widow of Alonzo W. Childs, died in Farina, Ill., on February 4, 1926, in the ninety-seventh year of her age. Extended life sketch elsewhere in this RECORDER. T. L. G.

BROWN.—Harriet Emma Oatley was the daughter of William and Harriet Oatley. She was born in South Kingston, March 24, 1842, and died January 24, 1926, in her eighty-fourth year.

She was married to Clarke A. Brown of Hopkinton, in 1859. The first two years of their married life were spent in Franklin, N. J., after which they came to Hopkinton, in 1862. Her husband died about twenty-eight years ago, and since that time she has had her youngest son Herbert living with her. There were five sons and one daughter, all of whom are living except Byron, who died in 1887.

Her cozy, old-fashioned home always held a welcome to the many friends. She was a busy, thrifty, and home-loving mother. When there was added to her family a motherless baby girl, she brought her up with all the affection that had been given her own children. The children now living are: Charles, of Westerly; Mrs. Lucy Alger, of Hopkinton; Edward, of Westerly; Otis, of Hope Valley; and Herbert, of Hopkinton. The adopted daughter is now Mrs. Marie Arzamarski of Hopkinton.

After a long and useful life, she was called home, after a sickness of only about a week. Funeral services were held at the home by Rev. Paul S. Burdick, pastor of the Second Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she was a member. Burial took place at the cemetery at Ashaway. P. B. S.

AUSTIN.—Clara J. Stillman Austin was born in West Union, N. Y., March 23, 1858, and died at the Jones Memorial Hospital, Wellsville, N. Y., February 7, 1926, after an operation for abdominal tumors.

She was a daughter of Ephraim and Larona Woods Stillman and has spent the most of her life in the town of Independence. She attended Alfred University. In 1877 she married Charles H. Austin, and to them were born two children;

Herman E. Austin of Prattsburg, N. Y.; and Mrs. Luella Chase of Whitesville, N. Y. She has two brothers: Alphaeus T. Stillman of Independence, and Owen R. Stillman of Friendship, N. Y.; and one sister, Mrs. J. B. Holcomb of Zearing, Iowa. These with the companion of her youth and a wide circle of friends mourn her departure.

When sixteen years of age she united with the Independence Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she remained a loyal member. Much of her life has been lived in Whitesville too far away from her home church to be a regular attendant, so she has entered actively into the church, fraternal, and community life of Whitesville and was active in the work of the Methodist Church of which her husband was a member. She was loyal to the Sabbath and a constant reader of the RECORDER. She will be greatly missed from the home and community in which she lived.

Farewell services largely attended were held at her late home in Whitesville, conducted by her pastor, Rev. Walter L. Greene, and by Rev. L. J. Engler, pastor of the Whitesville Methodist Episcopal Church. W. L. G.

OSGOOD.—Maude Irene Barber, daughter of George M. and Elmina M. Barber, was born in West Almond, September 5, 1886, and died in the Pleasant Valley Sanitarium, near Bath, December 28, 1925.

When she was about twelve years old she went with her family to Hebron, Pa., where the family resided for a time. It was here that she publicly professed Christ in some evangelistic meetings conducted by the late Dr. L. C. Randolph, and was baptized and united with the First Hebron Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Of her earlier experiences Mrs. Osgood said, "I can not remember the time when Jesus was not a part of my life. I learned of him at my mother's knee from my earliest memories. And throughout my childhood he was a very close and dear Friend, Companion, and Presence. To him I went with all my childish faults, troubles, and joys, talking with him as freely as to a companion of my own age."

In March of 1904, she was united in marriage to James R. Osgood of Galeton, Pa., where she went to do her part in the building of a happy Christian home. Later this home was gladdened by the birth of a son; but as sunshine is followed by shadow, this joy was followed by great sorrow in the death of Mr. Osgood. Thus in almost the very beginning of her married life Mrs. Osgood was left a sorrowing widow, to face the battle of life alone and earn the living for herself and little son.

Having a fondness for the care of the sick and suffering she prepared herself for the nursing profession and followed this loved work for fifteen years, when failing health forced her to accept the ministries which she had so unselfishly bestowed upon others.

Since 1921 Mrs. Osgood has been for the most of the time on a bed of sickness and pain. Yet, even during the lingering days of suffering, when she longed so much to go to her long rest, she was patient, always evincing a spirit of contentment and cheerfulness.

It was during my pastorate of the New York City Church that she accepted a responsible position as nurse in a home at Brentwood, L. I., and at my invitation united with the New York City Seventh Day Baptist Church.

The close confinement of her work in this home of sickness, continuing through a number of years, proved too much for her frail constitution and she broke under the strain, contracting the disease which was finally the cause of her death. In her faithful and unselfish service to others it may truly be said of her, "She hath done what she could," to lighten the burdens and pain of others. Naturally quiet and retiring in her ways she was not widely known, but in her circle of friends she was appreciated and deeply loved. She was a delightful correspondent, and the hundreds of letters and messages she sent to her friends always carried the spirit of good cheer and Christian love. She loved the Bible, finding in its messages, guidance, comfort, and inspiration for her life work. That comfort never left her. Even when racked with pain she found comfort in the assurance that "Underneath were the everlasting Arms."

From her cot in the Pleasant Valley Sanitarium, she could see the sunrise over the eastern hills and during the two years of her confinement there she had watched the green come back again to the beautiful hills which she loved. These hills and the sunshine meant much to her in her loneliness away from friends and always seemed prophetic of the beautiful hills of the far away, and the eternal sunshine of the homeland, for which she longed and towards which her spirit journeyed.

Mrs. Osgood is survived by her mother, Mrs. E. M. B. Allen of Alfred; her son Maxson of Long Island; one sister, Mrs. Minnie Mallory of Pennsylvania; one granddaughter, and a large circle of friends.

Funeral services were conducted in the Alfred church by pastors Ehret and Van Horn, and the body was laid to rest in the Alfred cemetery. E. D. V. H.

GREENE.—Grace Vars Greene, daughter of Dennis and Harriet Peckham Vars, was born in Berlin, N. Y., November 22, 1869, and died in Berlin, August 25, 1925.

Fred C. Greene, son of Joseph and Louise Lewis Greene, was born near West Hallock, Ill., November 30, 1867, and died in Berlin, N. Y., August 28, 1925.

The church at Berlin, N. Y., was much saddened by the deaths of this wife and husband occurring so closely together.

Grace Vars was one of five children left motherless when she was seven years of age, and she and her brother Frank went to live with their Uncle H. and Aunt Nancy Saterlee, who were like father and mother to them.

During the pastorate of Rev. B. F. Rogers, she was converted at a revival conducted by Rev. L. C. Rogers, and united with the Berlin Church. Sister Greene had been in very poor health for some time, but was always at church when her health permitted.

A very few hours after her death, her husband was stricken with paralysis, and died three days later.

While on a visit East, Mr. Greene met Miss Vars, and they were married October 26, 1892. One son was born to them, who died at the age of two years.

During a summer revival, conducted by Rev. J. G. Burdick, Rev. E. B. Saunders, and Pastor Seeley, Fred united with the Berlin Church, and was a faithful member until the time of his death. He is sadly missed by the choir, the church, and many friends.

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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.

They were both buried from the home of Mrs. Greene's sister, Mrs. Fred Simkin, their pastor, Elder L. A. Wing officiating, and were buried side by side in the Seventh Day Baptist Cemetery at Berlin, N. Y.

L. A. W.

HULL.—Jennie R. Buirley, second of four children of Richard and Harriet Buirley, was born at Jackson Center, Shelby county, Ohio, April 7, 1858; and fell asleep at 6.40 Sabbath morning, January 23, 1926.

During the pastorate of Rev. Hamilton Hull at Jackson Center, she met Richard E. Hull, whom she married March 16, 1874. Immediately after their marriage they came to Wisconsin, settling on a farm at Albion. Two years later they moved to Walworth, where their first child, Hattie, was born. Here Mrs. Hull, who had been raised in the Methodist Church, became a convert to the Sabbath, and was baptized in Lake Geneva by Rev. L. E. Livermore and joined the Walworth Seventh Day Baptist Church. Later this membership was transferred to the Rock River Church until it disbanded, when she became a member of the Milton Junction Church, of which she has remained a faithful, consistent member.

The following year, 1878, Mr. and Mrs. Hull with their one child traveled in a prairie schooner to Adell, Iowa, where their second child, Grace, was born. The year in Iowa was a disappointment to them, and they became homesick for Wisconsin; so packing all their material goods in the "covered wagon," and with many horses trailing behind, they journeyed back to Wisconsin.

The remainder of their married life has been spent in this vicinity. They retired from farming

fourteen years ago and have lived in the village of Milton since.

Mrs. Hull has been a most capable and affectionate wife and mother. To her the home was the center about which all the big things of life revolved. She possessed the rare gift of hospitality, and so her home became a place to which her many friends have loved to come.

Seven children came to bless their home: Mrs. Hattie Garthwaite, who passed away at Mercy Hospital, Janesville, August 8, 1923; Mrs. Grace Oakley, R. Loyal Hull, and Mrs. Fay B. Coon, of this village; Frank C. Hull of Avalon; Lester W. Hull of Milton Junction; and Mark H. Hull of Janesville. One grandson, Professor Carrol F. Oakley of Milton College, also lived in the home until young manhood and received the same loving care that she gave to her own children.

Mr. and Mrs. Hull celebrated their golden wedding on March 16, 1924, at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Fay B. Coon, where more than one hundred twenty-five relatives and friends gathered to help them enjoy this happy occasion.

Since the loss of her dear companion one year ago last October, Mrs. Hull's life has centered in her children. Two daughters have taken turns caring for their mother many months, Mrs. Oakley having come to live with her the past year and a half.

Besides the six children, Mrs. Hull leaves a sister, Miss Glendora Buirley of Jackson Center, Ohio; a brother, John, of Tucson, Arizona; twenty-two grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren, besides nieces, nephews, and a host of friends.

Farewell services were conducted at her late home by Rev. J. L. Skaggs of the Milton Church

in the absence of her pastor. Beautiful music was rendered by a male quartet, and she was lovingly laid to rest in the Milton Junction cemetery.

J. L. S.

SAUNDERS.—Truman Albertus, son of William and Naomi Randolph Saunders, was born in Berlin, N. Y., January 4, 1844, and died at the home of his son, A. Bernard Saunders, Milton, Wisconsin, February 5, 1926.

At the age of twelve years the family moved to West Halleck, Ill. In the autumn of 1863 he entered Milton Academy, and in 1864 he enlisted with the Fortieth Regular Company C. After the close of the war he entered Alfred University, being a student of that institution for two years. After leaving Alfred he studied music in Chicago for some time, and then assisted Dr. Jairus M. Stillman in institute work in various sections of Wisconsin.

He was married October 21, 1875, to Miss Julia Ayers at Walworth, Wis. After residing for a time on a farm near Walworth, he moved to Milton, and in 1890 he bought the lumber business, in which he has taken an active interest up to the time of his last illness. One child, Arthur Bernard, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Saunders. Mrs. Saunders died December 4, 1919.

He is survived by his son, two grandchildren, one sister, Mrs. Emma Pullen, of Riverside, Cal., and three brothers: Frank of Boulder, Colo., Edgar of Washington, and William of Robinsdale, Minn.

Mr. Saunders joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church by baptism in early life. He transferred his membership to the Milton Church in July, 1886. Since that time he has been a consistent, active member of the Milton Church.

Mr. Saunders possessed many admirable traits of character. He was a successful man in business and was well known for his business integrity. He was devoted to his home and family, and his friendships were close and enduring. He had much of the artistic in his nature. He loved music; he took much delight in his garden of vegetables and flowers. His Christian manhood was his crowning virtue. He loved the Church, and though poor hearing, in recent years, denied him many enjoyments, he was in his place in the church until the beginning of his final illness.

Rev. Edwin Shaw paid tribute in the following lines which he read at the funeral service:

Good bye, T. A. Your work on earth is done.
A brother-friend bids you a sad farewell;
And yet for you real life has just begun
With wealth of joy no human tongue can tell.

Good bye, T. A. Your friend of many a year
Now joins with others in a tribute, glad
That there has come to him the privilege dear
Of knowing you, with nothing that was bad.

Good bye, T. A. We'll miss your presence here,
Your whistle as we greet you on the street,
The pleasant smile, the clasp of hands, the cheer
And help you give us when we meet.

Good bye, T. A. Your garden flowers will lack
Your loving care, and bow their heads in grief
Each morn, then lift again nor wish you back
From life eternal to a life so brief.

Good bye, T. A. Your comrades in the ranks
Now thin will miss you on Memorial Days;
And yet their grateful hearts will give glad thanks
And for the life you lived will give due praise.

Good bye, T. A. In business you were square;
As bank director, as college trustee,
All tasks and burdens you would gladly share,
Content to do your part whate'er it be.

Good bye, T. A. The church you loved so well
And served, supported with your gifts so free,
Will miss your presence when the Sabbath bell
Calls man to worship in humility.

Good bye, T. A. In all your walks of life
Where you met men, you met them face to face,
To do them kindly service, not in strife,
But in the ways of peace and Christian grace.

You took an int'rest in things old and young;
You traveled, not behind nor far in lead;
You loved to sing and hear God's anthems sung;
You found the way to help where there was need.

Good bye, T. A. We sorrow with the home
Where father comes not back, and grandpa's place
Is vacant now. May peace and comfort come
And take away keen sorrows every trace.

And so, kind friend and helpful neighbor dear,
And brother in the church, here and on high,
We honor you, we deck with flowers your bier,
And say again in love, T. A., good bye.

The farewell service was conducted by Pastor James L. Skaggs, Rev. Edwin Shaw assisting, from the home of his son and from the Milton Seventh Day Baptist church on Sunday morning at ten o'clock, February 7, 1926. A college male quartette sang two appropriate selections. Interment was made in the family lot in the cemetery at Walworth, Wis.

J. L. S.

Whatever may be thought of "Christianity" by the Jews, there are increasing signs that Jesus is winning the heart of Jewish thinkers. In a sermon in Jefferson Street Temple at Dayton, Ohio, Rabbi Samuel S. Mayerburg predicted that "the world eventually will see the Jews taking their illustrious Son back unto themselves. They will glory in the fact that Jesus, a Jew, one who was devotedly and devoutly an adherent of Judaism, is now the most dominant personality in all history." The *American Israelite* quotes Rabbi Mayerburg's words and comments in this wise: "This is hardly in the nature of news. That Jesus was a Jew and that the ethics that he taught were purely those of Judaism has always been the opinion of modern Jews, especially of late years."—*The Baptist*.

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The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society will be glad to receive contributions for the work in Pangoengsen Java. Send remittances to the treasurer, S. H. DAVIS, Westerly, R. I.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in the Auditorium, first floor, of the Y. M. C. A. Building, 334 Montgomery St. Bible study at 2.30 p. m. followed by preaching service. For information concerning weekly prayer meeting held in various homes, call Pastor William Clayton, 1427 W. Colvin Street, Phone Warren 4270-J. The church clerk is Mrs. Edith Cross Spaid, 240 Nottingham Road. Phone James 3082-W. A cordial welcome to all services.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Judson Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. Harold R. Crandall, Pastor, 3681 Broadway, New York City.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in Hall 601, Capitol Building (formerly Masonic Temple), corner of State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock. Everybody welcome. August Johansen, Pastor, 6118 Woodlawn Avenue.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42nd Street and Moneta Avenue every Sabbath. Sabbath School at 10 a. m., preaching at 11 a. m. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Pastor, 264 W. 42nd Street.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Church holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible School. Christian Endeavor, Sabbath afternoon, 3 o'clock. Cottage prayer meeting Friday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. E. S. Ballenger, Pastor, 438 Denton St., Riverside, Cal.

Minneapolis Seventh Day Baptists meet regularly each Sabbath at 10 a. m., at the homes. Mr. Lloyd Burdick, 4615 Vincent Avenue South, Superintendent of the Sabbath school; Mrs. William A. Saunders, Robbinsdale, Phone "Hyland 4220," assistant. Visitors cordially welcomed.

The Detroit Seventh Day Baptist Church of Christ holds regular Sabbath services at 2.30 p. m., in Room 402, Y. M. C. A. Building, Fourth Floor (elevator), Adams and Witherell Streets. For information concerning Christian Endeavor and other services, call Pastor R. B. St. Clair, 4012 Field Avenue, phone, Melrose 0414. A cordial welcome to all.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 10.30 a. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium) 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsonage, 198 N. Washington Avenue.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of White Cloud, Mich., holds regular preaching services and Sabbath school, each Sabbath, beginning at 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor and prayer meeting each Friday evening at 7.30. Visitors are welcome.

Services are held each Sabbath in Daytona, Florida, at 10 A. M., during the winter season at some public meeting place and at the several homes in the summer. Visiting Sabbath-keepers and friends are always welcome; telephone 347-J or 233-J for additional information. R. W. Wing, Pastor

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London, holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Argyle Hall, 105 Seven Sisters' Road, Holloway N. 7. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

L. H. North, Business Manager

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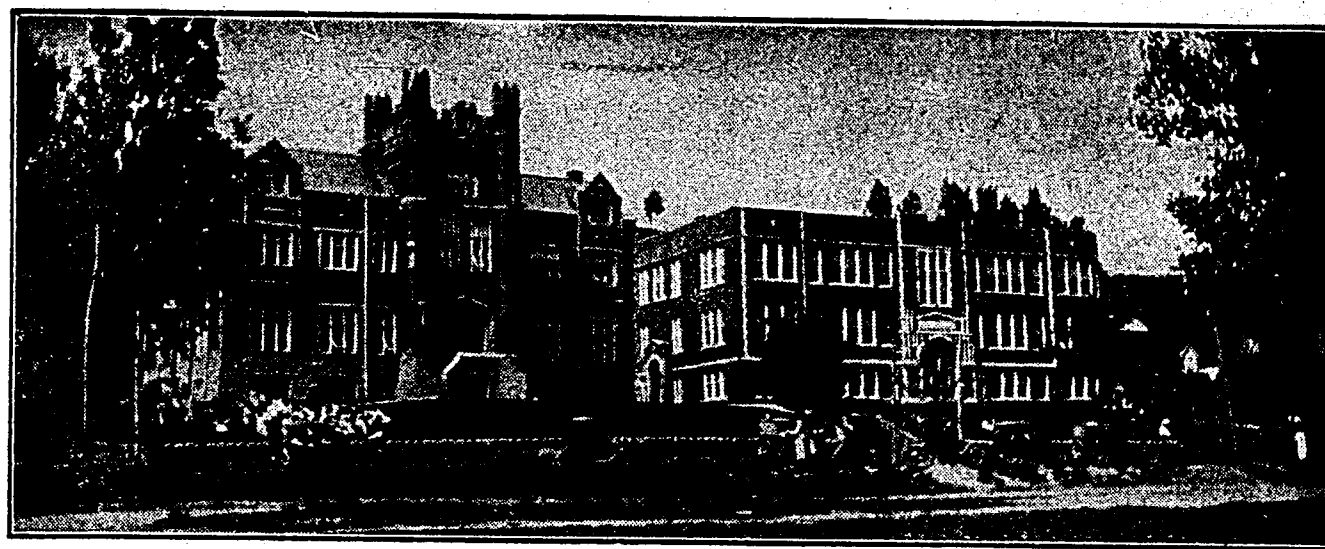
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There followeth after me today,
 A youth whose feet must pass this way.

 Good friend, I am building the bridge
 for him.

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 Confessed to me
 Some childish wrong;
 And kneeling at my knee
 He prayed with tears,
 "Dear God, make me a man,
 Like Daddy—wise and strong;
 I know you can."

Then while he slept
 I knelt beside his bed,
 Confessed my sins,
 And prayed with low-bowed head;
 "O God, make me a child,
 Like my child here—
 Pure, guileless,
 Trusting thee with faith sincere."
 —Arthur E. Cowley.

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