

The Sabbath Recorder

The advanced scholarship of our age is all needed in the Church, and the Church can not afford to assume any position toward scientific teachers that will unnecessarily turn them away.

Many of the best of them are not hostile to the Church, but are with it at heart.

Many scholars who have had something to do with Bible higher criticism are devout, God-fearing men, and if not alienated, will continue to be strong men in the Church.

Some of them may not always have been sufficiently guarded in stating their points, and yet it would be folly for the Church people to condemn them and drive them clear away.

Let not the Church be too severe in judging scientific methods of study by conscientious men. And let not scholars be too sensitive over any criticism Church people may make.

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WHOLE No. 4,296

Our Father and our God, we thank thee for the truths to which our fathers were loyal, and for promotion of which they lived and died. We praise thee for the sustaining grace given them to become in very deed the light of the world. For all the evidences of true and loyal hearts among the young people, which have been so manifest in the annual gatherings, we give thee sincere thanksgiving. And we pray that thou wilt keep them strong and true against all the temptations of these times. May the spirit of good will and true fellowship continue so that in unity there may be strength. Grant to give us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

How this thought did come home to me with force when I asked a friend about three of the leading families I used to know in a place I once called home for more than ten years. The friend, though the present pastor where I knew the people so well some forty years ago, did not even know the names of the families I mentioned. And I awoke to realize in a forcible way, that if I were to go back to that dear old home place, I would find myself in a land of strangers, so far as the present generation is concerned.

Homeward Bound Most travelers love to think of the place they call home, and they look forward to the time when home and friends shall give them a glad welcome. I remember well as a boy when that dear old song, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home," was on everybody's lips. I can hear the voices of loved ones yet, in sweet, tender melody, singing that dear old song as they sang it away back in my boyhood days. There is a wonderful charm yet in the memory of that humble home in the country, surrounded by forest-clad hills and nearby fields, through which running brooks, well stocked with fishes, went singing on their way to the river and to the far-away sea. There was a charm about that childhood home that no other home has ever possessed for me. No less than eight times during the years has my home on earth been changed. Each new home, as I think of the past, had its own peculiar charm; but in all of them the presence of loving friends and kind neighbors has been the main thing that has made any place seem like home. Without these it would be very difficult to really enjoy the home feeling.

During my summer's travels I have visited the scenes in several places which I once called home, only to experience a sort of home-sickness in an old homeland! This is a peculiar experience—home-sick in the homeland!—an experience that emphasizes the fact that "times are changed," and everything else has changed.

Now, as I am spending four days in the town of my childhood, where, more than seventy years ago I knew everybody by sight, if not by personal acquaintance, I find myself surrounded by people, most of whom I do not know. I knew their fathers and their grandfathers, but they have long since gone the way of all the earth. Most of them are entirely unknown by the people in mid-life whom I meet today.

Having arrived in Little Genesee several hours before meeting time, I took a long tramp "up the valley" to my old home of childhood years, only to find the house empty. The door was unlocked so in I went to the dear old grandmother's kitchen, and on into every room upstairs and down, even taking a look into the garret. There were the rooms where loved ones were born and where dear ones had died. Precious memories came crowding in at every turn. I stood in the place where my new mother fixed me up as a little boy, in a pair of her own shoes and stockings, to send me to Sabbath school the first time I had ever gone alone. The precious Testament she prized so much as a gift from her pastor when she was a young woman, and which she placed in my hand that morning saying, "You may take this if you will be real careful of it," is the only thing I have with me today from that old scene; and it is prized above any other of my books, as a precious memorial of my mother.

Again, if I go a few miles away to the home of my young manhood—my second

home on earth—I find the old homestead occupied by entire strangers; father, mother, and all the loved ones not even so much as known or remembered by them. And if I knocked at the door of every old-time neighbor, every face that would greet me would be a strange face. So here too I am a stranger in my old homeland!

When I say "Homeward Bound" today, so far as my earthly home is concerned, I mean the eighth place which I have at some time called home. But friends, there is a sense in which we may all say we are homeward bound with reference to the eternal home where they go no more out forever.

Yes, we are all homeward bound, and God has fixed it so that we may settle the question here, as to what that future home shall be. Each loyal child of God may look away to the "land that is fairer than day," where homes shall never be broken up. In this land of changing homes, here, where sickness and sorrow and pain darken our home life, we are really homeward bound to a prepared place where "pain and sickness ne'er shall enter, grief nor woe our lot shall share."

Jesus told his disciples not to be troubled over the partings here, saying, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also."

This is the homeland toward which we all hasten:

"The homeland, O the homeland,
The land of souls free born!
No gloomy night is known there,
But aye the fadeless morn;
I'm sighing for that country,
My heart is aching here;
There is no pain in the homeland,
To which I'm drawing near.

"My Lord is in the homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

"For loved ones in the homeland
Are waiting me to come,
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home;
O dear, dear native country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the homeland
Of his eternal love."

Good Chance for a Sabbath-keeping Farmer

I think the SABBATH RECORDER will be doing a good thing if it could be the means of helping Sabbath-keeping young farmers to locate where they can have good Sabbath-keeping advantages. I presume there may be some such persons who would be glad for such an opportunity. I also know that some Sabbath-keeping owners of farms are anxious to find tenants who will keep their farms in the church ranks.

So I am glad to announce that such a place is now open to some conscientious farmer who would like to make a change. This is a farm of two hundred ten acres in the town of Berlin, N. Y., (Rensselaer County) two miles from Rutherford railroad station, two miles from Berlin Milk Condensory plant, and one and a half miles from the Berlin church and high school. The farm is in good condition, with twenty cows, fifty sheep, four horses, and some young stock. The owner will give liberal terms to the right person. *A Seventh Day Baptist is preferred.* Any such person may address H. R. Satterlee, Berlin, N. Y., P. O. Box 261.

Gathering at Little Genesee

I suppose this dear old home town was called *Little Genesee* because the railroad station at Wellsville, in the same county, used to be called Genesee by being on the river by that name.

During Thursday, June 23, the delegates came in from different directions until there was a good sized audience in the evening for the opening session of the Western Association. Indeed the first audience here was larger than at either of the other associations.

Mr. Mark Sanford was moderator and Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn took the lead in the devotional exercises of all the meetings. Brother Loofboro and Pastor Alva L. Davis led in prayer for heavenly blessings upon all the meetings, and Miss Margaret Davis took charge of the praise service, which began with old "Coronation." The second song was as follows:

"I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses,
And the voice I hear
Falling on my ear
The Son of God discloses.

"He speaks, and the sound of his voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing,
And the melody
That he gave to me,
Within my heart is ringing.

"I'd stay in the garden with him
Tho' the night around me be falling,
But he bids me go;
Thro' the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.

Chorus

"And he walks with me, and he talks with me,
And he tells me I am his own,
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known."

This song was a good introduction to Brother Van Horn's remarks. He said in part that Mark's Gospel emphasizes the retirement seasons and the victories of Jesus in quite a remarkable way. After his retirement to the wilderness, he came forth to victory over Satan, and after nights of retirement for rest and prayer, he came forth for faithful work, and for sympathetic companionship with his disciples. Christ knew all about what it was to be tired, and he understood the benefit of rest, so he said, "Come apart and rest awhile." In this way they renewed their strength and were refreshed for better work.

The moderator referred to the theme of the association—Our Mission—which he hoped would be the prominent thought throughout, with the centennial of the church in Genesee as a background. Our past serves as a stepping stone for our future. We must look at these as *cause* and *effect*.

The Western Association has had eighty-nine years of existence. Some of its early small churches have disappeared. I suppose there are four causes for this condition: 1. Our population was so widely scattered that churches had to be made of too small groups for successful self-support. This difficulty might be overcome if our people would be more careful in selecting new homes where Seventh Day Baptists have fair prospects for permanence. It is too bad that so many are influenced by the money question alone, regardless of spiritual advantages, when they choose their dwelling place. History shows that those who go from us succeed no better, as a rule, than do those who remain true.

2. Migration westward, while it has

caused the death of the old churches in several cases, has nevertheless caused new ones to spring up elsewhere.

3. Lack of ministerial care has caused the decline of some of these churches. In olden times the strong churches used to send help to the little flocks—sharing their ministers with them, and by sending laymen helpers in gospel work. They are not doing this so much in these times.

4. Friction between the members has caused the ruin of some churches. Churches can not survive where Christian brotherhood and true fellowship are wanting.

After all is said and done, no church organization can take the place of true home life in matters of spiritual uplift and true church life. If we are to have young men for the ministry, our own homes must furnish them.

Seventh Day Baptists must see the Master and learn of him. We as a people must hear him say, "To this end came I into the world, to this end have I been born." Can we as a denomination say that? When we stand before the Judge, as Christ stood before Pilate, can we say, "I have fulfilled my mission"? Have we fulfilled it? Are we being true to the mission whereunto God has called us as a people?

THE FIRST SERMON

Rev. William Clayton, delegate from the Central Association, brought the first message in sermon form to this meeting.

He emphasized the words of the moderator as given above, and related some of his own personal experiences in religion and in the work of winning men to Christ. His subject was, "Seeing and Hearing." People go to Europe to *see*. I was born and brought up in England, and I know there are many fine things to see over there. I wanted to come to America earlier, but loyalty to my dear mother kept me there. Everyone should honor his parents.

We all *see*. But some need glasses to help them see aright. Some go not only to see, but to *hear*. I am glad we love to see the beautiful here and that we like to hear music—the beautiful in sound—here on earth. I am sure we shall love music in heaven.

Oh, I wonder what we shall see and hear and feel in heaven! There is a good deal in seeing. Jacob saw a ladder with angels thereon. That was a great thing to see.

And then the Lord gave him the land for his future inheritance.

Isaiah saw the heavens and the earth full of glory. Faith is given us so we can see and believe. When we see the truth and hear and obey the voice of God we shall be saved from sin and Satan. Jehovah said, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him." The thrill of seeing and hearing the right things will last a man through life.

Friday Morning At Genesee The second session of the Western Association opened with cool and pleasant weather after the yesterday's rain. These wonderful hills show to the best advantage in such a day as this. And such a bracing morning seems to bring good cheer in the house of God.

Edgar D. Van Horn led the devotional service and all united in singing, "The King of love my Shepherd is." Then came the Bible reading from Luke 6:27, beginning with Christ's words, "Love your enemies . . . bless them that curse you . . . and as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them." This reading closed with the words, "For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

I do not need to tell you that this reading emphasized the need of learning the Master's way and of possessing his spirit in all our relations. We do need his poise of mind, his generous characteristics, his sympathetic attitude toward our fellow men.

Then the congregation sang as a prayer, low and tenderly, these words, "O Master, let me walk with thee." This made an effective closing for the devotions.

As much of the regular reports of delegates and committees and the business was disposed of as possible in the next hour. Then the rest of the forenoon was given to missions in charge of Secretary Burdick. The same speakers, Miss West and Brother Thorngate, addressed this meeting with the same subjects upon which they spoke at the other association, as reported last week from Adams Center.

Miss West emphasized the splendid loyalty and trustworthiness of the Chinese Christians, and expressed the hope that they will make safe and careful leaders upon whom we can depend.

The scarcity of workers in the home fields was emphasized by Brother Burdick, and

the board's burden was laid upon the hearts of the people.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

The subject of "Christian Loyalty" made a live and interesting afternoon on Friday at Genesee. Matthew 7:21, and the following verses about where your treasure is there shall your heart be, and especially about doing the will of your Father in heaven, certainly touched the hearers and prepared the way for the discussion of the denominational questions which the program called for, and in which Rev. Walter L. Greene and Dean Nelson Norwood took the lead. Mr. Greene spoke of our "Denominational Contributions to Christian Civilization." He made a brief study of our past in order to see what is the outlook for our future. Our wonderful heritage should made us rededicate ourselves to the cause we love. The fact that we have influenced thought and action in the past, far out of proportion to our numbers, should inspire us to dedicate ourselves anew to the cause we love. We have held a leading place in education, law, statecraft, and human liberty. Our preservation is a miracle in history, in view of all the problems we have had to face. A spirit born of deep conviction and made strong by the hand of Providence, in the face of overwhelming numbers and of persecution, should certainly bespeak a good future for us. We have stood undaunted in many reform movements and for religious liberty, and now it will never do to grow weak upon the Sabbath of Christ. We must make our future commensurate with our glorious past. We must keep the Sabbath alive in a world that is rapidly growing sabbathless.

MR. NORWOOD'S VIEWS

Mr. Norwood made a strong plea on the question, "Is Our Denominational Existence Justified in the Light of Present Day Conditions?"

I have requested Brother Norwood to write out his address for the SABBATH RECORDER, and he thinks he will do so. Therefore I will only state here the four strong points he made in an affirmative answer to this important question.

1. We must continue because we *are what we are*. I want the denomination perpetuated because I feel more at home here than with any other people.

2. Because thousands of others naturally

belong here. Smallness of numbers is nothing. We have had two thousand years of active Christianity, and as yet only one third of the race has been won. Many will be better off spiritually as Seventh Day Baptists. Keep up good courage, there are millions who would be better off with us, and we should make a home for them.

3. I am proud of the fact that I can do a thing as conspicuous as being a Sabbath keeper. The real problem lies in the fact that so many deal in a sort of liberalism regarding the Sabbath, which does not help matters.

I am glad to stand conspicuously for the church and the Sabbath, because I know that men can not really worship God out among the hills as they can in the church on the Sabbath. There comes a devout spiritual uplift given a company in church services, such as I have never seen in a crowd coming in from the hills and the fields.

There is something in the embodiment of our organization which can not be found elsewhere. I am proud of my Sabbath observance.

4. Perpetuate the denomination in order to promote spirituality. We are in danger of too much formality and too little spirituality. Uphold the banner of spiritual Sabbathism. I can get better spiritual results under God's plan, by observing a *spiritual* Sabbath.

A profitable discussion followed.

Sabbath Eve At Genesee Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn led the prayer meeting at the association in Little Genesee, N. Y. Because he thought that Christians should be happy, he selected joyous songs for them to sing. They sang with spirit such songs as: "Take the name of Jesus with you," "Precious name O how sweet," and "Joy to the world, the Lord has come."

The choir sang "My faith looks up to thee," and Rev. Herbert Cottrell preached upon the worth of a *name*. The disciples healed a man in the name of Christ. That was a name that meant something. Faith in it made a man strong. There is a good deal in a name. The very mention of some names is uplifting.

What do men think when they hear your name? What does the name, Jesus Christ, mean to you? No other name is given whereby we may be saved. His name

stands for loving personality. It suggests his power to save. In the conference meeting that followed ninety testimonies were given, without counting those who stood up on invitation but did not speak.

A Full Sabbath At Little Genesee The morning was cool and windy and the people began to gather from the neighboring churches at an early hour. By meeting time more than seventy-five automobiles filled the churchyard, and the congregation filled the house full, so the aisles had to be filled with chairs.

There were several old friends of boyhood days there, but I was surprised to see so many of them whose names I could not speak, and almost ashamed that I had to ask them who they were. There were many pleasant reunions and renewals of acquaintances during the days in Little Genesee.

Sabbath morning the children were sent out for separate meetings by themselves. This relieved the pressure which began to be felt before the services.

Pastor Alva L. Davis had charge of the introductory exercises. The Psalm beginning, "The heavens declare the glory of God," was read responsively, followed by the good old song, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your faith in his excellent Word," and the story of Christ and the woman at Jacob's well was read. Rev. Royal Thorngate offered prayer, and we were ready for Secretary William L. Burdick's good sermon.

Brother Burdick referred to our one hundred years of church life here, and spoke fervently of "Our Mission." Other men have labored and we have entered into their labors. The good things we have received place us under peculiar responsibilities. We are enjoying the good things given to us by those who labored here one hundred years ago. All the blessings we enjoy today come largely from the labors of men and women who have lived and passed on. Christ's words, "And ye have entered into their labors," are just as true today.

I wish to note four things in regard to our mission:

1. What is it to ourselves? The forward movement has reference to our own individual advancement. The result is good, and by it we ought to be a better people. There is a chance for us all to be better,

Our community changes, and we must not forget that we are a part of the community—we are either better or worse.

2. What is our work in regard to others? It is ours to do what we can to gain others to the cause we love. We should be consecrated enough to improve our opportunities in these matters. Some friend or teacher won us, and we should do all we can to help others into the kingdom. Our Christianity is a missionary religion if it is anything.

3. It is also our mission to meet the changing conditions. The world is full of upheavals. China, India, Africa, Europe, Italy, are all in turmoil. There is a great question as to our own Constitution, and the sooner we face it the better.

4. We must not get discouraged now after two hundred fifty years of denominational life. Cling to the Bible as our guide. We need its safe counsels in church and school and home.

It is wonderful what a consecrated people can do. May we all be more consecrated.

SABBATH AFTERNOON

After the devotional exercises by Edgar D. Van Horn, and a song by the Nile quartet, "Forward, forward, 'tis the Lord's command," Secretary W. D. Burdick addressed the congregation on the need of trained leaders in God's work as well as in all other lines of service. Too many men never pray. We need specialists in every branch of our work.

Brother Burdick is going to prepare his excellent address for the RECORDER, so I need not try to go further with it here. He thinks that what Seventh Day Baptists do in the next fifty years depends largely on what they do in the next two years.

Mrs. J. Fred Whitford sang that beautiful solo, "The Voice of one crying in the wilderness," and we were ready for Rev. Erlo Sutton's address on "Accomplishing Our Task Through the Sabbath School." He used the text, "What is that in thine hand?" and showed that it is the Bible which we are to use in promoting the interests we hold dear. Religious education is greatly needed to prepare our young people for the Lord's work. He spoke of the Sabbath school and religious Vacation Day Schools as means to this end.

Then followed Rev. A. C. Ehret on the subject of "Accomplishing Our Task Through Individual Consecration." He thinks that we would have more young men entering the ministry if we consecrated ourselves as we should. We need the spirit of that good song, "I'll go where you want me to go," if as individuals we are to forward the cause of God and his truth on earth. To do nothing and then find fault with the church, is only to find fault with yourself. Consecrate yourself to the Master's work and the church will go forward.

Then followed a quartet of ladies in singing an appropriate song, and the supper hour was next in order. The Little Genesee people certainly had their hands full at both meals on Sabbath to feed the multitude, but they certainly did it well. The food was fine at every meal and there was an abundance of it.

THE EVENING AFTER SABBATH

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus" rang out strong and clear by the crowd of young people at the opening of their meeting on the evening after the Sabbath. These praise services were led by Miss Margaret Davis, the pastor's daughter, and she is an excellent leader in such services. The song, "Jesus is all the world to me," made the house ring; and when this company of young people, led by Miss Davis, sang with the real spirit of song, "Have thine own way, Lord," the meeting was ready for the four addresses which followed.

It was a real Christian Endeavor meeting. Carroll Hill's address on "Christian Endeavor Obligation of Boys and Girls," appears in the Young People's Page of this RECORDER. The other two young men, Hurley Warren and Leland Burdick, spoke off hand, and right to the point, on "Social Ideals," and "Training for Service." I wish they would prepare their addresses for the Young People's Page.

There were forty young people together on the front seats in this meeting. Eleven of them were boys in their early teens, and all together, with Miss Davis leading, they did make the house ring. Ten of them led in brief prayers as they all stood up together. The burden of these prayers seemed to be in harmony with their last song, "Have thine own way, Lord."

In these talks emphasis was placed on *enthusiasm, consecration, friendliness, and*

service. It was one of the best hours of the association thus far.

Miss Anna West closed this meeting with one of her good talks about China, showing some pictures thrown on the wall from a lantern.

Last Day at Little Genesee Sunday was a great day with the church in which the Western Association was being held. The morning was cold and damp after a hard rain storm, and the outlook did seem poor for a large congregation. But gradually the skies cleared and the day will long be remembered as the one hundredth anniversary of the church there.

"Simply trusting every day" was a good song to begin with. It was suggestive of the way the fathers and mothers lived in the years gone by. The devotional service by Edgar Van Horn with Romans 12 as a basis was most timely. Then followed ex-Pastor Loofboro's sermon, full of happy memories and good suggestions. He made good use of the Beatitudes, and I wish I did have time to make a more complete report of what he said. But, two things prevent: I must get the copy off in time for the next RECORDER, and I must be off at the earliest possible hour for West Virginia for the next association.

Sunday afternoon began with a praise service, followed by the "Centennial Hymn," as follows:

CENTENNIAL HYMN

Tune "Ariel," page 242 in *Church Hymnal*

Long years ago a charge was given
By our dear Lord who reigns in heaven
That all his love might know—
A mission sent from heaven to earth,
And a new church was given birth,
One hundred years ago,
One hundred years ago.

A hundred years have passed away,
Since first the dawn of that glad day
Came to the people here.
Years filled with strife for heaven's reward,
Years rich with blessings from the Lord,
Blessings for a hundred years,
Blessings for a hundred years.

Forgive our faults, O Lord, we pray
Let all our sins be washed away
With our repentant tears.
Oh, let each tongue confession make
And let each soul its sin forsake,
Cleanse, Lord, this hundred years;
Cleanse, Lord, this hundred years.

Lord, give us grace that we may be
Found ever faithful unto thee—
Thy messages to bring.
And when this life on earth is o'er,
Oh, may we meet on that bright shore,
Thy praises, Lord, to sing.
Thy praises, Lord, to sing.—*Dora Maxson.*

Then followed the devotionals and a male quartet. Most of the afternoon was devoted to addresses and reminiscences by several persons; and to the reading of good letters from former pastors. It was a real historical session in keeping with Brother Oscar Burdick's excellent address, which you will see in this RECORDER. Letters from seven ex-pastors were read, which I am permitted to use as seems best in the RECORDER.

These and the pageant in the evening will have to be reported later, as these last moments in Genesee and the necessity for an early start from here in the morning make it impossible to write more now.

Pastor Bond Soon Leaves for Lausanne Conference Rev. A. J. C. Bond will leave New York City about one o'clock on the morning of July 16 on the steamship *Coronia* to attend, as our delegate, the World Conference on Faith and Order, to be held at Lausanne, Switzerland.

All persons wishing to send letters or messages to him to be read while enroute should address them in care of the steamship *Coronia*, Cunard Line, Pier 56, in time to reach New York by July 15.

SMILE AWAY YOUR TROUBLES

When your troubles come in doubles
And you're feeling sad and blue;
When the best of friends forsake you
And you don't know what to do;

When the whole world seems against you;
Then cheer up a little while.
Darkest hours are filled with sunshine
If you take the time to smile.

Now don't frown and fret at trouble;
'Course your life is filled with gloom
If, with crying, lots of sighing,
And with tears, you give it room.

But with heart sincere and earnest,
Do the very best you can;
Life will bless you with its sunshine
If you face it like a man.

—*Margaret Petley.*

Fayetteville, Tenn.

THE NORTONVILLE TEEN-AGE CONFERENCE

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

Leader in Sabbath Promotion

It has been just a month since the leader in Sabbath Promotion, with the assistance of Rev. John F. Randolph of Milton Junction, Wis., conducted a Teen-Age Conference at Nortonville, Kan. Happily the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER who are interested in these conferences, and in our young people, have not had to wait all this time to hear about that meeting. First we got the Nortonville viewpoint through the Nortonville *News*, and then this was followed by North Loup's viewpoint as it was given in the North Loup *Loyalist*, the reports from both papers having been copied by the RECORDER. Both reports provided most interesting reading for one who was there and who participated in the conference.

Little need to be said further as to the character of the meetings, or as to the enthusiasm with which they were entered into by all present. Those days will never be forgotten by the eighteen young people who came all the way from North Loup to be at the conference, and doubtless they will remain equally long in the memory of the twenty-seven teen-agers of Nortonville. And I know some older people who will carry for a long time happy memories of that experience.

I can but record my appreciation of the interest and helpfulness of all who had any part in making the conference a success. I hardly know where to begin, but I am inclined to believe that the highest honors should go to Pastor H. L. Polan of North Loup, and Mrs. Hemphill, Intermediate superintendent of the North Loup society. It was a big undertaking to transport their young people three hundred fifty miles by auto. But they accomplished the task, with the able assistance of others. Pastor Cottrell of Nortonville, and his loyal co-workers in that church, caught the spirit of the meeting, and contributed to its success in every possible way. They were royal hosts. And the young people! What shall we say of them? Well, we were never prouder of our Seventh Day Baptist young people than we were when we faced that splendid group

of Kansas-Nebraska young folks. They were a thoughtful, earnest, responsive, lively, wholesome bunch. In my heart I am still saying, God bless them.

Last, but not least, in the successful conduct of the conference, was the intelligent and sympathetic co-operation of Rev. John F. Randolph.

We were both asked to conduct a similar conference at North Loup next summer, and we were not long in deciding that we would be very much delighted to do it. We would like to meet those same young people again, with their numbers augmented by the several teen-age young people of North Loup who could not get to Nortonville.

This was the twelfth Teen-Age Conference held within the past two years. The thirteenth is being held at the time of this writing at Berea, W. Va., and is in charge of the three pastors of that state, all of whom are in closest touch and sympathy with young people. They are familiar with our aims in these conferences also, for all have attended previous conferences. Rev. H. C. Van Horn of Lost Creek, who will be the principal speaker, is president of the West Virginia Christian Endeavor Union. Pastor George B. Shaw of Salem, and Pastor Clifford A. Beebe of Berea will assist. This conference was decided upon at our Ministers' Conference held in Salem last March. I think it is correct to say that Pastor Polan got his inspiration to carry his young people to Nortonville for a Teen-Age Conference at the Ministers' Conference which he attended in Milton, Wis., in April. So the work seems to be moving along in an encouraging way.

The things that make the life of Jesus attractive to us are just the things we find it difficult to reproduce in our own lives. He is the standard by which we judge others. Only by being like him and learning from him can we hope to act like him.

Purity of heart means the leaving out of deceit, and envy, and pride, and jealousy, and uncharitable judgments, and harsh critical spirit, anything which is contrary to the spirit of Christ; and the purer a man becomes in heart in all these respects, the nearer Christ draws, the more vivid he becomes to him.—*John R. Mott.*

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.
- No. 2.—Riverside, Calif.
- No. 3.—Greenbrier, W. Va.
- No. 4.—Wellsville, N. Y.
- No. 5.—Waterford, Conn.
- No. 6.—Los Angeles, Calif.
- No. 7.—Little Prairie, Ark.
- No. 8.—Roanoke, W. Va.
- No. 9.—Edinburg, Tex.
- No. 10.—Marlboro, N. J.
- No. 11.—Richburg, N. Y.
- No. 12.—?

July 1, New Conference year begins.

July 16, Rev. A. J. C. Bond, delegate to the World Conference on Faith and Order at Lausanne, Switzerland, sails for Europe. See last editorial in this issue.

August 23-28, General Conference at Westerly, R. I.

IN THE NORTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION

CONCLUDING LETTER

On Friday, May 20, the two secretaries reached Battle Creek, Mich., to spend the Sabbath with the Battle-Creek Church.

We were entertained in the hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Johanson, thus giving us the opportunity of discussing with Dr. Johanson many of the questions now before our people, and that will come before us in the General Conference.

At the Christian Endeavor meeting on Friday night, the leader of the meeting, Russell Maxson, after conducting the opening exercises, gave the time to us to tell of the need of workers on the home and foreign fields.

On Sabbath morning the young people gathered at the parsonage and took breakfast together so that Secretary Burdick and I might meet them and speak to them of

their life work and the Christian ministry. As young people gather at Battle Creek from many places, we had representatives from several of our churches.

At the hour of morning worship in the sanitarium chapel, Secretary W. L. Burdick gave a stirring missionary sermon. I followed at the Sabbath school hour with an evangelistic sermon.

One of our best group conferences on denominational work was held at the parsonage on Sabbath night. The forty persons present showed their interest in our work by questions and close attention.

While at Battle Creek we repeatedly heard good words about the work that Brother and Sister J. W. Crofoot are doing while spending a few weeks with the church.

On Sunday Secretary Burdick returned to his home in Rhode Island, and I went on to Farina, Ill., to stay until the following Sunday. Meetings were held each night while I was there, and although it rained four of the six nights, the attendance was good.

On Sabbath morning I presented the needs of the denomination for men and money. The Farina Church is maintaining the local work with zeal, and continues the moral and financial support of denominational work.

To return for a few days to a church and community where one has spent about nine years in a pastorate, means a strenuous but very pleasant experience. I missed many faces that I used to see, and others had so changed that I scarcely knew them. It was pleasing to find so many of the boys and girls of our years at Farina now giving promise of great usefulness in church and community.

Secretary Burdick and I have put in a busy month on this trip. My book shows that I have visited twelve places; have spoken at thirty-six group conferences and meetings; and made eighty visits and calls.

The group conferences on denominational work and the raising of money to carry on the work have shown that our people are greatly interested in the work and wish it continued; and their suggestions about the solving of problems and the prosecution of the work have been helpful.

The several group conferences with the

young people have brought together many who are facing their life work seriously, but hopefully, and with the consciousness that they who do not enter the ministry have much to do to help those who are ministers to render their best possible service. It has been our privilege to meet several young men who have decided to enter the service of the ministry and now are preparing for such service.

I reached home on Decoration day, to spend a Sabbath, after which I go the rounds of the spring associations.

HISTORY OF THE LITTLE GENESEE CHURCH

OSCAR M. BURDICK

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Little Genesee was organized July 9, 1827, by Elders William B. Maxson and John Green. The constituent members were Joseph and Lydia Maxson, Ezekiel and Susan Crandall, Henry P. and Lucy, Amos and Esther Green, Joseph and Lydia Wells, Benjamin Maxson, Nancy Kenyon, Joel and Phoebe Maxson.

Henry P. Green, whom the Friendship Church had licensed to preach, was chosen as leader. In 1831 he was licensed by his church, and in 1835 ordained. He preached for the church for about twenty years, part of the time being the only preacher, and part of the time alternating with others. He remained a member of the church during his life, occasionally preaching, and often assisting in the services. In the second decade of the church's existence, Edwin Stillman, Thomas E. Babcock, and perhaps others, preached alternately with Elder Green.

In 1844, Rev. S. S. Griswold was called as pastor and served about fifteen months. He was succeeded by Elder J. L. Scott, who remained two years. Rev. James Bailey commenced his pastorate in 1848 and resigned in the fall of 1853. In May, 1854, Rev. Thomas B. Brown assumed the pastorate, discharging its duties for twenty-three years, when he resigned on account of declining health. The remaining two years of his life, although he was unable to perform pastoral duties, brought no decrease in and love for the church. He was succeeded by M. S. Wardner who remained about

three years. In November, 1882, Rev. George W. Burdick came here as pastor and remained eleven years. He was succeeded in 1893 by Rev. S. S. Powell, who was received into our denomination and church at the time of assuming the pastorate, serving in this capacity until the fall of 1898. After the resignation of Pastor Powell, Rev. O. S. Mills and others supplied the pulpit until February 1, 1899, when Rev. D. B. Coon became pastor and served until January 1, 1904. On May 1, 1904, Rev. S. H. Babcock assumed the pastorate of the church and served the same until July 1, 1910.

From July 1, 1910, until February 1, 1911, the church was pastorless, but was supplied by different ones, Professor Clarence Clarke of Alfred being worthy of special mention.

February 1, 1911, Rev. G. H. F. Randolph became pastor for a year, when Rev. Erlo E. Sutton accepted a call from the church and became its pastor and served until January 1, 1915.

From January 1, 1915, to October 23, 1915, we were without a pastor, but from January to August of this year the pulpit was supplied by Rev. G. H. Orvis of Allegany. October 23, 1915, Rev. E. F. Loofboro became our pastor and served the church for nearly eight years. Rev. G. D. Hargis became pastor of the church September 8, 1923, and continued with us until April, 1926. Our present pastor, Rev. A. L. Davis, began his services with us July 17, 1926.

With such an array of faithful servants of God to lead in its spiritual growth, this church should be a beacon light for Christianity in the community, and, if it is not, it can not be the lack of faithful work on the part of those who have labored so untiringly in years gone by for its best welfare.

The deacons who have served the church and passed to their reward are as follows: George Potter, chosen in 1828; Jarius Crandall, Dennis Saunders, and Peley Babcock, chosen 1836; Joel Crandall and E. R. Crandall, chosen 1856; Joel B. Crandall, chosen 1876; Edon P. Burdick and S. B. Coon, chosen 1887; Dr. O. E. Burdick, George H. Crandall, chosen 1905; Mrs. Sarah E. Grow, deaconess, chosen 1912. The present deacons are J. L. Hull, F. S.

Whitford, A. J. Crandall, Mark Sanford; and the deaconesses are Mrs. Ida Slade, Amy Crandall, Edna Sanford.

It will undoubtedly be of interest to many to know when some of the constituent members of the church came to Genesee, and from what place they came. Joseph Maxson came from Hopkinton, R. I., to Genesee in 1826, and settled on seventy-five acres across the creek from the village. Ezekiel Crandall came from Rhode Island in 1826, and settled on the farm now owned by Mr. Stone. Henry P. and Amos Green came from Hopkinton, R. I., 1827, and settled on Windfall Creek. Joseph Wells came from Westerly, R. I., 1825, and took up land where the village of Little Genesee is now located. Benjamin Maxson was a native of Rhode Island and came to Genesee with his family of ten children in 1827. Joel Maxson came here from Rhode Island with his father, Joseph, in 1826, and took up a farm where D. P. Hall now lives.

The meetings of the church were first held in the homes of the members until 1835, then in the schoolhouse until the church was completed. The church was built in 1837-38 at a cost of \$2,400. It was dedicated in September, 1838, Rev. Walter B. Gillette preaching the dedicatory sermon. In 1879 and 1880 the church was enlarged, remodeled, and seated at an additional expense of \$1,800. It has a seating capacity of three hundred. The present estimated value of the church property is about \$7,000.

In 1831, revival meetings were held, in which Rev. W. B. Gillette, John Green, Matthew Stillman, Henry P. Green, Spencer Sweet, and others took part. This resulted in the addition of some twenty-five members. In 1840, Rev. Alex Campbell conducted revival meetings, when forty-six were added to the church. Again in 1857, under the pastoral labors of Rev. T. B. Brown, forty-six were added, and in 1865 and 1866, twenty-seven more. In 1870 and 1871 Revs. A. H. Lewis and G. J. Crandall assisted Pastor Brown in a series of meetings, when sixty-three united with the church. In 1878 Rev. A. H. Lewis was again called for evangelistic labor and fifty-two members were added. During the years since, there have been frequent additions to membership. At the present time

there is a resident membership of about one hundred fifty, and a nonresident membership of about fifty, making a total membership of about two hundred.

The church is in good workable order at present, with a fair attendance at the Sabbath school, and a reliable group of young people working in the interests of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

With the opportunities furnished us for Christian work, may we all feel our responsibility in maintaining the life and growth of the church.

The following original poem has been given me, by request, to be read as a climax to this history. It was written by Mrs. Dora Maxson.

Thus stands the history of this church
For its first hundred years—
It's reaching up toward God and light
From out sin's grief and tears.

The self-sacrificing lives of those
Who in these early days
Gave to the Lord so near their all
Calls for our highest praise.

For our own failures and mistakes
We feel the blush of shame,
And humbly ask for pardon
In our dear Lord's name.

No deeds of ours can now avail
To make the wrong things right,
No tears of ours can purify
And make the black deeds white.

These records ~~now~~ must stand for aye,
For what is done is done;
This century's book is closed to us
And another has begun.

Like a clean new book before us
This fair new century stands;
Write not on that unsullied page
With sin polluted hands.

For every act and deed of ours—
Yes, every word and look—
Make up the history that shall live
In our new century's book.

And when a hundred years from now
They turn these pages o'er,
Oh! may there be no blot to shame
This church for ever more.

The greatest enemies of the cause of Christianity are its advocates whose misguided zeal transforms them into professional "reformers" and religious "legalists."
—Selected.

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Contributing Editor

EDOGRAPHS

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ACQUAINTANCE

[The paragraph below touches so vitally the general theme of friendship and shows so perspicuously the cause of suspicion and hatred that any one might well ponder its wisdom and guide his own life in its incipient likes and dislikes thereby.]

One of the easiest things in ordinary life is to misunderstand a fellow man. The next thing is to see his faults and idiosyncrasies and to be irritated by them. Equally easy is it to get angry when someone else misunderstands us or notices and is irritated by our own angularities. To try to understand each fellow Rotarian, to be blind to his faults and foibles, and appreciative of his instinctive goodness and of his efforts to realize the ideals of Rotary in his business and in his life generally—here is the great task of Rotary fellowship. In order to be great-souled, generous-hearted, liberal-minded, we must learn to be appreciative and expansive, ready to approach, anxious to agree rather than to differ from one another, and ready to give way. "No doubt wisdom shall die with you!" said Job. Most of us often act as though we thought it would. But it won't. "To have a friend is to be one" is a much quoted phrase today, which simply means that it is friendliness that makes friends and that if you are not actively friendly you can not expect to remove misunderstandings and build up genuine friendships. Let us then try hard to get to know one another better and better, sensitive to the fullest of our own failings, and generous to a fault if need be in our recognition of the good in our fellows. "One person I have to make good—myself; my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy, if I may." There is no object in Rotary or in life generally more worthy of pursuit than this object of getting to understand and know one another better,

and of contributing in the largest possible measure to the genuine happiness and not at all to the unhappiness of our fellows. "Let's all get together" in the effort to realize the grand idea of "Happy Friendship" of which we sing, and of communicating true happiness to others.—*Invercargil, New Zealand, Rotary Club Weekly.*

THE IDEAL COMMUNITY

A community, sanitary, convenient, substantial, where the houses of the rich and poor are alike comfortable and beautiful; where the streets are clean and the sky line is clear as the country air; where the architectural excellence of its buildings adds beauty and dignity to its streets and highways; where parks and playgrounds are within the reach of every child; where living is pleasant, toil honorable, and recreation plentiful; where capital is respected but not worshiped; where commerce in goods is great but not greater than the interchange of ideas; where industry thrives and brings prosperity alike to the employer and the employed; where education and art have a place in every home; where worth and not wealth gives standing to men; where the power of character lifts men to leadership; where interest in public affairs is a test of citizenship and devotion to the public weal is a badge of honor; where government is always honest and efficient and the principles of democracy find their fullest and truest expression; where the people of all earth can come and be blended into one community life; and where each generation will vie with the past to transmit to the next a community greater, better, and more beautiful than the last.—*The American Magazine.*

THE COMMUNITY DEFINED

The very definition of community is a body of men who have things in common, who are conscious that they have things in common. A community is unthinkable unless you have a vital inter-relationship of parts. There must be such contact as will constitute union itself before you will have the true course of the wholesome blood through the body.—*Woodrow Wilson.*

COMMUNITY SERVICE

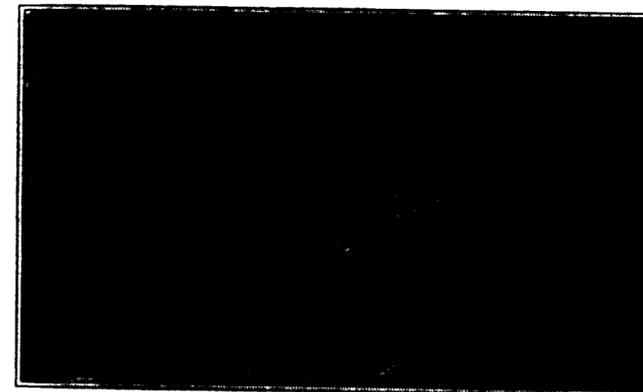
Strong, that no human soul may pass
Its warm, encircling unity,
Wide, to enclose all creed, all class,
This shall we name, Community;

Service shall be that all and each,
Aroused to know the common good,
Shall strive, and in the striving reach
A broader human brotherhood.
—*Sarah Collins Fernandis.*

STUDENT EVANGELISTIC QUARTET

The last word in the RECORDER regarding an evangelistic quartet of the Northwestern Association was a report of a meeting of the Missionary Committee of that association which met at the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage at Milton Junction, Wis., March 8, 1927.

Since that time, the sub-committee with the quartet work in charge has had considerable correspondence and several informal



The Student Evangelistic Quartet of the Northwestern Association — Ellis Johanson, Maurice Sayre, Everett Harris, Loyal Todd.

meetings, not reported before, which have resulted in the choice of the personnel of a quartet and a field of work. The quartet consists of Maurice Sayre, Ellis Johanson, and Loyal Todd of Milton College, and Everett Harris of Salem College. The field of labor is the Southwestern Association. Though the work lies outside the Northwestern Association, the management of the quartet still rests in the hands of the sub-committee of that association, by request of Rev. W. L. Burdick, secretary of the Missionary Board.

The quartet will join Rev. E. R. Lewis at Gentry, Ark., who will use them for some time on his field in evangelistic campaigns which he has planned to conduct this summer. About two weeks will be spent in Hammond, La., with Rev. L. D. Seager, in August. Mr. Seager hopes to have Rev. C. L. Hill as evangelist with the quartet at Hammond. The summer's work will prob-

ably consist of evangelistic work in Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, and Alabama.

On June 16, 1927, George O. Sayre, chairman, called a meeting of the sub-committee at the Milton Junction parsonage. The whole committee was present; besides the chairman were J. L. Skaggs and J. F. Randolph. As the quartet was to start for Gentry June 20, some final plans and preparations were discussed.

A small tent seemed necessary for the use of the quartet on the road and in some cases on the field, as suggested by Brother Lewis. The committee authorized its chairman to purchase a seven by nine tourist's tent with sewed-in floor for \$16.95, also four suitable blankets at \$2.98 each.

The committee has in the bank \$65.22, balance of funds raised two years ago for student evangelistic work. In addition, the Missionary Board has forwarded to the chairman of the committee \$200 of an available \$500 for this work. The Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago Churches, at its spring meeting at Walworth, voted \$75 for this work. While the last is not in hand, it is available. The churches of the Northwestern Association who financially supported this work so faithfully two years ago will have an opportunity to do the same this year. Rev. J. L. Skaggs was requested to prepare a letter to be sent to each of the churches in the Northwestern Association, presenting this matter to them.

The committee authorized its chairman to receive funds and pay bills in behalf of the committee.

It was agreed that one member of the quartet, to be determined as seemed best to the chairman and the quartet men, should act as business manager, to whom the committee could send funds and look for financial reports.

It was suggested that some member of the quartet should write a report of their work for publication in the RECORDER each week, and that weekly communications with the committee would be appreciated.

At the suggestion of Rev. L. D. Seager, a cut of the quartet is to be procured for publicity purposes in their field of labor. It was suggested that the cut would be useful for the RECORDER also, and might be secured through that paper.

Another subject of discussion was that

of song books. While we have some books that could be used for congregational singing, it was suggested that there must be hundreds of small song books used at the late Conferences, and packed away somewhere, that might be used by the quartet. If any reader knows the whereabouts of such books that could be used, and would inform the committee named above, he would confer a favor.

As there was considerable business at this meeting involving finance and other important items, John F. Randolph was asked to act as secretary and furnish a report for publication in the RECORDER.

This is hereby respectfully submitted.

JOHN FITZ RANDOLPH.

FIRST REPORT OF EVANGELISTIC QUARTET

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

The Evangelistic Committee, which has charge of the quartet which is working in Arkansas and Louisiana this summer, wished to have us send in a report each week, telling how the work is progressing. As I am singing first tenor, it fell to my lot to start things.

The quartet is composed of three Milton College Glee Club men, and a Salem College graduate: Maurice Sayre, Loyal Todd, Everett Harris and myself. Harris drove through from Shiloh, arriving in Milton Thursday evening. He brought with him a Ford, which we are using in traveling.

We left Milton Monday morning, June 20, and due to engine trouble we made only one hundred fifty miles that day. We carry a tent and full camping equipment, but our first experience with it was discouraging, as it rained and we had forgotten to build a trench around the tent. Tuesday, we made St. Louis, and camped about forty miles beyond it. The country at this time reminded me of the hills of New York State, for we were in the Ozarks. The only disagreeable detour of the whole trip was reached at this point. The third day we passed Springfield, Mo. The plan was for us to reach Gentry Wednesday night, but this was impossible to do, in spite of starting at five in the morning, and driving often until ten o'clock at night. We camped the third night about sixty miles from Gentry. The roads were excellent all the way, being

paved seven hundred of the eight hundred miles.

All of us came South dreading the heat, but I fear we were badly prejudiced, for we have found that the weather is cooler than that of Wisconsin or Michigan, much of the time. The water, also, is fine. There is a boast in these parts that the water which runs in the streams is much purer than the drinking water of the North. There is one drawback, however, which some of us are already experiencing—"jiggers"; but I suppose this is a necessary evil to be endured and scratched. Blackberries are everywhere seen. In many fields the grain has already been harvested, and corn is, in some places, waist high. There is not very much farming in this section, but fruit trees and berries are the principal products raised.

In the short time that I have been here I have noticed the difference in the manner of living and working, of the people. Here, they take things much easier, do not work so hard or long as the Northerner. This will give some idea of our work so far. Next week, Maurice Sayre will tell something of the evangelistic work, and what results we may have reached. So far, we have certainly enjoyed our work.

Faithfully,

ELLIS C. JOHANSON.

June 24, 1927.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH CHRIST?

I stand alone at the bar of God
In the hush of the twilight dim
And face the question that pierces my heart:
"What will you do with him?
Crowned or crucified, which shall it be?"
No other way is offered to me.

I look on the face so marred with tears
That were shed in his agony,
The look in his kind eyes breaks my heart,
'Tis full of love for me.
"The crown or the cross?" it seems to say,
"For or against me, choose thou today."

He holds out his loving hands to me
While he pleadingly says, "Obey.
Make me thy choice, for I love thee so."
And I can not say him nay.
Crowned, not crucified, this must it be;
No other way is open for me.

I kneel in tears at the feet of Christ
In the hush of the twilight dim,
And all that I am or hope or seek
Surrender unto him.
Crowned, not crucified, my heart shall know
No king but Christ who loved me so.

—Author Unknown.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Readers of this page may remember that some weeks ago we were on our way to Durham, N. C. You may also remember that Durham is the home of Duke University. Others possibly may remember Durham as the home of a much advertised brand of tobacco. I remember having seen the large bill boards advertising this particular product in many parts of our country, but I had never associated it with any particular town until in Durham I saw the immense tobacco warehouses and noticed the strong tobacco odors (aroma, I suppose some would designate it) emanating from these buildings. Living in southern Wisconsin, for some years in Dane County, the center of the tobacco growing industry of Wisconsin, we are familiar with warehouses and odors peculiar to tobacco in its various stages, however we had never seen such large warehouses; in fact the Duke warehouses here are said to be the largest in the world; neither was the strong penetrating odor that jumped out at us as we rode past these buildings quite familiar. It may be that the richer the owner the larger the warehouse and the stronger the product. At any rate we were glad to drive on out of range of this strong odor just as we are glad to move out of the line of smoke from a cigar made from the contents of these warehouses or any others.

Nowhere in Durham can one escape the knowledge that once there was a very rich family and the name of that family was Duke. Probably there are members of this family still living there, but they did not come to call on us and we did not see them, but we stayed at one of their hotels, the Washington Duke hotel, and were made very comfortable with true southern hospitality. This was some little distance from their warehouses and so far as we could see there was no connection between hotel and warehouse; at least we saw very little smoking; this was true not only in the hotel, but also as we went about the city we saw

very few men smoking on the streets or at their business.

However, the trip to Durham was not made to study tobacco in any of its forms. I believe I have already mentioned that this was a business trip and that I was invited to join as a social member only. The business in Durham was considered at a series of conferences with Dr. F. G. Hall, for several years head of the department of biology in Milton College, now a member of the faculty of Duke University. Both Dr. Hall and his wife, Stephanie Daland Hall, were untiring in their efforts to give us pleasure. Dr. Hall placed himself and his automobile at our disposal for all his free time, and sometimes while the men talked business on the front seat Mrs. Hall and I sat on the back seat and visited, as is the way of women.

We were much interested in the story of the growth of Duke University from a small struggling college to its present size and its promise of much larger, very much larger, growth, until it shall reach that point where its benefactor fondly hoped that it might stand among the largest and best universities of the world. Coming as we had from our own little college in the midst of its campaign for increased endowment, to see improvement on so vast a scale seemed like a good omen or would have, had we been believers in omens. A little girl in our family a few years ago expressed this thought very clearly. She stood looking out the window and said, "Grandpa's coming." Mother looked out and said, "I don't see him, I don't think he is coming." Upon the repeated assurance that her grandfather was coming and that she saw him, mother insisted on being shown. "Where is he, I don't see him." Daughter said, "Up there by that tree." That was too much for mother who said, "A—, he isn't there and you know he isn't there." She was amazed at the cheerful answer, "Well, that's where he would be if he were coming." So I say we should have considered it a good omen if it had been an omen.

Leaving aside the question of omens, it thrilled us to learn of some of the good uses to which this rich man's money is being put. And we must confess to a further feeling of pleasure when Dr. Hall informed us that Mr. Duke did not make all his

money in tobacco, but that he was one of the organizers of an electric company of the South that had been very successful, and that the money given to the university had mostly come from the stock in this electric company. I was glad to know that the smoke and odors from those immense warehouses were not to settle down over the city and cover that wonderful campus. It was interesting also to learn about the plans Mr. Duke made for the continued success of this school. I may have something to tell about that in a later issue.

Our visit in the Hall home is now a pleasant memory. The little daughter, Betty Ann, said she remembered us and rejoiced that we were there in time to help celebrate her birthday and insisted that we must share her birthday cake, and was even willing for me to hold her little brother, although she wanted to hold him herself, and I could not wonder at that for he is an altogether lovable baby.

At Durham we enjoyed a short visit with our cousin Raymond Crosley, who was graduated from Milton College in 1926, taking his major under Dr. Hall and who this semester has started working toward his master's degree, still in Dr. Hall's department. It was pleasant to see him again and to get his reaction to the South as he had found it in government work along the coast of North Carolina. His enthusiasm for his chosen field of study is quite infectious and promises much for the future.

A CORRECTION

In last week's RECORDER, June 27, in the Woman's Work, page 822, first column, the sub-heading, "Findings," should have been inserted just before the words, "We recommend." All of the fine print which follows is the "findings" of the conference, which are referred to several times in the report.

NOTES FROM THE MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

At the semi-annual meeting last week of the trustees of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, Mr. A. J. Nesbitt, of Montreal, was elected to the board. Mr. Nesbitt is president of the house of Nesbitt, Thomson, and Company, which is identified with the developments of hydro-electric companies in the provinces of Canada,

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

WESTERLY, R. I., AUGUST 24 TO 29, 1927

It was the privilege of your president to visit the headquarters of our next General Conference during the month of April. There he found an efficient committee on local arrangements with the work well organized. The following is the committee: Karl G. Stillman, chairman; L. K. Burdick, secretary; A. R. Stillman, H. M. Barber, G. B. Utter, S. H. Davis, Miss Louise Ayers, Mrs. A. H. Langworthy, and Ira B. Crandall. In meeting with these workers one is impressed with the fact that if they can not adequately prepare for Conference it just can not be done.

The director of music will be Professor C. H. Siedhoff, of the department of music, Salem College. Very closely associated with him in this work will be Mr. John Tanner, the local chorister for many years. Rhode Island has a wealth of musical talent and it is expected to utilize visiting talent also, so this phase of our program is well provided for.

Miss Marjorie Burdick, with a corps of capable helpers, is to have charge of the children. Some original ideas are being worked out for the children this year.

The Conference at Alfred instructed the officers to arrange study courses for the teen age. Complying with this request, three courses will be conducted simultaneously, so the young people taking this work will select one of the courses. These meetings will be held from nine to ten in the morning, just preceding the opening of the general sessions of Conference. Rev. W. M. Simpson will give instruction in "Denominational Polity"; Rev. George B. Shaw in "Bible"; and Miss Anna Crofoot will give a course in "Missions." We expect these new features to be very helpful.

The Young People's Board is giving proper recognition to all the young people who attend a given number of their own sessions and a specified number of the general sessions of Conference.

BENJAMIN F. JOHANSON,
President.

516 Post Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

"It's a hard winter in some sections, with snow reported almost up to the girls' skirts."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

CAUSES AND CURES OF UNREST

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
July 23, 1927

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Futility of life (Eccles. 2: 12-17)
Monday—Sin (Ps. 32: 9-11)
Tuesday—Disobedience (Deut. 28: 58-68)
Wednesday—Injustice (Jas. 5: 1-8)
Thursday—Rest in God (Ps. 91: 1-16)
Friday—Rest in faith (Phil. 4: 1-8)
Sabbath Day—Topic: What are causes and cures of unrest? (Ps. 43: 1-5; Matt. 11: 28-30)

DOROTHY MAXSON

The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

So wrote William Wordsworth, the poet, in 1807. One hundred twenty years later that same unrest still exists. In the mad, hectic rush for the mercenary things of life which we value so highly, we fail to find time for some of the more worth while things—for restful quiet, for contemplation of nature, for cultivation of true friendship, for holding out the helping hand, and for communion with the Omnipotent.

The world rushes on and we rush with it, trying to keep up or forge ahead. If we would take the best that life has to offer, we must slow down. We must take time to live. We must put "first things first."

Battle Creek, Mich.

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLS CRANDALL

I suppose there is a time in the life of almost every person when he doubts everything pertaining to religion. This very fact shows that he has begun to think and reason. Before this time he has accepted every truth as it is presented to him, but now he begins to ask, "Are these facts true?" It may happen that he will think about this until he begins to worry, fearing that he will lose faith in God.

Young people, if you ever have this experience, let me say that this is the *very time* when you need this faith. You need to surrender your will to God, and you can do this through prayer. Pray that he will guide you safely through this crisis, and he will do it if you will only have faith in him. Do not try to steer your own life yourself, in your own strength, but surrender it to him and let him be your guide.

"Rest is for him who surrenders his life to God in Christ."

Battle Creek, Mich.

THE INTERMEDIATE CORNER

REV. PAUL S. BURDICK

Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Sabbath Day, July 23, 1927

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—A man of prayer (Heb. 11: 5)
Monday—A man of God (Exod. 3: 1-6)
Tuesday—A warrior bold (1 Sam. 17: 32, 38-49)
Wednesday—A womanly woman (Ruth 1: 6-18)
Thursday—A daring preacher (Luke 3: 7-14)
Friday—A noble martyr (Acts 6: 8-15; 7: 57-60)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Who is my favorite character in history? Why? (Heb. 11: 32-38)

GREAT PEOPLE

In trying to answer the question in today's topic, let us think over all the great people we have ever heard about. Let us think why it is they are called great, and whether we agree with the estimate of the world.

First, there are many great soldiers and military leaders. There was Cæsar, who won great success for Rome, but who also sought and won great honors for himself. There were Napoleon, Alexander, and others, who likewise made a great impression upon the world in their day, but who passed from this world without having made *men* any better, and whose work was soon overturned by others.

Then there have been great inventors like Bell who invented the telephone, Edison, Whitney, Howe. Also great business men have arisen to make these inventions available to all the people. Their work has made people's lives easier, and so perhaps happier.

But it seems to me that the greatest lives of all are those whose effect has been seen in people's minds—those who, like Luther,

have helped to free men's minds from the tyranny of a religious system or, like Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, who gave the world a new idea of a free government. Lincoln stood for a united nation in which should dwell a free people.

Judged from his effect upon men's lives and characters, Jesus stands supreme. There is no other whose life has so affected men's thinking, who has freed them from old errors, and led them to happy and good ways of living.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRAM EASTERN ASSOCIATION

Rockville, R. I., June 11, 1927, 8.15 P. M.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Conducted by Waterford Christian Endeavor Society

Praise service	Josephine Maxson
Scripture reading	Albert Brooks
Prayer	Rev. Duane Ogden
Solo, "My Task"	Helen Maxson

PAGEANT—"THE QUESTION"

(Is it worth while to live the Christian Life?)

An Episode in the Journey of Youth presented by

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES OF THE RHODE ISLAND SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCHES

CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

Experience	Gilbert Maine, Ashaway
Doubt	Hazel Kenyon, Hopkinton
Bluff	Carleton Irish, Rockville
Indifference	Lucy Irish, Rockville
The Ambitious One	Arling Kenyon, Hopkinton
The Frivolous One	Donna James, Hopkinton
The Young Woman Who Wants to Serve	Dorcas Austin, Westerly
The Young Man Who Wants to Serve	Munson Gavitt, Westerly
Truth	Edna Coon, Ashaway
King David	Wilfred Barber, Rockville
The Boy Solomon	Donald Crandall, Rockville
Job	Howard Woodmansee, Rockville
First Servant	Reginald Kenyon, Hopkinton
Second Servant	Stanton Gavitt, Westerly
Third Servant	Waldo Merritt, Ashaway
Fourth Servant	Elisha Peckham, Ashaway
Wife of Job	Elva Woodmansee, Rockville
Habakkuk	Hiram Barber, Westerly
The Man With the Burden	Alexander Austin, Westerly

The Angel Soloists	Eleanor Champlin, Ashaway
	Mrs. Lyra Irish, Rockville
Pianist	Mrs. Blanche Burdick, Ashaway
Director	Mary Partelo, Ashaway
	Elisabeth Kenyon, Ashaway

Arranged by Mrs. Blanche Burdick, associational secretary

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ACTIVITIES AT THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION

ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.

The young people's program was given Sabbath night. Rev. E. E. Sutton led the devotional period with songs and Scripture reading.

Several songs were sung. Mr. Raymond H. Sholtz of the Verona Church read a paper on the "Importance of Christian Endeavor in the Church Work." Miss Hazel Langworthy of Adams Center read a paper on the personnel of the Young People's Board, which was followed by a vocal solo by Mr. Lester G. Osborn, pastor of the Verona Church.

Rev. W. D. Burdick gave a very interesting description of the boys' and girls' camps at Ashaway, R. I.

Mr. Nathan Whitford of Adams Center gave a violin selection.

We were much interested in hearing Miss Anna West discuss the "Young People of China."

The program closed with the singing of the Young People's Rally Song.

Sunday morning, before services, a goodly number of young people drove to Sacketts Harbor. There on the shore of Lake Ontario, on the scene of a battle fought during the War of 1812, a short service was held under the direction of Rev. A. L. Davis of Little Genesee, N. Y. The first Psalm was repeated in concert. Several of the young people offered prayer. Then every one joined hands and sang the Young People's Rally Song.

The party returned home by the way of Madison Barracks, making a very interesting and enjoyable trip.

ALBERT N. ROGERS,
Associational Secretary.

ACTIVITIES OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD

HAZEL LANGWORTHY

(Paper read at Central Association)

One time while waiting in the doctor's office I found this little quotation in a magazine:

"Smile, then smile again;
While you smile another smile,
Soon there will be miles and miles of smiles,
And life will be worth while."

Now for two or three minutes let us think of our band of Christian Endeavor leaders and workers. As you have them mentioned are they not each a smiling group as they go about their work, and yet always plenty to do with enough of discouragements too?

SERVICE FOR CHRIST

Let me first bring our president, Dr. Johanson, who has led us for years. He is a trustee of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, for this year also our Conference president. Consequently for a person filling so many places there must be a great deal of unity in aims and thoughts and results of his service. He does keep smiling while serving.

Then comes Mrs. Frances Ferrill Babcock, as our corresponding secretary, and field worker. She planned to be here with us but did not think it best because of sickness. I judge probably nearly everyone here either has seen, had correspondence with, or at least heard of her. She has plenty to do, so has to be sure of the ones under her doing their share. As the world goes, we most often find that the busiest people seem to have the most time for service for others. I heard Pastor Simpson say last year at Brookfield that the common saying is, "Get Frances, she'll do it. Being quite well acquainted with her, I know she fills the place well."

Next comes Elvan H. Clarke, the treasurer. Can you see how the amount of his work depends on each of us personally? If we each pay in what we ought to, he would be much busier than he now is, both in getting and paying bills, but possibly he would be smiling more if we did do our part, letting the worry side vanish.

Again we must include Mrs. Marjorie Maxson who keeps all our records of work done, and so on. Any of you who are recording secretaries can realize her activities.

Then to keep all these before us we have to have an editor for our department in the SABBATH RECORDER. So Mrs. Ruby Babcock has filled this place for several years. How we would miss our section in the RECORDER!

As Dr. Johanson's helpers, he has a group of nine co-workers or vice-presidents. Ivan Tappan is the chairman of the Field Work Committee, with which Frances Babcock works.

Here again is "Let Frances do it," for she has been leading and spurring us on for almost a year now in our present RECORDER Reading Contest. For one, I know I have read it much more because of the contest. Here is one of Dr. Gardiner's requests: "Since the young people are pledging themselves to read it from cover to cover, let us be sure we put in things which will be of benefit and interest to them."

There are several superintendents. The juniors are under the direction of Elisabeth Kenyon. The intermediates are led by Rev. Paul Burdick. These two can not be neglected as the Junior is the beginning of the Christian Endeavor seniors. The Quiet Hour is led by Hurley Warren, who tries to get more to join daily in a few minutes of prayer and meditation. The Tenth Legion has a similar duty, only trying to get more tithers; the superintendent is Beatrice Baxter. The activities superintendent is Allison Skaggs. The social divisions, of which the aim is to interest us in a good time, is directed by Margaret Davis. The religious education is directed by Emile Babcock. The earnest endeavor for more Life Work Recruits is carried on by Pastor Simpson. The lone Sabbath keepers are kept in touch by Lyle Crandall. As we think of these, how many could we leave out? Not one!

Then again to bring it down to us still closer, we have our associational secretaries, nine in all, each having a share in carrying on the work given us by our leaders.

In conclusion, let us keep in mind that the board must be able to depend on us to do our part.

A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORER'S OBLIGATION TO BOYS AND GIRLS

CARROLL HILL

Western Association

Obligations are sometimes pleasant and sometimes unpleasant. Being indebted to someone is a happy or unhappy experience according to attendant circumstances. All of us are indebted to our parents, teachers, and friends who have made possible our present condition in life, whatever it may be. None of us can repay them, except as we do our best to live out the things they have taught us. However much we might wish to repay those who have thus guided and directed our lives, we have to remem-

ber that they do not wish a stated remuneration for what they have done, but prefer that our lives be the medium of exchange, and that we shall show forth the measure of our gratitude in the task which is common to all of us, that of living.

This could mean only that we invest our lives, as these older people have done, in serving others. It means that we may fulfill this happy obligation, thus placed upon us, by ourselves becoming the guides and directors of other lives. Our obligation is thus transferred and we find ourselves indebted to the boys and girls.

Let us look at our obligation from a different point of view. One of the biggest steps in one's life is when one declares his or her purpose to lead a Christian life. Each step in Christian life brings with it new duties. As we attempt to carry the Christ spirit into every endeavor of our lives, we find ourselves immediately surrounded with new obligations. In a sense they are not obligations, but passing by these opportunities leaves one with the feeling that he is indebted to someone, somewhere. When we approach each new task, as we would fulfill an obligation, we are assured that we have done our Christian duty.

By this time, you are surely asking, "What are these obligations he is talking about?"

They grow out of the peculiar character of boyhood and girlhood, and the fact that we are older than they.

If we were their age or younger, the things for which we are indebted, would be of an entirely different nature. Since we are older, and enough older to be senior Christian endeavorers, our responsibility comes to us whether we would or not. The fact that we are daily living and moving about, where they will see what we do and hear what we say, makes us examples to be patterned after and imitated whenever what we say or do is unusual enough to attract the attention of those about us. This character of unusualness may be manifested in many different ways. Since no two of us are exactly alike, it is not to be wondered at if much of what we do seems unusual to a boy or girl.

The boy or girl is wide awake and intensely eager for something to do or for something to happen. Whatever will bring

action is most welcome. Through force of circumstances we are thrust into their circle of experience. We may furnish examples of what it is worth while to do, or it may be that some of us are living portraits of what just happens. If the former is true, we are to be congratulated. If the latter be the case, we are holding up before the boys and girls a pattern of what not to be. So far as I know, no process or invention has yet been perfected which will give a small boy or girl the power to choose rightly between these two models. So far as they would ordinarily know, the second is just as desirable as the first. In the course of time a growing sense of values will perhaps exclude the least worth while and hold to the best, but not unless the best has been ever present making an appeal to the young observer.

Yet in the face of such a situation, young men and women, as well as those older, are, without respect for themselves or those about them, constantly going about pursuing their own pleasure in ways that are anything but commendable.

The natural tendency, of those who are younger, to worship and admire those who are older than themselves, makes it impossible that these uncommendable practices should not become ideals of those youthful admirers.

The athlete, who, because he is too weak-willed to give up smoking cigarettes, insists that they do him no harm, is laying a snare for those small worshipers who glory in his ability to "plunge through the line" or to "shoot baskets." Within the last year I have met a man who is supposed to be one of the religious leaders of American youth. He is a slave to the habit of cigarette smoking and insists that government tests have proved that smoking steadies the nerves and does no harm.

It is of such examples that I am speaking when I refer to seeking one's own pleasure without regard to those who may be looking on.

The opposite is found in an American youth who has set a world's record in aviation. His daily habits and manner of life are clean. Sometime after the completion of his thirty-three hour non-stop flight, at a banquet, he refused the costly wine of the royalty of Europe and drank clear water,

instead. Would that there were more of the Lindbergh type to hold up as examples for the boys and girls.

It is extremely unfortunate that there is, in the midst of our Christian civilization, a class of people whose main accomplishment is that of telling a type of jokes and stories that it is against the law to print for sale. How many young minds have been poisoned with this sort of thing we can not even guess, but if ever there was need for young people of clean speech and habits, there is need now. I am well aware that I am not now speaking to the class of people that I mentioned at the beginning of this paragraph. We are a group of Christian endeavorers. Yet, if a record of the conversation of each one of us during one day was to be made and played on a phonograph at night, I wonder how many of us would be proud of *all* that we had said. Do we have so little of actual value to talk about that it is necessary to take up a good deal of the time with worthless, meaningless, and sometimes harmful talk? I would not ask you to answer this question, nor do I want you to ask me to answer it, but let us think about it. If we are to guide those younger than ourselves in their thinking and reading and talking, we must have something worth while to read and think and talk about.

All of us are pretty well bound down by habit. We may form a few new habits or discard a few old ones, but we can not do away with them altogether. We started forming those habits as boys and girls. We are going to help other boys and girls form habits. There are so many habits that may be formed that it would be useless to try to give them all here. There are many that are undesirable. For ourselves, let us cultivate those that make for better men and women. We want habits of clean speech and action. We need to live vigorously and wholesomely. We should be mentally alert. Let us cultivate a constant awareness of the presence of God and of the love of Christ. Above all, having cultivated these habits, let us try to fulfill our obligation to our younger friends by helping to establish these habits in their lives.

Finally, let us remember the words of our Master, when he said, "Even as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my children, ye have done it unto me."

THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE AGAIN

Rev. A. J. C. Bond goes to Europe to represent us at the Lausanne World Conference on Faith and Order, August 3 to 21; to visit our European churches; to do some research work; and to find rest and recreation. We want him to take the best of care of himself on sea and on land.

Of course all this costs money; but many of us think we are putting the cost to a good use. It is not a small thing when the representatives of millions recognize us as a body of New Testament believers. It is not a small matter that we are to have the privilege, through Dr. Bond, of witnessing before these representatives for the Sabbath faith, and for the principles of a democratic church order or polity.

In our prayers let us commend our brother to the care of our Father and his, and to the guidance of his Spirit, for the entire journey so full of anticipated opportunity and blessing.

The name of Dr. Anne L. Waite should be added to the list of contributors toward the expense. ARTHUR E. MAIN,

Chairman of the Conference Committee on the Faith and Order Movement.
Alfred, N. Y.

The hour in the carpenter's shop, the hour at the wedding feast, the hour when he blessed little children, the hour when he shared the sorrow of bereaved friends—he encountered every circumstance with the high consciousness that he had come up to it. He was called to stand just there, in that particular hour, and stamp the circumstance with the clear seal of a divinely consecrated life. . . . And in our own degree we too can share our Savior's sense of mission. We can approach every event with the consciousness of divine appointment.—*J. H. Jowett.*

Friend, are you walking with God, or are you a stranger in this lonely world passing down to the lonelier tomb and the great unknown beyond? That heavenly Friend in human form, with a heart like yours and a nature that understands you, is stretching out his hand to you now and saying to you, "I will dwell in them and walk in them, and they shall be my people, and I will be their God."—*A. B. Simpson.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

MRS. WALTER L. GREENE, ANDOVER, N. Y.,
Contributing Editor

DEAR SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHILDREN:

I am just as pleased as I can be this week and I am sure you will be pleased, too, when you read the fine letters from Edna Deely of New York State, Arabeth Lewis of Michigan, and Persus Coalwell of Louisiana, also a splendid story written by Jennings Powell of West Virginia. Thank you, dear children, come again! Well, Jennings, I am so glad you have set the boys a good example!

THREE NICE LETTERS

MY DEAR MRS. GREENE:

We have some nice little chickens; some hatched last Friday and some hatched Sabbath day. My grandma is inclined to laugh at me for naming them.

My grandma's name was Gertrude Hunting.

I was nine years old the first day of March. I will be in the sixth grade in September.

Sincerely yours,

EDNA MAY DEELY.

Blossville, N. Y., R. F. D. No. 1.,
June 20, 1927.

[I think, Edna, dear, that I have met your grandma, and her sister and brothers are all good friends of mine.—M. G.]

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I have enjoyed reading the stories and letters in the SABBATH RECORDER about pets.

There are many black squirrels here and some of them are very tame. One day I had a nut which I held out to one. He smelled it. I held the nut up higher. He climbed up on top of my head and ate my nut.

I have some other pets, too. I have some kitties. The mother is named Perkins. The kitties' names are Grimalkin Gray, Tag, and Tom-to-tee. I gave Tag away and they named him Bet, after the cat they lost.

Grimalkin is a Persian kitten. One day he brought out from the front room a bunch of cloth, clear to the kitchen, and played with it.

Tom-to-tee was in a tree after a squirrel. The squirrel couldn't go back any farther, so he jumped right over Tom-to-tee and Tom-to-tee fell backwards and hit on the ground.

Yours truly,

ARABETH M. D. LEWIS.

367 Champion Street,
Battle Creek, Mich.,
June 18, 1927.

[Arabeth, dear, although of course you do not remember me, I knew you pretty well when you were a tiny tot. Ask your mamma about it.—M. G.]

DEAR JUNIOR FRIENDS:

I am so glad that we have a Junior corner so we children can write to each other. I enjoy the letters that you write, they are so interesting.

I am eleven years old and have two brothers but no sisters. Gerald is a little bit larger than I and Purcel is a little bit smaller than I.

I like the stories in the Children's Page and I will try to put one in soon.

Our strawberries are gone and the blackberries are nearly gone, but the figs are ripe now. Do you like fresh figs?

We raise some oranges here.

I wish some of the children in the cold North could come down here next winter.

Best wishes to you all,

Your friend,

PERSUS COALWELL.

Hammond, La., June 20, 1927.

[I imagine, dear Persus, that not many of us in this cold climate have ever tasted a ripe fig, but I rather think we should like them.—M. G.]

HOW DOUGHNUTS CAME TO BE MADE

JENNINGS POWELL

Once there was a little cook who had eyes as dark as black currants and cheeks as pink as his best frosting, and skin as white as the finest party flour; as for his hair, it was exactly the color of brown sugar, and you know what a pleasing color that is. He

wore a snowy cap and apron and always had a long wooden spoon hanging from his belt. He was the very best cook that ever lived for he never cooked anything that was not good. Jam, little round plum cakes with pink and white frosting, kisses, lemon pie, strawberry ice cream, little three cornered raspberry tarts, oranges cut into baskets and filled with whipped cream—oh, there was no end to the good things this little cook would make!

He made spice cake, too; and what do you think? One day when he was making spice cake he happened to look out the window and saw, walking by, a little fairy as pretty as a pink rose. She was a cook, too, and she had a cap and apron exactly like his!

The little cook ran to the door and called out, "Pretty little fairy, won't you come in?"

The little fairy said, "I thank you, kind sir." Then she came in and sat down.

The little cook had dinner all ready and he brought her some turtle soup, in a little china bowl, all painted with butterflies; three oyster patties, the best you ever saw; a fat quail on toast, with mashed potatoes and gravy; a mince turnover and a lemon tart; a glass of orange jelly; a saucer of ice cream and some marcaroons.

When the little fairy had eaten all these dainties, the little cook asked her, "Can you cook as well as I cooked dinner?"

"Just as well, but no better," answered the fairy.

"Was there anything that could have been better?" he asked.

"Yes, the piece of toast under the quail was darker on one side than on the other," she answered.

"You are right," said the little cook, "but only a wonderful cook would have noticed that. If we worked together we could make the most delicious dainties in the world. Will you marry me?"

"That I will with all my heart," said the little fairy, "but where can we find a preacher?"

Just at that moment, who should come into the room but the village preacher, to buy a three-cornered raspberry tart.

"You shall have the tart for nothing," said the little cook, "if you will marry us."

"I will marry you very gladly," said the preacher. "But where is the wedding ring?"

The little cook turned round and round three times thinking what he could do, for he had no ring and he did not know where to get one. But after the third turn his eyes fell upon the dough that he had been making for spice cake. Then he knew what to do. He made a little ball of dough and patted it flat. Then he poked the fairy's finger right through the middle of the dough. Last of all he dropped the dough into a pan of hot fat. When it was done it was such a beautiful nutbrown color that the little fairy cried out, "Why, it looks just like a dough nut!"

As soon as it had cooled the little cook put it on the fairy's finger, which of course it fitted perfectly. Then the preacher married them. After the wedding was over they filled the preacher's hat with raspberry tarts, buns, and spice cake, and that was a very good day for the village preacher.

The little cook and the little fairy lived together happily ever afterwards, both stirring the soup at the same time and never quarreling. They often make brown doughnuts with little round holes in them to remind them of their wedding day, and that is the way doughnuts came to be made.

My name is Jennings Powell. I am eight years old. I live in Salem, W. Va.

NOW YOU ASK ONE

H. V. G.

GAME 6

1. Who was Miriam?
2. Who said, "Love suffereth long and is kind"?
3. What relation was Lot to Abraham?
4. What relation was Joseph to Benjamin?
5. From what book of the Bible is this: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones"?
6. What is the rest of this quotation: "Come unto me, all ye [twelve words]"?
7. In what country was Moses born?
8. Why did Joseph's brothers put him in a well?
9. Give another name for the Dead Sea.
10. How long was Cain?

ANSWERS TO GAME 5

1. Terah.
2. Sarah.
3. Peter.
4. Paul.
5. Moab.
6. Psalms.
7. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."
8. When tempted by the tempter.
9. Elisabeth.
10. The Dead Sea.

"ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD"

"God's in his heaven," sang the soprano, and the thrilling quality of her voice was like a high sweet bird note. "God's in his heaven—all's right with the world!"

In the very back of the church, where the seats were free, sat the girl. She sat there ever so quietly, with her shiny blue serge skirt gathered close about her. Her face was thin and pallid, and her lips were nearly white. But her great dark eyes were vivid enough to make up for the lack of color in the rest of her face. And as she listened to the voice of the soprano her soul shone, like a lighted lamp, through the brown of them.

"God's in his heaven." The arched ceiling of the church seemed to echo the words of the singer; "All's right with the world." The sunlight, shining through the impressive stained-glass windows, seemed to throw back the song. But the girl in the back of the church shivered suddenly, as if she were very cold, and her slim little hands clasped tight together in her shiny, blue serge lap. The soprano sat down quietly behind the velvet curtain that screened the organ loft. The voice of the organ died away to a murmur. And the pastor, black-gowned, impressive, rose to his feet. All over the church people settled back into positions of greater comfort. And the sermon began.

All through that sermon ran a thread of hope and faith. All through the fabric of it one could sense the tint of courage. But when the sermon was over, when the benediction had been pronounced, one listener had not responded to the inspiration of it. The girl in one of the rear seats rose quietly,

like a little gray mouse, and stole out of the church. And in her heart, over and over again, sounded the words of the soprano's solo.

"God's in his heaven!" rang the words, but "How can he be?" she questioned. "How can he be in his heaven—and allow the world to be so torn with unhappiness? How can he sit calmly up there, looking down on our sorrows and disappointments? Perhaps," the thought came to her with a grim whimsicality, "perhaps it's because heaven is so far away—perhaps that's why he thinks that all's right with the world! Perhaps that's why."

The street that the church stood upon was one of the most impressive streets of the most impressive city. With a feeling of distaste, almost, for the great buildings that stood all about her, with a sensation of nausea toward the rich gowns of the passing women, the girl turned abruptly into a side street, and walked as rapidly as she could, away from the church.

"They don't know," she told herself fiercely, and the "they" included the soprano, the pastor, and the congregation that she had just left. "They don't know what it is to be hungry and discouraged and out of work! They don't know what it is to be alone in the world!" All at once her fierce young tone trembled.

There was a hurried step behind her, a very hurried step. A breathless voice called softly—

"Oh, miss, wait a moment. I've been tryin' to catch up—"

The girl turned quickly, almost aggressively. As she turned she winked back a mist that clouded her vision, a mist that might have been tears. But surprise was in her expression as she saw the owner of the breathless voice was a strange woman—a little woman with white hair, and a kind face that was a fine network of wrinkles.

"Did you call me?" she questioned, a shade blankly.

The little woman had paused beside her. She spoke in a voice that was still faintly breathless.

"Yes," she answered cheerily, "yes, I called; was sitting with you—in the same pew, I mean, in church. And when you went I saw that you had left your purse, and I just felt that I had to catch up with you—

to return it." Her little wrinkled hand extended a flat bit of leather.

The girl laughed, and the sound of her laughter was not in the least mirthful.

"You were very kind," she told the little woman, "but you needn't have taken so much trouble. There wasn't anything in the purse." She laughed again. "There wasn't anything in the purse," she repeated, "But 'God's in his heaven,' just the same. And 'all's right with the world!'"

The woman looked at her sharply. But when she spoke her tone was pleasantly commonplace.

"I saw you taking in that song," she said, and the enthusiasm in her voice was almost girlish. "The singers at that church are fine. It's a real treat any time to listen to them!"

The girl assented wearily.

"Yes, they sing well," she agreed, "but—after all—why shouldn't they? They're happy, and they have jobs, and full purses. They have families and friends, too. Why shouldn't they be happy?"

The woman seemed to be considering for a moment. And then she spoke. "Lots of people," she told the girl, "who have all of those things are not happy. Full purses and jobs are not the only things. Of course," she sighed, "families and friends are more important. I know. I'm alone in the world myself!"

The girl felt suddenly drawn to the little woman. It hadn't occurred to her before that there were other lonely people in the world.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she said softly.

The woman's wrinkled face had broken, all at once, into a smile of surpassing radiance.

"Don't you be sorry," she said, almost gaily. "I'm a happy person. I've got a room on the next street. And I have the cutest kitchenette you ever saw. And I have a canary bird that sings the same song that the lady sang in church. Why," all at once she was faltering, "why don't you come home with me this noon? Sunday dinners are lonesome things alone!"

The girl was startled. It was quite evident even to the little old woman that she had had few offers of hospitality.

"Are you sure that you want me?" she questioned shyly.

The little old woman was laughing softly.

"We'll have hot biscuit," she said, "and chicken. I have one on now stewing. And I made cookies yesterday. Don't be silly, child—of course I want you!"

There in the sunlight of the side street, the girl stared at the old woman. And as she stared a tear trickled down the side of her nose, and another followed it. And another.

"Oh," she choked. "Oh—you don't know how you've made me feel! I—I didn't know where my next meal was coming from. I didn't think that any one cared whether I starved or not! But you do—you do!"

The little old woman had linked her arm into the girl's. Her voice was all sparkly with good nature.

"And God does," she said gently, "don't forget him! What the lady sang in church was right. . . . Say"—sudden excitement shone in her eyes, "my room is big, real big! You can stay with me, if you want to, till you get a job. It won't be so long before you get one! And it will be jolly to have a friend staying with me. . . ."

The girl's face was no longer colorless. Her cheeks were softly flushed, and her lips were warmly pink.

"All's right—with the world!" she murmured.

They walked off together, arm in arm.—*Margaret E. Sangster in Christian Herald.*

Faith is heroic and true; unbelief is cowardly and false. When Canaan is made the objective point, two classes of religionists always appear. The spies and the Calebs were their representatives in every age and clime. The proposal at once to go up is always an offense to the one and a joy to the other. The one magnifies the hindrances, the other rejoices in the arm that is almighty. The latter enters the land, the former dies in the wilderness.—*M. L. Haney.*

On the physical side we can not get as close to Christ as did his chosen disciples. It is no handicap. The disciples never really saw nor understood Christ until he had opened their spiritual eyes—and then he vanished from their sight. What they had really to "tell" about him was spiritually perceived.—*B. T. Badley.*

Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

HOMES

MARY E. FILLYAW

Home's not merely four-square walls,
 Tho' with pictures hung and gilded;
 Home is where affection calls,
 Filled with shrines the heart has builded.
 Home? Go watch the faithful dove
 Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
 Home is where there's one to love!
 Home is where there's one to love us!
 Home's not merely roof and room—
 It needs something to endear it!
 Home is where one's heart can bloom,
 Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
 What is home with none to meet,
 None to welcome, none to greet us!
 Home is sweet, and only sweet,
 Where there's one we love to meet us.

—Author unknown.

Since most farmers' wives may call themselves poor when they count their cash, millions could not buy the pleasures—the real riches—of one who has a dear, good husband, some little ones to care for, flowers to please the little ones, and ears to catch the sweet music of nature, whether it comes in the songs of birds, the murmur of streams, the sighing of the winds among the trees, the pattering of raindrops, the echoes from the hills, or the martial roll of the thunder, when the elements seem to battle with each other.

If, with the youthful David, we could always hear the voice of the Lord in the roaring of the sea, and in our inmost souls know that it was the voice of our heavenly Father, like David we could say, "The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth King forever. The Lord will give strength unto his people; the Lord will bless his people with peace." Psalm 29:10, 11. And we could also say, "Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; let the world and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth; with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity." Psalm 98:7-9.

With this holy joy and gladness in her own heart, every mother can make a beautiful flower garden of her children's hearts,

for she will have wisdom from on high to guide her in the selection of seeds to sow in such fertile soil, skill to cultivate each useful plant, and firmness to destroy each weed that would mar the beauty of her garden of hearts. Think of the Edens of pleasure that might be, instead of the penitentiaries that are. Every residence is either an Eden containing flowers and fruits, or a penitentiary filled with blighted hopes and vain regrets.

When a mother sows the seeds of righteousness in the tender hearts of her children, she is helping to fulfill Isaiah's prophecy: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing." Isaiah 35:1, 2—flowers and music, joy heightened into rapture and bursting forth in song.

Fragrant flowers give us more pleasure than those which are only beautiful. Children may be beautifully featured and well dressed; but if their little hands are not early trained to deeds of kindness, and their sweet young voices tuned by love until discords vanish, we sigh for the missing fragrance of these human flowers.

But the home circle must have high ideals; nothing less than perfection should give satisfaction. Perfection is the goal toward which all our efforts should lead. "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," my mother often repeated to me, because she wanted me to do my work carefully, instead of carelessly. When once the habit of perseverance in well doing is firmly rooted in one's character, that person's work will be sought after when the careless workers will be rejected. A beloved teacher wrote in one of my books this motto: "*Perseverantia omnia vincit.*" And a few days later I had convincing proof, when she refused to let me fail in one of my lessons. She explained my lesson to me over and over, but I could not seem to arrive at any satisfactory result. She allowed me to start again at the first lesson in my book and proceed as before. All went smoothly till I came to the same difficult lesson, and then I failed to understand how to apply the right rules so as to get a perfect answer, and said to her, "Miss Mary, I do not believe I can ever understand how to do that by the rules." She looked me in the face

and said, "Mary Newton, the word *fail* is not in your dictionary; you must try again." I did, and succeeded; but not without her help, for she gave me a rule—not found in any book—to work by. After that I proceeded without any further trouble in that book. Perfection is what our great Teacher wants to see in us, for he says, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Matthew 5:48.

Wives and mothers, builders of homes, the following beautiful poem should appeal to us.

THE HIGHER LIFE

Walk in the light! In darkness there is fear,
 The way is dim, and evil shapes appear;
 Choose thou the sunshine, for it is thy right;
 He knows no fear whose path is in the light.

Build on the heights! Below in every breath,
 Lurk germs of listlessness, disease, and death;
 Life-giving air, bright days, and starlit nights—
 These are for him whose home is on the heights.

Live near to God! In him is strength and peace,
 Joy that abides and life that will not cease;
 Too long thy feet the path of doubt have trod;
 Leave thy low life! Rise up and live with God.

—Author unknown.

THE FAITH OF CHINESE CHRISTIANS

When the final record is written, no modern period of Christian history will be more inspiring than this present period in China. The loyalty of the Chinese Christians to the faith they have owned—their loyalty during these times of the Nationalist movement—takes one back to first century Christianity for a parallel. I can set down only a few incidents in that story:

In West China, according to Mr. Lewis Havermale, "the preachers have organized themselves into a 'Flying Squadron' whereby they can report immediately at any point where the pastor is becoming overwhelmed by anti-Christian propaganda—by means of interviews, public meetings, and tracts or posters, encouraging Christians and effecting reconciliations. They have taxed themselves to provide for the budget. They have, by written contract, bound themselves to provide funeral expenses for any who may be slain by fanatics and to provide for their widows and orphans."

At a recent meeting in Chungking when salary cuts were imminent many said, "If

we were in the employ of some other institution, the post office for example, we would now call a strike. We have talked the matter over. We have decided not to strike. The job of preaching the gospel is not that of the missionaries but of us Chinese Christians. We will, therefore, return to our tasks even though we scarcely have enough on which to live. We will do our utmost, God helping us."

"I AM A CHRISTIAN"

In Hankow I spent a long evening with Bishop Logan H. Roots, of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He told many incidents of the devotion of the Christians. Here are two:

A pastor in a city near Hankow was taken by the Reds, bound, beaten, and carried in disgrace through the streets of the city. He was placed upon a platform before a jeering crowd.

"If you will renounce this Jesus," said the tormentors, "we will let you go."

"I am a Christian," said the pastor. "You may kill me, but until death I can not cease to preach. And if I am killed my spirit will remain in this place as a witness to my Lord."

In the face of such courage and such a testimony he was released.

Two other pastors of Bishop Roots' diocese were imprisoned, after having been badly beaten. Release, they were told, would come when they renounced their faith. It happened that the day on which they were imprisoned was, in the Episcopal Church calendar, sacred to the memory of St. Stephen. So the two Chinese pastors stood up in the midst of their fellow prisoners, and preached the story of Stephen.

"We need men like Stephen in China," said the prisoners—and together the whole company knelt and prayed that God would send more Stephens to the aid of China.

"This is a day of spiritual rebirth in China," said Bishop Roots.

"DEVOTION OF NANKING CHRISTIANS"

Most striking of all these examples of Christian devotion come from Nanking. During the entire day of terrors, when escape for the missionaries seemed unlikely, little groups of Chinese boys and girls and preachers and laymen—between frantic

(Continued on page 31)

SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

CHILDREN AND BIRDS

It is pleasant for me that my place of writing is between two windows, one close by at my left, the other in front. It is what I can see through these windows that gives me so much pleasure. That at my left gives me a close-up view of our nearest neighbor's house and lawn, where, much of the time, there is a group of children at play; while that in front gives me a look into our backyard and garden, with the many birds that make themselves at home there. I am not quite certain which view I like the better, yet I know that both are well worth while.

The children of our neighbor—three boys, from about eleven, down to the two-and-a-half-year-old little lady — attract others, so that it has become a kind of community playground with an even dozen of them when all are present, six boys and six girls, and the good natured family dog. They are a lively group, and when all get to going there is "something doing." They play all sorts of games—ball, "hide-and-seek," "Andy over," "pull-away," run races, and enjoy other kinds of amusements just as I and my mates did away back in my boyhood. It does me good to watch them. It takes my mind into various scenes and incidents upon our school playground, their influence upon me then, and how they affected me in my growing years. We had in our school rather good associations, for which I am now very thankful. It was an ideal country life—good, wholesome boys and girls with almost nothing leading toward dissipation.

That which pleases me most as I look upon these children in their hearty, happy play is that there is almost no disagreement among them. I have sometimes seen groups of little folks at play in which one of them has undertaken to assume leadership and wants everything done in his or her way. Sometimes there are two of them, each wanting to dictate, and when they do not agree there is a time of it—and the

game is broken up. I have heard that this is so in some groups of older people—even church folks—who like to argue the case. I once knew of a husband and wife—meeting folks, too—who could not, or would not, agree. They quarreled; and it came about that the church people and also others in the community began to take sides, some favoring Mrs. G., others Mr. G. The contention was sharp, like that between those good men Saul and Barnabas at Antioch, and it came to such a pass that one of the groups seceded from the church and organized another. It was an unfortunate affair, religiously and otherwise. Happy was the day when the bone of contention was dropped and buried. Though the church survived, it would have been better by far had there been no such contention.

Bless these children in their peaceful, happy play! They all go to Sabbath school together and are growing in the lessons they learn there. A pleasant thing it is to see the father of the family go out now and then to play ball and have a rollicking time with his boys.

I must not forget to say something more about what I see through the window in front of me. On one of the clothes-line posts we have a shelf fixed upon which to put food both summer and winter for the birds. Nailed to this post, and reaching well above it, there is a branch from an old apple tree; and near by, on the ground, a big pan in which water is kept for a bird bath. Almost all the time birds are fluttering their wings in the water there, then flying up to the branch above in order to dry their feathers and put them in order. It is interesting to see them come one after another to get a drink and make their toilet, also to observe their table manners. They sometimes chase one another to take away a bit of choice food. Now and then they come close to fighting over it. "Birds in their little nests agree" is a pretty line of verse to quote to petulant children, yet our birds *out* of their little nests do not all the time agree.

The most of our birds belong to the sparrow family, and they get out of their bath in a hurry if they see a lordly blackbird strutting about or a clamorous bluejay approaching. When a robin alights near them they seem to have no fear, though I did one day see a gentle looking redbreast con-

tending with another. These three—black-birds and bluejays and robins—with now and then a redheaded woodpecker, are nearly all we see here besides various kinds of sparrows. Two mourning doves come near with their soft and sweet tones, yet they do not eat and drink with us.

Sparrows of various kinds are hopping around nearly all the time—many of them. I do not know enough about them to name the different kinds, but I wish I could. They make themselves very much at home with us and give us no little satisfaction. I wish I could, when I was young, have made a special study of birds for the pleasure it would give me now. One of our neighbors, who lives under the trees, gives much attention to the various kinds of birds about her home. She has bird books and a glass that brings her feathered friends near to her. She keeps watch of the winter birds, with their habits, and can name them readily. When spring is coming she takes note of early arrivals, putting down the dates, and is particularly on the watch for kinds new to her. All the birds thus become her familiar friends. On occasion she and her three girls, with bird books, glass, and lunch box, go to the nearby grove on the hill, or to the lake, and have a great time of it. They are all happy while about it—chummy. A good thing it is for every young person to make some special study of nature for the real pleasure to be got from it along the way through this beautiful world of ours.

Oh, see here! I have thus talked about birds without saying a word about the family of wrens nesting in a box put up for them just under the roof at the corner of our back porch. Cute little things they are, and so friendly. They flit about here and there and sing sweet songs for us. Let me here suggest that somebody in every home where the RECORDER goes—and is read—fix up a place for bird food and a drinking and bathing place. It will be a blessing to our bird friends, especially in the winter when food is not easy for them to find, and a blessing to those who thus care for them. *Then look at the birds that come.*

Children and birds! How often the great Teacher spoke of them in his walks and talks among men to illustrate some of his finest lessons of divine love and goodness. We may well learn such lessons ourselves.

LESSON III.—JULY 16, 1927

SAMUEL ANOINTS DAVID. 1 Sam. 16: 4-13.

Golden Text.—"Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." 1 Tim. 4: 12.

DAILY READINGS

- July 10—Jehovah Chooses David as King. Psalm 89: 19-37.
July 11—Samuel Anoints David. 1 Sam. 16: 1-13.
July 12—My Servant David. Ezek. 34: 20-31.
July 13—The Ministry of Music. 1 Sam. 16: 14-23.
July 14—Christ's Kingdom Foretold. Isa. 11: 1-10.
July 15—Consecration of Youth. 2 Tim. 2: 14-26.
July 16—Loving Jehovah's Law. Prov. 3: 1-6.
(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

BIBLE FOR LINDBERGH

An interesting event in connection with the recent welcome extended by New York City to Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh was the presentation of a handsomely bound Bible to him by the New York Bible Society at 5 East Forty-eighth Street, New York.

The Bible was embossed in gold on the outside of the cover as follows:

Presented to
COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH
in recognition of
FAITH, COURAGE, HEROISM
by the
NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY
June 13, 1927

The society had received a number of requests to present a Bible to Lindbergh at the time of his reception in New York and the presentation was in accordance with its policy of having made such before to distinguished individuals, such as Admiral Charles F. Hughes, commander in chief of the United States Navy, which recently was on review in New York harbor; to President Calvin Coolidge; to the Prince of Wales; to General Pershing; and other distinguished visitors to New York.—*New York Bible Society.*

It is no time to seek God when the house begins to fall, when the walls are coming down, when we are tortured on a bed of sickness. It is no time then to seek eternal riches. When God's Spirit so deals with us that we groan under sin as David groaned, and pray as he prayed, we will quickly find God and rejoice in his mercy.—*D. L. Moody.*

MARRIAGES

HOLSTON-WELLS.—On Thursday evening, May 26, 1927, at eight o'clock, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Sarah Wells, in Dodge Center, Minn., Rev. Edward M. Holston and Miss Anna L. Wells were united in marriage by Rev. C. E. Mead, Rev. E. H. Socwell assisting.

BURDICK-WATSON.—At the home of Miss Edith M. Burdick, in New York City, Mr. Lewis R. Burdick of Philadelphia, Pa., and Miss Florence Jean Watson of New York City, Rev. William L. Burdick of Ashaway, R. I., officiating.

DEATHS

HILLIARD.—Mandana A. Hilliard, daughter of Henry E. and Mary Witter Hilliard, was born in the town of Brookfield, Madison County, N. Y., August 2, 1846, and died in the village of Brookfield, May 29, 1927, aged 80 years, 9 months, and 27 days.

She was educated at Winfield Seminary and Whitestown Seminary. For seventeen years she was a teacher in the Utica Business College. For many years she taught in the public schools of New York State and in Wisconsin and Iowa. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church at Martinsburg, N. Y. She was a woman of fine culture and taste, and lived a long and useful life.

Funeral services were conducted on June 1, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Pitcher, in Brookfield, by Rev. F. E. Peterson, and interment made in the cemetery at Oneida Castle, N. Y. "She hath done what she could."
F. E. P.

WHITFORD.—Milton Clarke Whitford, son of William Clarke Whitford and Ruth Hemphill Whitford, was born in Milton, Wis., September 17, 1866, and died suddenly from a stroke of paralysis at his home in Milton, Wis., June 11, 1927, in the sixty-first year of his age.

He is survived by his widow whose maiden name was Myrtle Dunwell; by two daughters—Mrs. A. E. Jones by a former marriage of Mrs. Whitford, and Mrs. F. W. Tanfield by a former marriage of Mr. Whitford—and by a son, William O. Whitford. There are also two grandsons.

Funeral services were held in the home in Milton, Monday afternoon, June 13. Rev. A. L. MacLellan of Rosendale, Wis., and Rev. Edwin Shaw, of Milton, officiated at the home, and the Oddfellows Lodge had charge of the services at the cemetery.
E. S.

LEWIS.—Dr. James Noyes Lewis was born in Pawcatuck, Conn., October 30, 1849, and died in Ashaway, R. I., May 28, 1927, aged 77 years, 6 months, and 28 days.

James Noyes Lewis, M. D., was the son of Daniel Lewis, M. D., and Ann Frances Kenyon. He attended the public schools, Ashaway (R. I.) Academy and Alfred University; studied medicine under his uncle, Dr. John D. Kenyon; and completed his course in Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City, graduating in 1874. Dr. Lewis followed his profession for nearly fifty years, and with the exception of four years in Connecticut and a few months in Wyoming, R. I., his practice was in Ashaway and vicinity, where he was highly respected. Throughout much of his life he was a loyal member of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, at Ashaway, R. I., and this church he quietly and faithfully served as opportunity offered, being on the board of trustees for a number of years. He was deeply interested in denominational work and a constant reader of the SABBATH RECORDER.

November 29, 1876, he and Miss Lois Clarke were united in holy wedlock. Mrs. Lewis was called home in 1919. Dr. Lewis leaves to mourn his departure two daughters, Mrs. Everett S. Wells of East Greenwich, R. I., and Miss Harriet D. Lewis of Providence, R. I., and a very large circle of friends.

Funeral services, conducted by Rev. William L. Burdick and Rev. William M. Simpson, were held in his home church in Ashaway, May 31, and interment took place in Oak Grove Cemetery.
W. L. B.

BENNEHOFF.—Emma Elizabeth Rosebush Bennehoff was born May 26, 1853, and died April 30, 1927. She was the daughter of George D. and Lucretia Perkins Rosebush and was born in the town of Andover.

Her education was secured in Alfred, and for a time she taught school in Andover. On October 26, 1876, she was married to Lyle Bennehoff, and to them was born one son, James D. of Ithaca.

In early life she united with the Independence Seventh Day Baptist Church, where she retained her membership throughout her life. While in Alfred she was an earnest worker in church, and especially in the Ladies' Aid.

She was naturally a home maker and her home was ever open to friends and visitors.

She is survived by her husband and son and one sister, Mrs. Jennie Nicols of Bolivar. Funeral services were conducted at her home by Pastor Ehret, assisted by Rev. Walter Greene of Andover, who is pastor of her church at Independence. She was laid to rest in the Alfred Rural Cemetery.
A. C. E.

LANGWORTHY.—Isaac M. Langworthy was born August 26, 1843, and died at his home in Alfred, May 25, 1927.

He was the last survivor of the G. A. R. in Alfred. He served three years in the Civil War and was in many fierce engagements, having received a bullet wound in the hip and having served a six months' imprisonment in Libby, Belle Island, and Salisbury prisons.

He was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Westerly, R. I., and his life can be summed up in the language of one of his life long neighbors, "He was such a good man."

On January 11, 1868, he was married to Ruth Place of Alfred. To them were born two children, one son and one daughter. His son Clare passed away nearly a year ago. He is survived by his wife and his daughter Susie, of Alfred.

Funeral services were held at his home conducted by Pastor Ehret, and he was laid to rest in the Alfred Rural Cemetery.
A. C. E.

THE FAITH OF CHINESE CHRISTIANS

(Continued from page 27)

efforts to save their foreign friends—slipped into hiding places and held impromptu prayer meetings for the safety of the missionaries.

"It was a day of tragedy," one missionary told me, "but also a day of prayer."

With little question few of the missionaries could have escaped but for the sacrifices of the Chinese Christians—who have been forced to remain to pay the price for their devotion. When the soldiers came to kill Miss Lulu Golisch, the girls of her school made a circle three deep about her, knelt down in prayer, and then told the soldiers: "If you kill her you must first kill us." The dean of this school, all day, remained at his post suffering the abuse of the soldiers. He refused to leave even when his own home (he is a Chinese) was looted and his wife and children driven away.

"Until this tragedy," said Miss Golisch, "we never knew how deeply Christianity had taken hold upon the lives of our Christian believers."

"COLLEGE GIRLS AT PRAYER"

One of the pastors at Nanking took his accumulated savings in order to buy soap, towels, toothbrushes, etc., for the missionaries in hiding near his home. When they left he gave to each a bar of chocolate "in case you are delayed." The Ginling College girls were dispersed, but organized little groups and spent the day, in the backs of shops or hidden in the cemeteries, in continual prayer. When Dr. Price, an aged missionary, was told he must pay several hundred or forfeit his life, it was a group of Chinese Christians who banded together and raised the sum, an almost impossible one for Chinese.

Dr. H. F. Rowe, head of the theological school, was beaten and dragged through the

streets of the city. When I saw him he was still wearing Chinese clothes, provided by his Christian rescuers. Said he:

"It was worth the price of admission. Now we know, as never before, the reality of the faith which our Chinese Christians have professed."—Stanley High.

AT EVENTIDE

At eventide as night draws nigh,
And dusk steals soft across the sky.

The winds subside, and far away
The western red slow turns to gray—
In peace doth all of nature lie.

From out the trees the night bird's cry
Comes like a voice to sanctify
The hush that comes with sunset's ray
At eventide.

The cottage smoke slow mounts on high,
The tasks of day are all laid by,
The windows flash with firelight gay
That all may know at close of day
There comes sweet rest, as noises die—
At eventide.

—T. M. Atkinson.

"Do you not remember?" The roads along which we march are full of sacred reminiscence. By God's grace, and by our own steady faith, and by the exploits which are born of grace and faith, let us make our way an illustrious yesterday for the children of tomorrow. We owe to our posterity a noble witness to our God.—J. H. Jowett.



SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Judson Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. Harold R. Crandall, Pastor, 10 Stanley Place, Yonkers, N. Y.

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

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Los Angeles, Calif., holds its regular Sabbath services in its house of worship, located one-half of a block east of South Broadway (previously Moneta Avenue), on Forty-second Street. Sabbath school at 10 a. m., preaching at 11 a. m., Bible study class at 1.30 p. m. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Pastor, 264 W. Forty-second Street.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Church holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible School, Christian Endeavor, Sabbath afternoon, 3 o'clock. Cottage prayer meeting Friday night at 158 Date Street. Church services in United Brethren Church corner 8th and Park Avenue. Gerald D. Hargis, Pastor, 902 West Second Street.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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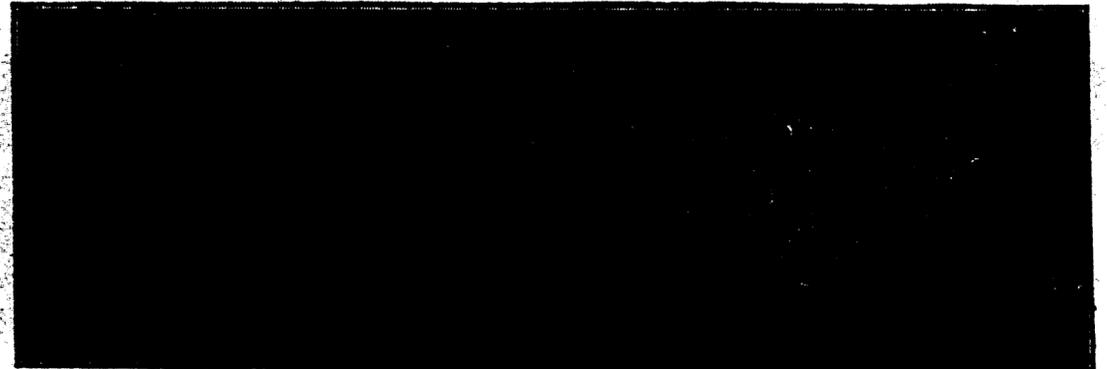
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