

The Sabbath Recorder

Honor the Lord with thy
substance, and the first
fruits of all thine increase;

—Proverbs 3: 9, 10

THE DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING
Ethel L. Titsworth
203 Park Avenue Plainfield, N. J.

Some people may say, "We can find God without any help from the Bible or the church or the minister." Very well. Do so if you can. The ferry company would feel no jealousy of a man who should prefer to swim to New York. Let him do so if he is able, and we will talk about it on the other shore; but probably trying to swim would be the thing that would bring him quickest to the boat.

So God would have no jealousy of a man's going to heaven without the aid of Bible or church or minister; but let him try to do so, and it will be the surest way to bring him back to them for assistance.—
Beecher.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE No. 4,342

Our Father, we do thank thee for all the friendships thou hast given us in the years gone by. For the strength and courage which human sympathy has begotten in us we render thee thanksgiving and praise. Help us to cheer others with loving words and helpful thoughts. We thank thee for the opportunity to offer comfort and good cheer to our friends, far and near. Unto thy keeping we do commit our friends, and pray that the fellowship of Christian love may bring mutual help to all. In Jesus' name. Amen.

The New Calendar From Another Angle It seems that there is no end to the theories regarding the new calendar question, and we do not wonder that conscientious men are confused, and that skeptical men are driven to repudiate all religion and to disbelieve in any God.

Many RECORDER readers will, probably, be unable to understand the "lunar count" question in the middle of Mr. Gill's article on another page. I did not fully comprehend his meaning myself; but it is all explained in a paper published in Los Angeles, California, in which the writer, by a long article, makes out that "Saturday and Sunday are both pagan days," and finally harks back to the lunar reckoning of time from the "first moon of the year," and concludes that the true Sabbath, by moon reckoning, comes on Thursday, beginning with Wednesday night at sunset.

This is indeed "moony," and it is aimed at Sunday keepers as well as Sabbath keepers.

The surprising thing is that so many, if that paper is to be believed, are actually running wild after the Thursday sabbath theory. Some even claim that they never knew what true happiness was until they embraced this theory.

One is led to ask, what strange "craze" will come next? Sometimes I feel like the preacher of old when he said: "For in the multitude of dreams and many words there are also divers vanities."

Things are not so very different today from what they were when Paul stood on Mars Hill. "For all the Athenians and

strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing."

I suppose if they had ever taken up the pen they would have let the "everlasting gospel" which Paul preached go uncared for while the unsaved world needed it so much, and given all their energies to quarreling over strange theories. In this way it is easy for one to "put a stumbling block or occasion to fall in his brothers' way."

Some Mistakes in Home Training Instead of regretting their ability to furnish their children with the accomplishments wealth can give when they go out into the world, it would be far better for parents to teach them that good breeding which gives true standing, is something entirely unrelated to financial conditions or uncongenial surroundings. Out from humble homes, where poverty has given purpose to life's endeavors, may come those whose chances for success in life are just as good, and prove to be just as effective, as can come to children of great wealth.

If parents could understand that the very first step—indeed the principal thing—in preparing their children for success in life, is good breeding, which makes them feel that the foundation for all true politeness and winning manners is based upon a proper consideration for other people, rather than upon a selfish desire to get ahead, I am sure there would be a change for the better.

This habit of regarding the feelings of others can be cultivated in early childhood. And there is nothing like it for one who must make his own way in the world.

This training can be given even when it is necessary to administer discipline to the child. Some seem to think that discipline calls for a loud voice and threatening manner on the part of the parent. But this is a wrong idea. Some of us can remember how near such discipline came to driving us to the evil one beyond all hope of recovery.

Then again, some of us can recall times when reprimands given in tender tones,

showing that the hearts giving them had regard for our feelings, and that the chidings were tenderly administered in a mode of true politeness, took deep hold of our hearts and moved us to penitence and to a deeper love for the one giving the reprimand.

I suppose most parents would be shocked if they were told that their own apparent unfeeling ill manners when displeased with their children is laying the foundations for characteristics which must hinder their making friends and gaining influence when they get out in the world to make their own way. Discipline should never be neglected. To neglect it would spoil the child. But there is a kindly, loving way of administering it that will tend to develop kindly care for the feelings of others, without which the highest success is impossible. Many a man's bad disposition was drilled into him by the threatening, loud-voiced, unkindly ways of parents who punished him.

Again, it is a mistake to have two kinds of manners in the home. If there is a kind of "company manners," which can be put off like good suits when the company is gone, the young people are not as likely to feel at home in good society as they would if the good manners were worn all the time in the home life. Good table manners should not be kept for company, but should be in use all the time for the good of all the family, if parents wish their children to feel at home when company comes, or when they go out to be company themselves.

Parents who wish good things for their children must exemplify the things they would like to see cultivated. The father who criticises the church and finds fault with the pastor has no right to expect his boys to care much for religion or to be loyal to the denomination.

If parents seem to think that the Sabbath is not so very important and that it is nearly as good to keep Sunday, how can they hope that their children will have due regard for the Sabbath as the years go by?

A careful study of the home influences might reveal the fact that too many losses of young people from our churches are traceable to their early training. Much of the blame placed upon the young people for failure in matters of religious conviction should rest upon those who shaped the home influences in years gone by.

"Arguing for Good Manners" The article with this heading on the Education Page of this RECORDER is a most timely one, and should be carefully considered. The five lines in *italics*, in the second paragraph, contain the germ of the good things set forth by Mr. Kilduff.

President Titsworth does well to lay this important subject, from a member of the faculty of the New York University, before our readers.

There is a widely prevalent feeling that college life tends altogether too much toward a bold, unmannerly boorishness among members of the student body. Thousands would be greatly pleased to see the finer qualities of gentlemanly politeness, agreeable good manners, and painstaking personal appearance more carefully cultivated in the institutions of higher education in America.

Are You Preparing For Recorder Drive? This is the third message regarding the RECORDER drive for the week between June 3 and June 9. We hope things are taking shape for a thorough effort everywhere to increase subscriptions for the denominational paper.

Please do not let people forget that *less than one cent a day* for a year will give the SABBATH RECORDER to any family for fifty-two weeks. Indeed the RECORDER with thirty-two pages of denominational interest, costs less than five cents a week. Can it be possible that any loyal Seventh Day Baptist family can not afford that much for the young people in the home?

Please tell us, if you can, of any more expedient or economical way to reach and inspire and enlist the families of our people in the work for which we all stand.

Is it not fairly obvious that the SABBATH RECORDER is the one available and best means of spreading information and of interesting the people in the causes we love?

While so many families never take it, can we say there has been a fair chance to prove what it can do if every family should take and read it? Is it not time to give the RECORDER a fair chance by admitting it into the many homes that never see it?

In all modesty and becoming respect, yet with an earnestness that refuses to be discouraged, we plead that the denominational paper in every Seventh Day Baptist home

would be the most available and most effective means by which our many families throughout the land can be inspired to a united, loyal effort to support the causes we all claim to love.

Let us not neglect it. Let every one help to give the RECORDER a fair trial, because it is so essential to the welfare of the denomination. Loyal support of the SABBATH RECORDER as an educator in the spirit of co-operative unity of effort, would assure us of a loyal generation of faithful workers a few years hence. This is a matter devoutly to be wished. Is it not worth while to try it? With such an end in view, let us go ahead with the RECORDER drive.

The New Building Fund Since our last report from the treasurer, the sum of \$431 has been received.

The Soliciting Committee is getting busy with its preparation of plans for securing the amount needed to complete the work.

"Attention!" It will be strange if Secretary William L. Burdick's appeal in the Missions Department of this RECORDER does not touch all hearts enough to bring the desired results. Read it! Read it *carefully!* and respond as you are well able to do, and so save the day for the Missionary Board.

Friends, in these days, wherein every sign of prosperity was never greater in all our history, it will be sad indeed if we neglect this matter and allow our Christian work to go by default.

If pastors and people now will only lay the matter to heart and meet the issue as they are well able to do, everybody will be glad when the reports are presented. Pastors, please emphasize this appeal. Laymen, please give "*Attention*" and do your part well, and victory is sure.

News Notes There is a wide-spread uprising of sentiment against the heavily financed movement by the "wets" to secure the annulment of the Eighteenth Amendment, and place in nomination for the presidency men whose very nomination would tend to overthrow the gains already made for prohibition.

Protests signed by thousands are coming in against such nominations, and the signers do not hesitate to assure the party leaders that if their party nominate a "wet" they

will vote another ticket for the first time in their lives. There are many thousands of such voters and we do hope they will make their influence felt at the ballot box.

It is estimated that more than a million immigrants have entered the United States illegally in five years—actually and systematically "boot-legged" in. This is indeed a serious matter and seems to be hard to control; still we have heard no clamoring for a change of the Constitution regarding immigration. There is no more reason in the clamoring for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, than there would be for repeal of the amendment on immigration.

Recent investigation of what are called "Indian mounds" in Florida, which are supposed to be the work of the Seminoles, reveals an earlier origin. The upper portions of the mounds show pottery made by the Seminoles, also arrow heads and shells of their time; but in the deeper sections are found relics of an earlier and ruder art. Therefore the question of who built them and why they were made, remains a mystery.

Not many visitors are aware that a bank is conducted at the Capitol for the convenience of the members of the House and does a business of \$10,000,000 a year. It falls under the duties of the sergeant-at-arms of the House—Joseph G. Rogers—and Kenneth Romney has been cashier for eleven years. In the lobby of this bank will be found a complete collection of portraits of the 435 members of the House and the five delegates. It is jocularly termed the "rogues' gallery" because it is used to identify members doing business there.—*The Pathfinder*.

The incongruities of things which took place at an old soldier's funeral were somewhat perplexing, even to the preacher. The departed one had been a soldier in the Civil War for three years; then a preacher of the Gospel of the Prince of peace for many years. After he had fallen asleep, throngs of friends and neighbors gathered to do him proper homage. The beauties of springtime were all about them with their lessons of nature's resurrected life following a winter of death.

After precious words of peace and consolation, the solemnity of the scene was broken by three volleys of musketry as a salute. This terrified a child in its mother's

arms until it screamed in alarm. Then the minister, somewhat startled and perplexed, invoked the blessings of the God of peace who brought again from the dead the Lord Jesus Christ, "that great Shepherd of the sheep."

Who could witness such incongruous things in Christian services without some perplexing thoughts—if he thought at all?

As I write these notes, reports of the prospective fall of Peking, China, are reaching us through the morning papers. Evidently the rule of Chang, the Northern dictator, is coming to a close. The mix-up between Japan and China is causing some perplexity in the League of Nations.

A MYSTIC ON THE SABBATH

JOHN C. REICHERT

Stoney Creek may look like any other creek. A hunter may walk its banks and note no difference. And the wood through which the creek runs, may, at first sight, be like other acres of maples, birches, and pines, leafing out or darkening in color. And yet there is a difference: the stream is beautiful and there, a rod beyond the bridge, is the place of immersion. The Lord of the Sabbath has certainly been there. The stream hurries over a mile of stones—gravely, in April, as if on a heavy errand to the sea, but noisily in May, as if bent on nothing save babbling, leaping and flashing in the sunshine. The maples and birches in light green and the pines in darker hue stand in acres of blue violets. And when the blue bird, surrounded by its young, rises for a moment, in its nest on the tree, near the place of immersion, Stoney Creek is different. Of course, much depends on personality. The mystic has the poise of mind, having learned to co-ordinate all his powers to see more keenly.

It was Sabbath—1924. Standing on the bridge, just as the newly baptized came up from the water, the mystic looked down the stream, over the maples, birches, and pines, toward the Adirondack hills. The tinkle of herd bells, the call of birds and the voices of the congregation faded into silence. The stream, the banks of violets, the trees in blossom, the white clouds massing overhead—everything pulsed expectantly in a unison of life. Between the mystic and the Adirondack hills throbbled one golden glow—an

indivisible, living whole. And in this scene of life, light and power, a wondrous One worked, silently, incessantly, as a gardener, putting fresh touches on stream, flowers, and trees. He was also blessing the newly baptized children. Even the hills and the blue sky edged in, like angels, to receive benedictions. Thrilled into adoration, the mystic himself became one with this indivisible glory. As if freed, his soul enlarged, functioned rapturously, and, as the inrush of glory prevailed, he saw. He saw as men have ever seen, mystically.

The mystic is called mystical merely because his way is different. He reacts to certain principles more readily than others do; that is all. When the Sabbath flames in, at sunset, he is intensely aware; his eyes, hands, and feet are ready to act instantly as his mind directs.

He concentrates on things, forces, and spirit; in splendid control of his power, he shuts his mind to everything foreign to his purpose. He could no more think of fingering shekels than of going out to gorge himself; he keeps himself fit. He is particular too as to what enters his mind.

Note, for instance, how fatuously men talk about the past. It is vast they say. Hours glide into it and drift off forever; moments come, go, and take on the eeriness of moon dust. It is the realm of withered roses and dead joys—a mystery as profound as death. The present, while it lasts, is real; we live it thrillingly, but the past—oh, that is the great world of past experiences!

Thereby hangs a tale: A man traveled the world to regain his former self. "It is my other self," he declared, "and if I can find it, I shall be wise." Everywhere he renewed his friendships, but they were not the same, even the old familiar places had changed. Home again, he recalled that in Buffalo, in a dream, he had slept with his former self, but the dream had not made him wise.

The truth is: the past is ever with us. The roads that lead back into the past are mind roads—long, maybe, but fair and free. Past days have been recalled and shall be again. The race mind is chary with her past riches, but, under God, as the prophets have shown, it is possible to make amazing rediscoveries. The past is in us. The mystic knows this fact and acts on it. When he wants to recall, he resorts to powers other

than mere memory, reasons backward and reads the past from the make-up of things. (We all do it.) And when he wants to know, he explores the future in the same way. It is a fact; as is the past so is the future—rich, endless and inexhaustible. It must be so for the universe is an ever-changing miracle. The mystic accepts it as such and looks upon change as a phase of things; to him all things ultimately resolve themselves into power. Therefore, when he sees he sees God in one glowing whole.

A year ago, we camped. The Sabbath had come wondrously. The herdsmen were driving the sheep homeward and the children were still playing in the shallow creek. There was no false note in the camp; the tent flaps lay back, and old and young could go and come as they pleased. But as the sun went down, the children came running up, glistening and dripping. The older boys and girls showed up too, as if called. Unaffectedly they played for a while to make the Sabbath a delight. Then came the hour of prayer. Conscious that they were now, from sunset to sunset, under divine rule, they assumed that attitude; they were children of God. They wanted to talk to God and they did. There was no need of bric-a-brac. They prayed, sang, and read the quotation: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor," and that ended it. Their fervor was plainly genuine.

Later, as the stars trooped into their places, the mystic strolled off to think on the social changes taking place; the phrase, "gospel to the poor," had touched him deeply. There must be, he said, a standard activity—a behavior making always for peace. Behind all these activities—all these changes in human thought and purposes—there must be one reconciling act. And there is! He had seen an illustration of it at sundown, when the children came up from the creek, glistening and dripping, but ready to be children of God for the Sabbath day. It was beautiful and genuine—this attitude of the children. Still free of the social pressure and of the philosophies of the day, they passed readily from play to prayer; they acted their part sincerely. And there was no mistake on God's part; he, too, was there.

Brushing the present day theories, standards, and systems aside, and closing his mind to the multiplicity of human aims—his

soul stripped of self—the mystic considered the simplicity of the child mind—how sure it is, how direct! Mentality, he said, all mentality, is power. One type of it is dangerous. When self-centered, it can cause poverty and wealth ill-gotten; can transform the world, for thoughts, like torrents, can rush on cities and turn their joy into dismay. It can translate fears and sentiments into laws—into Church and State laws—and bring about revolution and utter bewilderment. But there is a greater force—the power of the unselfed mind. What, for example, can stand out against a really noble, selfless deed? It makes men kin, does it not? It rejuvenates, illumines, and enhances the whole race. And that is what he saw in the glad, sweet service of the children—something genuinely sacrificial. And choosing the noblest deed of all time, he fixed his mind on the Cross. Soon the whole creation gleamed and every law and force glowed in the glory of that divine act. Conceptions of time and space dissolved and lo, in the glow of beauty and order, the perfect powers illumined the Wondrous One—giving himself! As he looked, transfixed, he shared the wonder of it all—the Lord giving himself in creation and redemption—in work and rest, in faith and love, in life and death. Humbled beyond expression the mystic strolled back to his tent; he had learned to know God as one who gives himself wondrously.

In the world of things, the mystic looks for the Creator as a Worker, busy on light and color, in beauty and order; but in the mind world, he seeks him in deeds, in activities shot through with the glory of the principle of self-sacrifice. "Behold the Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world." The Sabbath is both a thing of beauty and an act; as a thing, it is marked by sunsets; as an act by sacrifices.

The grandest way to God is by way of personality. "In him we live, move and have our being." Recently, on the Sabbath of April 7, the church in Verona (N. Y.) commemorated the Divine Sacrifice. We sat hushed. As the deacons distributed the bread, the members prayed silently. Our minds reverted to the Cross and our souls sobbed; oh, such love! Such love! Then as a fellowship, we ate the bread. Again, at the proper time we drank the wine. It was evident that we were duly impressed by the

symbolism of the common act. It was beautiful, distinctions ceased; frailties hindered no more; the Congregation was in accord. In a hushed moment, each one in his own way glimpsed what he could of the wonder of Jesus and treasured it. Then, at a sign, we rose and sang "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." What a practice that leads us step by step to him who is what we ought to be!

The mystic resumed his seat and, while the members moved about to greet one another, he put his hand over his eyes and continued his meditation. What, he asked, does it mean to sin? To deplete one's powers—health and wealth; to debase one's mind; to loathe the very thought of one's self? In a depth like this, the gift of life is pain, and beauty of form and grace of mind in others burn like shame; human love and trust soothe no more. There must be, he reasoned, a love that can go down to the deepest woe. And there is! The communion so reverently shared demonstrates that the love of Jesus can penetrate where no other love can go. It can go down into that depth into which only a God can go. The spirit of Christ can sanctify; it can make the soul beautiful. In fashioning the grandeur of the soul, the spirit of glory uses poise, charm, patience, purity, and meekness. The whole fellowship of Jesus Christ is continually taking on Christ-likeness. Oh, the mystic murmured and tensed, how sacred human life that is sanctified by his blood! He recalled that, just before, he and his brethren had sat hushed and that each one, had, in his own way, looked to Jesus. Again human frailties ceased; everything became transformed. The touch of God was on his brethren; he saw it in their personalities. They rose in worth and grandeur constantly; their faith glinted in every line and thought and deed, cleansed, enriched, adoring, they thronged a wondrous One as did the fellowship beside the Syrian Sea, and he owned them. And the mystic recalled the prayer: "Father, I will that they may behold my glory"; "that they may be one." Nothing to divide or disintegrate—all desires gone—the mystic was rapt in an overwhelming splendor; the multitude, in beauty intenser than the sun, swept on, like one glad host, into the golden silence of God.

Whatever is spiritual is vast, perfect, and enduring. I surmise that we are surfeited

and that our taste for the beautiful is gone. I am afraid that the thrilling phrases of faith that describe the grandeur of men to be are but prayed word-pictures of a past day. Faith likes a world in which the spiritual is never far away.

Another thing: the measure of man is Jesus. The phrase, "In him," points to a radiant manhood—a oneness in God.

And now what does this imply? This: you share a Co-Lordship in the Sabbath. Would you be abashed to assume it—to give, as he enables you, the graces of this Lordship? "I have been anointed to preach the gospel to the poor." Apparently the Sabbath is a time between sunsets; practically, it is a sacrifice; but ideally and really, it is you—you, at rest, reflecting the graces of the Lord of the Sabbath. The mystic is sure that the glory of the Sabbath is its Lord and that its mission is the mission of its Lord: "I have been anointed to preach the gospel to the poor."

The Sabbath is a gospel—a gospel etched in sunsets. It was the first of a long line of days, as revelatory as the mercy seat of God. The Sabbath was the day of him who gives himself, this gleam in the first sacrifice recorded. And it was the solace day of the burdened and despoiled; it cheered the Hebrew slaves in Egypt. It still is the singular day. "I have been anointed to preach the gospel to the poor."

What are you, as a Sabbath keeper, giving to the poor? Doles and trinkets, or a day freed of the greed of men? Are you giving words and crosses as cold as the moon, or a day full of dignity for the poor, growing fairer, sweeter, and more hopeful? Once they called the Lord of the Sabbath, "Consolation"; what do you call him?

The prophet who penned the first account of the Sabbath longed to see it burst as a solace on the poor. Are you making it such a day?

Verona, N. Y.

How hateful is that religion which says: "Business is business; politics is politics, and religion is religion!"

Religion is using everything for God; but many men dedicate business to the devil, and shove religion into the cracks and crevices of time, and make it the hypocritical outcrawling of their leisure and their laziness.—*Beecher.*

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST ONWARD MOVEMENT

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

OUR BULLETIN BOARD

SIX more Sabbaths in this Conference year.

Onward Movement budget for this year, \$53,500. Paid to the Onward Movement treasurer in ten months, \$19,367.42. Amount unpaid, \$34,132.58.

As the regular date for the June meeting of the Tract Board is the last day of the Eastern Association at New Market, the board will meet on June 3.

The general secretary is sending out leaflets to be given the members in our churches, and he asks that every member shall carefully read them. He will be glad to send copies to nonresident members who will ask for them.

Will you encourage your church (1) to do its part so that the denomination can go to the General Conference out of debt? (2) to carefully and prayerfully join with the other churches in forming such an Onward Movement program for next year as will be worthy the cause? (3) to morally and financially support the program that shall be adopted at our coming General Conference?

MY CALL TO THE MINISTRY

REV. GEORGE W. HILLS

I must begin back in my boyhood home, where divinely directed influences first began to come into my life without which, I am confident, I never would have become a minister of the gospel.

My early home was humble. But it was abounding full of the "riches untold." The lockers in which those riches were deposited were faith-filled hearts, and an old-fashioned family altar of prayer. Each day the Bible was read aloud, and talked over by father and mother; and the portion read was explained to the children. Then, while kneeling by our chairs, prayers were offered.

To us children, that brief season of Bible reading, explanations, and prayer was the

"Holy of Holies" of our home and family life. When father and mother prayed, it seemed to us that they were talking with God, and that he was very near to us all. At mother's knee we were taught to pray.

Father was a busy man. He was out on the farm at work during the day. We children lived much more with mother. Even now, after the lapse of all these years, I can distinctly see her in memory's picture.

After her "morning's work" was done, mother frequently told us Bible stories. With our chairs pulled up close to her, and our eyes intently fixed upon her sweet, loving, earnest face, we eagerly drank down her precious words. She made all the people and events of her stories seem very real. In our youthful imagination we could almost see the people about whom she was speaking.

We considered her full authority on all Bible explanations; for we thought she lived so close to God that she really knew all about the people, facts, and events of the stories. She made them seem like real messages from God to us.

She told about the old Prophet Elijah on Mount Carmel. We considered this one of her best stories. We greatly admired the loyalty and courage of that old man of God, standing alone, representing his divine Master, while surrounded on every side by a great throng of enemies—pagan people and pagan priests. We almost saw the fire come down from above and consume the sacrifice he had placed before the Lord, and the "wood and the stones, and the dust, and lick up the water that was in the trenches." (1 Kings 18: 38.)

But the greatest puzzle to us was that Elijah, so brave and firm in meeting the pagan throngs, then became so very timid and frightened at that one wicked woman, Jezebel. In his flight from her, in utter discouragement and fear, he did not stop until he came to the "Juniper tree," under which the Lord found him, having a severe "fit of the blues." How loving and considerate God was, to come to him with comfort and assurances in his great need.

The closing part of the story was very striking to us, that told of the Lord sending him on an errand, away into the north, to call out and anoint for him, a man from among the farmer folk, the plowman Elisha, to serve him as a prophet and to be a com-

panion for the older Prophet Elijah. How greatly delighted we were that we belonged to the farmer class.

The call of the boy Samuel was a wonderful story to us—a mere child called of God, to serve him. Strange! This was mother's climax of Bible stories. It had a powerful grip upon our young lives and minds. It made the Lord seem very near to us children. We could almost hear the divine voice calling "Samuel! Samuel!" in the stillness of the night. It caused us to hope that some time God would call us into his service.

Mother taught us that we would never be able to perform all the duties that would come to us in our own strength and wisdom, but that we must depend upon the help of the Lord always, as our fountain of strength and wisdom. And that, if the Lord should ever call us into his service, it would not matter how difficult the tasks might be that he required of us, his calling us to do them was full guarantee that he would give us sufficient strength and wisdom and grace to perform them.

Mother's Bible stories, and the applications she made of them to our lives, have had much to do in holding me back from going wrong, many times. They have also led me to take many steps in the Master's service, where, without them, I doubtless would have failed. Many of them are as distinct today as if I had heard them but yesterday. Precious memories of "home and mother" still cling to my life, that are a source of great strength to me.

We were taught that our lives must be fully surrendered to Jesus if we would hope to *be* and *do* and *accomplish* and *attain* our highest, fullest possibilities.

I doubt if God ever blessed any children with a sweeter, truer, more blessed, completely faith-filled mother than the one with which he blessed the children of our childhood home. She was entirely consecrated in life to Jesus; and in his spirit she was fully devoted to him, to her home and to her family.

The gripping power of mother's Bible stories and her comments on them to us rested in her absolute unquestioning faith in the Bible and in God, its Author, and in Christ Jesus, as it teaches. She taught it to us in that spirit, in that faith, in that perfect confidence. That implicit faith became our childhood faith. Her life of such faith was

lived into her children's lives in that way. That faith is still my faith. I have never yet seen one reason for any change or weakening of that faith in God, or his blessed old Book while we are literally deluged with reasons for tenaciously clinging to it.

Then, added to the "home and mother" influences of childhood came the closely related influences of the gospel ministers of those days. They preached and taught the Bible in the same absolute, unquestioning faith. I never heard a statement from any of them that even hinted at a doubt in the Bible, or in God, or in Christ, the God-man of the cross, as the Bible teaches. They were sincere, godly men, called of the Lord into his ministry to represent him and his Word in the sinning lost world. (Act 1: 8; 13: 1-3.)

The two ministers who came earliest and most fully into my boyhood life were Pastor D. E. Maxson, of the Milton, Wis., Church, and Elder O. P. Hull.

To my early Jesus-and-mother-moulded home-life, and the ministers of my boyhood days I owe much more than I can tell. They were influences of the fullest clear cut faith. Had there been doubts and question marks thrown in, I am fully confident that I never would have been in the ministry. Doubts never make God-called ministers.

These are the preliminary facts; but without them, the following part would never have been enacted.

THE CALL

On a charming day in early June, our church people and friends stood on the bank of a beautiful little stream in neighbor Eastman's cow pasture, nearly two miles northwest of our church. That was "The Wasioja and Ashland Seventh Day Baptist Church." The building then stood two miles south of where Dodge Center, Minn., now is. When it was erected, there was no Dodge Center on the map. When I came into Minnesota there was no such village, and no railroads were there. The church was moved to its present site after Dodge Center came into being.

On the day in question, we were assembled under the leadership of that faith-filled man of God, our pastor, H. B. Lewis, for a service, where a goodly number of young people were to be "buried with Christ in baptism." It was a few days before I was

seventeen years of age. I was the first to be led down into the stream. As I came up from the water and stood dripping on the bank, watching the service, I was filled with a new joy, such as I had never before known.

Later in the service, as our pastor was leading one of the younger members of our group out to the shore, after immersion, with the suddenness of a flash, which startled me, a something within me seemed to grip my very life, and say with great distinctness, though with no audible sound, "Some time it will be your duty to perform this kind of service for me."

That influence and impression never left me. Frequently thereafter I attempted to think out the problems clustering about it—the what, how, when, where. And yet it did not seem possible that such an obscure, bashful, awkward country boy, away out in "the far West" as it was in those days, could really be called of the Lord to stand before congregations of people and preach the "everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ," although mother had said she hoped that some time I would receive such a call. But when the call came, even the thought of preaching gave me a feeling of dread. I shrank from it.

I continued on with my ordinary affairs of life for several years. I became a married man and a farmer. In the course of time, in the midst of one of those good old-fashioned revival meetings in our church, that peculiar voiceless appeal returned to me, with renewed force. I tried strenuously to throw it off and get away from it. I did not want to be a preacher. I had my mind fully peopled with business plans and projects. I held out against it, but to no avail. It came to be a constant urge, which I can not explain. It so increased in force that it greatly reduced my physical strength. It came to be a continual call: "You must preach my gospel. You must! You must!"

Many times it awakened me in the night. It reminded me of the call of Samuel. My call was just as real as his, though in a different manner. The boy Samuel willingly listened and obeyed the voice. I was not willing to listen or to obey.

I was a six-footer, and "tipped the beam" at two hundred and fifteen pounds. I was the possessor of much more than ordinary physical strength and vigor. But my strength and vigor rapidly ebbed away, un-

der the strain of resisting God, until I was so much reduced that I could not do two consecutive hours' work. I really came to know, from my own experience, that "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

I had in a crop of more than two hundred acres. There were cattle, sheep, and horses on the place. My labor was much needed. But all I could do was to go out and set my men to work in the morning; then I was so fully exhausted that I was obliged to go to the house. There was no disease about me. My stubbornness in standing out against the Lord was the cause of all my difficulty. I had brought it all upon myself. I was not willing to give up my plans and accept his.

Daily my condition became more serious. Mrs. Hills became very much alarmed. But this process continued, until I came to believe, and I still believe, that had I not given up to the call of the Lord, I would have been either in the grave or the insane asylum within three months.

One morning I went out into the field with my men, to get them started with their work. I was from the house a little more than an hour. I returned utterly exhausted and discouraged. I tumbled at full length onto my bed where I remained for hours with closed eyes, motionless and speechless, as if death had come to me. But under that quiet exterior, there was a terrible stormy agitation going on. I was doing very rapid and hard thinking. It seemed to me that I was standing, looking down over my toes into the grave.

But memories and influences of my boyhood days, of "home and mother" and of Jesus, as she taught me, began to come to me like a deluge. Mother's oft repeated instructions to me took a new grip upon my life. "Son, you must always live so fully in harmony with your Savior that you will be prepared to say to him, 'Thy will be done' in your life and with you as his servant." With great vividness her Bible stories went coursing through my mind, gripping my heart. Her earnest appeal to me that I should always be willing to accept the Lord's leadership, in every event and work of life and that I should put myself implicitly into his keeping, came to me with mighty force. The positive faith-filled sermons from the men of God, of my early years, also came rushing back to my memory, which were so

fully in harmony with mother's teachings and prayers and Bible stories and her living. I lived over great spans of my boyhood life, in a very brief space of time and at high-gear speed. Those scenes and influences compelled me against my will, to see myself in all my sinful selfishness and stubborn resistance against God. That stubbornness began to give way.

I remained in the motionless, voiceless attitude with closed eyes, until almost noon. Mrs. Hills tipped into my room occasionally, in a troubled, nervous fashion, and sharply scanned me over to assure herself that I was still breathing.

But there I reached the end of my rebellion. It was my last battle against my God and my duty. Regrets came flooding in like a deluge, overwhelming me. I ran up a flag of truce in my heart. Soon I rolled over with my face toward the wall and sobbed out the prayer: "Dear Lord of love and compassion, for Jesus' sake, will you forgive me for this wicked stubbornness and disobedience? I surrender all. Will you forgive me and take me back into your favor? If you can make a preacher out of such poor material, I will stand aside and not hinder. O Lord, will you forgive?"

That terrible burden and strength-destroying pressure and urge in mind and heart and life, at once entirely ceased. I have never felt them since. I was another man. I really had a joy in Jesus. It was "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

This was my call to the ministry, plus the stubbornness, which should have been omitted.

I had two great stalwart, broad-shouldered six-footers, as "hired men" on the farm. Within a week I could do as much work as either of them.

I tossed my retinue of cherished business plans into the scrapheap. I have not seen them since. Since that day I have had no plans that I could really call my own. They are all subject to the Divine will.

I sold my worldly possessions as speedily as possible, and freed myself from all business matters; and wife and I boarded a train for Alfred, where I took my educational preparations for the ministry.

Yours very sincerely in the love and service of Jesus.

GEORGE W. HILLS.

HOME NEWS

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—The church was very glad to have the denominational missionary secretary, Wm. L. Burdick, here from Friday night until Monday. As Pastor Polan was in attendance at the Christian Endeavor convention at Ord on Friday night, Rev. Mr. Burdick preached. It was an encouraging and helpful message he brought to the people. Rev. L. O. Greene assisted in the meeting. The intermediates led the music.

Rev. Mr. Burdick occupied the pulpit again Sabbath morning and gave a very able address. All who were present were benefited by the messages he brought. He also gave an address at the convention at Ord on Sabbath night.

Mr. Burdick is a man whom it is a great privilege to hear. He is a man of wide experience and always has something worth hearing.

At the closing meeting of the county convention at Ord, the field secretary, Marion Simms, Jr., presented to the North Loup society a huge medal as a reward for having the largest attendance at the most meetings of any society in the district.

Pastor Polan was elected pastoral adviser; Mary Davis, secretary; and Eunice Rood, vice-president of the district for the coming year.

Superintendent L. O. Greene appointed a committee to arrange for holding the Vacation Bible School this summer. The school will doubtless begin soon after the public school closes and will continue for three weeks. Parents please bear this in mind and make your plans so your children will be in attendance. The value of this Bible training can hardly be estimated.

Plans for the Teen-Age Conference are going forward. This conference means a great deal to our young people and should receive the hearty support and co-operation of everyone.—*The Loyalist*.

"The first cause of war lies in the human heart—original sin, passions unrestrained, selfishness unbridled. The first element of cure is preventive hygiene of mind, heart, education, religion, philosophy, one and all. God over all—world welfare."—*Dr. Henry van Dyke*.

MISSIONS

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

ATTENTION!

June 30 closes the Conference year, and the work of the past twelve months will be summed up in the annual reports and presented to the General Conference. This is very near at hand, and many of us are becoming concerned as to whether the contributions are going to be sufficiently increased to enable the board to close the year without debt, as it has been doing for several years. If this much desired object is realized, diligent attention on the part of the churches and all concerned must be given to this important matter. There is no time to be lost and no effort should be spared.

The treasurer's quarterly report, given April 18, showed a deficit of about \$5,000. Usually there is a deficit at this time of the year, because the churches are a little slack about sending in their contributions, but the deficit last month was about \$2,000 larger than in recent years. This may not, and probably does not, show less interest on the part of the people, but it does indicate that there must be a greater effort on the part of all or the income for the year will not meet the expenses of the many needy mission fields being supported by our people.

New doors have been opening to us and the Missionary Board has been taking on more work each year. In this way the budget has gradually increased, the board has enlarged its work this year, both in the home and foreign lands, and this is partly, at least, the occasion of a larger deficit at this period in the year's work. But we have turned down some very urgent calls, and unless we come to the close of the year with all bills for the year's work paid, we must retrench next year. Of such a course no one can think.

It is not necessary that the work burden any one, if all will be prompt in bringing in their tithes and offerings. Sometimes churches as well as individuals become careless in these matters. Sometimes they think that their contribution is small and

it makes very little difference whether they pay or not. This is a serious mistake. Christ is depending on every church to do what it can and to do it promptly. He is looking to every disciple to do his part and to do it now. It is Christ's work and no church can afford to pass this matter by without most serious attention. All must have it in their hearts to do what they can. Do not let the work fail because of neglect!

A LETTER FROM JAMAICA

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

DEAR BROTHER BURDICK:

Our Albion Mountain Church, more than forty miles north of Kingston, was the first of our churches outside of Kingston that Mrs. Coon and I visited after coming to the island. On the twenty-second of last March we went to Albion Mountain for our third visit there. We remained with them ten days. During this time I gave sixteen sermons and addresses.

On the evening of March 23 we held a special dedication service. We were to initiate an organ and a big lantern into our work in Jamaica. Our only congregation in the island having good light and a musical instrument is the one in Kingston. Kingston has electric lights. In other congregations where we meet, the organ and the lantern will be wonderful help in our gospel services. This appeal to ear and eye will have much to do in increasing interest in our cause.

Money for the organ, much the best portable organ we have ever seen, was voluntarily given to us for this purpose by our Young People's Board in the States. The very good three hundred candle-power kerosene lantern, costing eleven dollars, Mrs. Coon and I paid for. It seemed very fitting that we should dedicate these at this the first service in which they were used. People were much delighted with both. They declare that the organ, which weighs but twenty-nine pounds, has just as good and deep a tone as an ordinary large organ. And they said that the light was the biggest and best ever seen on Albion Mountain. They were loud in their praise of the givers

of the organ for helping us so much with the music in our services.

During this time I spoke three times in Quebec, five miles from Albion Mountain. Here is where Brother Wilshaw, assisted by other helpers from our Albion Mountain Church, has been conducting a Sunday school for more than a year. They walk to and from the appointment every week. Through their faithful service we have a number of converts to our cause in Quebec. Good audiences here gave the best of attention to our message. We are assured of a hearty welcome there whenever we may be able to go. Before leaving Albion Mountain we were happy to receive three new members into the membership of that church. This church is spiritually alive and doing business in the name of the Lord under the able leadership of Brother George Williams.

On our way home we called on some of our families in Gayle and vicinity; we found them staunch and firm for the Seventh Day Baptist cause. Others in Gayle have been keeping the Sabbath now for more than a month and are wanting me to come and baptize them. The work is encouraging there.

After being home a couple of days after this experience we drove to Warsop, in Trelawny Parish, eighty-three miles from our home. Warsop is high up in the mountains, thirty-five hundred feet above sea level. We felt as though we had almost got back to the Rockies. Warsop is in the midst of great scenic grandeur. Beautiful valleys and rugged mountain peaks are in plain view in every direction. One can look upon the Caribbean Sea from here both to the north and to the south of Jamaica. Many times the white clouds in the valleys below you look like the snowbanks between mountain ranges in the Rockies. Of course snow never falls here. The climate was much the coldest we have found in Jamaica. We were there four nights. Every night we had heavy woolen blankets and other coverings on our bed, and slept cold every night. But we did not go there for scenery or climate.

We went to see Brother R. C. Kennedy and family. He has been keeping the Sabbath for thirty years. He used to preach and teach for the Seventh Day Adventists. He has taught Latin, Spanish, and French,

and higher mathematics, besides teaching in elementary schools for years. He and his good wife came to our faith several years ago. Mrs. Coon and I are the only Seventh Day Baptists they have ever seen. They have four living children, the oldest fourteen years of age. The family is highly spoken of in the neighborhood where they live. A few years ago they were all overtaken with long and serious illness, and they buried one of their children. Great financial misfortune followed, but they are pure gold tried in the fire. They are loyal to our faith; and are now nonresident members of our Kingston Church. They deserve the sympathies and prayers of all our people.

Just yesterday we returned home from a stay of four days with our little church at Race Course, in Lower Clarendon Parish. This church we had never visited before. It is four miles from the sea, forty-three miles southwest of our home. Having no meeting house there, our people meet each Sabbath at the home of the church leader, Brother Richard Wier. During the four days we were there we held eight services. Three of these were at the home of Brother Wier; the others were held in the open in front of the shop or store of William D. Jones. Mrs. Coon and I "kept house" in a room in connection with this shop. Attendance and interest in these meetings increased to the last. The organ and lantern served us well here. Much the larger number of those attending these meetings were from outside our own people. They gave evidence of keen interest, and were hearty in requesting us to come again soon for more gospel meetings. This is the first time and place since we came to the island that we have received a contribution of money. It amounted to ninety-three and one-half cents. This goes to help pay for kerosene and mantles for the lantern.

Our people there are hoping to put up a meeting house in the near future. We and our people of Jamaica are sincerely grateful to all the kind friends who have given money, sympathy, and prayers for the great work in this island. Time fails me for telling of the growing interests. Our oppor-

tunity is great; possibilities are large; responsibility tremendously big. Please do continue to pray for us.

Sincerely yours,

D. BURDETT COON.

*Dufferin,
No. 2, Bon Air Road,
Cross Roads P. O.,
Jamaica, B. W. I.,
April 24, 1928.*

FREE TIME FOR CHILDREN

No mother ever loved a child better than Mrs. Winter loved Margery nor tried harder to give her every advantage. That was the whole trouble. She tried too hard. "She stood up so straight that she leaned over backwards," as my dear father used to say. Well, Mrs. Winter nearly killed Margery, and I'll tell you about it, just as she told me after Margery had become a rosy-cheeked high school freshman.

"Margery grew so thin and listless," said Mrs. Winter, "though she was faithful to all her work, that I saw she wasn't well. Yet considering the scientific care that I gave her, I couldn't understand it. One morning she wouldn't get up to do her practising and there was nothing for it but to call the doctor.

"Doctor Stevens was as much like an old-time family physician as exists now-a-days, and I had known him all my life. He scarcely knew Margery, though, because she had always been so well. When he came he merely had a little visit with the child and then talked with me out in the hall.

"Is your daughter usually an active child?" he asked.

"She used to be a little dreamer," I answered, "until I trained her out of it. I wanted her to get the full use of all her time, and now she accomplishes a great deal."

"I meant, what exercise does she get?"

"Her play time is supervised at school, and I see to it that she has a walk very often. I go with her myself, and we study birds and plants. With her extra lessons I want her to have plenty of outdoors."

"Then I told him how much talent Margery had for drawing and music and how I saw to it that she had opportunities that very few children enjoyed. 'She has ac-

cepted a very high standard,' I added, 'as the goal she is working towards, and I feel that she will be creative in one or both of these lines.'

"When he questioned about her diet I could tell even to the number of calories she had in her well balanced meals. 'Can you wonder, Doctor,' I asked, 'that I am surprised that with all my care she is now in bed with nothing much the matter?'

"Nothing but nervous prostration!" he burst out, "a ridiculous condition in a child with a mother as intelligent as I thought you were, Caroline. Poor little thing! Even her walk a study period. No time to herself. A little slave to her mother's ambition."

"Careful, doctor!" I had to throw in.

"Now, Caroline, you are going to let your old friend tell you that no good intentions are going to alter the fact that you have put this child to a program that few grown people could stand. Her whole nature has rebelled. No matter how exactly you weigh her food it isn't going to nourish her body if her spirit is in a cage.

"Children need time to dream, time to plan their own games, time to do nothing at all. They may have little duties—should have them—but not the large responsibilities that you have put on your child. Think it over, and you'll know I am right. Give Margery wholesome food, but let her choose for herself what she likes, and how much, for a time. Stop so many extra lessons while school is in session, and above all let the child alone. Because her mother loves her, she'll be all right soon. Let me see her again before long."

"The good old doctor took himself off, and I brought out a book of fairy stories that I had hidden and gave it to Margery," concluded Mrs. Winter.

And I will say for her that she used the same intelligence in relaxing her vigilance that she had used in holding Margery to her system.—*Viola Woodville, National Kindergarten Association.*

"We have too many people who live without working, and we have altogether too many people who work without living."

—*Dean Charles R. Brown.*

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

PRESIDENT PAUL E. TITSWORTH
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Contributing Editor

ARGUING FOR GOOD MANNERS

EDWARD J. KILDUFF

Assistant Dean, School of Commerce, Accounts
and Finance, New York University

The aim of the university should be to prepare men to make the most of themselves in the life that follows graduation. To achieve this aim, the university should develop in its students a recognition and appreciation of the lasting satisfactions of life. Especially in this feverish age should it point out that the true purpose of existence is to live a worthy, well-rounded, useful life; and it should also provide such courses of instruction in liberal and specialized subjects as will help its graduates to make a decent livelihood in the practice of law or of medicine; in business or in whatever other calling they may go.

But despite all that the modern university does today for its matriculants, the feeling is abroad that the university is neglecting something that may be as important to its graduates in their later lives as any of these other things it is now doing. *It is the feeling that the university curriculum should recognize the important part played in a man's success by such personal qualities as good manners, agreeable personality, good personal appearance and integrity.*

Rising in the world depends not only upon the possession of knowledge and skill, but also upon the possession of certain helpful personal qualities. I do not know to what extent the success of a physician may be ascribed to his having an agreeable personality; but in business it is doubtless a fact that a large part of a man's advancement may be due to just such a quality. The public accountant who possesses skill as an accountant, but who lacks the personality to secure clients is often hard put to it to earn a fair living. Many a man fails to succeed as a salesman, not because he lacks ability, but because he has bad manners.

In the small pamphlet that the School of Commerce sends to out-of-town high school

students, we recognize the importance of personal qualities in the following statement:

"Students who come from outside New York City should be prepared to finance themselves for a period of five or six weeks while they are seeking employment. Some students, notably those with experience and a pleasing personality, are able to secure employment with a business organization almost immediately, whereas others may be compelled to wait a few weeks for an opening. It is practically impossible for students to obtain employment in advance of coming to New York because employers usually insist upon a personal interview before engaging their services."

I believe that the same recognition of these qualities obtains in other fields than business, although it probably shows up more quickly in business because of the keenness of competition. I dare say that many teachers who are training men to become engineers, or lawyers, or teachers, and who have later come into personal contact with the products of their endeavors, are willing to admit that successful graduates owe their success as much to their possession of good personal qualities as to the instruction that they received in college.

If, then, personal qualities play such an important part in the success achieved in later life by university graduates, why doesn't the university make it a point to bring such a fact to the attention of its students? Why aren't these students informed, for example, of the value of good manners? Why aren't they shown how they might be able to remove defects in their personalities? Why must so many young graduates continue to miss opportunities in life because they had received no formal information on this topic?

Many educators, although recognizing the importance of these personal qualities, believe that such matters will be taken care of by the extra curricular activities of the students. They say that association with other students and with members of the faculty will achieve the necessary ends. They say that a study of the humanities will accomplish the purpose. There is no question that such association and such study, when available, are of great help; but are educators willing to admit that nothing further should be done by them in respect to such

an essential factor of success in a man's life than to allow him to pick up such knowledge in a casual fashion? Are the securing and developing of these qualities only to be an incidental matter of university education? I maintain that leaving the training in such an essential item of a man's education to haphazard contacts with students and faculty and books is not sound education.

If a student comes to the university with crude manners, it is probable that he will have lost some of them before he is graduated, as a result of the efforts of his fellow students; but it may not be until years later that he will suddenly awaken to the fact that good manners are an asset to him in making his life fuller, and that his are not all that they might be. Then he will set out to learn something that he should have learned long ago. Or suppose that the student's personality is marred by egotism. Contact with his fellows may or may not make him aware of his defect. He may be conscious of the fact that he is not popular but he may not know why. And he may travel a long way before the light dawns on him as to what is wrong.

Some educators assert that it is not possible to develop personal qualities by means of a formal course of instruction. But is that statement true? If it is, how does it happen that some men have good manners, are tactful and are pleasant to associate with? Were all these qualities born with them? Or are they partly inherent and partly developed by training? Is it not possible for one to train himself into the habit of being civil and considerate?

Or it may be that educators who oppose the idea of a formal course of information on personal qualities labor under the false impression that the advocates of such a course believe that it can effect a great change in a student's personality. Such is not the case.

Or it may be that educators are evading the question because of the difficulty of organizing such a course.

As I see it, a formal organized course of information would help to focus the attention of every student on the fact that personal qualities will play an important part in his success in life. It would show him the material value to him in his profession or business of such qualities as trustworthiness, loyalty, agreeable personality,

good manners, good personal appearance, correct and easy speech, initiative, tact, and accuracy. Moreover, such a course might point out to him how he can analyze himself to find out his weaknesses, and how it may be possible for him to overcome those weaknesses.

I am not suggesting that such a course will enable a man who has a drab personality to develop one like that of Mr. Charles Schwab or Mayor Walker. But it may help a man who is suffering from egotism or diffidence to become aware of the fact and show him how such defects may be remedied in part. Nor do I suggest that the purpose of such a course is to train a man in good manners. *Perhaps the most that could be expected of such a course would be that it would make students aware of the value to themselves of these personal qualities and thus supply them with motivation for developing these qualities in themselves.*

New York University Alumnus.

LAW OR LAWLESSNESS

REV. ALVA L. DAVIS

A few years ago a writer said: "I am cynic enough to believe that if a nation feels like stepping down, it will do so." I am cynic enough to subscribe to those words. Nations in the past have done so, and we can do so. It is a pertinent question, "Is our generation stepping down?" When I ask that question, it is not the young people, simply, I have in mind. For in my ministry of nearly twenty-five years I can testify that I have found my young people among the most faithful and dependable workers in the church, as well as among the most loyal to its appointments.

But the facts are, we are in a confused world, a rebellious world—a world where, among old and young alike, there is rebellion against constituted authority. It is confined to no one class or calling. The educated and the illiterate, the rich and the poor, are in revolt. It has entered the sphere of art and literature, of education and business, of society and politics, of morals and religion. And wherever found, it reveals a common attitude—rebellion against constituted authority and order, against recognized standards, customs, social and religious ideals. For law and authority, it exalts individual desire and

caprice; for beauty and harmony, it substitutes the hideous, the vulgar, the crude, and the grotesque.

It is a struggle between the constructive forces that live by law and those that aim at the nullification of law; between those who love beauty and harmony and those who seek to obliterate the finer shades and tones in language, thought, and conduct; between those who recognize the immutability of God's law and those who break it with impunity.

In literature, it finds expression in our modern poems and novels, in our crude "sex-stuff," "true story," magazines, which claim to cure society of its ulcers and vices by exposing them in the raw.

In art, "New Art," as it is called, it expresses itself in chaos of colors, in distorted human faces and figures, in twisted walls and pillars, in strange and grotesque sculptures. These cubists and futurists are rebelling against the laws of order and symmetry, recognized and established by masters, which have been guides through the centuries.

In music, it expresses itself in jazz. Jazz clashes with harmony; it ignores rhythm; it obliterates melody. It is defiance of musical law.

In statesmanship, it expresses itself in selfish, political individualism. The lessons of history and experience are discounted, if not cast aside; constitutions and laws are held subservient to personal desires, habits, and opinions. Such ideals of statecraft lead the governor of a great state, and the president of a great university, to assault the Constitution and laws of our government, and thus rejoice the heart of every rum-runner, boot-legger, moon-shiner, and keeper of low and vile resorts.

In the marriage relationships, it finds expression in the multiplicity of divorces, in "love mating," in "companionate" marriages and "sex experiments." This is rebellion against the sacred restrictions of the home. As Bishop Manning says, "it is not only shameful but damnable—a sin against God and an affront to all right-minded people."

A great crime wave is sweeping over our country—brigandage, robbery, and murder; political organizations, tied up with organized rings of vice and crime. This is rebel-

lion against the laws which society has enacted for its own protection.

This revolt against constituted authority exists in the realm of religion—it is a revolt against the authority of God's Book and God's law. Here, in my judgment, is the source, the fountain head, of the whole trouble. Men and women, today, are reflecting in literature and art, in social and domestic life, in business and politics, in a large measure, the attitude of church people toward the authority of God's Word.

If God's Book does not speak with authority, if God's law does not bind the hearts and consciences of Christian men, why should we be surprised when God's law is trampled upon by others, or when civil, social, and moral laws fail to bind their consciences?

If we ourselves think lightly of the teachings of our church, and talk glibly of freeing the church from "the fetters of a creed," why should we be surprised when others talk about the "fetters of the law," and rebel against all authority?

If God's Word is to be interpreted according to the subjective desires of the individual, why be surprised when people resent the infringement of law upon their "personal liberty" and apply the same logic in their reasoning?

It is my personal conviction that the Church of Jesus Christ must give unswerving loyalty to God's law before we can consistently preach loyalty to our national laws. The foundation of all just laws is God's law. Loyalty to God's law is fundamental for loyalty to other laws.

At a recent W. C. T. U. convention, one of the speakers prefaced his address by saying that he was called a Methodist, but that he did not know what he was. To my mind, that was the weakest thing he said. But their number is legion, in all denominations, saying the same thing. This is not the hour for flabbiness in convictions. I confess that this attitude of apologizing for one's religious affiliations is not only puerile but dishonorable.

I am an American citizen, and I am proud of that fact. I love our flag, and God helping me I shall obey the Constitution and the laws of the nation. I am a Christian, and as such, I accept the Bible as my rule of faith and practice, and I pledge to him my sovereign loyalty. I am a Seventh Day

Baptist. I am proud to be called such. I believe in our mission, and I subscribe to our tenets of faith, those great truths which have bound us together through all our history.

Civilization can stand economic breakdown and financial loss; but when the temple of reverence is wrecked, when regard for purity and goodness is destroyed, when God's holy Book ceases to speak with authority, when his law is spurned and his commandments disregarded, the very foundations of society are rent asunder.

The call of this hour is a call for obedience to law.

MESSAGE FROM CHINA

We are glad the RECORDER is keeping the subject of Conference before its readers, and are disappointed when a number appears in which no mention is made of it, for even out here in China we are very much interested in it and are hoping and praying that this meeting on the western coast may not only bring its people in closer touch with denominational affairs but that you may be drawn a little closer to China as you meet and become acquainted with the two representatives we are sending to Conference.

I am sure that many of the RECORDER readers realize that there are in China as fine people as can be found anywhere, but I fear that the majority do not really know much about them. They think of the Chinese as the "Chinamen" they read about or see in the city restaurant or laundry, and not as people with whom they would care to associate. And so we are hoping that many of you will be going to Conference, that you may meet our two young men and judge for yourselves if the work being done here is not well worth while. It is with a view to introducing them to you that I am writing this letter.

The taller one with broad shoulders, wearing the long Chinese garment (at least we hope he will not change to our style of clothes then), is Dzau Sih Ding. Mr. Dzau (Zaw) you may call him. He is a grandson of the Dzau Chung Lan, who went to America with Elder Carpenter so many years ago.

Dzau Sih Ding is Doctor Thorngate's right hand man at Liuho. He with his very capable wife as matron of the hospital attends to the buying of the food for the patients, looks after their comfort, keeps their time of entering and leaving the hospital, makes out their bills, and in very many ways proves himself as most indispensable to the work there. Each day he calls together the workers for a short prayer and song service and also takes his turn at leading the Sabbath morning service.

Our other representative you may not so easily recognize, for he is wearing foreign (American) dress. Those of you who have met Eling Waung, Doctor Palmberg's adopted daughter, will be glad to make his acquaintance, for Mr. Zung (Sung) is her husband. He is the dean of our Boys' School and is doing most excellent work in that capacity. He is also moderator of the church, and in many ways is bringing new life into the church and mission.

Mr. Zung is now considering the advisability of remaining in the United States after Conference, for a year or two of post graduate work. He is a graduate of the Shanghai Baptist College, going there directly after finishing the high school course in our Boys' school.

Both of these young men are earnest Christians and have been called by the church to ordination for the work of the gospel ministry. Both are members of the class under the leadership of Doctor Davis, which is making an intensive study of the Bible, of which mention has been made in other letters to the RECORDER from our number.

We are hoping that the way may be opened for Doctor Davis also to attend Conference, but we do not want to spare him for the work to which the Commission has called him at home.

I might add that special steamship rates have been made by a Japanese company to the World's Sunday School Convention, which meets at Los Angeles just before our Conference. Our men will also attend this meeting.

With earnest prayers that this Conference may be of great spiritual blessings to all, we are

Sincerely yours in the work,
NETTIE M. WEST.

Shanghai, April, 1928.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

MYSTERIES

I planted seed within the soil—
A little while, a little toil,
And flowers began to grow.
Daily in size and strength they gain,
In warming sun and cooling rain,
(But how I do not know).

Ere long the buds will open wide,
And flowers will bloom on every side,
But how I can not see!
With fragrance they will fill the air,
Their perfume will waft everywhere,
Life's sweetest mystery.

Daily we mingle with our friends,
Until at length life's journey ends,
As each one does his part.
But oft we live misunderstood,
For none of us can know the good,
That's hid within the heart.

—Mary Davis Reed.

WORK GOES ON APACE

DEAR HOME FRIENDS:

It is only a month since I wrote my last RECORDER letter, but I am on the new letter writing schedule for this week, so I will write again though the month seems but a short time. A good deal has been accomplished in that time on the house, however. It is just about finished except the cement floor in the church, and the painting. The latter was begun today on my two rooms upstairs. Yesterday I had most of my personal things moved over. Moving is rather strenuous business anyway, and Doctor Thorngate was called out to an important case, away out in the country, so there was nothing to do but for me to take the morning clinic, which I did while the movers went to dinner, asking them to wait a little after they had eaten dinner before coming back, so I could eat mine.

Mrs. Tau, Glenna and I are sort of camping out, eating, sleeping and working in one room, the workroom for the industrial women and girls. Two things influenced my moving before the house was quite finished. One is that I might spend some time

preparing work for the women, while at the same time I could be here and watch the work and consult with the workmen.

The other is that recently there has been some terrible work by so-called "communists," just a few miles from here, killing people and burning their homes, of course also looting. The Liuho Business Men's Defense corps has been keeping watch night and day for some time. Whether they would be able to cope with this band, if it should come here, is uncertain. The house we were living in is one of the best native houses here, and they would be likely to attack it and we would have no way of escape. They might not so readily attack this place, and if they did, there would be more chance of our getting away.

There has also been some talk of quartering soldiers in the town again, and if the house were empty they might take it. They are not so apt to take occupied houses.

It is our most beautiful time of the year. At the hospital the wisteria arbor is so beautiful it is indescribable. The tulips, mostly pink, are in bloom and a number of white iris. One rose bush is beginning to come into blossom.

Last communion Sabbath (April 7) we had a sort of ancestor memorial service to take the place of ancestor worship, which all are practicing at this time. It was really quite pretty, as we "said it with flowers." At the same time, what was of more importance, ten people "wrote their names" applying for church membership. Three, one man and two women, are hospital employees—one was one of my girls who has gone into the hospital to be a nurse. One was Mrs. Thorngate's children's nurse; two were sons of our evangelist, rather young boys. A daughter of one Christian woman, with her two little girls, made up the perfect number of ten, as that seems to be the standard in China. They came, I am afraid, mostly because the older woman was so urgent to have them do it. She so "wanted to have the whole family Christian." She herself is the sister of the crazy man with whom I had to do for so long a time, and seems an earnest Christian though without much idea of conventional "culture." That of heart I believe she possesses.

I hope some of these will come into full understanding and experience of Christianity.

And now I must stop if I would get this into the fast mail. I hope you will truly pray for us that this building may be used for God's glory, and help to bring in his kingdom here.

Your sister in Christ,

ROSA PALMBORG.

*Liuho, Ku,
China,*

April 19, 1928.

CELEBRATING THE BIRTHDAY

It was during war time and our Ladies' Aid had had an all day meeting, making and mending garments for the destitute across the seas. Though the many hands worked busily, there were uncompleted garments when the time came for the women to go back to their families. But one of them returned next morning.

"Today is my mother's birthday," she said. "She was always doing something to help someone, so I'll take these two garments home and finish them."

What a beautiful thing to be remembered for. "She was always doing something to help someone," and what a beautiful way to honor a loved one, remembering on the birthday to do the things she loved to do when with us!

H. E. W.

*Milton Junction, Wis.,
April 28, 1928.*

ASK ME ANOTHER

The prize for the correct answers to the "Ask Me Another, Number 3" goes to Milton Junction. These answers were graded according to the 1926 year book, the last one available when the questions were made out. However, the answers that came in after the 1927 year book had been received and showed that the statistics had been taken from that instead of from the preceding one were marked correct.

ANSWERS TO NUMBER 3

1. 26 reported.
2. Rev. T. L. Gardiner
3. Battle Creek, Mich., Dr. B. F. Johanson.
4. Rev. J. W. Crofoot, Dr. Grace Crandall.

5. Tacy Hubbard.
6. Washington, D. C.
7. First Alfred, Friendship, Independence, Genesee, Richburg, Second Alfred, Hebron, Scio, Hartsville, Portville, Andover, Hebron Center, Wellsville and Blystone.
8. Hon. Joseph Goodrich, Milton.
9. Seventy per last Conference year book published (1926).
10. Mrs. Ruby Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich.

IMPRESSIONS OF WASHINGTON

PART II.

MARY A. STILLMAN

Visitors to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing are not encouraged. Here the paper money, postage stamps, passports, income tax blanks, and other government documents are printed. If you should get in by means of a special permit, a guide would rather grudgingly take you around, apparently for the purpose of keeping you at a proper distance from the money.

Here, under glass, may be seen all the denominations of bills from one dollar to ten thousand dollars. Just as much care is taken in making the smaller kinds as the large ones. They are all printed on specially prepared Crane paper, which has a red and a blue silk thread in it. This has to be wet and tempered and dried and printed so many times that the complete process requires about a month.

Postage stamps are run off much more rapidly. They are printed on strips of paper a mile and a half long! This is printed once, then glued and dried, and rolled up in a big roll. They are afterwards perforated and cut apart in sheets of one hundred stamps, to send to the post-offices. All money and stamps are inspected before being sent out. The employes are under civil service regulations.

More than thirty years ago, when the Christian Endeavor convention met in Washington, I visited the Library of Congress, and thought it the most beautiful building I had ever seen. Since then I have visited cathedrals, palaces, castles, campaniles, and libraries in many cities, so I was anxious to look upon the Congressional Library once more, to see if my impressions were the same. I can truly say that its in-

terior, with its mosaic floors, frescoed walls, decorated doors and columns, and its statuary, is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen.

The library contains nearly four million volumes of every description. Every book which receives a United States copyright has to donate two copies to this library. The volumes may be removed from the building only by members of Congress and officials; any citizen may read the books in the beautiful central reading room. Besides the bound books there are many collections of manuscripts, pictures, etc. One such shows the development of the book, from the cuneiform tablets of baked clay, four thousand years old, through the rolls and scrolls of ancient peoples, up to the printed volume. Here is shown the smallest book in the world, a photographic reduction of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. This has forty rice-paper pages, and is less than half an inch in diameter. A magnifying glass is needed to read it.

The original Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States are kept in a golden shrine under light-proof glass—always under guard.

The District of Columbia, ten miles square, was ceded to the United States by Maryland and Virginia. This plot was to be used for a capital, which it was deemed best not to have in any state. All that Virginia ceded has been returned to her, as the district was found to be larger than necessary.

Money for the city of Washington is appropriated by Congress. The city government is in the hands of three commissioners, appointed by the President. He naturally selects good men, and with all the money they need behind them, and being accountable only to the President, they govern the city well. Residents are satisfied with this arrangement. They pay some taxes, but not nearly so much as would be required in any other such city.

The residents of the District of Columbia have no vote. They would like to vote for President and Vice-President; but other compensations are so great that they do not complain. It is said that everybody in the United States has the franchise except criminals, imbeciles, and the residents of Washington! To these I might add the Negroes of the South, who are so intimi-

dated by white politicians that many fear to vote.

I am reminded of "Uncle Zack," formerly a slave, who expressed the wish last year to be able to vote. "All right," answered his employer, "why don't you register? Nobody can vote without registering; but they will ask you all kinds of questions." "I will answer all their questions," declared Uncle Zack. In North Carolina there is a law known as the "grand-father clause." This provides that any colored person who can read and write, and can prove that his grandfather was free, may vote without further examination. At the city hall they asked Uncle Zack his name, and age (which was ninety-two), and then inquired, "What do you know about the grandfather clause?" "My grandfather's claws!" exclaimed the old man highly incensed, "I reckon I know as much about my grandfather's claws as you-all do about yours, and I ain't a'gwine to tell you nothing about them!" As he was illiterate the old man failed to pass the test; but the state has recently awarded him a pension of one dollar a day for having been a Confederate soldier.

I asked a Southern lady who never even sewed on a button until after she was married, if she thought slavery at the present time would be a good thing for her and for the South in general. "Oh, no," she answered, "slavery would not have continued long if there had been no war, for the simple reason that the slaves were becoming so prolific that their masters could not afford to support them. In a short time some owners would have freed them."

"But would not that have been worse," I asked, "to have companies of slaves here and there turned loose without means of support and with no government backing?"

"Yes," she answered, "I suppose it would have been; but what rankled in the southern mind was defeat; and the fact that slave holders were counted cruel. Only a few of them whipped their slaves. The most of the owners gave their slaves a good living.

Another grievance was the ruthlessness of the victorious army. My uncle kept a little store, which the "Yanks" entered, took what they pleased, and then poured the stock of pins and needles into the sugar and flour barrels. Such is the vandalism of war. Let us all, even at the risk of being black-listed, work for world peace.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MRS. RUBY COON BABCOCK
R. F. D. 5, BOX 165, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
Contributing Editor

OUR AMUSEMENTS

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 9, 1928.

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Cruel fun (Luke 22: 63-65)
Monday—Amusements that degrade (Exod. 32: 1-6)
Tuesday—Drunken follies (Amos 6: 1-6)
Wednesday—Social pleasures (Luke 14: 12-14)
Thursday—Athletics and earnestness (1 Cor. 9: 24-27)
Friday—Be generous (Prov. 24: 29)
Sabbath Day—Topic: How are our amusements a measure of our Christianity? (Rom. 14: 7, 13-19)

SAVING SOULS BY BEING SOCIAL

How can we expect to save souls except by being social? Our lips are not eloquent to preach or plead, nor our hands skilled to push the pen along lines of power. We can not preach Christ, but we can smile Christ. We can not argue men into the kingdom, but we can sympathize with them, we can love them in. Are you a hermit Christian? Do you belong to a hermit Christian Endeavor society? There is a little mollusk that bores its way into limestone, makes a cell, enlarges it as itself grows, and speedily manufactures its own tomb, becoming many times too large to get through the narrow opening by which it bored its way in. Precisely this is the folly of every Christian and of every Christian Endeavor society that is not social, that does not go out into the highways and hedges, throw loving arms around the ugly, the stupid, the ragged, the wretched, and compel them to come in. . . .

You think you believe in the brotherhood of man. Test yourself at the next social, and see whether you do not practically believe in the brotherhood of the congenial. You think you trust in Christ. Test the matter at the next social and see if you can trust him even in so slight a matter as overcoming diffidence and awkwardness. You think you are unselfish. Make trial of it at the social by forgetting whether you are having a good time in your desire to give a good time to others. . . .

A good time is attractive enough to take everybody out of himself, and cheery enough to make every one feel happy.

Christ should be present from beginning to end of every Christian Endeavor social.

How if the Carpenter, dropping saw and hammer from weary hands, should in visible form enter your next social; should ask, "What are you playing, my children?"; should beg, "Let me join in your game?"; Would you wish the game something different? Would you like to change the spirit in which the game is played? This consideration affords the only possible answer to the common question, what games are proper for Christian Endeavor socials? The answer is, any game in which Christ would join—the loving, the pure, the manly, the joyous Christ.—*Amos R. Wells, in "Social—to Save."*

INTERMEDIATE CORNER

REV. WM. M. SIMPSON

Intermediate Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Intermediate Christian Endeavor Topic for
Sabbath Day, June 2, 1928.

How can the church help us in our play?
(John 10: 10; 1 Cor. 3: 16-23.)

JUNIOR C. E. JUMBLES

MRS. ELISABETH K. AUSTIN

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

SUGGESTIONS FOR TOPIC OF JUNE 9

No doubt the title of our lesson for today originated with the book "Pollyanna." The leader might read selections from this story that tells how Pollyanna really played the glad game.

The superintendent may point out different ways in which the Christian life is the only glad game of life. The life of the world may seem happy for a time, but it is false, and sometime sooner or later will bring lasting sadness. Jesus was happy and wants all boys and girls to be happy—and not only be happy themselves, but, like Pollyanna, make others around them happy in little things as well as in big things.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WORK

Your annual reports must be in early this year so that the statistics may be ready for Conference. Begin now to get ready the

things about which you are going to write me. I want to know everything your society did last year. The awards this year will not only be based upon the highest efficiency work, but on different phases of your work. There is a chance this year for six or seven societies to receive a small reward for their work done. But remember, I don't know what your society has done unless you report it.

A LETTER FROM BEREA

DEAR FRIENDS:

It has surely been quite a while since you heard from us, but sometime ago our Christian Endeavor president appointed me RECORDER correspondent, and if I do not attend to business she may discharge me.

Perhaps it would be interesting to note some of the high lights in Christian Endeavor at Berea for the past six months, for tomorrow marks the end of our first six months in our new church.

We hold our meetings at the church the night after the Sabbath. In that way some of our Sunday-keeping members are able to attend, who otherwise would not. Several who are not members attend regularly, and we are hoping to enroll at least part of them as associate members.

The Christian Endeavor shared in the program of dedication of our church, November 5. Our part was to furnish the music, and if I may judge, everyone did his or her best.

We observed Christian Endeavor week. The first Sabbath, we endeavorers sat together and the pastor preached a sermon for young people. During the week, on Thursday night, I think, we had a fine standard social at the home of our president, Mrs. Bertha Sutton. This was a "leap year social," and we girls had to wait on the men, instead of being waited on. Sabbath day, February 4, Christian Endeavor had charge of the church service. Nearly every member had some part in the program. Two of our absent members sent in excellent papers on "Why I Belong to Christian Endeavor," and "What Christian Endeavor Means to Me."

Easter morning we inaugurated the "New Crusade" at a sunrise service. It was a

rainy, sloshy morning, so just a few of us were there, but I think none of us will forget that stirring call to service. The following Sabbath night at Christian Endeavor, the major parts of the program were repeated with the added feature of a sermon by Rev. Verney Wilson of Jackson Center, Ohio, who was with us for revival meetings.

But Thursday, April 26, was a red letter day for Berea Christian endeavorers. Our state president, Rev. H. C. Van Horn of Lost Creek, and the state Intermediate superintendent, Miss Mary Jackson of Jane Lew, were here. Our state field secretary, Mr. Willard Rice, planned to come, but at the last moment was detained. In the afternoon meeting we discussed the work of the different committees, and learned how we should do our work. At five-thirty the social committee of Christian Endeavor, of which Miss Julia Meathrell is chairman, served a chicken pie supper to the delegates and friends. About twenty young people from Auburn hurried over as soon as high school was out, and arrived just in time to eat. But eat was not all we did at supper time. Not at all! Pastor Van Horn and Miss Jackson taught us some Christian Endeavor songs and yells. Then as soon as we finished supper they taught us some new games. The animated alphabet was the most fun. It certainly kept one hopping, to be on hand whenever his letter was needed to spell a word.

The real treat of the day, however, came at the evening meeting. Miss Jackson gave an address under the title "Signs," which would do credit to any evangelist I ever heard. And the best part of it was that nearly every young person in Berea, and even from five miles away, was there to hear it. Why, even the pastor's Baby Anne was there!

We hope we can hold to the enthusiasm we have, and do things in Christian Endeavor, and with Christian Endeavor that will leave the mark of Christ on Berea, W. Va. One thing that is helping us in our work is that a number of our members are enrolled in the RECORDER Reading Contest, and at least one of them reads every RECORDER from cover to cover.

There are a number of other things which might be interesting to report, such as our

radio meeting, the service of song we had one Sabbath day in connection with the pastor's sermon, and the "Get Well" social we had not long ago. But we must not take too much time, so station B-E-R-E-A is signing off and wishes every other Christian Endeavor station a "good night."

CLARA L. BEEBE,

Recorder Correspondent.

AN EASTER SERVICE AT ASHAWAY

The Ashaway Christian Endeavor society held a very impressive Easter sunrise prayer meeting, April 7, at six-thirty o'clock, with a very good attendance; the leader was James Waite. The special feature of this meeting was a stereopticon lecture on the Passion Week, prepared and given by Pastor Simpson. With this was the singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "I Need Thee Every Hour," also with slides.

Secretary William L. Burdick gave a very interesting address on "Immortality."

MRS. BLANCHE BURDICK,

Corresponding Secretary.

CHRISTIAN JOY

A SERMON

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

Text: *Nevertheless, in this rejoice not, that the demons are subject unto you; but rejoice that your names are written in heaven.*—Luke 10: 20.

Some fifty years ago my father used to sit of an evening before the open wood fire and trot me on his knee and sing:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

"We will rest in the fair and happy land,
Just across on the evergreen shore;
Sing the songs of Moses and the Lamb,
And dwell with Jesus evermore."

I used to wonder what a "stormy bangsi" was, but for the most part I understood the words, and it was a beautiful picture that my imagination drew of a "fair and happy land." No doubt the peaceful serenity of my father's face contributed to my own enjoyment of heaven's contemplated glories.

The joy which our fathers experienced as

they tried to walk in the Christian way, was that of anticipating the peaceful rest and happy employments of eternity. I well remember when the shift of emphasis began to be made from the contemplation of heaven's joys to an increased interest in the well-being of men as they live their lives in this world. Whereas, men had condemned "worldliness," they began to say that Christians were too much occupied with "other-worldliness." "Saved to serve" became the Church's watchword, and we were told that one was saved in order that he might save others. As a young man I used to feel like asking just how far down the line that group of people was located in whom God was so much more interested than he was in the people to whom the preacher was speaking. I felt, somehow, that God, for his own sake and for the sake of the one who was lost, desired every man's salvation.

The next step was to forget eternity entirely, and we were exhorted to devote ourselves to the work of cleaning up the world in which we live. We were urged to do what we could to alleviate suffering, to eliminate poverty, and to make living conditions better for those about us. Social service became the Christian's gospel, and this is largely the emphasis of the Christian Church today.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I believe that Christians should do all they can to improve conditions in this world in which we live. Our Christianity should enter into every phase of life to sweeten and purify and elevate it. It is not the highest expression of real Christian joy for one to contemplate the personal blessings which he may possess while at the same time he remains utterly oblivious to the miserable conditions under which others may be forced to live. Indeed, if we love not our brother whom we have seen, how can we love God whom we have not seen?

But granting all this, I am moved at this time to express my fear lest the pendulum has swung too far in the other direction. We have become so absorbed with the world that surrounds us, and so interested in the life that now is, that we are in great danger of forgetting that there is an eternity awaiting us, to which this world is but the ante-room and for which this life is a preparation. Our inventions have been so wonderful, our discoveries have been so great, and our

earthly enjoyments so multiplied, that we are in great danger of losing our interest in the world beyond. We can be so occupied with the good as to defeat the best. Then what was a good becomes an evil, because it defeats the purpose of God and destroys our own eternal happiness.

Jesus had sent out the seventy, two by two. They came back to report the wonderful success which they had experienced. Whether it was the discovery of a note of personal pride in the report, or whatever it was, something moved Jesus to warn his disciples of the great danger of missing the fundamental basis of Christian joy. Jesus was not condemning the good works which they had performed. But there is just one thing which should rejoice the heart of every Christian with a joy unspeakable. This experience can not be affected by earthly circumstance, and without it there is no enduring blessedness. "Nevertheless, in this rejoice not that the demons are subject unto you; but rejoice that your names are written in heaven." These are the words of the Master himself.

Our generation has done much toward overcoming the demons that breathe misery and breed fear. So much has been done by science that we are in danger of trusting science to solve all the problems of existence and to bring us true happiness. We look to men of science to lead us, forgetting that efficiency in a given field does not necessarily fit one to speak with authority in another field. We may well bear in mind the modern definition of the specialist. "The specialist is one who knows more and more about less and less."

For example, Mr. Edison has done marvelous things in the field of electricity. He has contributed so largely to our comfort and enjoyment through his inventions, and has spoken with such certainty in one realm of intangible mystery, that when he expresses his doubt with respect to the future life we are tempted to think that he may possibly know something about that. Again, when the late Mr. Burbank shows such skill in working with plant life, we are tempted to think that he may have special insight into the life of man. This not only does not follow, but the very fact that he was so completely absorbed in his own strange manipulations in his own particular field of activity naturally bars him from speaking with even

ordinary wisdom in the realm of spirit. When, therefore, he says that he sees no evidence of a future life, from the standpoint of our interest in Mr. Burbank we say, "Too bad"; but from the standpoint of our interest in the greatest question that confronts the human race, that of our immortality, we say, "Suppose he doesn't, what of it?"

But if these men can tell us nothing when it comes to the question of the human soul, possibly the expert in the realm of social science can lead us out into the light! Not so. Already men who thought that improving living conditions would bring about social redemption have begun to doubt the wisdom of their own philosophy. Many demons may be destroyed by those whose only purpose is to make life happier as it is lived in this world. But after all, even in such service the Christian motive which takes account of eternity will carry farther and go deeper and lift higher than will any merely humanitarian motive. The latter type of human service does not lead to the greatest Christian joy. Rather is it the natural *carthly fruit* of the Christian life, which finds its *eternal joy* in the consciousness of a fellowship with Jesus Christ which can not be destroyed when earth's pleasures have forever passed away.

Let us keep this joy fresh and vigorous. In some religious quarters we hear much about social service, and in others about corporate worship. Much service can be rendered and rich joys experienced as men work or worship *en masse*. But if such service is to accomplish most, and if such worship is to be most joyous, those who join in the service or unite in the worship must themselves, individually, experience the supreme joy of having their names written in heaven. The pleasures of earth pale and flicker and fail. The joy of personal fellowship with Jesus Christ becomes increasingly radiant here and reaches over into that "fair and happy land" where we shall "dwell with Jesus evermore."

"There is one way out and that is for us to gain a vision. A vision of truth that the religion of Jesus Christ is a true philosophy of life, and it will not be by force, but because people will see the truth."—*Rev. G. B. Switzer.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

THE GLAD GAME

MRS. ELISABETH K. AUSTIN
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 9, 1928.

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Robbed, but happy (Heb. 10: 34)
Monday—Joy after sorrow (Ps. 30: 5)
Tuesday—Jesus says, be happy (John 15: 11)
Wednesday—Seeing good in everything (Rom. 8: 28)
Thursday—Rejoice all the time (1 Thess. 5: 16)
Friday—Seeing the bright side in prison (Acts 16: 19-25)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Playing the glad game every day (Matt. 5: 14, 15)

[[Did any of you ever misplace anything? That's just what I have done. I always keep a list of the people whom I ask to write articles for our Junior topics, and I can not find it. The articles written for this week and next week were not signed, so I do not know to whom to give the credit. I have an idea who wrote them, but it would be worse, wouldn't it, to give the credit to the wrong person than not to give it at all? Both articles are splendid and I trust will be a great help to the juniors, even without the authors' names.—E. K. A.]

All you little juniors have played games at school, but let us try a different game. What does "Playing the glad game every day" mean to you? To me it means making some one else happy every day, or as often as possible. We may think every day too often, but if we "stop, look and listen" maybe the days will not be long enough, after all.

Possibly there's a little sick friend that would be made glad by a visit from you. Maybe you could take some flowers or fruit. Some shut-in might be glad to hear some of your Junior songs. When you are planning a pleasure drive, why not think of some one who has no car, and invite him or her? Maybe you can think, too, of a family who do not have enough clothes to keep them warm or enough food to eat. This would be a pretty big task all alone,

but maybe mothers would help if only you suggested it.

Probably nearly all of you little juniors have father and mother, brothers and sisters in the home. Surely you can think of something each day, for one or all, to make them glad.

Perhaps in the city or country in which you live you can find other ways to make people happy. Christ says in Matthew 10: 42: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold *water* only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

DOING HARD THINGS

MRS. ELISABETH K. AUSTIN
Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent
Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 2, 1928.

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Love your enemies (Matt. 5: 43, 44)
Monday—Turn the other cheek (Matt. 5: 38, 39)
Tuesday—Say "No" to yourself (Matt. 16: 24)
Wednesday—Daniel's hard thing (Dan. 6: 10)
Thursday—Forgiving enemies (Acts 7: 54-60)
Friday—Moses' sacrifice (Heb. 11: 24-27)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Doing hard things (Phil. 4: 13. Consecration meeting)

"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!"

"Dare to be brave, dare to be true,
Strive for the right, for the Lord is with you;
Fight with sin bravely, fight and be strong,
Christ is your Captain, fear only what's wrong."

It seems hard sometimes to ask forgiveness when we have wronged a person, but this is Jesus' way, and Jesus' way is best.

It is easy to love your friends, but Jesus says "Love your enemies," and we would obey Jesus.

It may be hard to say "No," but saying "No" soon becomes a habit, and each time we say it when tempted to do wrong, each time it becomes easier. Jesus will always help us if we will trust in him.

Is it hard to speak for Jesus in your testimony meeting or in the prayer service? Ask Jesus to help you.

"Dare to do right, dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do,
Do it so bravely, so nobly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell."

AN INTERMEDIATE WRITES

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I have enjoyed the stories on the Children's Page and also the letters, although I am in the Intermediate society.

We have a dog that Uncle Fred found homeless in Bridgeton. It is the best dog to clutter up the lawn I ever saw. We have a cat, also, that is very much afraid of the dog.

On May first, we took baskets to the sick and poor folks.

In our Intermediate society we take turns leading. Our superintendent is Mrs. Ida Davis.

Examination is close at hand and we are studying quite hard. I am in the seventh grade and like my teacher very much.

Your friend,

HENRY EWING.

*Shiloh, N. J.,
March 7, 1928.*

DEAR HENRY:

You have written a good letter, and I was especially glad to get it, for it was the first one I had received in over two weeks. If it had come just one day sooner, I could have had it printed a whole week earlier.

It was lovely for you intermediates to take May baskets to the sick and poor. That is one of the splendid ways in which boys and girls can do Christ's work.

I really believe that my next door neighbor has a dog that can beat yours in clattering up the lawn. His chief delight seems to be in depositing things on the church steps and lawn. The other day he put the worst looking old bone in front of the church door. I threw it back of the church for him to finish up, but the next morning there it lay in front of the church door. This time I threw it out in our garden, and then watched to see what he would do. Before night, he had again deposited it by the church door. Four times I threw it away, but each time he brought it back to the same old place. At last I put it beyond his reach; I burned it up.

I hope you will write again, soon.

Sincerely yours,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

OUR FIRST LETTER FROM JAMAICA

Mrs. Greene,

DEAR MADAM:

I am Olive Briscoe.

I am indeed grateful to you for a book entitled "The Girls' Bible Work," which came to my hand through Mrs. Coon. It is always a pleasure to me on receiving such gifts. I will be glad if you will always remember me. I have little sisters and brothers who have received the same, and send for you their gratitude.

If you were not so far away I would have sent you some of the best fruits we have in our dear little island, Jamaica. I dearly love them and I know you would love them, too. As it is not possible for the fruits to reach you, I can only send you their names. The oranges are delicious in the mornings. Mangoes, star apples, cocoa nuts, and ripe bananas are just the best things for salad. There are many more of which I can scarcely make a gift, they seem so dear to me. If I should not always be thinking on Jesus, then I would be thinking on these.

Yours truly,

OLIVE BRISCOE.

*Grantham P. O., Clarendon,
Jamaica, B. W. I.,
April 29, 1928.*

DEAR OLIVE:

I was delighted to receive your splendid letter, and you may be sure I will never forget you. Although you are so far away and I may never hope to see you, I feel that I love you already. Mrs. Coon has long seemed a dear friend to me, so I could love you on her account if for no other reason, but I can love you for your own sake as well. Please write again, soon, dear girlie.

It was not I who sent you the good Bible book, but the dear Junior boys and girls of Ashaway, so I take this opportunity of sending your thanks to them.

I know I should enjoy the splendid fruits of Jamaica, but since I can not, you must enjoy them for me.

Sincerely yours,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

"When the Bible speaks of the eye of God that notes even the fall of a sparrow, it is a revelation to men of the infinite tenderness of God."—*Dr. I. M. Haldeman.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

HOSEA W. ROOD, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

HOW MY FATHER CAME TO KEEP THE SABBATH

I said last week that I would tell how my father came to keep the Sabbath. The story of it was told to me years ago by an older brother of his. I had no notion then of putting it into print, but now I have come to think it may be worth while. This older brother, my Uncle William, later died in Camp at Young's Point, near Vicksburg, February 19, 1863. I am telling it as I remember it from sixty-eight years ago:

"When your father and I were boys our family was partly broken up by the death of our mother. Father had gone on to Wisconsin, leaving us near Clarence, N. Y., about twenty miles east of Buffalo, whence he intended that we should come on, as soon as we could, to him near Milwaukee. While waiting there, we had a job of chopping wood, where we worked together, boarding ourselves in a nearby shanty.

"Your father was a great reader, and, because of not having much of anything else to read, spent a good deal of his spare time studying the Bible, which I did not care so very much about. While about it he became much interested in what the Bible said about the Sabbath. The more he studied the question the surer he came to be that the seventh day of the week was the Sabbath, and not Sunday. I did not, myself, think it made much difference, so I paid little attention to what he said. After a while he decided that so far as he was concerned he was not going to work on another Saturday. When the day came again and I got ready to go to the woods, as usual, he did not go. I presume he read his Bible all that day, feeling sure he was right. The next morning he went to work and I stayed in. And that is the way it began and continued."

I do not know my father's age at that time, but suppose it to have been eighteen or nineteen years. I may say that in the meantime he came to know of some Seventh Day Baptists living in and around Clarence, the

first of whom he had ever heard. It came about that he formed the acquaintance of a young man about his own age, named David Thorngate. He was one of a family of Seventh Day Baptist Thorngates living at Persia, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., about forty miles south of Clarence. David invited my father to go with him to his home, near Persia. He was glad to become acquainted with his family, and in due time became the husband of the older of David's two sisters. In this way another Seventh Day Baptist home was established.

I am glad that my father was a young man to accept and practice what he believed to be right; and I am glad to have been born and reared in such a home, a home where prayer was wont to be made. I am glad now when any two of our young people unite to found a Christian home; and I am glad for the children to be born and reared there. I'd be glad to live long enough to see them come as a happy family group to Sabbath school together.

My father was naturally a ready speaker, and, though never ordained, he often served the churches at Dakota and Berlin, Wis., as a lay preacher. He was particularly active in the colonization and settlement of our people at North Loup, Neb., where he died March 17, 1878, not quite fifty-five years old. As a member of Company G of the thirty-seventh Wisconsin, he was a soldier in the Civil War.

Sabbath School Lesson X.—June 2, 1928

JESUS FACING BETRAYAL AND DEATH.

Mark 14: 1-42

Golden Text: "Not what I will, but what thou wilt." Mark 14: 36.

DAILY READINGS

May 27—The Betrayal Announced. Mark 14: 17-25.

May 28—The Prayer in the Garden. Mark 14: 32-42.

May 29—The Passover. Exodus 12: 21-28.

May 30—The Suffering High Priest. Hebrews 5: 1-10.

May 31—Comfort for Christ's Followers. Matthew 10: 24-33.

June 1—Christ's High Priestly Prayer. John 17: 1-10.

June 2—Prayer for Deliverance. Psalm 22: 1-21.
(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

FLY TIME WITH US AGAIN

One of the surest signs of spring is the early fly that awakens from the long winter sleep and begins to buzz around before screens are up. If you wish to have a peaceful and healthful summer you want to swat this early "bird." A few flies in the spring will multiply to many million in summer. Now is the time to declare war on this pesky buzzer that is bred, born, and lives its entire life in filth. But getting rid of flies requires daily vigilance and extreme efforts. Swatting the early fly is but one of the important stages in controlling this germ spreading pest. One is impressed more with the importance of all possible control measures when it is considered that each female fly lays between one hundred twenty and one hundred thirty eggs at a time; the eggs hatch into maggots in twenty-four hours; under favorable conditions the maggots mature in four to six days; they remain in the pupal stage five to seven days when they emerge as young flies and take to wing within two hours; sexual maturity is reached in ten to fourteen days; four days after mating the female deposits her eggs, and under favorable conditions some nine generations of flies are produced each season.

If you are a good mathematician you can develop from these figures the fact that it is possible for a single female fly to have as many as 500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 offspring. All eggs are deposited by preference in horse manure, but when that is not available almost any fermenting organic matter, including human excreta, is used. Flies sometimes gorge themselves in less than a minute. When they get full they regurgitate the food and eat it over and over again. If disturbed in the act one kind of fly speck is left. Well fed flies deposit excreta about every five minutes, leaving another kind of speck.

Being born and reared in filth it is easy to see that this pest is one of the dirtiest and most disgusting of insects. Their bodies, feet, and legs are especially well fitted to carry filth and germs. They crawl over infected substances, such as human excrement from people suffering from intestinal diseases, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, etc. As they never wipe their feet, when they later crawl over foods that are unprotected, they take filth and disease germs to

all that they come in contact with. Not only that, but over 6,000,000 germs have been found in the body of a single fly. Bacteria live in their alimentary canals and every fly speck is full of injurious bacteria.

Where there are flies protective measures are essential. All houses should be screened, fly poisons should be used in the rooms, and all foods should be kept covered until eaten. The best way to solve the fly problem, says F. W. Atkeson, Idaho dairy expert, is to destroy all natural breeding places. If you will clean up all manure piles, burn old straw stacks, keep your stables, barn lots and hen houses clean and keep all debris well scattered so it will dry, the number of flies you will have to fight this summer will be greatly reduced. It will mean fewer flies to spread filth and contamination which may affect you or some of the members of your family. Let your slogan be: no filth, no flies.—*The Pathfinder*.

ABOUT ROUTES TO CONFERENCE

*Editor Sabbath Recorder,
Plainfield, N. J.*

DEAR SIR:

I called at the general offices of the Southern Pacific railroad today and collected some data that may or may not be of interest to the Seventh Day Baptist people. I am submitting it to you, to publish as much of it as you see fit.

The Southern Pacific offers four routes to choose from. The fare will be the same whichever route is chosen, whether one returns by the same on which he comes or another. If the water route from New York to New Orleans is chosen, the berth and meals are covered by the price of the ticket. This is a saving in money, but takes a longer time. The berth and meals in such a case would be only from New Orleans to Los Angeles. Through sleepers run from Washington to Los Angeles.

Passengers via New Orleans will change to the electric line at Colton, though they will buy their tickets to Riverside and check their grips straight through. Passengers via San Francisco will have their choice as to whether they change to the electric at Colton or Los Angeles. They will have to finish their trip to Riverside by the electric,

for the Southern Pacific does not run their steam trains in here.

The summer rates will be in effect at the time of the Conference and will be cheaper than any group ticket.

I am forwarding a list of possible delegates to the Southern Pacific general offices, so it is not unlikely that some special agents will call on those who are likely to attend the Conference to give any information or assistance that can be used. If the people know of this in advance of the arrival of such agents, they may be prepared to ask for the needful information.

With the desire to be of service,

ALVIN E. BABCOCK.

1951 Grove Ave.,
Riverside, Calif.

FURTHER VIEWS ON REVISED CALENDAR

DEAR DOCTOR GARDINER, EDITOR:

I have read your article in the RECORDER and comments on the "New Calendar Craze." It has been a wonder to me that you have not taken up this subject before, stating your attitude toward it, as it has been talked up for several years past. The prime mover for this calendar is the present pope, who is very desirous of having more regularity in the time of his "feast days" on the calendar for the church year. He is deciding to have "Easter," "Christmas," etc., come on Sundays and at regular annual dates. He has endeavored to enlist the League of Nations' action on this matter and is working many ways to bring this about. Then, there is the party among so-called Protestant "Sabbath keepers" (?), who wish to make Sunday always come on the seventh day, to ease their conscience on the fourth commandment and to fool the people into thinking that they are really keeping the seventh day. It does not seem that this is enough Babylon in these days of compromise in religious combinations, aiming at unity on a grander scale, at the sacrifice of the word of God; but Satan is taking hold of the minds of the people, who have been Sabbath keepers for many years, who have been observers of the seventh day of God's creative week, of the Sabbath of universal application "made for man," and is now turning them to put the Sabbath day on a Jewish reckoning time of lunar count, and treating it from a *false to the Bible standard*, but with a seeming plausible fix-

ing along with the annual feasts of monthly Jewish counting, reckoning from the new moon of the vernal equinox in the month of Nisan. The annual feasts of the Jews are calculated in this way; but not so with the pre-Jewish, through Jewish, after Jewish and universal and eternal seventh day of the creative week, God's Sabbath day, Christ's Sabbath day, and the one made for all mankind from the beginning of creation to the end of time. The enclosures in this letter will reveal to you, this another effort to dislodge the seventh day Sabbath. The sun and the moon were not created until the fourth day of creation; hence the beginning of the moon can not be taken as the commencement of the first day from creation to make any calculation for fixing the seventh day from the first day of counting of creation's Sabbath, when God rested and sanctified the day.

Any insertions from this letter, comments by you on it, or the tract, or paper called "The Everlasting Gospel" of this new body of otherwise good Christian people, will be timely, and a warning to those coming to the conference, and will aid in meeting another change of the Sabbath and calendar craze.

Yours sincerely,

THEOPHILUS A. GILL.

Los Angeles, Calif.,

April 16, 1928.

IN MEMORIAM

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Salemville Seventh Day Baptist Church has been called to mourn the loss of a highly esteemed member, Mrs. Nancy Jane Shriner. Mrs. Shriner was one of the charter members. All the activities of the society were of interest to her. When failing health forbade her regular attendance, it was a great grief to her. May her memory inspire us to a higher and nobler living.

ESTHER WALTER,

LOVA DAVIS,

LUCY EBERSOLE.

KAMP KANAKADEA

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Alfred, N. Y., 2,000 feet altitude, 70 miles south of Rochester. Farm home life, plus advantages of a modern camp. Horseback Riding, Archery, Swimming, Pottery, Jewelry, Weaving, Leather Tooling. Enrollment limited to 30 girls. Season, July 6 to Aug. 17—\$175.00. Or by week. For booklet, write to

MARY E. IRISH

455 Front St., Hempstead, N. Y.

DEATHS

HALL.—Mrs. Alice (Cleveland) Hall was born in the state of New York, February 16, 1847, and died at her home in Minneapolis, Minn., May 5, 1928, aged 81 years, 2 months, 19 days. She was a member of the Cleveland family to which our late President Cleveland belonged and was a distant cousin to him.

January 1, 1866, she was united in marriage with Mr. B. F. Hall, at Ellisburg, N. Y., and six years later they removed to Transit, Minn., and became identified with the trials and hardships of frontier life.

In 1874, Mr. Hall rented a farm in Transit, but his crop was almost entirely destroyed by grasshoppers, and when harvest time arrived Mr. and Mrs. Hall found themselves possessed of sixty bushels of shrunken wheat, unfit for flour, a bushel of potatoes, and a few squashes, and a severe Minnesota winter before them.

During the year, 1875, Mr. and Mrs. Hall lived twelve miles east of New Auburn, Minn., where together they cleared off an acre of wood land which Mrs. Hall planted and cultivated while her husband worked in the woods.

The grasshoppers were again destructive, and Mrs. Hall saved her acre of produce from destruction by carrying damp straw and burning it at intervals around the edge of her plot, the smoke of which kept the pests away.

In 1876, Mr. and Mrs. Hall located upon a homestead in the woods east of New Auburn Lake, and erected a log homestead cabin in which the larger part of their family was raised.

Now their little boy was old enough to walk to New Auburn, five miles distant, to Sabbath school, but he had no shoes and there was no money with which to purchase shoes. In this emergency Mrs. Hall frequently removed her shoes from her own feet and let her little boy wear them, thus making it possible for him to attend Sabbath school.

Not long after their arrival in Minnesota, Mr. and Mrs. Hall were converted and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Transit, which later became the New Auburn (Minn.), Church.

They were faithful Christians and loyal members of the church, ever ready to do all they could in church work and in its financial support.

As years passed by, their homestead cabin was fast falling into decay and plans were laid to build a more comfortable home, but money was scarce and the pastor decided he could not remain with the church for the amount of salary he was receiving, and Mr. and Mrs. Hall could not endure the thought of the church getting along without a pastor, and in this emergency they decided to continue to live in the cold and decaying homestead shanty and in this way enable themselves to pay a little more on the pastor's salary. This heroic sacrifice was made and was the means of retaining the pastor with the church. They

each remained true and faithful Christians down to the close of life.

Mrs. Hall was the mother of four sons and two daughters—the oldest daughter, Esther, passing away several years ago.

The deceased leaves to mourn her departure, her four sons, one daughter, thirteen grandchildren, twelve great-grandchildren, a half sister, and a large number of more distant relatives and friends.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. H. Socwell, an old time friend, and her former pastor from her recent home in Minneapolis, on May 8, and the body was taken to New Auburn (Minn.), and laid to rest beside that of her husband. A noble woman, a loving and true wife, and a consecrated mother has laid down by the wayside to rest and *we miss her*.

E. H. S.

SHRINER.—Nancy Jane Rice Shriner, eldest daughter of David and Barbara Kagarise Rice, was born November 3, 1846, and departed this life March 11, 1928, aged 81 years, 4 months, and 8 days.

On December 12, 1869, she was united in marriage to Charles F. Shriner, to which union were born three daughters and three sons as follows: Mrs. Naomi Wolfe, Mrs. Charles C. Wolfe, Mrs. David Reffner, all of Salemville, Pa.; Mr. David Shriner, Martinsburg, Pa.; Mr. Homer Shriner, Woodbury, Pa.; and Mr. John Shriner, New Enterprise, Pa. They were all present with their families at their mother's funeral.

At the age of fifteen years she professed Christ and followed him in the ordinance of baptism. She, with her good husband, was one of the constituent members of the Salemville Seventh Day Baptist Church, and has lived true to her Christian obligations and to those of her church. These two elderly people have been very faithful in their attendance at the appointments of their church until too feeble to attend. Loyalty to their Christian obligations was one of the fixed good habits of their long lives.

Sister Shriner was well blest with a robust constitution and good health. With but few exceptions she maintained her good health up to the time, when, from a paralytic stroke, the final summons came, and she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus apparently without suffering.

One of the most attractive characteristics of this noble Christian woman's life was her cheerfulness and optimism as a companion and mother and neighbor. She could always see and help others to see the silver lining of the darkest cloud. She was a loving, loyal, faithful companion, an affectionate mother, and an obliging neighbor. She will be missed in the home, the church, and community. But we shall not mourn as those who have no hope. For we know him whom she loved and served. May our heavenly Father bless and comfort us all, and especially her dear companion and sons and daughters. "In our Father's house are many mansions," and we shall see our loved one again.

The funeral was held on Wednesday, March 14, in the "Brick Church," conducted by her pas-

tor, Rev. W. L. Davis, assisted by Rev. David Detwiler. The large congregation in attendance was evidence of the esteem in which Sister Shriner was held. The body which had served for so many useful years was laid to rest in the near-by cemetery to await the call of her Master.

"There's a home in the skies
Where the weary will rest,
A glorious home in the 'Land of the blest.'
There tears will be wiped
From the sorrowful eye,
And the broken in heart will forget to sigh,
From earth—such a barren and desolate waste,
We may long to that happier home to haste,
For though this planet seems lovely and gay,
Like shadows, its pleasures are passing away,
They linger not here, but away to the skies,
Like the offering of youth in the morning they rise.
The heart, once so light, is now burdened with grief,
And vainly it looks to the world for relief,
It may find in the smile of a loved one a charm,
That may, for a season, its sorrows disarm,
But it knows that e'en love must lie cold in the grave,
And its pleasures be lost in affliction's dark wave,
But, oh, there's a home of eternal delight,
Where smiles on the faces of cherubim bright,
Where the angels of beauty, immortally bright,
Are floating forever on pinions of light,
No pestilence rides on the wings of the air,
No waves of affliction or sorrow are there;
In darkness that region shall never be furled,
For the smile of the Lord is the light of that world."

W. L. D.

WOLFE.—Amos Daniel, son of John and Susan Berger Wolfe, was born April 7, 1867, and departed this life February 27, 1928, aged 60 years, 10 months, and 20 days.

On December 25, 1888, he was united in marriage to Naomi Shriner, and to this union were born two daughters, Lottie and Lena, who preceded their father to the heavenly home.

At the age of seventeen years Brother Wolfe professed Christ as his Savior, followed him in the ordinance of baptism, and united with the Salemville Seventh Day Baptist Church. He was a very devout, conscientious follower of Christ, loyal to him in all he believed to be the will of his Master. He was a very liberal supporter of the cause he espoused, often giving freely of his means for the support of the gospel when he and his family really needed it in the home. He was a strict tither and often gave more than the tenth of his income, giving to the point of sacrifice, to the interest he loved. He gave cheerfully and enjoyed the love of him to whom he gave. For many years he served his church in a very proficient way as Sabbath school superintendent. Many will never forget his good work in this capacity.

Brother Wolfe was very highly esteemed in his community and wherever he was known, and as a carpenter was known as a very proficient and

honest workman and will be sadly missed by those whom he served.

Besides his companion and adopted daughter, Lena, in the home, to mourn their loss, he leaves one sister, Mrs. Wm. F. Kagarise of New Enterprise, Pa.; two brothers, John H. of Alfred, N. Y.; and Deacon Charles C. of Salemville, Pa., other relatives and many friends.

The funeral was held March 1, at the "Brick Church," conducted by his pastor, Rev. W. L. Davis, assisted by Rev. David Detwiler. A large concourse of relatives and friends attended these services in evidence of their esteem for him, and their loving sympathy to the bereaved companion, daughter, his sister and brothers.

"Sleep thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow;
Though darkness roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

"Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness;
Under thy sod
Earth, receive thy treasure
To rest in God
Waiting all his pleasure.

"Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest
They shall return,
Christ, when thou appearest!
Soon shall thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice,
All in Jesus sleeping."

W. L. D.

You need not break the glasses of a telescope, or coat them over with paint, in order to prevent you from seeing through them. Just breathe upon them, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars. So it does not require great crimes to hide the light of God's countenance. Little sins can do it just as well.

Take a shield and cast a spear upon it, and it will leave in it one great dent. Prick it all over with a million little needle points, and they will take the polish from it far more than the piercing of the spear. So it is not so much the great sins which take the freshness from our consciences, as the numberless petty faults which we are all the while committing.—H. W. Beecher.

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, 81 Elliot Ave., 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, 504 South Cuyler Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

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. Prayer meeting Friday evening. All services in Church, corner Fourteenth and Lemon Streets. Gerald D. Hargis, Pastor, parsonage 1415 Lemon 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. Wm. A. Saunders, Robbinsdale, Phone "Hyland 4220," assistant. Visitors cordially welcomed.

The Detroit Seventh Day Baptist Church of Christ holds regular Sabbath services at 2.30 p. m., in Room 402, Y. M. C. A. Building, Fourth Floor (elevator), Adams and Witherell Streets. For information concerning Christian Endeavor and other services, call Pastor R. B. St. Clair, 4012 Field Avenue, phone, Whittier 6644. A most cordial welcome to all.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Washington Heights M. E. Church, on North Kendall Street, at 10.30 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting Sabbath afternoon at 4.30, in the parsonage, 198 Washington Avenue, North. Weekly prayer meeting of the church on Wednesday, at 7.30 p. m., at the parsonage.

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.

The Seventh Day Baptists in and around Denver, Colo., hold Sabbath school services every Sabbath afternoon at Fifth and Galapago streets, at 2 o'clock. Visitors invited.

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.

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

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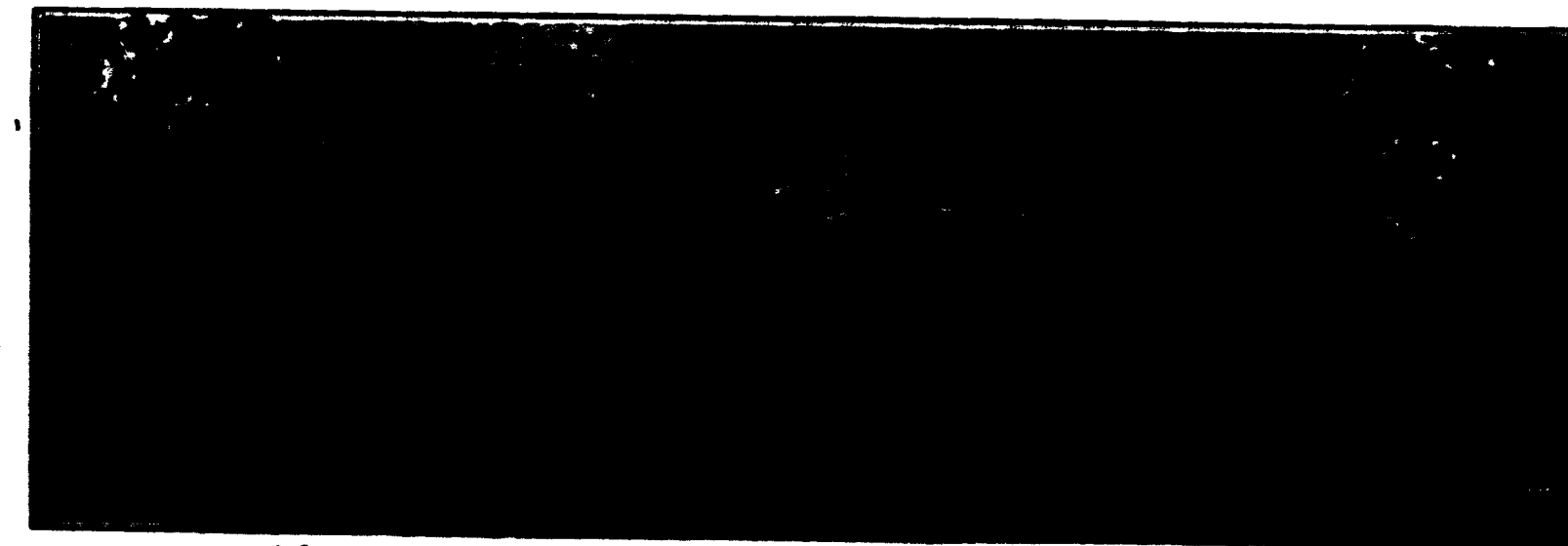
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