

# The Sabbath Recorder

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,

Unto him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations.

—EPHESIANS 3: 20, 21.

THE DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING  
Ethel L. Titsworth,  
Acting Treasurer  
203 PARK AVE., PLAINFIELD, N. J.

"Make new friends, but keep the old;  
Those are silver, these are gold.  
New-made friends, like new-made wine,  
Age will mellow and refine.  
Friendships that have stood the test,  
Time and change, are surely best.  
Brow may wrinkle, hair turn gray,  
Friendship never owns decay;  
For 'mid old friends kind and true  
We once more our youth renew.  
But, alas, old friends must die;  
New friends must their place supply.  
Then cherish friendship in your breast;  
New is good, but old is best.  
Make new friends, but keep the old;  
Those are silver, these are gold."

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# SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

## THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Westerly, R. I., August 23 to 28, 1927.  
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 Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 p. m.

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Gifts or bequests for any denominational purpose are invited, and will be gladly administered and safeguarded for the best interests of the beneficiaries in accordance with the wishes of the donors.

The Memorial Board acts as the Financial Agent of the Denomination.

Write the Treasurer for information as to ways in which the Board can be of service.

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

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 Postage, 5 cents for first ounce; 3 cents for every additional ounce or fraction.

# The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 102, No. 16

PLAINFIELD, N. J., APRIL 18, 1927

WHOLE No. 4,285

*We thank thee, dear Lord, that thou hast abolished death and brought life and immortality to light by the gospel. Give us grace to be ready to go hence when thou dost see fit to call us home.*

*While it is thy will for us to tarry here, may we be faithful in our services for the bringing in of thy kingdom. Give us the subdued heart, the spirit of obedience, the perfected love, and the unquestioning faith by which through us thy kingdom may come and thy will be done on earth. In Christ's name. Amen.*

**God's View of Death** As I think of the many friends, living far and near, whose homes have been darkened by the shadow of sorrow's cross, where the death angel has called away loved ones, leaving the bereaved to stagger through life like one smitten with blindness at noonday, I am well aware that lonely hearts are hard pressed with questions they can not answer, concerning the problems that confront them in their day of darkness. The whys and wherefores as to the providences that take the light out of the years, are indeed hard to answer.

I can not hope to answer all the questions that will arise. But after years of careful thought and after many bereavements of my own, I have settled down to the assurance that if we can only learn how our heavenly Father regards that which we call death, we shall find the best answers—the most helpful and comforting ones—possible in view of our limited earthly vision.

Oh! if we can learn from the Book of books just how death seems to the Creator—God's estimate of death—I am sure we shall be wonderfully comforted and strengthened when the dark days come.

I have been led to think of this matter recently by the losses that have darkened several homes. Only yesterday it was my lot to minister at a funeral of an aged pilgrim in a home where not long ago lived another friend who had met sudden death by accident, and the two funerals were held in the same room.

Then, recently, a dear one was called away in life's noonday, and from far and

near has come the sad news of some one called away either in life's bright morning or in the noonday of life, or in life's evening time, until it seems that some helpful answer must be found to relieve the tension and bring thoughts of comfort.

I am certain as I study the Bible that we must settle down to the thought that in God's estimation death is only a minor incident in his great far-reaching plan for the children created in his own image. God is a spirit and if we can think of him as planning for his everlasting spiritual kingdom and looking away into the vista of spirit-life immortal, where the real persons of his creation are to dwell, to him there is no death. That which we call death is but the laying off of the temporary garment and giving the spirit freedom for its real life in the better land.

As we lay off our garments at night and go to sleep in full hope of the coming morning, so in death the garment of the spirit is laid aside, making the death chamber only the ante-room to the heavenly home. Thus death becomes God's door to let us through into his other room.

### THE OLD TESTAMENT

The teachings of the Old Testament show something of the relations of the physical to the spiritual world. When Enoch walked with God—lived in harmony with the Divine—God took him to himself. When Elijah stepped into the chariot of fire he was wafted to heaven, giving Elisha only time to say, "The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

When Elisha's servant was distressed because of earthly foes, his eyes were opened to see the spiritual defenders round about them.

Thus in many ways the nearness of the spiritual land to the children of God on earth is taught in the Old Testament. When we come to the

### NEW TESTAMENT

we find Christ referring to these same teachings in several ways, showing his own views in the matter. As he mingled freely with

friends in the homes and in social life, he was often asked questions concerning death and the hereafter. At such times Jesus would certainly be *candid* and frank with them. The scribes and Pharisees called upon him to settle their disputes.

On one occasion he took three of his trusted disciples up into a mountain and was transfigured before them, revealing something of the glory he had left when he came to earth. And there came from the spirit world both Moses and Elias, of Old Testament times, to talk over the death he should accomplish at Jerusalem, all of which revealed the fact that the dead of long ago were living in the spiritual world and were still interested in the welfare of God's children on earth.

Jesus himself referred to the teachings of Moses at the bush to the effect that Jehovah was not the God of the dead but of the living.

When Jesus came to his farewell talk before his death, he spoke of his home with his Father in the spirit land, just as naturally as you would talk about the home of your early childhood, and assured them of ample room in the mansions to which he was going. "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise," were his dying words to a penitent. These things give us some conception of how Christ, the Son of God, estimated that which we call death.

#### HOW ABOUT THE DISCIPLES?

Next to the estimation Jesus held regarding death, we may prize the teachings of those who knew him best and who stood near to him in all his work.

There was Peter, who had seen his glory on the mount and Moses and Elias alive talking with the Master; he loved to think of the "inheritance incorruptible and undefiled" awaiting him in heaven.

Then, think of Paul's idea—he to whom Christ appeared out of the spirit world calling him to a life of service—when he wrote: "For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Life in the body was compared to the transient tabernacle life, while the spirit life is to be in a *building* of God—a *house*—instead of the tabernacle of clay left behind.

It was this great missionary of the gospel of Christ who felt so "confident" that

he was "willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."

Finally, when Paul was nearing his end he said, "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain." He was "in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ; which is far better."

One more—there was John the beloved disciple; in his glorious vision on Patmos, years after he wrote the Master's words about the many mansions prepared for them, he could say: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord *from henceforth*: Yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

I love to think of the poet's words, and give them here for the comfort of others:

"We speak of the realms of the blest,  
Of that country so bright and so fair;  
And oft are its glories confessed,  
But what must it be to be there?"

"We speak of its service of love,  
Of the robes which the glorified wear,  
Of the Church of the first born above;  
But what must it be to be there?"

"Then let us, 'midst pleasures and woe,  
Still for that sphere our spirits prepare;  
And shortly we also shall know  
And feel what it is to be there."

In the beginning of this writing I said that I can not hope to answer all questions regarding this subject, but that I had from experience been led to seek God's estimate of the thing we call death. And now, even though some phases of it may seem hard to understand, I have learned to trust God where I can not see and await his full answer by and by:

"The clouds hang heavy round my way,  
I can not see;  
But through the darkness I believe  
God leadeth me.  
He leadeth me, and so I walk  
Quite satisfied.  
To my blind eyes he may reveal  
No light at all.  
But while I lean on his strong arm  
I can not fall."

For of one thing I am sure, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Jesus taught and exemplified the truth, that the spiritual life is the real life and that personality is not lost in death. Even as preparations were carefully made to receive and welcome us when we entered this life, so he taught that when we enter the next world we will find there ample pro-

vision for our welcome and kind hearts waiting to receive us. May these precious thoughts soften our sorrow, brighten our outlook, and strengthen our hopes, through "Jesus Christ who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

**Thoughts for Life's Evening Time** I have just been looking at a picture in the RECORDER office, of fifty ministers, almost every one of whom was well known to me in the years gone by. Incidents connected with most of them come readily to mind as I glance at their faces, and thoughts about the fields in which they toiled—the churches they served—are easily recalled as I study the faces of those photographs.

Some of them had greatly influenced me in earlier years, and the power of their lives must still be felt by people of today who knew them and their work fifty or sixty years ago.

Only two of that large group of Christian workers are living today. As I turned away from the picture and took up my pen, there was a strong impulse to ask the question: What has been the result to our people from the life work of those men? What harvest has been realized from their seed-sowing?

In one sense but very little is heard today of the men whose names were on every tongue fifty or sixty years ago. Their eloquence and their counsels seem to be largely forgotten, while the world goes on as though they had never lived. To the casual observer, the sun shines just as bright as ever; the world seems more gay to the multitudes, and the church people seem to plod along under the shadows and brood over their care just as of old. And at first thought some one may ask: Did those loyal, faithful men of two generations ago live in vain? Was their seed-sowing of no account?

A second thought, however, will recognize the fact that the very best things in life today—the abiding, worth while things that endure, those things that belong to the path that leads to heaven, the truest and most consecrated influences that mold lives here and now—are due to the spirit and teachings of those very men who seem almost forgotten.

If this life were all and everything

wrought by man ended when he dies, the decision might be different. But this brief existence is only the beginning, and good deeds, nobler affections, holy aspirations planted in human hearts by Christian workers must go on forever. And who can tell all the blessed qualities found in loyal hearts of our day which are due to the good work of men who have passed away?

Whatever has strengthened religious belief in the hearts of the generations has certainly gone toward the permanent establishment of the very greatest blessing that can come to man. The men who have ministered to the making of firm *religious* character have left something imperishable—something in the higher hopes, the holier purposes, the truer manhood, that can never be lost. Such good work leaves an immeasurable blessing which will endure forever. This means that the blessings resulting from faithful Christian living here and now will be enjoyed in the spirit land immortal by those whose destiny has been shaped by the faithful and the true. Mere worldly blessings or comforts perish this side the grave, but spiritual influences that have made true character must go on and on in the home beyond death's door.

When a great preacher was asked why he saluted a large company of common, thoughtless schoolboys, his reply was, "I salute their future." Oh, it is a great thing to stand before an audience of commonplace people and feel that untold possibilities for future days are represented there. Behind the faded clothing, the calloused hands, the awkward ways of toiling boys and girls before us, may be concealed noble spirits who shall some day stand arrayed in the light of heaven if we are faithful to them now.

**Please Do Not Forget** The last word **The Ever-present "Now"** written above was *now*—"If we are faithful to them *now*." This brings us face to face with the importance of the present as related to results in the future. In all too many cases there exists that magical tomorrow in which, it is hoped, things may "take a turn for the better" and that real good will be realized by our efforts. Men seem to forget that a successful and happy future always waits for a laborious present to go before it. There is no blessing or honor in it unless

the present is busy putting it there. Then the present is the eventful day. The future is only the sum of life's todays.

If today is empty and worthless, tomorrow is bound to be so too. The future is but a point in the stream a little nearer the ocean, and the same water flows there which flowed nearer its source. Those of us who are nearing life's sunset have lived long enough to know that what we are now is due to the activities of the past. The present for us is only the past transformed, and let us not forget that the future depends upon what we are really doing *now*. We can now shape our today if we will, and turn Godward for new life and strength to make it useful, and we can *not touch our tomorrow in any other way*. What we neglect or refuse to do in every today will not be likely to be done in our tomorrow. What we are today we shall carry with us into our future. And if we are to do something to help others in their future we must be busy doing it now.

Living to the flesh now means increasing corruption that belongs to the flesh for the hereafter of life. But living for spiritual things now will insure spiritual good for you in that life, and also for those you can influence now.

#### MY PRAYER FOR THE MID-DAY WORKERS

For every young man among us, and for every Christian worker now at life's noon-day, my best wish for them all is that they may have a beautiful, clear sunset for their day of life. Standing, as many of you do, midway between the beginning and the end of earth-life, you are moved when you see how often the birthdays come now. They used to come only once a year, but now they seem to come oftener! While you shrink at the thought of growing old, you are still bravely facing the future and its problems. I pray that your faith and courage may not falter, and that your unselfish, useful life may be spared to a good old age full of cheer and bright in hope, as your evening shadows gather. May your last days be your best days, and may you enjoy the peace that comes from a faith that has been tried and victorious.

#### NOW ONE WORD FOR MY AGED YOKEFELLOWS

A letter today from one of our very oldest ministers, who has been laid by some years and is waiting on the shore of time

for the boatman to take him over, seemed so pathetic and so full of sorrow that my heart was greatly touched. While his faith is always strong, his feebleness and helplessness are sad to see, and I must try to send him, not only good wishes, but some much-needed help. Sickness and trouble have not robbed him of his faith in God, and we are consoled with the thought that the door of heaven is so near to all such aged saints.

There are but very few left who were yokefellows in the work more than fifty years ago. God in his providence has been pleased to spare us many years for service. For these I pray that their last days on earth may be the serenest, sweetest, sunniest, and happiest of all their life. May we all grow old gracefully. Let us not try to conceal the fact that our best days as to work are done. Let us acquiesce cheerfully in what can not be helped. We need not grow old in spirit if we do in years.

Let us not brood over the past, with its disappointments and its bereavements, but let us trust that all things shall work for good to those who love God. As your life shadows lengthen may your sunset be golden.

But let me plead with you, that while God gives you some strength to work on for him, do not listen, too readily, to any suggestion that your day of oblivion is at hand and that you should cease to toil longer. We must not give up while God gives us strength to go on. It may be that your last work in his name may be your very best.

Here is a little poem, by H. L. Morehouse, which expresses my own feelings so well that I am inclined to share it with you. It is entitled "A Song at Eighty," but I must add three more years to make it suitable for me; for before you see this my eighty-third year will be ended and my eighty-fourth will be begun.

At fourscore years and three my soul breaks forth  
in singing:  
The vesper bell  
Of life's long day in mellowed tones is ringing:  
"All's well; all's well!"

This length of life with strength for tasks ap-  
pointed,  
And still a place  
In fellowship and work with God's anointed,  
Are all of grace.

With powers preserved, I covet not inaction,  
To rest and rust;  
The spirit finds a higher satisfaction  
In toil and trust.

As duty calls, through clear and strong conviction,  
My race I run:  
Enough, at last, the Master's benediction:  
"Well done. Well done."

Though shadows deepen, with the sun declining,  
And clouds arise;  
A heavenly glory often marks the shining  
Of evening skies.

My cup is filled with goodness, mercy, sweetness  
Full to the brim:  
The past with all its sins and incompleteness,  
I leave with him.

To fellow-workers rapidly completing  
Their long careers,  
A veteran sends his Christian love and greeting  
At fourscore years and three.

Sublime our task! With joyful consecration  
Our best we bring—  
Supreme event! Creation's coronation  
Of Christ as King!

After all, I will venture to assume that if some one should say: "Put away the pen, the fire burns low, the altar is cold, forget your old-time dreams"; or if a friend should urge you—old as you are—to "lay aside your task, for oblivion draws near," your reply would ring strong and clear, with a light like a flash of sunshine in a November sky—"Not yet! Not yet! My day is not quite done."

**Recorder Fund** Our fund for giving the **All Gone** SABBATH RECORDER to those who are not able to pay for it, and yet who prize it highly, is entirely used up, and the time is out for several such persons.

For several years we have only had to say the fund is exhausted, and forthwith money has been sent to replenish it. I am sure that help will soon come, so we will not be obliged to stop these papers. It has been a good work which is greatly appreciated, and I am sure the donors will be glad to continue it.

**Denominational** Our last report, made **Building Fund** March 29, 1927, showed the sum of \$28,513.56 in the building fund, in cash and pledges. Today, April 13, we have \$141.50 new gifts to report, making \$28,655.06 in full to date.

One cheering thing about this matter is the loyalty and genuine interest taken in

the movement to complete the building, by the scattered ones who love the cause and who can not often meet with our churches for worship, and also by loyal members of our small home churches, for whom the gift of a few dollars means a real sacrifice.

When we do get the building, with its editorial room, its library room in which our valuable collection of historic books can be housed all together for the first time in our history as a people, we shall all be very glad.

It will also seem good when this empty lot, in the very best locality in Plainfield, with its shop in the rear and its unfinished look, ceases to tell the world of our slowness as a people in this wonderfully important forward movement.

#### A STIRRING APPEAL FROM AUSTRALIA

ELDER R. B. ST. CLAIR

A group of Sydney, Australia, friends, proclaiming themselves Seventh Day Baptists, have sent for a supply of *Helping Hands* for Sabbath school purposes. This group longs for a Seventh Day Baptist preacher. Writes one of the leaders:

"We in Australia are anxious to have some help in the way of a strong man who will organize a church and build up the work of God.

"We would be grateful if your mission board could give Australia some consideration and I am sure a minister would receive all the financial assistance he required. The need is great, and the opportunity never more inviting."

May the God of heaven move upon some good Seventh Day Baptist minister to respond to this call and raise aloft the Seventh Day Baptist banner in the island continent.

I think there is a difference between happiness and joy. Happiness is caused by things which happen around me, and circumstances may mar it, but joy flows right on through trouble, through the dark, in the night as well as in the day, all through persecution and opposition. It is an unceasing fountain bubbling up in the heart, a secret spring which the world can not see and does not know anything about. The Lord gives his people perpetual joy when they walk in obedience to him.—D. L. Moody.



### THE LEWIS SUMMER CAMP FOR SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE

This camp, situated in Rhode Island, "the state whence our forefathers came," will open to admit girls for two happy, helpful weeks on the first day of July. A second group can be accommodated for a like period beginning July fifteenth. This group of girls will vacate in time to admit the boys, July twenty-ninth.

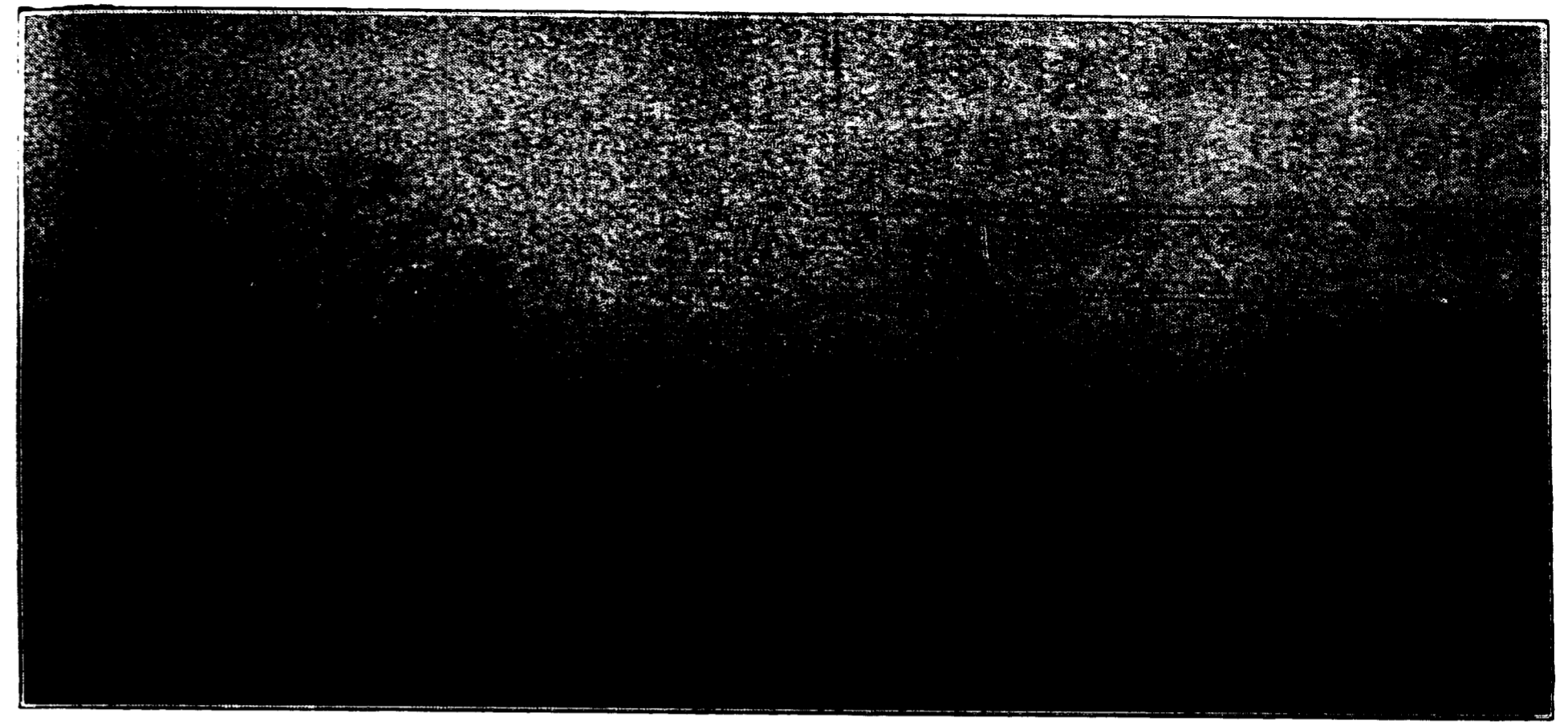
The camp is situated in the midst of rugged New England scenery, and in a community enriched by more than two hundred years of Seventh Day Baptist history. The farm on which the camp is situated has been owned by Seventh Day Baptists for generations, or since the Indians ceased to stalk its forests.

The two buildings have been erected by Mr. Nathan E. Lewis, of Plainfield, N. J., the owner of the farm, who built it expressly for the use of Seventh Day Baptist young people. Mrs. Lewis, who is interested in all young people, and especially in a certain group of girls which she has named "The Joy Givers," is going to provide the larger building with a fireplace. Then who will be the joy giver when on a damp, chilly evening, such as may possibly descend upon the camp for one or two days (all will hope for at least one such day), the young people

gather about the fire for their evening stunts or bed-time stories? Another friend of our young people and lover of God's holy Sabbath, Attorney William M. Stillman of Plainfield, will provide the camp with a Ford—depot wagon style—in which to tote provisions and transport the young people. This particular kind of car is sometimes called a "beach wagon," a very appropriate designation in this instance, because in it the young people will be driven to the beach for a dip and a swim.

The camp is being equipped through donations by various auxiliary societies in the churches of the Eastern Association. One hundred twenty-five dollars has already been pledged.

The smaller cottage will be occupied by the supervisors. Pastor and Mrs. Ahva J. C. Bond will open the camp, and will be followed by Rev. and Mrs. Harold R. Crandall of New York City, in this capacity. The larger building will accommodate from twenty to twenty-five young people. On the first floor are the dining room and kitchen. The dining room is also the assembly room. A well has been dug near the building, and a pump will bring the water to the sink, with someone to work the handle, of course.



The second floor will be provided with cots and will be the sleeping quarters.

Miss Marjorie Burdick, A. B., will direct the girl's camp, and S. Duane Ogden, A. B., will direct the boys. Since graduating from Milton College Miss Burdick has had experience in camp and other vacation activities, and has had two years in Boston University School of Religion with special courses in camp work. Mr. Ogden is a graduate of Salem College and is graduating this spring from Yale Divinity School, having had special courses in work with young people.

Dr. Anne L. Waite of Bradford, R. I., about two miles from the camp, has offered her services free as camp physician.

Doubtless the directors will present something of their programs in an early issue of the SABBATH RECORDER. Suffice it to say that the object of these camps is pleasure, inspiration, and instruction. These will be

secured through nature study, hikes, daily class work, stunts, special programs, singing, and other activities under competent leadership. Not the least factor in the success of the camp is the opportunity to associate under most favorable and happy conditions with a score of other Seventh Day Baptist young people.

It is the hope of those most interested in promoting the camp that those who attend will become better Christians, lovers of the Sabbath, the symbol of God's presence in his world, finer Seventh Day Baptist young people. To this end the American Sabbath Tract Society, through a standing committee, is backing the project.

Young people will be welcomed from anywhere in the denomination. Each one will be required to bring sheets and blankets. The cost will not exceed one dollar per day while in camp.

A. J. C. B.

### FOUR TONS OF ELECTRO PLATES TO MAKE ONE BIBLE

Seventy-seven boxes containing four tons of electro plates have been shipped from the Bible House, Astor Place, New York City, headquarters of the American Bible Society to the Plimpton Press, Norwood, Mass., to be used in printing a new edition

of the large pulpit Bible in English. These plates of copper and lead have all been carefully proof read and will be returned to the fire-proof vaults of the Bible House after the printing of the single pages.

The monetary value of the plates is given as \$24,600, although actually they are invaluable.

## SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

### OUR BULLETIN BOARD

Honor roll of churches that have paid their quotas:

- No. 1.—New York City, and \$104.66 additional.  
No. 2.—Riverside, Calif.  
No. 3.—Greenbrier, W. Va.  
No. 4.—?

Secretary William L. Burdick and the general secretary are planning to spend the month of May in the Northwestern Association, holding group conferences and other meetings in the churches.

### MEETINGS AT BERLIN, N. Y.

On the morning of April 8, Secretary W. L. Burdick joined me in New York City, and soon we were leaving on the New York Central for Albany, on our way to spend the Sabbath with the Berlin Church.

Although the sun was shining brightly and the Hudson River and the surrounding hills were beautiful, our attention was fixed on the many denominational questions that are requiring consideration at the present time. But we did enjoy the ride on the train, and the ride from Troy to Berlin on the bus.

When we stepped from the bus at the parsonage gate, Pastor and Mrs. Wing welcomed us to their pleasant parsonage home, where we remained while in Berlin.

On Sabbath morning we were given all of the time of the preaching service and the Sabbath school to present denominational interests and the need of recruits for the ministry. Although the service was a long one, the people gave close attention throughout.

In the evening a conference on denominational work was held, several persons asking questions and joining in the discussions.

The Berlin Church, organized in 1780, has done good service for nearly one hundred fifty years. At present it has a small but active membership, and under the lead-

ership of their efficient pastor, the church is very much alive. Some are accepting the Sabbath, and others are coming long distances in order to worship with this people.

During the first eight months of the Conference year the church paid more than one-half of its quota on the denominational budget, and doubtless it will send in a considerable more before the year closes.

### "FEW MEN FOR THE MINISTRY"

REV. H. D. CLARKE

I read with much interest the *RECORDER* editor's recent remarks on why so few young men enter the ministry. I will not enlarge on that, if he thinks it well to publish this addition to those thoughts. Those were true words and should set the families and churches to thinking.

I have often reviewed my own life and asked myself if I would enter the ministry again if I were placed back and knew what I was to suffer and the meager salary I was to have. I instinctively answer, *I would*. I never received over \$400 salary, and the average was less than \$350, in some of the largest churches, that now pay \$1,000 to \$1,800. So I am agreed with the editor that the money consideration is not a main reason. I know a faithful pastor today who is one of our leading men, but who is nearing what is called "the dead line." His mind is clear, his thoughts are evangelical, and he is still one of our best pastors, but if he were to be "put on the shelf" or die today, his wife would be utterly penniless. Would he enter the ministry if he were placed back fifty years and knew this would be a fact to stare him in the face? *I am sure he would*.

But I am led to meditate a little on the editor's statement concerning what others "seem to think, that the Church's alleged intolerance of freedom to think one's own thoughts is keeping men from the ministry." That may be, but I think I see another side to that, if I may be permitted to express it. I am of the opinion that the Church has a few rights in respect to that. It may be that there are men who go too far in their "freedom of thought," men who know that certain doctrines are in their very name repellent, but they secretly transplant them so they will spread by inoculation and thus

have expansion. Seventh Day Baptists are not supposed to be Unitarians. One of their most treasured beliefs is the real divinity of Jesus Christ.

Now, a man has a right to think his thoughts and no man may interfere. There are men who have in some way become Unitarians or something else to the grief of our people. I mean not to be in any way personal. I do not have in mind any one at this moment, not a single one. But such a thing has and does happen. I am not impugning the motives or honesty of any man who changes his opinions. But has a man the right to go to a pastorate when he knows the people do not believe in some doctrines, and be secret about it and seek by means of inoculation or otherwise to undermine the faith of that church in its cherished belief? I doubt it. There should be a frank understanding between pastor and church as to what is the exposé of the faith of each. If a man wishes to preach contrary to the established faith of a church he serves, let him be out and out and candid and ask the privilege; and if he is not in harmony with his church, let him resign or let the church frankly tell him it is not willing to have him as a teacher under such circumstances. We want no strategic permeation of any so-called liberal views disseminated by our leaders in that way. It is an easy procedure to follow, but dangerous. There is much to be said on this line. I will not enlarge upon it. It in no way abridges a man's freedom of thought, but it does place limits on his serving as a pastor where he is not in hearty sympathy with his church, or they with him. Let a young man study these things with the frankness of a man that will serve his people honestly and serve his Master likewise—but not with any entering wedges to what he knows; for this will not be for the peace and upbuilding of God's kingdom in any church. The church, it seems to me, has a right to protect itself from many winds of doctrine and philosophy that it deems unscriptural. I was once pastor of a church that had a leading man who was opposed to having a pastor, but who wanted the church to call from everywhere all the different faiths and let them air their "isms" so that the people could know all about everything. Sufficient to say, he did not succeed with the church in his hobby.

I would place before a young man the fact of smallness of salary if that is to be faced. I would place before him the fact that except in rare cases he will, when he is at his very best, with accumulated experience and wisdom, be on what a sentimental church thinks is the "dead line" at sixty or seventy or even before that, and must give place to the young man of immature experience. He will have to arrange for that in some way. If he can not be one of the most scholarly men and most eloquent and most vigorous, but must remain a faithful and yet excellent preacher and pastor, let him thus continue to the end, but let him know that he is liable to be set aside at an age when he can still do excellent work. Do not hide these facts from young men who feel called to the ministry. They must know them that they may be inspired to greater efforts to succeed. The more a man knows of the tests he must pass, and is not deceived, the more efficient and successful he will be when he enters upon his life work. These things will not of themselves keep young men out of the ministry. If they do, then they are not fitted to enter it. There is a cross to be borne. Young men, enter the ministry if you are called and have the ability. Let nothing of test and cross keep you away. Be a Paul. Be like Jesus. Your rewards will be many even in this world, but the greatest reward is hereafter. Come to the ministry, young men and women; you are needed, and God will be sufficient for all your efforts.

But let every family read the editorial about the home influences. My mother told me when I was a mere babe, and always kept before me, that I was to be a minister of the gospel, and I never could get over it. I fought it ten years. I made mistakes in the ministry. You will. But I would do it again if I were placed back and knew even what I now know. I once thought I would not, but I reflect that God wants us to take up the cross and go forward. He uses men who make mistakes. He has no other material on earth. He wants you. And you will, if you live to be in your seventies, rejoice that God counted you for one of his ambassadors. Consecrate yourself to the ministry, if God calls.

Whatever you would put into the state you must first put into the school.

## MISSIONS

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

### MORE NOTES BY THE WAY

(Continued)

*Rev. William L. Burdick,  
Corresponding Secretary,  
Ashaway, R. I.*

DEAR BROTHER BURDICK:

The chief of police and the constable hurriedly decided they must go right out to the place of the accident and see the man with the broken leg. I was to be left a prisoner in the station. I asked what should be done with my wife. The constable hurried to her to tell her she might go into the police station with me. She asked if she might stay in the car instead. He consented. After a time they returned from the place where I might have killed a man saying they could find nothing of him. The chief telephoned the city hospital in a city some miles away. No better response. But the police force was sure they would get detailed information about the poor man in a little while. Now it was night. There was no chance for us to get out of that city that night. Of course they had me secure till desired information would come. But what about my wife? Must she hunt for herself while I went to jail? Learning that I was the owner of the car I drove, they finally decided they would place the car in a garage, holding it there as security that I would re-appear at the police station at their appointed time. If they did that way they could allow Mrs. Coon and me to go and get some supper and engage hotel accommodations for the night. The constable set the time for my re-appearance at seven o'clock that night. He would meet me at the station then. They would surely have detailed evidence against me by that time. The chief detailed a special police to drive my car to a garage with instructions to the garage man to hold the car till it should be released by legal authority. The police took us with him in the car. He was kind, helping us with our bags to find a hotel. We went to a restaurant for a little

lunch. We seemed to have lost our appetite for a big meal. I felt that I wanted Mrs. Coon with me in the police station that night. We were there on time. There was a big company of policemen in the room when we arrived. The constable who had offered me to meet him there did not appear. After a time another officer whom we had not met before came in carrying his arm in a sling on account of a broken shoulder. He soon entered into conversation with us inquiring all about us. This was really the first chance given me for any explanation of the accident. This man showed a very friendly disposition, soon furnishing evidence that he was in sympathy with us. He wished he had been there in the first place. He would have invited us right to his home for the night instead of having us go to a hotel. He soon learned who and what we were, and that we were on our way to Jamaica as Seventh Day Baptist missionaries. He learned just how the accident occurred. He found that we did not know a soul in Monessen nor in all that section of country. He said very positively that he was going to do all he could for us. He thought I must get into touch with the Baptist preacher in that city. I protested, saying that I did not see how the Baptist pastor could help me under such circumstances. He said it might be he could, and it must be tried. He finally got him by telephone, and the preacher said he would be at the station in ten minutes. In the meantime this officer, by persistent use of the telephone, had learned that the constable who was causing the police to hold me was settling another case in another town some miles away. The constable would come back to the police station as soon as he could settle that case. This officer also learned that Mr. Young, whose leg I had broken, was at his own home about a dozen miles away. Then he found that the man's leg was not broken, that his foot was some bruised, and that the man was pretty well "peevish." I confess that when Pastor Jones came in I was glad to see him. He was a big, fine-looking man. I took to him at once. I knew he had a heart. I frankly told him that I didn't think he could do a thing for me, but that I was ever so glad to see him just the same. He said he would do anything within his power to help me. We talked of

ways and means. We kept hoping all the time that the constable to whom I was to answer would come in. But he did not come. Of course all our talk was in the presence of the policemen in the station. It was now almost nine o'clock. It was finally thought wise for Pastor Jones to take Mrs. Coon and me to the other town a dozen miles away in the hope of finding the injured man, and effecting, if possible, a settlement with him. We went to Pastor Jones' home where we met his wife and another woman who was calling there. The pastor wished we might have stayed in his home that night instead of in the hotel. He asked his wife and the other lady if they would not go with us to hunt up Mr. Young. They consented, and we started in the pastor's car. It was as dark as could be, and the fog was very dense. Getting out a mile or so, it seemed as though the fog became more dense every minute. We found a big car in the ditch close to our side. We could see so very little we thought it dangerous to drive that distance on such a night. The preacher was willing to try to go on, but at last agreed with the rest of us that it might be better to turn back. He left us at the police station with the earnest request that we call him up the next morning and permit him to do whatever he could for us. He would be glad to take us out to see Mr. Young then. We found our constable had just returned to the station. We told him what we had tried to do. He understood. He said he had forgotten all about the other case he was to have when he asked me to report there at seven o'clock. He said the fog was so thick it took him a full hour to drive his car five miles on the pavement as he came in. His spirit seemed to be tempered a little more than in the bluster of the arrest; but he wanted me to know that I was under arrest, and that I should meet him there at eight o'clock the next morning. He thought the matter could be adjusted by my paying the doctor bill and something for the time the man would lose because of his injury. We would try to get together over the matter in the morning. Mrs. Coon and I returned to the hotel not feeling altogether happy. The outlook was not pleasant. At eight o'clock the next morning we were on hand again at the police station. But our constable did

not appear till some time after nine o'clock. He then tried to get in touch with Mr. Young. Young had no telephone. He finally got in that town over the telephone a man who knew Young. He asked him to get Young at the telephone as soon as possible. We waited. About ten o'clock Young came hobbling into the station on crutches. He and I were put into a room by ourselves to settle accounts. He showed me his foot and leg. His foot seemed to be some bruised. Where they had declared the leg to be broken there was no mark bigger than would be a small pin scratch. Of course I told him how sorry I was that he was hurt, and that I thought I had taken all necessary precaution, that I honked my horn and fully believed he was entirely out of my way; then, when I knew the car had touched him, I came to a stop expecting to make full inquiry as to his injury. But we saw he was on his feet and there was no evidence to us that anyone was seriously hurt; so I drove on. I told him I wanted to do exactly what was right. I asked him what he wanted for the damage done. He felt he would be letting me off very easy if I paid him for two weeks' work. He showed me his envelopes in which had come his pay for the preceding ten weeks. It footed up to \$1633 and more. He wanted me to make him an offer. I told him he got more in ten weeks as a miner than I got as a preacher in twelve months. I told him I would pay him fifty dollars and call it square. He said he would not think of it. He finally said if I would pay him \$163 cash he would let me go. I told him I did not have that much money to my name. He said I must get it for him or the matter would be settled in court. I then went before the police and the constable and told them exactly what had taken place between Young and myself. Mr. Mochally, the officer with the broken shoulder who befriended us the night before, was right there through the entire proceeding. He and the constable and the police worked with Young privately and otherwise, hoping he would be willing to settle in some fair way. Young was obdurate and declared he would have \$163 cash or carry the matter into court. They finally told him they did not believe he would get one cent if he took it into court. He said, "Perhaps not, but that is where it will go if I do not get

the cash now. It may cost both of us a lot of money, but I am ready to spend it." He wanted me to telegraph some of my friends for the money. This I would not do. I told him that perhaps he could put me in jail or state's prison, but that I was not going to give him something that I did not have. Knowing that he could swear out a warrant for me to appear in court—that would not convene for another month—I naturally felt quite concerned. Even though he could not prove a thing against me in court, I knew he could cause me a great deal of trouble and delay. There was much parleying between us with no apparent hope of settlement. I suggested that I could give him some cash and pay him the rest in monthly installments. I told him that Mrs. Coon and I would both sign notes to this effect, and assured him that the notes would be fully paid. (I thought this unjust settlement would be better under the circumstances than the suit in court.) He flatly refused any such thought of a settlement. Policemen and constables reminded him of the fact that I was far removed from my friends, and told him again of the work that I had been doing and of that to which I was going, and that he should be willing to take some things on faith. But he was obstinate. It was either cash or a lawsuit. Nothing else would answer. I told the chief and his men that it looked as though they had us on their hands. They said they had nothing with which to feed us but two sandwiches a day and water. They told Mr. Young that they of themselves could carry the case no further. That if he wanted to bring suit he would have to go before another magistrate and have papers sworn out for my arrest to appear in another court. He made inquiry concerning the party to whom he should go. They gave him the desired information. After waiting still longer in silence he stepped to the door saying he was going to the "Squire" to have papers made out. With that declared purpose he went down the street. Now laugh if you want to. Just then we did not feel that it was much of a laughing matter. Our prospects did not seem to be the brightest.

#### A TURN FOR THE BETTER

Long before Mr. Young started down the street to have papers made out for my ap-

pearance before another court, I knew by words and actions that the attitude of the police force and the constable had changed towards me. I was sure that we had their sympathy. But they had not pointed out any definite way by which I could extricate myself from the difficulty. The constable had said that he must make a report concerning the case. I was hardly prepared for what soon took place. When Mr. Young got out of hearing I said, "Isn't he hard boiled?" They agreed that he was. I then said, "Shall I follow him and try to effect a settlement?" You should have heard the chorus of their voices answer emphatically, "No." The chief and all hands joined at once in saying to us to take our car and get out of the city as quickly as possible, and to keep going. "But," I said, "I shall have to go to the hotel and pay my bill and get our bags." "Yes," they said, "but don't follow Young down the street." (He had gone in the direction of our hotel.) I said, "Well, we can go around the other way and down the alley." "Yes, yes," they said, "go on." "But," I said, "you will have to release the car or I can not get it." The constable handed me the check for the car saying, "Here, go on." I thanked them heartily for their sympathy and help. Mrs. Coon and I hurried to the hotel while the chief and one of the other policemen hurried to the garage and told them there to let me have the car. We were at the garage in pretty quick time ready for our start, although Mrs. Coon kept saying to me she didn't think we ought to go. She felt as though we were "sneaking out." That was where I differed quite materially from her judgment. I informed her that we were leaving the city by order of the city police. I reminded her that the apostle Paul was one time let down in a basket over the city wall by night in order to escape those who had declared they would take his life. Still she declared she did not want to go. But I was not particularly in love with Monessen, and felt altogether ready to go. I thought I saw much less trouble by getting out than by staying in. Oh, yes, we were making quick steps during all the argument. She saw that I was bent on obeying the last police orders to us, and she had no desire to be left in Monessen without me. So, just a

few moments before noon we were on the way again, fearing every minute that an officer with papers sworn out by Young might overtake us and pull us back for a trial that would take place a month or so later. But I was sure now that Young and his new officer would get scant help from the police station in Monessen. I confess that a good many times that afternoon while driving through the dense fog over the mountains of Pennsylvania, in thinking of Mr. Young returning to the police station to find that his "Coon was up another tree," I just had to chuckle right out loud. No, he did not get us. He was like the greedy little boy filling his arms so full of apples that he lost all of them.

During the long parleying of the forenoon Mr. Mochnaly asked Mr. Young how it happened that he found crutches so quickly. Mr. Young showed anger at once by saying, "Are you trying to kid me?" "Oh, no," said Mochnaly, "I was just wondering, that was all." Then Young said, "Well, I have been having rheumatism, and had to have crutches." The more Young said the more he was unconsciously helping to save me from paying him \$163.

Never once on the trip did we stop driving for eating our noon lunch. We ate while driving. But today all we had between breakfast and a late supper was one apple between us. We were more interested in getting farther on than we were in eating. But driving was slow in spite of our hurried feeling. Fog was thick much of the time. We had our lights on a good share of the afternoon. The night before, Mr. Mochnaly and Pastor Jones had both urged us to avoid the Lincoln highway across Pennsylvania, saying that it was treacherous and dangerous at that season of the year. They said, by all means, take the William Penn highway. They were both very familiar with both roads. So, it might have been that we would have had a much harder experience going over the Lincoln highway had we not have been held up in Monessen.

We reached Altoona, Pa., that night, one hundred sixteen miles from Monessen, well worn by the long nervous strain through which we had passed, but thankful, as we had been every night since leaving Boulder,

that things were as well with us as they were. The next morning before we had traveled ten miles a sleet storm set in so that our windshield was soon coated with nearly half an inch of ice. It was impossible to wipe the ice off the windshield or to see through it. Our only way to continue traveling was to open the windshield wide and leave it that way. Thus we traveled the rest of the day. This was the first and only day that we suffered with the cold on the trip. But now rain, snow, sleet, and wind came full in our faces. I made good use of the old fur coat that I had tried to give away in Boulder; and Mrs. Coon wrapped herself well with the fine steamer rug that our Boulder Church folks gave us at Christmas time. It was surely a raw drive that day. Before I was aware of it, I had frozen my fingers on both hands. We might have stopped for better weather, but we did not know but worse instead of better would come. Then we had already lost so much time enroute that we felt we must keep going if we could. Of course it was slow driving that day through such weather and over icy roads. We were glad to get into a good warm room in our hotel in Harrisburg, Pa., soon after five o'clock that night, having traveled but one hundred sixty miles. From the weather point of view it was the most wretched day of the trip. But we got a good rest, and made the home of Pastor T. J. Van Horn, Mrs. Coon's brother, at Dunellen, N. J., the next day. Crossing the Delaware at Easton, Pa., we felt we could reach Dunellen easily before dark. But we were on New Jersey soil but a few miles till we had a flat tire that caused delay. That was the first flat tire while traveling the entire trip. So we could not complain. We were happy indeed to find Pastor Van Horn and his good wife well. It is two thousand eighty-six miles from Boulder, Colo., to New York City the way we traveled. I hope to write you at another time some conclusions relating to this part of our journey to Jamaica.

Sincerely yours,

D. BURDETT COON.

*Dufferin, No. 2, Bon Air Road,  
Cross Roads P. O.,  
Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.  
March 27, 1927.*

*(To be continued)*



MONTHLY STATEMENT  
March 1, 1927 to April 1, 1927

S. H. Davis  
In account with  
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society

Dr.	
Balance on hand March 1, 1927 .....	\$20,051.00
Mrs. A. S. Billins, Missionary Society .....	10.00
Fouke Church, Missionary Society .....	13.60
Woman's Board:	
Miss Burdick's salary .....	200.00
Miss West's salary .....	200.00
Account salary of Fouke pastor .....	200.00
Home missions .....	100.00
Income Permanent Funds, General Fund .....	500.00
Mrs. C. C. Williams, work in Pangoengsen, Java .....	5.00
Dr. Rosa W. Palmborg, Missionary Society .....	18.00
Washington Trust Company, interest credit .....	1.36
Onward Movement, Missionary Society .....	925.00
Adams Center Church, Jamaica .....	25.00
First Alfred Church, Jamaica .....	5.00
Second Alfred Church, Missionary Society .....	.75
Chicago Church, Cornelia Slagter, Java .....	5.00
Chicago children's class, China .....	2.52
Los Angeles Church, Missionary Society .....	25.00
New York City, China schools .....	10.00
Rockville Sabbath school, Missionary Society ..	10.00
Shiloh Church, Missionary Society .....	97.13
	<u>\$22,404.36</u>

## Cr.

Gerald Velthuysen, work in Holland .....	\$104.17
T. L. M. Spencer, February salary .....	83.33
Wm. A. Berry, January and February salary ..	20.00
H. Louie Mignott, February salary .....	35.00
Wm. L. Burdick, February salary, traveling expense, visas, and postage .....	199.27
Wm. L. Burdick, clerk hire .....	33.33
L. J. Branch, February salary .....	25.00
C. C. Van Horn, February salary .....	41.67
Ellis R. Lewis, February salary .....	100.00
R. B. St. Clair, February salary .....	108.33
Geo. W. Hills, February salary .....	50.00
L. D. Seager, February salary .....	66.67
J. W. Crofoot, February salary .....	100.00
Hand-in-Hand Mutual Guarantee Fire Insurance Company, interest on Georgetown mortgage .....	34.05
Anna M. West, February salary and traveling expenses .....	54.39
D. Burdett Coon, February salary and traveling expenses .....	160.20
Clayton A. Burdick, traveling expenses to Foreign Mission Conference .....	11.16
Nettie M. West, account salary Mabel West ..	25.00
Industrial Trust Company, China draft:	
Dr. Thorngate, salary and children's allowance .....	\$275.00
Mabel West, account salary .....	75.00
R. W. Palmborg, account salary .....	182.00
Girls' School appropriation .....	37.50
Susie M. Burdick, salary .....	200.00
Evangelist and incidental .....	225.00
H. E. Davis, salary and children's allowance .....	526.20
	<u>\$1,520.70</u>
Industrial Trust Company, draft account H. E. Davis' salary .....	3.65
Dr. Rosa W. Palmborg or S. H. Davis, treasurer, account salary .....	18.00
Treasurer's expenses .....	28.00
	<u>\$2,821.92</u>
Balance on hand April 1 .....	19,582.44
	<u>\$22,404.36</u>
Bills payable in April, about .....	\$1,800.00
Special funds referred to in last month's report now amount to \$20,449.39, balance on hand \$19,582.44, net indebtedness \$866.95.	

S. H. Davis,  
Treasurer.

E. &amp; O. E.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY  
Treasurer's Receipts for January, 1927

General Fund	
Contributions to General Fund:	
Mrs. M. C. White, Sioux City, Ia. ....	\$ 10.00
Onward Movement .....	470.25
	<u>\$ 480.25</u>
Income from invested funds:	
Annuity Gifts .....	\$40.97
Sarah Elizabeth Brand Bequest .....	.01
Amanda C. Dunham Bequest .....	1.00
George Greenman Bequest .....	1.00
Amanda P. Hamilton Bequest .....	8.00
Mrs. H. Gillette Kenyon Gift .....	1.00
Life Memberships .....	2.30
Electra A. Potter Bequest .....	5.68
Arletta G. Rogers Bequest .....	8.14
Julius M. Todd Bequest .....	2.00
Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund:	
American Sabbath Tract Society Fund .....	\$ 26.33
Eugenia L. Babcock Bequest .....	148.08
George H. Babcock Bequest .....	1,051.24
Charity L. Burdick Bequest .....	9.05
Delos C. Burdick Bequest .....	244.52
Delos C. Burdick farm .....	13.23
E. K. and Francelia Burdick Fund .....	113.12
Harriet Burdick Bequest .....	2.60
Estate of Edward W. Burdick .....	30.68
Penelope R. Harbert Bequest .....	30.82
Hornell Seventh Day Baptist Church Fund .....	57.50
Mary E. Rich Bequest .....	33.75
Southampton Parsonage Fund .....	6.76
	<u>1,767.68</u>
	1,837.78
Publishing house receipts:	
"Sabbath Recorder" .....	\$1,164.28
"Helping Hand" .....	293.23
Tract depository .....	52.94
"Junior Graded Helps" .....	21.90
"Intermediate Graded Helps" .....	17.35
Calendars .....	132.35
Outside publications .....	8.85
	<u>1,690.90</u>
Contributions to special Sabbath Reform work:	
William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J. ....	41.67
Contributions, distribution Bibles, etc., foreign missions:	
Mrs. J. A. Hardy, Portsmouth, Va. ....	10.00
	<u>\$4,060.60</u>
Denominational Building Fund	
Contributions:	
General .....	\$407.59
Onward Movement .....	20.00
	<u>\$427.59</u>
Income:	
Sale of old flag stones, denominational building .....	5.00
	<u>432.59</u>
Maintenance Fund	
Rent from publishing house .....	200.00
Total .....	<u>\$4,693.19</u>
Treasurer's Receipts for February, 1927	
General Fund	
Contributions:	
Mrs. A. S. Billins, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis. ....	\$ 10.00
Onward Movement .....	371.00
	<u>\$ 381.00</u>
Publishing house receipts:	
"Sabbath Recorder" .....	\$610.20
"Helping Hand" .....	82.43
Tract depository .....	14.64
"Junior Graded Helps" .....	17.25
"Intermediate Graded Helps" .....	16.35

Calendars .....	46.70
Outside publications .....	6.15
	<u>793.72</u>
Interest on daily bank balances .....	29.03
Contributions to special Sabbath Reform work:	
William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J. ....	41.67
	<u>\$1,245.42</u>

Denominational Building Fund	
Contributions:	
General .....	\$540.00
Onward Movement .....	10.00
	<u>\$ 550.00</u>

Income:	
Interest on daily bank balances .....	54.00
	<u>604.00</u>

Maintenance Fund	
Rent from publishing house .....	\$200.00
Interest on daily bank balances .....	12.00
	<u>212.00</u>

Total .....

Treasurer's Receipts for March, 1927  
General Fund

Contributions:	
Woman's Executive Board .....	\$300.00
Onward Movement .....	503.66
	<u>\$ 803.66</u>

Publishing house receipts:	
"Sabbath Recorder" .....	\$299.40
"Helping Hand" .....	55.49
Tract depository .....	11.95
"Junior Graded Helps" .....	17.55
"Intermediate Graded Helps" .....	10.05
Calendars .....	5.10
Outside publications .....	4.65
	<u>404.19</u>

Contributions to special Sabbath Reform work:	
William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J. ....	41.67
Contributions to Java missions:	
Mrs. Irma S. Blinn, Marlboro, N. J. ....	5.00
	<u>\$1,254.52</u>

Denominational Building Fund	
Contributions:	
General .....	\$154.84
Onward Movement .....	25.00
	<u>\$ 179.84</u>

Income:	
Interest on loan account Michle press .....	8.75
	<u>\$188.58</u>

Repayment account loan, Michle press .....		300.00
	<u>488.59</u>	

Maintenance Fund	
Rent from publishing house .....	\$200.00
Interest on loan account Michle press .....	62.50
	<u>262.50</u>

Total .....

## HOME NEWS

MARLBORO, N. J.—The resignation of Rev. R. J. Severance came as a surprise to his congregation last Sabbath, April 2. The resignation was accepted with deep regret at the business meeting that evening. He will go to Fouke in August, where he has accepted a call to shepherd that flock. They are indeed to be congratulated.

Unintentionally the following names of our congregation were omitted from the list of those attending Conference: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bivins, Mrs. John Geisinger, Miss Eunice Bivins, Miss Katharine Geisinger, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Davis.

E. F. D.

LOST CREEK, W. VA.—The Lost Creek Church paper publishes the following items of interest to readers of our Home News:

PARISH HOUSE TO BE BUILT—OLD PARSONAGE TO BE SOLD

These were matters of action taken at the quarterly business meeting of the Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church, March 13. An all-day meeting was held and the ladies served a delightful and abundant cafeteria dinner at the noon hour.

Orville B. Bond gave a comprehensive and searching address on "Building on Foundations for the Future." Building for and with our young people and for community service were constant themes running through his splendid address.

The Parish House Committee, after reporting their findings on the past several months' investigation, were authorized by almost unanimous vote to purchase suitable property and another committee was appointed to produce plans for building.

The church trustees were authorized to dispose of the old parsonage property and use proceeds in erecting new parsonage.

Rev. Clifford A. Beebe of Ritchie County, occupied the pulpit of the Seventh Day Baptist church, January 22. His sermon was helpful. The Berea Church, of which Mr. Beebe is pastor, is building a new church, the old one having burned to the ground about two years ago.

Squire A. D. Bassel has been vigorously "putting the screws on" bootlegging and rowdiness since assuming his office. Such work merits the support and appreciation of every loyal citizen of the community.

Christian Endeavor week was observed by the young people of the "Brick." The first day was given to a program carried out by the society in the place of the regular morning service of worship. Brief addresses were given by Deacon S. Erlo Davis, and Mr. Ancil Peterson of Stone Coal, president of the Clarksburg District Christian Endeavor Union. Special music was rendered by a quartet consisting of Abbie B. and Flo Van Horn, and Harlie Bond and Urso Davis. Recitations were given by Helen Kennedy and Everett Davis, and the society sang "We Young Folks are Seventh Day Baptists," and "Win Them One by One."

On the closing day of the observance, the  
(Continued on page 496)

## EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH  
CHESTERTOWN, MD.  
Contributing Editor

### SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY—EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING

The Executive Board of the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society met in quarterly session at Alfred, N. Y., April 10, 1927.

Members present: Edgar D. Van Horn, Arthur E. Main, Boothe C. Davis, A. Clyde Ehret, Alpheus B. Kenyon, Frank L. Greene, Waldo A. Titsworth, Dora K. Degen, Curtis F. Randolph, Welcome E. Phillips, and Earl P. Saunders.

President E. D. Van Horn presided.

Prayer was offered by A. B. Kenyon.

Treasurer E. P. Saunders presented his report for the quarter ending March 31, which was adopted.

#### ABSTRACT OF THE TREASURER'S REPORT

##### I. REVENUE

###### *Receipts*

Balance on hand January 1 .....	\$ 623.23
Interest .....	744.91
Onward Movement funds .....	180.04
Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund .....	10.26
Transferred from Guaranty Fund .....	300.00
	<u>\$1,858.44</u>

###### *Disbursements*

Alfred University, two quarters .....	\$ 664.67
Theological seminary, two quarters .....	967.91
Salem College, two quarters .....	7.74
"Year Book" .....	131.45
Subscription to "Christian Education" .....	2.40
Insurance premium .....	9.16
Expense of corresponding secretary .....	21.28
Treasurer's salary .....	25.00
Balance on hand March 31 .....	28.83
	<u>\$1,858.44</u>

##### II. PRINCIPAL

###### *Receipts*

Balance on hand January 1 .....	\$ 304.07
F. A. Owen Company stock .....	100.00
	<u>\$404.07</u>

###### *Disbursements*

Transferred from Guaranty Fund to revenue .....	\$ 300.00
Balance on hand March 31 .....	104.07
	<u>\$ 404.07</u>

On motion the treasurer's distribution of the quarter's income was approved.

A bill for insurance on the Jessie B. Whitford house amounting to \$17.75 was ordered paid.

It was voted to contribute \$25 to the funds of the Council of Church Boards of Education.

President Van Horn was requested to represent the society at the coming sessions of the several associations, if practicable; otherwise to arrange for proper representation.

The president and corresponding secretary were made a committee to prepare the program for the General Conference Education Society hour.

The corresponding secretary, Mrs. Dora K. Degen, gave a brief verbal report of her attendance upon the recent sessions of the Council of Church Boards of Education held in Chicago, emphasizing the importance of the work being done by the various boards and the value to us of our connection with the council.

EARL P. SAUNDERS,  
*Recording Secretary.*

### HOME NEWS

*(Continued from page 495)*

pastor delivered a sermon on "The Challenge of Christian Endeavor," in the morning. At night, a pageant, "The Keeper of the Keys," was beautifully staged by the society. Those taking part in this were Ruth Kennedy, Mary Van Horn, Velma Davis, Milton Edward and Elston Van Horn, Jane Davis, Helen Kennedy, Billy Van Horn, Glenn, Lloyd, Manning and Jesse Kennedy, and Junior Van Horn. The background of old hymns was put on by Mr. H. D. Bond, assisted by Stella Van Horn at the piano. The audience greatly appreciated the work of the young folks and responded with an appropriate silver offering. The audience was then invited to the parsonage where a Christian Endeavor social was staged with stunts, songs, lunch. Everyone was made to feel at home and the fellowship was enjoyed by all.

The married teachers and their families were entertained for dinner February 17, at the home of Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Van Horn. The evening was pleasantly spent in social fellowship and singing. Mr. Stout and Mr. Bond delightfully entertained with a number of solos.

## WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLY, MILTON, W.V.  
Contributing Editor

*So also is the resurrection of the dead. 1  
Cor. 15: 42.*

O little bulb, uncouth,  
Ragged, and rusty brown,  
Have you some dew of youth?  
Have you a crimson gown?  
Plant me and see  
What I shall be—  
God's fine surprise  
Before your eyes!

A body wearing out,  
A crumbling house of clay!  
O agony of doubt  
And darkness and dismay!  
Trust God and see  
What I shall be—  
His best surprise  
Before your eyes!

*—Mabbie D. Babcock.*

### TRAINING INDIA'S NEW WOMAN

The Girls' High School at Ranipattai is located in an obscure corner of the great Madras Presidency, which was the first to grant the right of suffrage to women owning property. We are far from the progressive city, in a conservative old town ringed about with rice fields—a town where intelligent Hindu men attend and applaud school exhibitions and make frequent eloquent speeches on the education of women, but do not succeed in securing for their own daughters more than three or four years of schooling. "Learning?" say the grandmothers of our town. "What is learning for? How will learning help a girl to blow the fire?"

#### A VISIT TO THE GIRLS' SCHOOL

It is Friday noon in our school and in the shade of the inner veranda the children lie in rows on their grass mats for the rest hour before afternoon classes. Out in the kitchen and dining hall, some of the "big sisters" are still cleaning up after the noon meal—carrying earthen pots of water on their hips from the well mixing a disinfectant with each pot, and then washing and scrubbing the stone floors and the drain. Others are in the store room with the ma-

tron, measuring out the foodstuffs for the next meal, for they will start to "blow the fire" as soon as the kitchen is clean. (Perhaps it is not too much to hope that if we realize to any extent our ideal of training them to think and act for themselves, they may not only learn to blow the fire more efficiently but may devise a better sort of fire than that over which their ancestors have squatted for generations.) Rajammal, who is the head of this "set" of four workers, is in a hurry to start the cooking, for she is commissioned by the Sixth Form Domestic Science class to try an experiment. For two weeks the sixth form have been on the subject of "Food Values," and already they have turned the searchlight of their new knowledge upon the school menu, and discovered a deficiency in proteins and fats. The domestic science teacher, who is also, unhappily, chancellor of the exchequer, is obliged to confess that the budget permits of no more meat and eggs. Can the class suggest anything else? So the class has been poring over caloric lists of Indian grains and foods, obtained from a government bureau, and each member of the class is going to try out a new idea in cheap proteins when it comes the turn of her set to cook. Rajammal is experimenting with the possibilities of introducing peanuts into the curry—unheard-of combination! Even the matron, who is hardened to innovations by this time, hands over the peanuts with a skeptical smile and, washing her hands of the matter, departs. Rajammal, whose shyness in class reminds her American teachers of a certain "wee, sleekit, timorous, cowerin' beastie" now jumps to her work with a vigor and a sparkle that make the younger members of her set stand around. When the two o'clock bell summons the "head" to her chemistry laboratory and the others to various classes, preparations are under way so that the meal can be cooked between four and six. Then the school will give its verdict on the new curry.

Meanwhile, during the hot noon hour while Rajammal's set are washing rice, grinding curry-stuffs, and shelling peanuts, Kamala, head of the cleaning squad for the day, is having an unhappy time. Soon after her gay departure from the scene of action, a "queen" came around to inspect, with the result that Kamala has been recalled and faced with the unmistakable evidences of a

Third Repetition of an Unforgivable Sin. This must be capitalized, for emptying the garbage out of the back door is an "unforgivable sin." Kamala's own mother at home, and her neighbors in the village, share her attitude toward garbage—that "out of sight is out of mind." Before this Kamala has been obliged to recall her scattered squad and convey the garbage to its proper pit and burn it; but now on her third offense—oh, why did she cast her vote for that girl to be queen—she must not only do this, but must be summoned to the court! With this ultimatum the queen hurries away, to slip her written statement of this "case" into the box, before it is opened. This queen or *rane*—as we call her in Tamil—is the elected representative of one of the four groups into which the six upper classes of our school are divided. Each group—called a "house" in anticipation of the day when we shall really have four separate cottages—elects its own queen and princess at the beginning of the year, and the four houses acting together as the "united nation," elect a member of the sixth form to be maharane or chief queen.

As Kamala's accusing queen reaches the box with her slip, the maharane is in the act of performing her weekly duty of opening the box and taking out the other reports of offenses against the law. Ten minutes later the "low court"—or court of common pleas—has begun its weekly session in an empty class room. At the desk stands the maharane, aged eighteen, conducting the session by parliamentary procedure with a quiet dignity that little suggests the timid, inarticulate child of four years before. At the desks sit the eight members of the jury—the four queens or *ranees*, who are fifth or sixth form girls, and four of the *sitthi* (aunts) who are teachers, making two representatives from each house. The accused with their accusers and witnesses are tried one by one until the two o'clock bell precipitates a hasty adjournment. The teachers fly to their classes, and the maharane, all through the ensuing class in English history, is mentally comparing the constitution and laws of our "united nation" with the constitution and laws of England in the reign of the Stuarts—somewhat to the advantage of the former!

Across the hall in the chemistry laboratory, Rajammal and others who prefer

science to history, are absorbed in proving the identity of a new and unknown substance. In the fourth form class room, the teacher is on the back seat, and a member of the class, at the desk, conducts a discussion of Home Rule for India by "Gandhi, Tagore and Lord Reading." On the timetable this class is called English oral composition. At half past three today classes stop to give way to the Friday "Literary and Debating Society" for which the older girls gather in the main hall. The third form, arriving just in time from their two hours of "home nursing" at the near-by hospital, make their debut in debating on a subject chosen by themselves, "It is Right to Kill Animals for Food?"

At half past four, the older girls gather for their gymnasium class. The Victrola plays a gay tune and the long line marches in, eyes brightening, bangles and anklets clinking faintly in time to the music. The teacher looks them over with a critical eye. She has suffered for this class! First she has cajoled an overworked doctor into making a thorough physical examination of each girl. She has labored with superstitious parents to secure necessary treatments. She has teased, coaxed, and driven the girls into class, when they would far rather lie down with a headache or languidly stroll in the garden or embroider on the veranda. She has carried them through their first days of stiffness by the attraction of music and her own enthusiasm—and now, look at them march! Despite their graceful, but hampering draperies, they can walk alertly, follow orders quickly, and do exercises with real snap and vim. To be sure, this girl and that and that have slight curvatures from carrying heavy baby brothers on their hips when they were little, several are still stooped from early schoolroom days, but that is what you would find in any class the world over. What is not so apparent to every eye is the physical heritage of these girls—the long line of child marriage and seclusion back of them, which must be responsible for these slight, delicate bodies which may grow fat and flabby with age, but have so low a power of resistance to disease. Add to this a nervous instability that leads many into hysteria and neurasthenia, and you see what a grave responsibility lies with those who guide such girls through a difficult and taxing high school

course of study. The setting-up exercises are over now, and the girls laughingly choose partners for folk dancing. Under the spell of the catchy music and the jolly companionship, they will jump and skip and bend without a thought of stiff muscles or lost dignity, and with joyous abandon comes a growing freedom in every sort of expression. Many a repressing bond first breaks and disappears in the physical work, leaving the stiff and inarticulate girl more free, the lackadaisical one more active. Then they run outdoors to play, in the cool shadows of late afternoon, so limbered up that they romp and skip about like children who have been accustomed to it. Up goes the tennis net, up goes the badminton net, with a scramble for bats. The whistle blows as basketball and volleyball begin. The left-overs join their "little sisters" in skipping rope, hopscotch, or Indian games. Lazy girls, who sneak off into quiet corners, are beguiled into their "house team" to practice for the matches at the end of term. Sometimes a group leaves the playground for a "bird walk" or "botany walk," and after dark on certain nights, a "star walk," with a nature-loving teacher. The outdoor world, in the cool resplendent sunset hour, is our greatest classroom, where many a lesson is learned of working together, standing up under hard knocks, playing fair—and where eyes once blind are opened to a "glory and a dream" that can never pass, however dull and narrow their future range of vision.

On this night the supper bell rings early, and the girls hurry off exclaiming excitedly, "Drama! drama! drama!" This is the fifth form's turn to entertain the school during a festive evening. Some inquisitive youngster, flattening herself against the outer wall of the classroom where rehearsals took place, has discovered and spread the news that this is no ordinary performance gotten up by the girls themselves with impromptu lines and a buffoon making everyone merry, but a real play, coached by the *pandit* or Tamil classics teacher, so excitement runs high. While stage properties and seats are being arranged at one end of the moonlit court, after supper, the impatient children give vent to their feelings by skipping and clapping their rhythmical *kummi* around a palm at the other end. Their song, taken out of its flowing Tamil syllables, is something as follows:

"Mr. Moon, hold up your light! Look down tonight and see us playing!  
Happy children in a ring, so sweetly singing all together.  
In the palace all is dark. The reason?  
Hark! A girl is born!  
Heed not, maidens! Speed not, maidens!  
Dance and sing till early morn."

Faster and faster spins the laughing circle round the palm in the moonlight, springing in and out and snapping fingers, till the bell precipitates a mad rush for seats near the stage.

Only the cement floor for both stage and pit, with the veranda for balcony, a bench or two for boxes, a *sari* for back-drop and our dignified *pandit* with his hand-harmonium for orchestra—yet for three hours we are carried to another world as we live over the old, old story of Harischandra and Chandramathy as sung and acted by our transfigured fifth form. The pathos of the tale, and the lovely, haunting melodies in which it is told, silence the boisterous mirth and bring tears to our eyes.

The girls also work hard at Indian music, practicing away at the violin, *thambool*, *veena*, and hand harmonium, learning the science of the different *rahas* and scales, in the hope of developing a real *bajanai* or orchestra. And thus we are trying, beside bringing to them all the best that the West has to offer, to help them to develop all that is finest in their own heritage.—Charlotte C. Wyckoff, in the *Missionary Review of the World*.

#### MESSAGE FROM OUR TREASURER

DEAR WORKERS IN THE LADIES' AID SOCIETIES:

Since nine months of the Conference year is gone, will it not be profitable for us to consider what we have already accomplished and what we must do in the remaining three months, to meet the budget of the Woman's Board?

First, let us recall the items of the budget:

Miss Burdick's salary	\$ 800.00
Miss West's salary	800.00
Home missions	500.00
Georgetown chapel	200.00
Boys' and Girls' Schools, China	200.00
Tract Society	900.00
Fouke—Pastor's salary	200.00
Retired Ministers' Fund	250.00
Board expenses	250.00
Emergency Fund	200.00

\$4,300.00

This is what has been paid toward our budget:

Miss West's salary .....	\$ 600.00
Miss Burdick's salary .....	600.00
Fouke's pastor .....	200.00
Tract Society .....	300.00
Home missions .....	100.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,800.00

This leaves yet to be met:

Miss Burdick's salary .....	\$ 200.00
Miss West's salary .....	200.00
Home missions .....	400.00
Georgetown chapel .....	200.00
Tract Society .....	600.00
Retired Ministers Fund .....	250.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,850.00

This does not include the amounts usually raised for the Boys' and Girls' Schools in China, which I purposely omitted because of the conditions in China at present. Part of the board expenses has already been met and \$250 has been received from the Onward Movement treasurer since April first, which with the March balance of \$183.30 gives us \$433.30, leaving \$1,417 to be raised by June 30.

Surely this can be done easily if we only make a special effort. Will not each ladies' society in the denomination be sure to raise your own budget and send the money through your church treasurer to the Onward Movement treasurer?

In the RECORDER of March 28, there are very interesting letters from Rev. D. Burdett Coon, telling of the journey to Jamaica and of the work there. It has been suggested by a friend that the ladies' societies present Mr. Coon with a new Corona typewriter, which he very much needs in his work there. The typewriter will cost about sixty dollars plus the transportation. Would each society like to help toward this gift?

Will you take this matter under consideration and send your contribution as soon as possible to the treasurer of the Woman's Board so that the typewriter may be purchased and sent to the Coons to aid them in their work?

Faithfully yours in the work,  
(MRS. A. E.) MARY WHITFORD.

Milton, Wis.,  
April 4, 1927.

TREASURER'S REPORT

MRS. A. E. WHITFORD,  
In account with  
THE WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD  
For three months ending March 31, 1927

<i>Dr.</i>	
To cash on hand December 31, 1926 .....	\$ 137.80
H. R. Crandall—Onward Movement .....	731.00
H. R. Crandall—Onward Movement:	
Garwin, Ladies' Aid .....	20.00
Milton Junction, Ladies' Aid, Miss West's salary .....	50.00
Richburg, Ladies' Aid .....	5.00
Shiloh, Benevolent Society .....	100.00
Walworth, Helping Hand .....	15.00
Walworth, Benevolent Society .....	30.00
Alfred, N. Y., Woman's Evangelical Society, board expenses .....	8.00
Milton, Wis., Mrs. H. C. Stewart, Tract Society .....	\$3.00
Missionary Society .....	3.00
	<hr/>
New Auburn, ladies' society .....	6.00
Riverside, Calif., Mrs. C. B. Coon .....	20.00
Viborg, S. D., Mrs. Timon Swenson .....	3.00
Westerly, R. I., S. D. B. Society .....	10.00
	<hr/>
	50.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,185.80

<i>Cr.</i>	
S. H. Davis, treasurer Missionary Society:	
Miss West's salary .....	\$200.00
Miss Burdick's salary .....	200.00
Fouke, for pastor's salary .....	200.00
Home missions .....	100.00
	<hr/>
	\$ 700.00
Missionary Review—Dr. Grace Crandall .....	2.50
Tract Society .....	300.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,002.50
Cash on hand March 31, 1927 .....	183.30
	<hr/>
	\$1,185.80

EASTER HYMN

(Tune: Miriam)

The Son of God has triumphed  
O'er darkness and the grave!  
The scepter and the purple  
Are his who lives to save;  
Raise all your voices gladly,  
To sing the song of songs  
To him who lives forever,  
To whom all power belongs.

Black was the night that gathered  
Around his thorn-crowned head!  
The stars paled in their splendor,  
The hope of faith was dead;  
But see! The glittering angel  
Dispels the dismal gloom!  
The morning hails the victor,  
He rises from the tomb!

Bring forth your balm and spices,  
Your sweetest offering bring,  
No death-stilled clay to honor,  
But an exultant King;  
Rise from the place of mourning!  
Lift up your tearful eyes!  
Death could not hold the Master,  
And we, like him, shall rise! Amen.  
—Dr. Charles M. Sheldon.

THE STORY OF THE SUWANEE RIVER

Way down upon the Suwanee River,  
Far, far away,  
There's where my heart is turning ever,  
There's where the old folks stay;  
All up and down the whole creation  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longing for the old plantation  
And for the old folks at home.

Pathetically Stephen Collins Foster sang his longing for the "old folks at home" along the Suwanee River; and although the sweet singer has joined the heavenly chorus these many years, the haunting refrain lives on.

Few people know that even today many old folks wait in the "huts among the bushes," hoping that some fond memory will bring their beloved wanderers back to the Suwanee River. Somewhere in the great Okefenokee Swamp in Georgia is a tiny sparkling spring. The overflow from this spring forms a lazy brooklet, which winds in and out between giant dark-green live-oaks, across the state of Florida and into the Gulf of Mexico. At many places, White Springs, Live Oak, Ellaville, Hatches Bend, the motorist may stop and view the marvelous beauty of this famous river; but to see it in its perfection one must canoe, paddling leisurely over the water, which mirrors its picturesque banks in all their charm.

In and out among the branches of the magnolias, the pines, and the palmettos dart hundreds of brilliantly plumed birds of wondrous song. All Florida is a refuge for birds, but the Suwanee River is their paradise. Here the musical whistle of the cardinal rivals the mocking-bird's chorus; the song-sparrow plays hide-and-seek with the warblers; and the bluejay is larger, more "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue" and far saucier than he ever dared to be in the North.

The delicate draperies of the Spanish

moss glimmering and glistening in the sunlight add to a scene indescribably attractive. Among the blue herons along the water's edge an occasional white ibis appears, its beauty rousing in the beholder a longing to see that other Florida haven, Bird Island, where thousands of these birds nest every year.

A break in the undergrowth along the shore reveals the pathos of the Suwanee River, the tumble-down villages for which the colored man's heart always grows weary. The decrepit cabins are raised on wooden blocks to keep the occupants dry during the spring freshets; the windows are mere holes in the wall, with no glass or screen; the fireplaces hardly worthy the name. A patch of scraggly corn, perhaps a smaller patch of tobacco, a few scratching chickens, and a couple of razor-back hogs tell the life-story of these primitive people, who have never been farther from home than the nearest store.

Stephen Collins Foster, who knew and loved the South, was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 4, 1826. The sweetness of the songs, their simplicity, and their genuineness won them instant popularity and their author lasting fame. "O Susannah," "Nellie Was a Lady," "Uncle Ned," "Camptown Races," "Willie, We Have Missed You," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," and "Old Dog Tray" are others of Foster's compositions, but none of these brought him the financial reward of "Old Folks at Home," popularly known as "The Suwanee River," which is said to have netted him \$15,000. Foster died in New York City, January 13, 1864.

His songs will never die.

All the world am dark and dreary,  
Every where I roam;  
O darkies, how my heart grows weary,  
Far from the old folks at home!

will always bring a response from the heart of home-loving America.

Beloit, Wis.

—May L. Bauchle,  
In Christian Endeavor World.

Spread out your petition before God, and then say, "Thy will, not mine, be done!" The sweetest lesson I have learned in God's school is to let the Lord choose for me.—  
D. L. Moody.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MRS. RUBY COON BABCOCK  
R. F. D. 5, Box 165, Battle Creek, Mich.  
Contributing Editor

### IDEAL HOME LIFE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
May 7, 1927

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Mutual love (Gen. 45: 24)  
Monday—Children's obedience (Col. 3: 20)  
Tuesday—Mutual service (Phil. 2: 3-5)  
Wednesday—Reverence for parents (Luke 2: 51, 52)  
Thursday—The family altar (2 Tim. 3: 15-17)  
Friday—Mutual forbearance (Eph. 4: 1-3)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: Elements in ideal home life (Eph. 6: 1-9)

### A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

There is nothing which can equal an ideal Christian home, for it has a wonderful influence upon the community and even the nation. What are some of the elements found in the ideal Christian home?

The daily readings for this week suggest answers to this question. Such a home is dominated by love, and this love is mutual. "Love never faileth." If this condition prevails, children will obey their parents through love, and not fear. There will also be mutual service in this home. If the members of the home love each other, they will be glad to do anything for the welfare of the others in the home.

Every Christian home should have a family altar, for its influence is far-reaching. The quiet family worship makes an impression on the younger members of the home which goes with them throughout the years. One of the pleasant memories of my home life is that of my father's prayer at the breakfast table. It has had an influence on my life, and the thought that those prayers are still ascending to the throne of grace for the ones who are away from home, is an inspiration to me which helps me through the trials of life.

In closing, I wish to emphasize the value of Christian training in the home. A Boy Scout executive of our city said, in a recent

address, that there is no bad boy. If a boy goes wrong, it is due to a lack of Christian training in the home, and the blame rests upon the parents. We are appalled at the amount of crime in our country, and the most of our criminals are young people. What is the cause of this condition, and where must we place the blame? Let the family altar be rebuilt in the home, let Christian training be re-established, and then this condition will be remedied.

Battle Creek, Mich.

### THE INTERMEDIATE CORNER

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK  
Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent  
Sabbath Day, May 7, 1927

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—A lovely home (Luke 10: 38-42)  
Monday—Respect in the home (1 Pet. 3: 6)  
Tuesday—Home with an open door (Luke 15: 11-24)  
Wednesday—Homesick souls (Ps. 137: 1-6)  
Thursday—Religion in the home (Deut. 6: 1-9)  
Friday—A mother's love (Exod. 2: 1-10)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: Why does home mean so much to us? (Prov. 6: 20-23)

#### A HOUSE OR A HOME?

"I'm tired of being just a house," sighed the old building across the way, "I should like to be a real home again. My two stories used to be none too large for one family with all the children. Now I am inhabited by two or three families. They do not live here; they only spend a part of some nights here. They eat in restaurants, live on the streets, and spend half the night in moving picture houses. There are no old people who live here now. They are taken away to the insane asylum or the almshouse or the cemetery long before they reach old age."

Is there not some truth in the complaint of the old house? Are we not in danger of losing the beautiful influence of the Christian home upon the lives of our young people? The school can not take the place of the home, for the most important lessons of life, such as unselfishness, love, obedience to duty, must be learned in the home. Neither can the church take the place of the home in the religious training of children, for the best products of the Christian life are the result of home influence.

An evening spent away from home  
In olden days was rare,  
The children hadn't learned to roam.

### GIVE AND GET

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

(Sermon to the boys and girls, Plainfield, N. J.,  
April 9, 1927)

Text: *Give, and it shall be given unto you.*  
Luke 6: 38.

It took me quite a while to decide just what name to give this sermon. I hardly knew whether to call it "Give and Receive," or "Give and Have," or "Give and Get." Even "Give and Take" suggested itself, but then that has a different meaning, although it would be a very good subject for a sermon. You see there was one word that I was sure I wanted, and that word was "Give."

To live or to play on the "give and take" plan simply means that we are going to play fair; and if someone does something that we do not like, we are not going to make a big fuss about it. If others make mistakes, so do we. If others do not do just right all the time, perhaps we do not either. We will overlook some things and get along, and be pleasant.

A good Seventh Day Baptist deacon said something once that I think is worth remembering. This deacon was elected mayor this week in a town where I used to live. This is what I heard him say: "When I see something in another man that I do not like, I think perhaps he sees something in me he does not like, and so I call it even, and just go ahead." You see he did not hold spite.

But my text is, "Give, and it shall be given unto you," and my subject is "Give and Get." It may seem strange to you at first thought that the way to get is to give. You may think that the way to get a thing is to get it. The way to keep it then, of course, is to hold on to it. Well, that is not true of the best things in life.

I read a story once about a boy who believed in looking out for himself every time. In playing with other boys he was always thinking of himself, and what was coming to him. He always wanted to be "first" or to be "it." He never thought of giving up to someone else, or of dividing with others. But while he was trying to get everything for himself all the time, he kept losing more than he was getting. He lost the respect and the friendship of the other boys. And he never got anything half so valuable. He

For pleasure everywhere;  
But now your home is but a shell  
Where children sleep and eat;  
It serves the purpose very well,  
Their home is on the street.—Walt Mason.

Let us not allow that to be the case with any of our Christian Endeavor homes. What is finer than the Sabbath afternoon spent in the home, with reading and conversation; or the evening around the supper table, with games and singing to follow. I know many a home like that, and so do you. Let us see that our homes continue to be that kind.

### JUNIOR WORK

ELISABETH KENYON  
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR MEETINGS

LEORA GRAY

APRIL 30.—Mary and Martha, who were friends of Jesus. Luke 10: 38-42.

Try to impress upon the minds of the children that our physical needs are necessary, but our spiritual bodies really require more attention because if we are not careful there are many temptations which will bring harm to them. The juniors might list on the blackboard the characteristics of both Mary and Martha. Have them tell whether Marys or Marthas are needed most in the world today, and why.

MAY 7.—Making our mothers glad. Ephesians 6: 1-4.

This is a topic all the juniors should be ready to talk about freely. There are so many things we can do to make our mothers glad. Perhaps the subject could be broadened a little. The boys might like to tell how they can please their fathers. Remember, God said we must honor our parents. Do the Junior boys and girls know what it really means to honor? Some of the Junior superintendents may think this meeting would be a good time to invite the parents, mothers especially.

Milton, Wis.

The supreme test of Christian discipleship is unquestioning loyalty to Jesus Christ. It will be forever true that he who loses his life for the sake of Christ and duty will find it enlarged, enriched, and ennobled a hundredfold in the light beyond the veil.—Henry Howard.

always said he was going to look out for "number one."

One day these boys were playing in a field where there was a deep pit. They knew nothing about the pit until all at once they heard someone screaming and calling for help. They all ran to the place from which they heard the cry for help coming, and there they found the boy who was always looking out for number one. He had fallen into the pit, and he could not get out without help. As the other boys stood around the mouth of the pit no one offered to help him out. They only said, "Hello, taking care of number one are you?" He was very much surprised that no one would help him. He didn't like it a bit and told them he thought they were very mean. They replied that they thought that was a very good place for him. Now he could take care of number one, and there would be no one there to disturb him. He began to scold. But they said, "Good-by, take care of number one;" and started off. He was afraid they would leave him, and so he changed his tune, and began to beg them to come back and help him out. They called back, "Good-by, number one, take good care of yourself."

When the boys thought he had been punished enough for his selfishness they all returned to the pit where "number one" was. He realized that he had deserved all their jibes, for he now saw how selfish he had been. He told them that he knew he had been mean, that he saw it now very plainly, and that he was going to turn over a new leaf, and that they would never hear him say again that he must look out for number one. They helped him out, and he never forgot his lesson.

The words of our text are the words of Jesus. In this same sermon he says that if we love our enemies and do them good, then we shall be the children of God. That is the way God does, and if we are like him then we are his children.

I remember how proud I felt once when my aunt said to me, "You walk just like your father." I wanted to be like my father. Isn't it wonderful that by loving and sharing and giving—by doing good to others—we may be like Jesus and become the children of God?

### THE SINS I HAVE SAVED

A PARABLE OF SAFED THE SAGE

There came unto me a man who desired my advice, and he did not come any too soon. And I said unto him, Thou hast acted unwisely.

And he said, I am afraid that what thou sayest is true. Tell me wherein my fault lieth. And I told him the best I could.

And he said, I verily believe thou art right. I will amend my ways.

Then we talked of other things, and he spake as one who was free from care. And when he left me, he seemed happy.

And I got to thinking it over, and I said, I did not rub it in enough. I should have been more severe.

And I sat down and wrote him an epistle, and said unto him, Forget not that thou hast much whereof to repent, and I told him again two or three things.

Now I had other letters to mail, and it chanced when I picked them up that I overlooked that one. And I returned to mine home, and saw it still unmailed. And I said, Let me look again at that letter.

And when I read it over, I said, How will that sound when he readeth it, and peradventure handeth it across the table to his wife?

And I said, Verily, it was of the Lord and not of mine own wisdom that this letter had not gone out in the mail.

And I tore it across, and then again across, and threw it into the fire.

And I said, I have rarely repented of a harsh word that I left unspoken or a harsh letter that I did not mail.

And when I next met that man, he said unto me, I thank thee for what thou didst say, and I thank thee yet more for what thou mightest have said that would have been true, but which I was in the mood to resent. And because thou wast kind to me, and hurt me no more than was necessary, behold I have resolved to be a better man.

And I went unto my home, and I said, O my God, I have much to thank thee for, but just now I thank thee for the times when I stopped just short of making a fool of myself. For surely it is no credit to me that having done that man a good turn I did not ruin it all by overdoing it.—*The Christian Century*.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

### MAKING MOTHERS GLAD

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
May 7, 1927

ELISABETH KENYON  
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—A mother's gift (1 Sam. 1: 24-28)  
Monday—Learning from mother (2 Tim. 3: 14-17)  
Tuesday—A happy mother (John 2: 1-5)  
Wednesday—A daughter's love (Ruth 1: 16, 17)  
Thursday—A mother's tears (Prov. 10: 1)  
Friday—Honor for mother (Prov. 23: 22-25)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: Making our mothers glad  
(Eph. 6: 1-4. Mother's day.)

### HOW TOM AND ROSE SPENT THEIR FIRST EVENING IN NEWPORT

LOIS R. FAY

Our friends settled themselves comfortably as their father unfolded the papers preparatory to reading, Tom on the couch on which he was to sleep that night, and Rose and her mother in a double rocking chair. There are probably some of you who are acquainted already with that history which Tom and Rose now heard for the first time. It is found on pages 423-426, 453-456, 519-522 of the SABBATH RECORDERS of April, 1926.

At the mention of Ashaway, Westerly, and Hopkinton, Tom asked:

"Are those towns? Where are they?"

"I've heard of Westerly," replied his father, "but I do not know its exact location. We must look it up."

"I wish I had a map here," said Tom; "but then, I can look them up when we reach home. Why didn't I study the map before we came! I never thought of it!"

"Those places must be in Rhode Island," said his mother. "If our landlady appears tonight I'll ask her if she has a map of Rhode Island handy. But read on, please."

So their father read on about the calendar and the change of date due to adding eleven days, which interested Tom very much, and he said:

"Another thing I'm going to do when I

get home is to read up about the calendar in the cyclopedia. I did not know it was so much fuss to make the calendar."

Rose did not love figures very much, so she was not greatly interested in this part of the history; but as her father read on about the Sabbatarians, as they were called in England, about the martyrdom of John James, and about Stephen Mumford's coming to Newport in 1665, Rose gave close attention. The sad death of John James brought tears to her eyes, but the story of the Hubbard family accepting the Sabbath and celebrating the day they made the change as much as they did their birthdays, caused her face to beam with enthusiasm, and she exclaimed:

"Isn't that a lovely story! I wish those people were alive now so I could see them!"

"Yes, Rose," said her father, "It is as thrilling as the story of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. We can read between the lines how much those dear people had to sacrifice. We have to sacrifice some ourselves. There is work I can not do, and there are places mother can not go without breaking the Sabbath; and you and Tom sacrifice by not being able to join the village boys and girls in their Saturday good times; but it seems to me those early Sabbath keepers had the hardest time, for there were probably fewer inhabitants in the whole of Rhode Island and Connecticut then, than there are in Newport alone now, so that these early Sabbath keepers were much more conspicuous and subject to criticism. Accordingly I feel more interested in them than in the Pilgrim Fathers, whom the world has great veneration for. But we must read on in the second installment of our story."

So the children settled down again as their father read. He paused occasionally for comments, but Rose's head rested heavily against the arm of her mother, who knew she must have fallen asleep. Tom's eyes were also closed, but their father read on about Samuel Hubbard and his journal, about other Christian people accepting the Sabbath, and how they finally formed their own church. A sudden sharp knock on the door wakened the children, and as their mother said, "Come in," their landlady opened the door.

"Here is the evening paper," she said. "I thought you might like to read the latest regarding that family quarrel I was telling

you about when my telephone rang, and then what is going on in the theaters, and the city hall fire. You know, somebody set that afire. There was kerosene all around inside. That's the way they do things here; it was a new building, and it wasn't all paid for, either. I forgot to ask your names. Mine is Dillingham, Mary Dillingham."

"Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Streeter, we are, and our children, Tom and Rose," their mother answered. "We do not care about the theaters, but we want to ask if you have a map of Newport or of Rhode Island. We were reading about Westerly, Ashaway, and Hopkinton. How far are they from here?"

"I'm sorry. I haven't any maps," replied Miss Dillingham, "I don't have time for such things, but Westerly is over across the bay. Those other places I don't know about. I never was over there, but I hear people speak about getting to Westerly by going across on the ferry. I'm glad to have you here, for I don't have much call for my rooms, and I need the income. I used to let them to the army and navy boys, but they carry on so in a private house, and steal! My, they take the towels and sheets right off the beds. Most of them room down at the Y. M. C. A. now, and there aren't so many of them in the city now as there used to be. Is there anything I can do to make you more comfortable? I'm going down to the Capitol Theater for a while now. A body has to have a little fun after working all day; I thought it possible you might like to go. But if not, it's all right. You look very cozy and happy here reading. I wouldn't go if I didn't think I needed it. I'm too tired to read. I must go now, if there's nothing I can do for you. Good night!"

"Well," said Tom, when Miss Dillingham was gone, "I'm disgusted; I lost all you read, father. I don't know what made me go to sleep."

"I thought it looked as if something had suddenly drowned your interest," said his father laughing, "I am sorry you missed that chapter. But I believe I am sleepy myself now. We can finish the third installment tomorrow evening, perhaps."

"Anyway," said Tom, "don't lose those papers, for I can read that second chapter myself sometime when I am not so sleepy. That's better history than what I learn at school. It wasn't because it isn't interesting

that I went to sleep. I didn't know I was asleep till that knock at the door waked me up."

"Most surely I will save those papers," replied his father. "To me it is far more profitable reading than the newspaper account of the family quarrel our landlady is interested in. Now let's have an evening benediction before we separate for the night."

After a few words of grateful prayer to God for bringing them thus far toward the old church safely without any mishap, Rose followed her mother gladly but sleepily into the next room, leaving Tom and his father with a cherry "Good-night."

Just as they closed the door Mr. Streeter called, "Oh, I haven't told you. Tom and I engaged breakfast for four at nine o'clock in the Greek restaurant, so we can sleep till eight or later. Good-night, God bless you, ladies!"

But they didn't all sleep till eight o'clock. Would you like to hear in the next chapter what wakened them?

### A BIBLE PUZZLE

H. V. G.

If you can write down the names of the persons who said the following, the first letter of each name taken in order will spell one of Jesus' disciples.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Woe to them that are at ease in Zion, and trust in the mountains of Samaria, which are named chief of the nations, to whom the house of Israel came!"

"Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

"If I have found favor in the sight of the king, and if it please the king to grant my petition, and to perform my request, let the king and Haman come to the banquet that I shall prepare for them."

"Speak; for thy servant heareth."

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE—  
James 1: 17

Now we have moving pictures that talk. We wish we had patrons of moving pictures who didn't.—*American Lumberman.*

## SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, VTS.  
Contributing Editor

### SOME LITTLE STORIES FROM REAL LIFE

I am thinking now of the quiet blessed, enduring influence for good coming from some little act of kindness or an encouraging word just when it is truly needed. I have two or three cases in mind that I must tell about.

I remember hearing my father, when I was a small boy, telling one of our neighbors about an incident in his young boyhood. It was a simple story that found an abiding place in my memory—something like this:

"In my childhood in northern Vermont we had a large family and were poor folks. Though we had enough to eat we knew nothing about nice clothes to wear. In summer we children had to go barefooted. My folks were not much in the habit of going to meeting. I wanted to go, yet was so poorly dressed that I felt timid about going where people wore better clothes than I could have. One day I went to the schoolhouse where meetings were held and shied up near the door and stood outside to hear the preacher and the singing. When the meeting closed the minister came right out before I could get away. He came to me, put his hand on my head, and kindly talked to the barefoot boy who had been too timid to go inside and hear him preach. I can not remember all he said, but his pleasant voice and manner touched my heart, and, perhaps, did me more good than his sermon had done some of the folks who sat before him. The blessed influence of what he said to me and his friendly manner have been with me ever since, and had a lasting effect for good upon my life. I shall always cherish his memory."

My father was talking with another man, yet I, his little boy, heard it and so received myself something of the good that had come to him in his boyhood from the country preacher back in Vermont. I am glad today that I happened to hear the little story. A few days ago, when I was having a good

talk with one of our Sabbath school workers, he told me a story like this:

"When I was a boy—coming to be a big boy—there was in our church a leading member whom I may call Joseph Brown, though that was not his name. A good man he was in every way, very highly respected, a church worker and Sabbath school teacher. He was so highly respected that I was almost too timid to speak to him. You know how that might be. Well, one Sabbath as I was coming out of the church door he shook hands with me very much as if I were a young man; and he spoke to me in a manner that betokened a real respect for me as such. Though I was somewhat embarrassed I felt pleased thus to be noticed by such a man. It gave me a certain self-respect I had never before felt. I am sure that after that I undertook to act more like a young man—a manly man. I am sure that Mr. Brown never knew how much good he did that day by his generous attitude toward the young fellow in the 'no-man's-land' between boyhood and young manhood.

"And there was another middle-aged man in our church who did me more good than he has ever known. It was when I had become older, yet not settled religiously. The way was open one day, when we were alone together, for him to talk to me seriously about prayer. I told him I did not particularly see the need of it, for the Lord must know just what I needed without my telling him; he could give it to me without my asking him for it. Now this was a good man in whom I had all faith, otherwise I might have been annoyed because of his plain talk. He did speak very plainly and directly, yet kindly and reasonably.

"Now, while I then gave him no particular satisfaction, I kept thinking upon what he had said—could not get rid of it. Now and then I would go all over our talk together till I knew he was right, and in time I came to yield myself to the conviction. I have never yet told him how much good his plain talk did me. Perhaps I ought even now to do so."

I do not need add much to what there is in these little stories. Everyone of us Sabbath school teachers, if we are good men and women and are wise and generous in spirit, may in some way help our young people along toward Christian manhood and

womanhood. But we must so live that those in our classes may have full faith and confidence in us.

#### LESSON V.—APRIL 30, 1927

PETER'S DENIAL AND REPENTANCE. Mark 14: 53, 54, 66-71; Luke 22: 61, 62.

*Golden Text.*—"Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." 1 Corinthians 10: 12.

#### DAILY READINGS

Apr. 24—Peter Following Afar Off. Mark 14: 53-62.

Apr. 25—Peter Warned Against Temptation. Luke 22: 31-40.

Apr. 26—Peter's Denial and Repentance. Mark 14: 63-72.

Apr. 27—Despised and Rejected. Isa. 53: 1-12.

Apr. 28—Avoiding Temptation. Prov. 4: 10-19.

Apr. 29—Godly Sorrow Worketh Repentance. 2 Cor. 7: 1-10.

Apr. 30—The Penitent's Prayer. Psalm 51: 1-9.  
(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

#### IN THE PHYSICIAN'S PLACE

The room was deathly still. In the intense silence nothing could be heard except the hurried ticking of the little brass clock upon the mantel and the labored breathing of the patient. The physician sat by the bedside with his watch in one hand and the fingers of the other lightly pressing the wrist of the sick man.

Presently the doctor rose and, slipping his watch into his pocket, turned to the frail little woman sitting at the foot of the bed. "There's nothing more to do, my friend," he said with a faint tremor in his voice. "It's just a question of time now, of hours, maybe only minutes." He paused and then continued softly, "I know I can say this to you, Mrs. Foreman, because I know who is going to come and sit by you when I go out of this home. You can't realize how much easier it makes it for the physician to say these words when he knows his patients have the faith.

"Yes," he went on meditatively, "it means more to us than most folks think. Do you know, Mrs. Foreman, few doctors are unbelievers? Why? Well, they see so much. We know our so-called cures are only temporary at best. We only delay the coming of death; we don't destroy it. The cordon of doctors round the royal couch can do no more than that, though the fee were an empire. There comes a time when we have to give up. We can do no more. We have tried everything, done everything. And

when that hour comes we know there is only one thing in the world that can help our patient; it's what we call Christianity—faith in God if you please. There has been only one physician in the history of the world who said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' You know who that was.

"I'm an old man, and I've seen a lot," he continued as he reached for his hat and medicine case. "Folks can ask me a hundred questions about Christianity that I can't answer. But I do know this: it bridges the gulf. I don't have to be able to analyze the water I drink, tell who dug the well or when it was dug, in order to quench my thirst. If it satisfies and meets my needs, that's enough for me. So when I go out and Christianity comes in and sits by the bed and says 'Lean upon me,' and I see my patient close his eyes with a smile and go to sleep like a trusting child on its mother's breast—well, it's pretty hard to convince me there's nothing in religion. I know there is."—*Youth's Companion*.

#### TO BE REGRETTED

The growing use of cigarettes among women and girls is a discouraging development of recent years. There have always been a few women, generally elderly persons, who occasionally used a pipe, and sometimes snuff, but for the most part it was practiced in private, and more or less with a sense of hesitation and shame. Recently some of our prominent colleges for women have set aside rooms for the accommodation of women smokers and withdrawn all rules prohibiting smoking by students. In the larger centers of population one may see women smoking apparently without shame in hotels, restaurants, and other public places.

It may be said that it is morally no worse for a woman or a girl to smoke than for a man or a boy. Logically, and perhaps ethically, that is true, but the stubborn fact remains that on account of her more highly organized nervous system and her sacred function of potential motherhood, and according to the ideals of our time and country regarding women, it is, to say the least, regrettable that so many should seek to place themselves on an equality with men in the lower rather than the higher things of life.  
—*Dr. Charles Scanlon*.

## Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

### MARY E. FILLYAW WRITES TO HER FRIEND

DEAR MRS. COOK:

Neither have I forgotten the pleasure of meeting you at the Conference in Ashaway, and the kindness that you extended to me and my daughter Jessie, while we were guests in your home, after the trip to Newport and back.

I am glad to be permitted to write letters that you and other dear friends can enjoy. I will tell you how I keep up my writing. By taking time, a little at a time, I manage to get one, sometimes two, letters ready to mail during a week, when I am able to write that much.

While you have been staying indoors it may have been spring weather here, though on the first day of this month snow began to fall, and fell almost continuously for about three days. It reached the greatest depth on record here since April, 1857. I was in my eighth year then, and well recollect that snow. This one was over twenty-one inches deep in this place, deeper in some places. But the greater part of the past winter was unusually warm, and beginning some time in December, thirty days passed without ice enough to cover a vessel of water out-of-doors. Once only a little fringe of ice clung to the vessel. When our big snow came, it found flowering shrubs in our yard covered with tender, green leaves, and others in full bloom. But the green leaves of the double and white flowers of the single spiraea were soon blackened when the sun shone out, and their snow blankets melted.

Your telephone must help to keep you from being lonely when you can not go out-of-doors or see people passing along the road. I enjoy seeing people as they go by nearly as much as I enjoy seeing them come in. By keeping a full stock of Sabbath literature on a table near our front door, I can distribute to those who are willing to receive and read it. Soldiers from Fort Bragg come for farm products, and thus I am able to hand them SABBATH RECORDERS and tracts. One old soldier who had seen

service as a surgeon in the Philippines, and in France, nearly always brought his wife and children to visit with me while he roamed over the farm with my son. I was able to hand them some Sabbath literature, and when the old surgeon had looked over it, he said, "You are an Adventist?" I answered, "Not an Adventist, a Seventh Day Baptist." Then with a look of astonishment he said, "I never heard of them before, what do they believe anyhow?" I explained in a few words our belief concerning the Sabbath, to which he replied, "Taking into account all the interpolations and misinterpretations of translators?" And I answered, "Yes, allowing for them all, the seventh day of the week is the only weekly Sabbath mentioned in the Bible." At first he seemed offended and bade me good-by. But when he came again he was as friendly as ever, and our friendship seemed to grow for his wife never lost an opportunity to chat a little whenever we met. And I have found that one way to win friendship is to be true to the whole law of God as found in Exodus the twentieth chapter, and explained by our Savior in his Sermon on the Mount.

I will close this letter with

#### THE FURROWED FIELD

With stunted stubble, stone and tare,  
The sterile field lay bleak and bare;  
So desolate and flowerless  
The heart grew sad in weariness.  
The bird in fear flew swiftly past,  
The thirsty cattle stood aghast,  
With frenzied eye and heated breath,  
Then turned, and fled the scene of death!

Again I saw the dreary waste,  
Lo! Labor's hands made busy haste:  
The plowman's steady sturdy stride  
The stone and stubble parted wide:  
The plowshare rent the stubborn ground  
With jarring, unrelenting sound,  
Until its quivering heart lay bare  
To blind night rain and noonday glare!

Anon, the furrows, broad and deep,  
Ran straight as paths swift arrows keep,  
And forth the sower came to sow  
With wisely cautious step and slow;  
His provident, impartial hand  
Dispensing blessing o'er the land;  
And far and near the seed was sown,  
Beauty for ashes—bread for stone!

Ah, then, behold a fertile field,  
In golden wealth of fruitful yield,  
The plowman's pathway, merciless,  
Arrayed in shining plenteousness,



Whose mellow incense fed the breeze  
To serve a thousand ministries;  
What once was dead, gave life to throngs;  
What once was dumb, burst forth in songs!

O bruised, broken, bleeding heart,  
Behold in this thy counterpart.  
The furrows grief doth plow, the pain  
Of harrowing torture, not in vain  
Shall pierce thee through with anguish sore,  
And lay thee bare to inmost core;  
In this thy crucial trial see  
A pledge of richest harvestry.—*J. Zitella Cocks.*

Hoping you will write again, I remain as  
ever

YOUR FRIEND IN THE SOUTH.

### PROHIBITION A PARAMOUNT ISSUE

*"We have a fight on our hands. Our one occasion for fear is that we shall have no fear."*

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler insists that the Republican party can win only with a wet, and forthwith Senator Borah replies that the hope of the party, and of the country as well, lies with the dries. Thus it seems clear that in the next election there can be neither neutral candidate nor neutral party. Prohibition has become a nationwide and irrepressible issue. We have a fight on our hands.

#### PROMISE VERSUS PERFORMANCE

There is no need for alarm. Yet our one occasion for fear is that we shall have no fear. If panic be folly, complacency is worse. Only a fight can win, a fight of forces unified, hard-hitting, and never-resting. In many parts, prohibition still partakes more of the nature of a promise than of a performance. In few places may we safely settle down with the notion that it has become a reality, fool-proof and permanent. There is danger. Attention must be focused. Positive attitudes must be assumed and recruits enlisted for the duration of the war. Slackers who groan, "What's the use?" must somehow be silenced. In this cause, almost any page from the past should make effort easier. Here is an item that encourages me a little. It is an old bill of lading long preserved by Mr. E. J. Lindsay of Milwaukee. He thought it would make good reading for any inclined to despair. "Shipped by the grace of God in good order and well conditioned"—so it begins, and goes on to speak of "the good

sloop *Industry* whereof is master under God for this present voyage John Lundin . . . and now riding at anchor in the harbor of Boston and by God's grace bound for James River in Virginia." After further reference to "the grace of God," the document closes with the prayer, "And so God sends the good ship to her desired port in safety—Amen." The precious cargo thus piously entrusted to the kind care of heaven consisted of so many "barrels of rum." In recent times we have heard a good deal about "Rum Row," but I never have read that any captured rum runner had a chaplain aboard or that any French wine shipper or British distiller had ever attempted to safeguard wet goods by prayers addressed to "the God of all grace." Since May 11, 1721, when that bill of lading was made out, we have made some advance. In my father's day, the house-going minister in the highlands of Scotland was often served liquor. For five years as pastor in far-famed Milwaukee, I constantly visited all sorts of homes and yet was not once offered a glass of anything stronger than grape juice unfermented. Though many decry prohibition, I have never heard any wet anywhere in the past decade defend the saloon. Yet I can recall a great meeting in which four men of the cloth eloquently defended the whole liquor business, saloon and all. That could not be duplicated in Milwaukee or anywhere else today.

This fight can not be won in any one battle. It took almost fifty years to make prohibition effective in Kansas. No great reform has ever been consummated quickly. The slave trade was abolished in 1807. Ten years later, Madison had to call for enforcement of law. Twenty-five years later we read of two hundred thousand slaves smuggled in annually. It took two generations to stop illicit traffic in slaves. Prohibition, one of the greatest moral reforms ever attempted by law, will take time. Meanwhile, the new generation growing up must be told and retold the old evils from which relief was sought through this drastic enactment. It must be made to understand as our boys in France understood. When word arrived that war-time prohibition had been declared, a group of soldiers made a mock grave at a point where thousands passed daily. They stuck an old beer bottle into the heaped-up earth and circled

a wreath about it. Then at the head they erected a shaft and on each of the four sides inscribed a line—"John Barleycorn, loved to death by his friends"; "Erected by his enemies"; "Reputed to be worth millions but he left only one scent"; "He left no widow but he made many." When lurid stories are circulated regarding the awful effects of prohibition on young people, all should be reminded of conditions during saloon days. Go back no further than the *Chicago Tribune* of February 25, 1914, and you will find such items as this: "The back rooms of saloons in Chicago contribute to the delinquency of more than fourteen thousand girls every twenty-four hours." Next day an editorial in the same paper declared, "Every policeman knows that in the case of at least half the saloons in Chicago the 'family entrance' is a misnomer. It is not catering to 'families' but to young girls." If a small group of young people drinks today, the whole country hears of it. The almost unanimous testimony of high school and college authorities is to the effect that conditions are vastly better than ever before.

#### THE VOTE SPEAKS

The present status is far from satisfactory. There are many who scarcely know that there is an Eighteenth Amendment, and thousands more who hold it in contempt. Some good folk have concluded the cause is lost. On the contrary, all things considered, we have done amazingly well. Malcontents have been vociferous in Congress and elsewhere and have often given inexperienced observers the impression that their lamentable outcry was the voice of the whole people. But when the issue has been put up to the voters the count, with scarce an exception, has shown increasing majorities in support of the law. What strenuous efforts were made to elect wets to the seventieth Congress! Yet after the hubbub has passed we find the next House and Senate will be dry in practically the same proportion as the present. Even in darkest New York a glimpse of the truth is occasionally seen. After the recent defeat of wet Senator Wadsworth, Mr. Samuel Koenig, chairman of the Republican Committee of Manhattan, said: "It is now clear that there is no hope for the wets capturing either national party in 1928." Notwithstanding

the corrupt influence of many great centers, no large percentage of the people as a whole wants liquor back. They know the gains being registered in bank accounts—a four hundred per cent increase since the dry law was enacted. With Babson they understand that present prosperity is largely due to the salvage of two billion annually that used to be wasted in drink. Candy makers have doubled their income. The Wisconsin cow has become a prohibitionist. The milk wagon has taken the place of the beer wagon. Childs' restaurant reports a doubled demand for onions because of their stimulating effect. (If they had said "for the sake of the kick" we would have been less surprised.) Even the bottle makers have greatly profited by the change. The only legitimate business that has suffered a decline is that of the undertaker. Although there have been increasing numbers killed by reckless drivers, the total death rate has been markedly lower, and health authorities give credit to prohibition. These are among the least of the benefits that might be cited. If each of us will preach the truth with tongues of flame, we may trust the McAdoos to answer the Smiths, and the Borahs to take care of the Butlers, confident that on the greatest issue since slavery it will again be shown, despite all the oracles of obfuscation, that "you can not fool all of the people all of the time."—*Robert Gordon, in the Baptist.*

We are justified by faith, sanctified by faith, walk by faith, and stand by faith. Before faith Red Seas of opposition divide. Jordans of difficulty roll back. Jerichos of want and persecution crumble and fall. Faith asks God and believes him, and that is the secret of its success. It remembers that all things are possible with God and with him that believeth, and thus places its hand upon the button of divine promises, which is connected with the battery which turns on the power of omnipotence.—*M. W. Knapp.*

It is a little thing to trust God as far as we can see him, so far as the way lies open before us, but to trust him when we are hedged in on every side and can see no way to escape, this is good and acceptable with God. This is the faith of Abraham our father.—*John Wesley.*

## DEATHS

WHITFORD.—Deacon Nathan S. Whitford, son of Silas and Mary Burch Whitford, was born at Five Corners, town of Brookfield, N. Y., August 4, 1854, and died at his home in the village of Brookfield, March 27, 1927, aged 72 years, 7 months, and 27 days.

In 1886, on Thanksgiving day, he was married to Miss Angie Clark, who survives, with their two sons, Arthur, principal of the Leonardville High School, and Edwin, who lives on the old homestead at Five Corners.

Early in life he became a member of the Brookfield Seventh Day Baptist Church, and was made a deacon of the same, at the time of the association held there, June 19, 1921. Deacon Whitford was one of the pillars in the church, an upright man who was held in respect throughout the community where he had resided for an entire life time. He will be greatly missed in the church and by a large circle of old neighbors and friends.

Funeral services were held in the church on Tuesday, March 29, at two o'clock in the afternoon, conducted by Rev. F. E. Peterson, assisted by Rev. A. A. Sturgeon of the Methodist Church, and Rev. T. L. Conklin of the Baptist Church, and the Seventh Day Baptist male quartet; and interment was made in the local cemetery.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." F. E. P.

DAVIS.—Kate A., daughter of John C. and Sarah Schenck, was born in Stoe Creek township near Marlboro, January 11, 1878.

On April 30, 1897, she was united in marriage to Lavern Davis. To this union were born Sarah, Leon, Hannah, Mary, Irving, Mabel, Catherine, and Ida. Sarah, Hannah, and Mabel preceded their mother to the eternal home. Mrs. Davis was baptized and united with the Shiloh Church in 1898. She was patient through a lingering illness and passed to her eternal reward March 30, 1927. Many beautiful flowers witnessed to the love and sympathy of many friends. Interment was in the Shiloh cemetery.

Funeral services were conducted by Pastor Loof-boro at the home. E. F. L.

## A MESSAGE

If there is any way, dear Lord,  
In which my heart may send her word  
Of my continued love,  
And of my joy in her relief  
From pain—a joy not even grief  
And loneliness may rise above,  
Reveal it to me . . . for I long  
To keep intact the tie so strong  
Between us, from my birth,  
That when we meet (as meet we must)  
There shall be naught but perfect trust,  
Such as we always knew on earth!  
—Anna Nelson Reed, in *Presbyterian Advance*.

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Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor  
L. H. North, Business Manager

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

Terms of Subscription	
Per Year	\$2.50
Six Months	1.25
Per Month	.25
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