

THE SABBATH RECORDER

A Weekly Publication for
SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS

\$2.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

\$3.00 PER YEAR TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Every Seventh Day Baptist home
should have it and read it.

The Sabbath Recorder

"Wherefore, seeing that we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

Through him "Ye may come to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are enrolled in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect."

—Hebrews.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE No. 4,447

*Dear Lord, kind Lord,
Gracious Lord! I pray,
Thou wilt look on all I love
Tenderly today.
Weed their hearts of weariness;
Scatter every care
Down a wake of anget wings
Winnowing the air.*

*Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again!
And with all the needy,
Oh! divide I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine today.*

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Rev. D. B. Coon We are very sorry that **Seriously Ill** Rev. D. Burdett Coon, superintendent of our mission in Jamaica, West Indies, has suffered so long from a serious carbuncle on the back of his neck. The last word from Mrs. Coon came to hand last week just after the RECORDER was all printed, so this is our first opportunity to publish it.

Mrs. Coon writes as follows:

"Perhaps you already know that Mr. Coon is very ill with a carbuncle on the back of the neck. It is three weeks next Sabbath day since it started. One week ago last Monday we took him to the hospital. He is very greatly reduced owing to great suffering, loss of sleep, and no desire to eat. The wound seems to be clearing up well and he has had a little sleep, but not much. If no complications set in we think he will come through."

In a postscript, she adds: "Thursday p. m. Have just heard from the sick and Mr. Coon is better today. He is sleeping some."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Brother Coon's address is changed from Dufferin, 1, Dames Road, Cross Roads P. O., to 2 B Camperdown Road, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

God's Way of Helping Sometimes the very best thing that can happen to a man is to be made to realize his weakness. So long as he feels strong and able to bring things to pass, he is almost sure to rely upon himself in time of trouble, and the tendency is to forget his need of the ever present help at his command.

It was the great apostle Paul who said, "When I am weak then am I strong." It took him some time to learn God's way of helping his children. He did not seem to realize until he had passed through many struggles that God's way of helping is manifested in times of weakness quite as fully as in our days of conscious strength.

When a man's feeling of self-sufficiency is all gone, God's grace is ready to aid him. Sometimes Christians are set back before they can really go forward, and cast down before they can be uplifted.

A Move in the Right Direction We are glad to see the clear, strong appeal by the *National Christian Forum*, for a campaign to develop and organize a strong public sentiment against the un-American spirit of newspapers which are doing their best to nullify the Eighteenth Amendment, and to encourage the violation of our national laws on prohibition.

Without doubt these newspapers are giving strength to the wet cause more than any other active influence in America today. Our cities are filled with these advocates for the return of liquor. Take the wet dailies entirely out of the case and this hostility to the Constitution on prohibition would soon fade out of sight.

If the American people—all who favor prohibition—would cease to support and encourage the wet papers, and instead, lend their influence to uphold those that are dry and that give prohibition a fair treatment, this momentous question would soon be settled for good.

Only those that represent and propagate our ideals should have our moral and financial support. Papers that are doing all they can to encourage outlaws and to nullify our Constitution are not worthy of support by the large majority of our citizens who voted for national prohibition.

Sometimes in our own sense of strength we struggle hopelessly with our trouble and do not think to trust God and ask for help until our day of weakness comes upon us. Then God's help makes us strong indeed.

Golden Jubilee of Salvation Army On another page we give Evangeline Booth's story of "How Prohibition Saved the Bowery." It gives us some idea of the excellent work of the Salvation Army in the cities of this country.

For half a century now its good work has been going on, and the old-time zeal still holds their members to the work of saving the lost. The Golden Jubilee is now being observed.

The New York *Times* in an editorial has this to say concerning the "Army."

The "chosen few" who came to America fifty years ago, landing at the Battery, and starting in at once to hold an open-air meeting, have grown in number to tens of thousands. But their zeal has not been dissipated. They keep their enthusiasms and never give material relief without also trying to give sustenance for the soul. Ridiculed, reviled, and sometimes harshly treated in the early days of their mission, they reviled not again but kept on their singing way, ignoring taunt and hardship.

Best of all, they have never deserted their chosen clientele for one that could be ministered to by others, and they have won the sympathy and respect of men and women of all creeds in their humanitarian and spiritual service. The fine, spacious, new national headquarters with the marble memorial residence will not, as Commander Booth said when the cornerstone was laid, lift them high above the world but teach them "to go deeper into the shame and misery, poverty and sin that still abound." The whole community welcomes the jubilee guests and joins in grateful recognition of the service of those who still carry their streaming banners of faith and hope in the streets.

Why Not Help Miss Rood? Many of our young people know something of the prizes offered by the *Christian Endeavor World* for winners in securing subscriptions and renewals for that paper. Miss Emma P. Rood of North Loup, Neb., one of our young people, is in this subscription contest, and has already won in the elimination con-

test. She is the only Seventh Day Baptist in this contest as far as she knows. If all of our people who expect to subscribe or renew would do so through her agency, we might help her to win as her prize the trip to Berlin to the World's Christian Endeavor Convention.

Any one willing to help Miss Rood in this way may *subscribe* or *renew* in her name, or may write her and she will attend to the matter for them.

It will be fine if our young people can help her to win. Her address is Emma P. Rood, North Loup, Neb.

Editorial Notes We are glad to know that our old North Loup friend, Brother Charles Thorngate of Exeland, Wis., has received a call to become pastor of the Albion Church, in Wisconsin. He expects to take charge there September first, right after Conference.

Brother J. Fred Whitford, who has been serving Albion as supply pastor for several weeks, preached on Sabbath morning at the Quarterly Meeting of the Chicago and Wisconsin churches in Milton Junction. He found a crowded house out to hear him; and in the business meeting he was urged to send his address to the SABBATH RECORDER. It appears on "Our Pulpit" page.

The church in Berlin, N. Y., is arranging for a sesquicentennial celebration on Sunday of the Eastern Association. One hundred and fifty years of history gives Berlin a prominent place among our older churches. She has enjoyed the leadership of some of our strongest men and has a record of which her members may well be proud.

Why Don't You Write Something For Recorder? We need more home articles written by our own people for the SABBATH RECORDER. I do not mean long essays on some abstract subject, but brief "write ups" on home affairs in the churches. There is scarcely a church that does not have some work—some program, some matter of common interest, some incident now and then—a description of which might be made helpful to other churches and deepen their interest in our general cause, if only some one would write about them.

I feel sure that in every church there is

someone who is well able to do such writing well. Let each church look to this matter and appoint some member for Home News work.

It is distressing to find the day approaching when our RECORDER is due and we have little or nothing to give the printers concerning our own cause throughout the denomination. This compels us to use more general matter than we like to use.

Please give us more home news, or brief articles about denominational matters, if you would make the RECORDER more interesting and helpful.

THE UNDECORATED HERO

REV. GUSTAV STEARNS

Maj. Chap. 32nd Div. Wis. N. G.

Some time ago I was on my way to Brooklyn, Wis., to deliver an address under the auspices of my World War comrades. On the way I had to change trains in Madison. While waiting in the depot at the latter place, a man, after looking me over for some time, came up and spoke to me.

"I beg your pardon, but if I am not mistaken, you are Chaplain Stearns."

"Correct you are. And I suppose you are one of the boys in my old regiment, the 127th Infantry, 32nd Division, A. E. F. Possibly you are from Company G, of that regiment. (Company G was the Madison company.)"

"Yes, chaplain, you are right."

"Were you with Company G, that night on August 3, 1918, northeast of Chateau Thierry, when our regiment was marching on Fismes and when a shell landed in the midst of Company G, and that one shell killed nineteen men in the company and wounded twenty-three more?"

"Yes, chaplain, I was with the company that night."

"Well, my boy, you ought to be thankful to God that you are still alive."

"Chaplain, I am thankful to God."

"Now, listen, 'old-timer,' I want to ask you a question. Who was the bravest boy you ever saw in uniform? I don't want the names of those who were cited by generals in official orders and who won medals; I have their names and I have read what they did. I am of the personal opinion that most of them—possibly all of them—deserved

all the honors they have received. But I know that there are many brave boys whose acts of heroism have never been brought to the attention of the generals. You were one of the boys in a famous company, in a famous front line regiment and I want to know, which was the greatest hero you have seen in the uniform of a soldier?"

"Well, chaplain, you will be surprised when I tell you what boy, the soldiers in my squad, in Company G, considered the greatest hero we ever saw in the uniform of a soldier. He was not a 'hard-boiled' soldier. You know what I mean, chaplain. I am not knocking the boys who thought they were 'hard-boiled'—as far as most of those 'eggs' were concerned, it was only the shell on the outside of them that was hard-boiled—inside, say, most of them were as tender-hearted as babies.

"As far as this boy was concerned, chaplain, we actually felt sorry for him, when he first came to us while we were at Camp Douglas. He was so modest and unassuming and quiet. He never bragged and he never complained about any of the duties which were assigned to him and he always obeyed orders. From the standpoint of everything required by regulations, he was a mighty good soldier. But we felt sorry for him because none of the boys seemed to get chummy with him. The rest of us had one or two buddies, but this boy didn't seem to have any, although in his modest and unassuming way, he seemed to long for someone to make a buddy of him. That is why we felt sorry for him."

"You see, chaplain, he had one peculiar habit. Every night before he went to sleep, he knelt down and said a little prayer out loud. He didn't do this to show off, or to attract attention, or to pretend that he was better than the rest of us. We checked up on him, without his knowing that we did so, and we found that he said exactly the same prayer, even when he thought that none of us was present. As I remember it, the prayer was about like this: 'O God, bless papa and mama back home, and my comrades here, whom I love very much. For Jesus' sake. Amen.'

"Well, chaplain, that 'papa and mama' expression of his, kind of got on our nerves. We wondered what in the world this 'papa and mama' boy was doing in the uniform of a soldier. We figured that he soon would

get over that 'papa and mama' expression in the army. Of course, most of us, possibly all of us, had been taught to pray and believed in prayer and did pray, but we did not say our prayers out loud and we did not pray when others were noticing us. We were probably afraid of pity or ridicule. But this boy had evidently been taught to say his prayers out loud just before he retired each night and he thought it was his duty to say them that way. If he were aware that we felt sorry for him, he showed no resentment. He did not change his custom, and he found no fault with the rest of us.

"We wondered what in the world would happen to this quiet, unassuming 'papa and mama' boy when we should reach the battle front. We could not conceive of such a boy as that marching forward into action on the big front. We figured that he would make some excuse for remaining in the rear—get sick, or get himself assigned to some duties far behind the lines, or something else—and we wondered whether or not he could conceive of some new plan for not going to the front.

"Well, chaplain, finally we reached the big front—the shrieking and whining of exploding shells, the days without food and the nights without sleep, the frightful smell of dead horses and dead men, the falling of wounded and dying comrades. Where was our praying 'papa and mama boy'? I'll tell the world where he was, chaplain. He was right with us, see? And say, that boy had not changed a particle—not a particle, I tell you. Still cool, still unafraid, still obeying every order—and at night—every night—repeating his little prayer. Say, you know that little prayer sounded mighty good to us. We kind of edged in close to him each night waiting for it. And believe me, we no longer pitied him. Reverently, in our thoughts, we joined him in his devotions, repeating the prayers our mothers had taught us back home.

"And then, one day, as we were advancing, that boy stumbled and fell. We spoke to him, but he did not answer. We tried to raise him up, but it was no use. A bullet or a piece of exploding shell had struck him and he was dead. That night we gathered around him and we listened in vain for those lips to repeat the familiar little prayer. Could any of us repeat the words for him?

We knew the words, but not one of us could get our lips to repeat them out loud. I don't know why, but we couldn't utter a single word. And we, who thought we were 'hard-boiled,' just broke down and cried like babies. Did we cry because we were afraid? No, we cried because we had learned to love that boy so. He was the real thing, I tell you. He was the bravest boy we had ever seen in the uniform of a soldier."—*Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual*.

THE MEANING OF PENTECOST

We are accustomed to say in our Creed, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." Is that merely pious cant, and a meaningless phrase, only spoken at a time when it is repeated too fast for meditation, or do we really give the assent of our life to it?

Paul, on his journeying to Ephesus, found some people who were trying to lead a Christian life, but whose lives were so dead and utterly useless and had in them so little that was spiritual, that it smote his heart and he said to them: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost, since ye believed?" They opened their eyes in surprise and said, "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." When Paul asked them unto what they had been baptized, they said, "Unto the baptism of John." That is, they had repented and were trying to get rid of their sins and do God's will, but without any conscious help from above. Paul told them that they had not as yet touched the rudiments of Christ's life. There was no joy, liberty, or blessing. They must have the mighty uplift of the Holy Spirit, the Strength-giver. Under Paul's instruction the Ephesians found it, and their lives were transformed.

Lineal descendants of that Ephesian company are to be found everywhere; their names may even be written down in our church records and they are to be found in our pews Sabbath after Sabbath. Such people say they are trying to live virtuous lives, but it is the life under the law. It is the life of the first mile, not the second. There is no joy in it, no love in it, no abounding life. No greater question could be propounded to you than the question I am now asking—"Have ye received the Holy Spirit since ye believed? Has the Spirit of Christ

come to rule in your life? Do you know anything about his power to fortify the soul?"

The Savior was so insistent upon the coming of this power into the lives of men that he told his disciples that they would be of no use in the world until it came. He would not allow them to go to the great task which he had laid upon them, until they were endued with that power. We do well to remember that the climax of the Christian religion is in the coming of the Holy Spirit. At Christmas Christ was born; at Easter he rose from the dead. But the Church itself was born at Pentecost. Even after the resurrection the disciples were a frightened company. They were trembling behind bolted doors, but after Pentecost how changed! The man who preached on that day, what, in some respects, is the greatest sermon ever preached, was an erstwhile poltroon, liar, and blasphemer. He had been frightened almost to death by a serving-girl; but after the Holy Spirit came, he was fitted to preach this greatest of all sermons. With him henceforth there would be no questioning, no doubt, but a going to his death for the love he had for his Lord, as a bridegroom might go to meet his bride. And what was true of him, was true of all the rest. They never abated a jot of heart, or hope, or service, until they paid the price of their devotion on the cross or by the headsman's sword, or went to meet their Lord in winding sheets of flame. If the coming of the Holy Spirit was necessary for the birth of the Church is it not also necessary for its continued life?

There are two words in connection with Pentecost to which I desire to direct attention. The sacred record says: "Cloven tongues like as of fire sat upon each of them." As they waited in that upper room they were there with one accord, all differences were laid aside, all selfishness was forgotten. It was an hour of cleansing and purifying. A new force had entered into their lives. We use the word "enthusiasm." What does it mean? It means God in us! We use the word "zeal" to express our devotion. Where did we get that word, and what does it mean? It is from the Greek word "*zeo*" meaning to boil. Wouldn't it be a glorious thing for the Church of God

today, if it could reach boiling-point in its devotion? At what point does water boil? Well, if at the earth's surface, it boils at 212 degrees Fahrenheit, wouldn't it boil at 150 degrees if it were kept there a long time? The answer is: if you kept it there to all eternity you wouldn't develop steam enough to blow a baby's whistle. But when water reaches boiling-point then steam is almost irresistible and will drive a great Mogul engine with a hundred freight cars at a terrific speed across a continent. It is not otherwise when you reach the boiling-point in life. As a matter of material mathematics, you might say that two halves equal one whole; but in spiritual mathematics it doesn't work that way. A thousand half-hearted Christians are no equal for a single whole-hearted one; or, to be more exact, every half-hearted Christian is a liability instead of an asset to the Christian Church. The more she has of them, the worse off she is.

The other word is "power." "Ye shall receive power," said Jesus, "after the Holy Ghost is come upon you." There we have the Greek word "*dunamis*" from which we get our word "dynamite." You can see the power of God in nature, and the marvel of it grows with every passing hour. Our scientists are telling us that there is force enough in a single atom to overwhelm the greatest city, or to lift the fleet that was sunk at Scapa Flow and put every vessel on the tops of the Trossachs. It is immaterial to God whether he uses that power in nature or in grace. All things are possible through the power of the Holy Spirit.

One of the sweetest and noblest of Christian scholars was Dr. William F. Warren, president emeritus of Boston University, who has recently passed into the life beyond. There are few to whom I owe so great a debt as a student as to him; but I owe him another debt (which I am sure you will be glad to share) for his matchless hymn to the Holy Spirit. May I quote the last stanza?

"I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee.
With thee each day is Pentecost,
Each night, Nativity."

Charles F. Goodell,
in "Federal Council Bulletin."

MISSIONS

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

TWO IMPORTANT LETTERS FROM CHINA

Recently two letters have come from the head of our mission in China, Rev. J. W. Crofoot, which are of more than usual interest because they treat a question of very vital importance. These letters were written specifically for the missionary secretary's information, but Mr. Crofoot intimates that one of them may well be published in the Missions Department; and as one needs to read both to get the full purport of the other, both are given below.

As intimated in this department last week, the question of religious instruction in our schools in China is coming to the front, and it looks as though it must now be met. It has been understood that because our schools in China are to the Foreign Concession, they would not be forced to meet the question of registration; but this hope seems to be vanishing.

The most of us are willing to admit that we are more or less in the dark as to what the wise course is, but some things seem clear:

(1) It is no time for a snap judgment. Due time should be secured, if possible, and the fullest consideration given the subject.

(2) All available facts connected with the situation should be taken into consideration. "A half truth is the worst kind of a lie," so it is stated on high authority, and the presentation of a set of facts favoring one solution to the exclusion of other facts is no better than a half truth. The fullest information is needed and the problem should be considered and settled in the light of all the facts.

(3) Other denominations are facing and meeting the same problems, and the facts they have gathered and the conclusions they have reached may be studied with profit.

(4) There are certain general principles which must also be taken into account. For instance, the sacred principle of religious liberty, which has cost so much through the

ages, must not be ignored, and if infringement upon said principle is tolerated even temporarily, it should be done under protest. Again the principle of self-determination and similar rights of nationals can not be ignored and mission workers in any and every land, if ultimately successful, must take this item into account.

(5) Above all we need to seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The problem is not only very difficult, but tremendous consequences are hanging upon a right solution; and if we depend upon man's wisdom and leadership, we are bound to get into deep trouble and finally fail.

The official communication to the Missionary Board from the mission in China mentioned by Mr. Crofoot has not been received, and this problem has not been brought directly before the board during the last three years; but Mr. Crofoot's letters open the problem to view again, and when the communication from the mission comes, the whole question will receive fullest consideration. The board, the mission in China, and the Chinese people need our especial prayers at this time.

MY DEAR SECRETARY BURDICK:

Though I shall not prepare the letter for the RECORDER that it seems to be my duty to do about this time to keep up the schedule, I think perhaps I'd better write a brief note to you about our situation vis-a-vis the government which is again to the fore.

Not long ago (two weeks perhaps), we had another letter or circular from the educational bureau with a list of questions. We did not answer it and later a representative of the bureau came and asked quite a lot of questions which were asked and answered very courteously. That was March 31. Then we received a letter or notification or order of which this is a translation:

NOTIFICATION NO. 1484 OF THE BUREAU OF
EDUCATION OF GREATER SHANGHAI

To Grace High School:

Notice is hereby given that the curriculum and administration of a private school should conform to the present regulations of education, and the course in religion should not be listed as a requirement; the students should not be compelled or induced to attend religious services. The said school gives insufficient time to the different courses of study except English. That no classes are taught on Saturday and that the meetings on Saturday afternoon are entirely religious does not conform to the regulations. Moreover the school equipment is simple and the enrollment is low, so the senior middle school should be closed after this summer vacation. And according to

the regulations of the Commission of Education a board of directors should be organized and the courses of study should be reconstructed. Awaiting an answer to the effect of this notification,

By order

CHEN TUH CHUN, Chairman.

The Bureau of Education of
Greater Shanghai,
Shanghai, April 4, 1930.

(Translation by David Sung)

After discussing the matter at a meeting of the teachers of the Boys' School, we had a meeting of the advisory committee of the same and have sent them an answer about as follows: We are now erecting a new building in which we hope to have a more adequate equipment; we shall plan to increase the time given to other subjects than English; as to turning the school's control over to a board of directors we can not do that without the consent of the Missionary Board at home, to whom we are writing to ask for their permission.

I suppose that we shall likely get another letter soon saying that we must comply with their orders, but we may not get it. We agreed among ourselves (i. e. the committee) that though we do not approve of registering under present conditions, still we think it would be better to register than to close the school. . . . Probably next week we shall take some action as a mission, i. e. we foreign missionaries, on the matter. At any rate I will try to keep you informed.

Yours faithfully,

J. W. CROFOOT.

April 11, 1930.

MY DEAR SECRETARY BURDICK:

This is more about the subject of registration. At the mission meeting last night there was much discussion of the subject, and it was agreed that while we do not approve of the government regulations and do not wish to register unless and until we are obliged to with the alternative of closing the school, we still all think that rather than to close we should register.

I may add that in the case of some of the Christian schools that have registered the religious instruction that still goes on, on a voluntary basis, seems to be as effective as on the old compulsory basis. In some cases where the school is now under a Chinese principal as well as under a Chinese board, or rather a board of which two-thirds is Chinese, the former principal who is still teaching and doing what religious work is possible on Sunday or in voluntary Bible classes, seems to find it a real relief to be rid of so much responsibility. In other cases, however, the ex-principal still has the responsibility without the authority—an anomalous position of course.

In some cases the home board, which was unwilling to give up the authority to a new board, has rented the school plant at a nominal rate (one dollar a year I think in some instances) to the new board of directors, and let them try it for a while. Possibly that may be the best way for our society in the future some time. You see we do not know how soon it may come upon

us in such a definite way that we shall have to face the question of immediate registration (or beginning it) with the alternative of immediate closing. So we should have the ruling of the board on the matter, it seems to me.

As to our position in the French Concession. It is doubtful if it would be wise for us to act in direct defiance of the Chinese government, relying on the protection of the foreign aegis. Possibly the first step in regulating or punishing us, if we were to do so, would be to prevent the Chinese papers from publishing our announcements of opening, etc. Another very obvious step for them to take would be for them to publish their own advertisement, saying that we had been ordered to close. In such a case, of course, it is extremely unlikely that pupils would come to us.

This morning a new notification or order has come from the Bureau of Education of Greater Shanghai instructing us to proceed rapidly with the organization of a board of control, and to have that board proceed with registration. It also requires us to proceed with reforming our curriculum and to report that to the bureau. Our attention is also called to sections 1, 4, and 5 of the "regulations for private schools" as issued August 29, 1929. These are the one defining private school; the one requiring that the principal, president, or dean shall be Chinese; and the one about religious instruction—it must not be compulsory, and if given, the students must not be compelled or induced to participate, and none is allowed in primary schools.

On the other hand, a very courteous inspector who visited the Girls' School yesterday, told Miss West that they would have no objection to religious instruction provided it is made voluntary. And he certainly knew that the Girls' School is not a senior middle school.

The more I think of it and the more I observe, the more I think that the attitude of the Chinese government toward mission schools is very like the attitude of most Protestant Americans toward parochial schools as conducted. It seems to them a scheme for making their children disloyal to their own government.

I enclose a copy of a translation of the regulations, made by the East China Christian Educational Association. Like most Chinese proclamations, I presume that some of it represents the ideal rather than what is to be expected at once.

The corresponding secretary of the mission will, I presume, write you officially of the action of the mission meeting last night, but these are some of my own reactions and thoughts on the subject. I have not written this definitely for publication, but I have no objection to your publishing it if you think it of sufficient general interest.

Yours faithfully,

J. W. CROFOOT.

23 Route de Zikawei,
Shanghai,
April 17, 1930.

Order is of the first importance, because without it we could have no liberty and no progress.—Former President Coolidge.

WOMAN'S WORK

MISS ALBERTA DAVIS, SALEM, W. VA.
Contributing Editor

MINUTES OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

The Woman's Board met Sunday, May 11, 1930, at the home of Mrs. Earl W. Davis. Members present: Mrs. H. C. Van Horn, Miss Lotta Bond, Miss Alberta Davis, Mrs. L. R. Polan, Mrs. George B. Shaw, Mrs. G. H. Trainer, Mrs. Okey W. Davis, Miss Conza Meathrell, Mrs. Edward Davis, Mrs. Earl W. Davis and Mrs. Oris O. Stutler.

The meeting was called to order by the president. The Scripture lesson, Proverbs 31, was read by Mrs. George B. Shaw. Prayer was offered by Mrs. G. H. Trainer.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read.

The treasurer's report was read and adopted and is as follows:

MRS. L. R. POLAN, Treasurer

IN ACCOUNT WITH THE WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD

Receipts

Balance April 12, 1930\$388.61
H. R. Crandall, Onward Movement, April. 18.48

Total \$407.09

Expenditures

Abingdon Press, literature\$ 1.50
Gentry Missionary Society, March prize.. 2.00
Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society,
Miriam Shaw 100.00

\$103.50

Balance May 10, 1930 303.59

Total \$407.09

Correspondence from the following was read: Mrs. W. J. S. Smith, Fouke, Ark.; Mrs. Mabel T. Kenyon, Westerly, R. I.; Mrs. Nettie I. Burdick, Rockville, R. I.; Mrs. J. S. Brown, Brookfield, N. Y.

The following reported for the April RECORDER Reading Contest: Loyal Workers, Rockville, R. I.; Woman's Missionary Society, Hammond, La.; Circle No. 2, Milton, Wis.; Fouke Seventh Day Baptist Ladies' Aid, Fouke, Ark.; Ladies' Aid society, Salem, W. Va.

It was voted that the awarding of the April prize be deferred until we have more complete record.

The program committee for the woman's hour of the General Conference gave a report of progress.

It was voted that the chair appoint committees for the purpose of arranging the breakfast and program for the woman's discussion breakfast of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference.

It was voted that an order be drawn on the treasurer and money be sent to the Missionary Board at once, for Miss Miriam Shaw's passage to China.

The program for the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference was read.

It was voted that the program committee for the woman's hour of the General Conference be authorized to purchase supplies as needed.

It was voted that the following expression of love and sympathy be included in our records:

Realizing the great sorrow and loss which have come to our dear sister, Miss Lotta Bond, corresponding secretary of this body, in the sudden death of her honored father, the members of the Woman's Board wish to express to her and to the members of her family their deepest and sincerest sympathy, and commend them to the care of him who comforts and sustains all those who trust in him.

The minutes were read and approved.

The board adjourned to meet with Mrs. G. H. Trainer the second Sunday in June.

MRS. H. C. VAN HORN,
President.

MRS. ORIS O. STUTLER,
Secretary.

HOW PROHIBITION SAVED THE BOWERY

Two "blind tigers" on a block are better than one saloon.

That is the considered opinion of a Salvation Army officer who has seen drunkenness decreasing under prohibition in spite of the speak-easies.

Commander Evangeline Booth quotes this opinion in her own fervent appraisal of the benefits of prohibition in an article in the *New York Times*.

In her work in England, Europe, Canada, the Klondike, and now for nearly twenty-five years in the United States, Commander

Booth has been surrounded by seas of rum, from which she sought to save thousands of human derelicts. Here she has watched the seas ebb and many old soaks stagger back to sobriety, dry out, and become reclaimed to useful citizenship.

In New York, before prohibition, she writes, the Salvation Army would collect twelve hundred to thirteen hundred drunkards in a single night, and seek to reclaim them. Prohibition immediately reduced this ingathering to four hundred, and in a particular test the proportion of actually intoxicated persons dwindled from nineteen out of twenty to no more than seven in all. "In fact," she says, "this method of evangelization yielded so few results that we gave it up."

Take, for instance, the Bowery, that once hectic thoroughfare of crime, where rum was the handmaiden of evil.

"Our report from the Bowery," says Commander Booth, "is that drinking in that difficult area has dropped sixty per cent—that is, to less than half what it was. In 1920, the first year of prohibition, the Salvation Army took charge of the Bowery Hotel. Every night, and especially on Saturday night, men had to be ejected for creating disturbances. But today, in our Memorial Hotel, where we house 4,800 men a week, we do not have more than four or five cases of intoxication, or one in one thousand."

Contrast this with a picture of what the Bowery used to be, as it is described by an experienced officer:

"This section was notorious for more than one hundred years as the great crime center of the metropolis, if not of the country.

"Under the licensed saloon the gangster organizations were thoroughly entrenched; concert halls and gambling clubs of a most vicious character were doing business in a high-handed way.

"Many men were murdered in cold blood and buried beneath the buildings, or thrown into the sewers, or otherwise done away with. There were about one hundred saloons, four saloons to every block, making on both sides of the street eight saloons. Some of these were palatial, occupying an independent building; the upstairs was used for all kinds of iniquity—they were usually called 'Ladies' Parlors.'

"There were more than a hundred parlor houses and hundreds of smaller houses of prostitution running on the side streets the entire length of the Bowery, extending way down into Cherry and Water streets.

"It is estimated that 200,000 men would come

in from the country from various states—New England, New York State, Pennsylvania, New Jersey—every week, especially on Saturdays and Sundays.

"Millions of dollars were poured into the pockets of the vicious purveyors of sin who thrived on the business of rum and immorality. Lodging-houses were not as numerous, but there were many of them twenty or thirty years ago. The lodging-houses in those days were notorious for the peddling of rum, dope, stolen goods, and debauchery.

"There was much bootlegging going on in the days of the saloon—more than in these days.

"In fact, I have had a policeman, in fact many of them, some of them now retired, tell me that the Bowery and Third Avenue was a veritable hell on earth from the vice and brawls that went on, not only with the gangsters and the tough boys of the neighborhood but many families as well. I have had these same policemen tell us what a wonderful change has been brought about in a reign of quietness for the neighborhood since prohibition came."

Similar reports of increasing sobriety come from Chicago and many other large cities, and, writes Commander Booth:

"The reason is economic.

"These men can not afford to pay for reliable liquor at seventy-five cents a drink, and in any event reliable liquor is more difficult to obtain.

"It has been said that in the evasion of the Eighteenth Amendment there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. The position of the Salvation Army is that drink is not a blessing of which prohibition deprives citizens who are entitled to it. We regard drink as a danger from which the citizen and his home have been wisely defended.

"The statement that indulgence in liquor and consequent evasion of the Eighteenth Amendment vary inversely as the wealth of the families involved means that the mass of the nation engaged upon the production and consumption of commodities is not to be held responsible for the bootlegging, the rum-running, and the disobedience to law which have been so widely advertised for the purpose of discrediting a beneficent measure of reform.

"Our officers, in their reports, are fully conscious that evasion is a serious offense against the public interest.

"But they deny pointblank that such evasion, even where it is most prevalent, has destroyed the broader values of the law evaded.

"If," asks one of our officers at Worcester, Mass., "prohibition at its worst has improved conditions to the extent that is seen, what would it be if we had a perfect enforcement of the Volstead Law?"

No middle ground is possible, in the opinion of Commander Booth. Permit light wine and beer, under whatever control, and "there would be exactly the same forces organized

to break down regulation that are today organized against prohibition." Finally:

"The conclusion of the Salvation Army therefore has been, in one sentence, that prohibition in the full sense of the word has been a major reason for the rapid advance of the United States to a foremost place among nations; that liquor not prohibited is a major reason for the retardation of a similar progress among other peoples of the world, and that if prohibition be attacked, whether by foreign nations or by certain of our own citizens, the reason is, in the main, a selfishness on the part of the individual or of the financial interest involved.

"In a sentence, the world is moving toward the view that liquor is a survival of the past and, manifestly, prohibition in the United States has come to stay, and must be accepted as the law of the land."

—Selected.

CAN THE CHURCH RECOVER PENTECOST?

REV. CHARLES L. GOODELL

Executive Secretary, Commission on Evangelism, Federal Council of the Churches

The movement for the observance of Pentecost, as sponsored by nearly all the great communions comprising the Federal Council of Churches, differs from most other movements in the Church in being carried forward without external organization or machinery, with no artificial promotion by committees, with no setting of financial or statistical goals. All the emphasis is being placed upon leading the members of the churches into a deeper personal experience of religion and a more receptive attitude toward the Spirit of God.

It would be a dismal nineteen-hundredth anniversary of Pentecost if the Church should simply content itself with the rehearsing of a twice-told tale or speculating concerning the attending circumstances of a manifestation of the Holy Spirit long ago. It is not a celebration of the first Pentecost but an actual experience of Pentecost itself that the Church is needing. At the beginning of the Church, the Master said it would be of no use for his disciples to start out to evangelize the world until they themselves had experienced something of which, up to that moment, they were ignorant. They had heard the Master's teaching, but the transforming power of it had not laid hold of them. It was futile then, it would be futile now, for Christians to proclaim that teaching unless the vital power of it has been felt in their own inner lives.

We are not concerned about the spectac-

ular phases of the first Pentecost—the lambent flame, the miracle of tongues—but we are concerned that the glowing spiritual experience which these accompanied—the experience of the present reality of God—should be an indisputable fact in our own lives. We hear much talk about applied religion. But how can we apply a thing which we do not really possess? One can not lift himself by his bootstraps. Archimedes needed a standing-place and a lever to move the world, and we must have the same. Will the churches wait for it, in meditation and prayer and consecrated purposes, during these days which are just ahead, until in answer to their sense of uttermost need the infilling of the Holy Spirit shall be an accomplished fact? Then every church might receive a Pentecost of its own. Why not, during these fifty days of Pentecost, lay aside as a secondary thing the routine of administration—the hewing of wood and the drawing of water—and a thousand little things which, though good in themselves, are not of primary importance?

We have a great deal to say, and rightly, about the necessity of knowing and safeguarding the truth. But the truth of which the world is in desperate need is not academic or abstract truth, but the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, the transforming truth which makes man over in his motives and attitudes and ways of living. It was that truth from on high that could change the first company of frightened disciples, who were meeting behind closed doors even after the resurrection, to a company of militant men and women who went out to conquer the world through the transforming power of the Holy Spirit, which they themselves had experienced. It is the very thing of which, above all else, the Church is in dire need today.

Men stand shivering today around altars where the fires have gone out. What contrast with those first Christians, whose zeal was all aflame! You see an engine standing "dead" on the track, but when the water is heated to the boiling point it fairly quivers with power. Not otherwise will it be with churches that become conscious of the divine power to which Pentecost bears witness.

"Orthodoxy can be learned from others; living faith must be a matter of personal experience."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. CLIFFORD A. BEEBE
P. O. BOX 72, BEREA, W. VA.
Contributing Editor

YOU WANT TO READ IT

A long time ago, I made a request for our young folks to send in some stories for this page. At the first of the year, I promised a serial story, and we will have it yet, but it has been delayed, and is not yet ready. Then yesterday I had a surprise. In my mail were two long envelopes from Ashaway; and when I opened them—lo! there was before me the story I had hoped for!

You will like "The Rainbow of Promise," as I did. It is like real life. But I won't tell you about it. Read it.—C. A. B.

THE RAINBOW OF PROMISE

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

CHAPTER I

It had been a wonderful day—warm, almost, as midsummer. Now it was fast drawing to a close, and the dark-haired girl, who for more than an hour had sat in a low chair under the crabapple tree—writing, writing—suddenly raised her eyes to the western sky where the sun was going down in a burst of glory. Never had rose-tinted clouds looked more beautiful. Never had the white pines and spruce trees, far down in the valley, been more attractive. And the girl knew, without turning her head, that the windows of the old farmhouse a few rods back of her were never more shining. Almost they might have been touched with fingers of gold, so bright were they.

Pink and white apple blossoms made the gnarled old tree a thing of beauty, and the air was filled with their fragrance, and with that of the purple lilacs near by.

A pair of gray horses, driven by a lad whose auburn hair was not quite hidden by the big hat he wore, stopped to drink at the little brook just beyond the foot of the hill, and the lad whistled while he waited for them. From the pasture came the sound of tinkling cow bells. It was a peaceful scene—one the dark-haired girl was destined to remember.

"If life could only be like that," she thought wistfully, "but it isn't. There's always something to make it wretched and disagreeable. There's always a fly in the ointment. I don't care if Auntie Jackson does say she's thankful there's ointment. What does she know about real life? Something always happens to spoil things."

As if in answer to the girl's thoughts, a sudden gust of wind, coming from no one knew where, took two sheets of the letter she had been holding, played with them a moment, then tossed them in the direction of the tallest and biggest of the purple lilac bushes.

With a little cry of dismay, the girl sprang from her chair, dropping the book that lay in her lap, and ran to the rescue. She was quick, but a small white dog, bouncing out from the woodshed, was even more alert. When she reached the lilac bush, Bobs had one sheet of the letter in his mouth and was running gleefully away with it. The other sheet could be seen on the ground, and it was necessary for the girl to crowd in between two lilacs to reach it.

Suddenly she heard voices, and around the corner of the farmhouse came Nan, her younger sister, and their cousin, Ted Williams. They looked toward the vacant chair under the crabapple tree, but no one was in sight.

"I guess Patricia's gone over to see Auntie Jackson," Nan said, after a moment. "She's telling folks good-by today. Mother thought we'd find her here, but it won't make any difference. You can put the letter in the book she's left on the ground. It's not to be opened till tomorrow anyway."

"Say, I wanted to see her when she opened it," Ted replied, "but Jean said, Nothing doing! Patricia would be sure to turn it down if she knew what had been wished on her."

"Of course she would. Think of sending her to investigate the Crandalls. Patricia's not an eavesdropper—or a spy."

Patricia Anderson, in the shelter of the purple lilacs, shrank farther back, and her cheeks grew pinker than the pink apple blossoms. Wasn't she an eavesdropper this minute? Well, she wouldn't be any longer, and, picking up the sheet of paper, she started to leave her hiding-place; but immediately she stepped back, for Ted was saying, "I s'pose you know Neil Dixon is com-

ing to Edgewood Thursday, Nan? His uncle sent for him, and Dad says he'd better hustle when the old man speaks. Maybe it means he won't be doing what he wants to, after all. Wouldn't Patricia be glad if he had to help run a big store 'stead o' being a preacher!"

Nan started to say something, then put her hands over her lips, but presently she removed them to remark, "Patricia won't be here when he gets to Edgewood."

"I know—unless she doesn't go with the Hunts. You bet Neil will come to see her. He always does."

"He won't find her this time. She's promised to go with the Hunts, and they're starting early tomorrow morning. Oh Ted, you haven't heard from David, have you?"

"Not a word. And he's been gone eight months. Everything's horrid at our house. But I've got to beat it. There's a show on tonight that's a 'stunner'—thrills every minute, shooting 'n all that. Dad said I couldn't go, but he's going off to a business appointment. Mother's motoring out to the Scott's party, and Jean's got a date, so he'll have to give in. A fellow's got to do something, and nobody's ever home any more."

Nan watched Ted until he reached the road, then she went to meet her brother Harry, who was bringing the gray horses from the field.

At the first opportunity, Patricia, her dark hair ruffled by the lilac twigs with which it had come in contact, her cheeks very red, came out from her hiding place and hurried to the chair under the crabapple tree for the book in which Ted had left a letter. Two sheets of her own letter were safe in the book, another sheet was in her hand, but where was the fourth—the most important one of them all?

Bobs was sitting on a flat stone beyond the apple tree, but the sheet of paper he had taken from the purple lilac was gone. Patricia tried to send him after it, but he only wagged his tail a little and stared at her as if he had never heard the word paper mentioned, and chasing papers was one of his special pleasures. After a frantic search for the missing sheet, Patricia gave it up as lost and hurried to the house. She must get more paper and re-write that part of the letter. Then there was packing to be done.

From the kitchen came delicious odors, for a special supper was being prepared in

view of the coming separation. It would be a late meal—father and Harry were doing extra work today—but there would be time afterward for a little visit. Tomorrow night she would be many miles from Cedarville and home.

The invitation to accompany Roberta Hunt and her brother and sister-in-law on their motor trip had come as a great surprise; but it had been accepted at once, though Patricia knew there were things connected with it that were not approved by her family. She was not thinking of these, however, as she went to her room and seated herself at her small desk. From the book she drew the letter Ted had brought at his sister's request. The writing on the envelope was very coarse and black, and Patricia smiled as she read, "Important! Please do not open before eleven o'clock Tuesday morning!"

"I suppose Jean thought the bigger and blacker she made her letters the more they would impress me with their importance," Patricia said to herself. "Well, I'm not at all anxious to open this. Whatever it says, I shall probably not do it. This is my playtime, and I don't intend to spoil it by investigating people or being an eavesdropper, as Nan calls it. So every one seems to know that Neil is coming to Edgewood, and of course that means Cedarville, too. And I shall not be here."

From a pigeon-hole in her desk, Patricia suddenly took a thick letter and from it removed one sheet, which, to all appearances, had been read many times. Now she proceeded to read it again.

"Oh, Patricia," it began, "I wish you could see this as I do—then you wouldn't want me to turn deaf ears to the voice which has been calling, calling me. I wish you would sit on your hillside some Sabbath morning, and, looking far down on the little white church, think of it as typical of many other churches. Then look at the cement highway just beyond the church and try to count the cars passing, passing. Seven days a week they pass, and the number of them that stop at the little white church on the seventh day is very small. Yet people are starving for the precious gospel message. Patricia, the Christ I serve wants me to work in one of those churches, and I feel that I must make the best preparation possible. I haven't a word to say against Uncle

Dan's well-established business. Some one could go in with him and, as you say, become rich in this world's goods, but I am not the one. If I went back on the promise I have made, I should feel that I was crucifying my Savior afresh.

"Forgive me, Patricia, if I am disappointing you. You know what you mean to me."

Yes, Patricia did know, and there were tears in her eyes when she laid the letter carefully away in her suitcase. It would go with her wherever she went. Oh, why couldn't she see things as Neil saw them? She ought to love the little white church and the great truths for which it stood just as much as he did. They had given their lives to Christ there at the same time, and they had worked together in Christian Endeavor until their studies took them to different places. She would try to think this question through when her playtime was over.

From the dining room came a sudden summons to supper. When that was over, friends came up the hill for a farewell call, and it was late when they departed. So Patricia was obliged to put her unfinished letter away in her suitcase, to be attended to on the morrow.

Beside a large pansy bed, gay with yellow and blue and purple blossoms, lay the lost sheet of paper, but Patricia did not know this. Only Bobs knew.

(To be continued.)

Ashaway, R. I.

PRAYER IN THE LIFE OF LEADERS

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 7, 1930

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Jesus at prayer (Matt. 17: 1-9)
Monday—Moses' prayer (Num. 14: 11-25)
Tuesday—Abraham's prayer (Gen. 18: 17-33)
Wednesday—Jacob's prayer (Gen. 28: 10-22)
Thursday—Elijah's prayer (Jas. 5: 17, 18)
Friday—A prayer by Paul (Eph. 1: 15-23)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Prayer in the life of leaders (Mark 1: 35; Luke 6: 12. Consecration meeting)

HERBERT C. VAN HORN

"Where do you go, mother?" said her boy who had noticed under certain circumstances that she returned radiant of face. "I go to pray," she replied. "Mother, teach me to pray." Not only a beautiful tribute

to mother, but a testimony to the real value of prayer.

The disciples must have noted the effect of prayer in the life of the Master, who spent so much time "apart"—"all night in prayer." It awakened longing in their own hearts, for they said, "Lord, teach us to pray." Prayer had no small part in their preparation for leadership. When Pentacost came they were gathered in prayer.

There was never a time when leaders and followers (fellow workers) alike needed prayer more. We live in an age of hurry and rush. We have become imbued with the belief that we "better wear out than rust out," though why one should insist on either alternative is not quite clear. "Take time to be holy, speak oft with thy Lord," is good practical advice as well as good Christian religion.

The Bible is replete with outstanding men and women whose great needs drove them to pray. Abraham built an altar there, is the record oft repeated. David was a man of prayer; Elijah prayed; Daniel thrice daily was seen in prayer before his window open toward Jerusalem and to his hateful enemies. The best of Israel and Judah's kings were men who prayed.

The great leaders of the Church have been men of prayer. Luther declared he had so much to do that he could never get it done unless he spent three or four hours a day in prayer. Moody was a praying evangelist. The great men of God whom we have personally known were men of "the closet."

The leaders of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of tomorrow will be men and women who learned the secrets and habits of prayer in their youth.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LEADER

Give more time of the meeting to prayer by the members.

Invite one or two of your timid ones to your pre-prayer meeting.

Prayer service.

Look up appropriate and helpful prayers and place them in the hands of several members, two or three days before your meeting. The careful study of such prayers encourages and enriches our own praying.

Take a little time of your meeting for the careful study of some great prayer. What are the elements of its power and appeal?

Prepare an envelope with name of each member, containing one object, either of praise or thanksgiving, or object of prayer, to be used in form of prayer in response to his name at roll call.

Lost Creek, W. Va.

QUIET HOUR THOUGHTS
LYLE CRANDALL

One of the greatest leaders the world has ever known was Paul, the apostle. When we study his life we can see that he had all of the qualifications which a great leader should have. The absolute giving of *himself* to his work made him a great leader, and caused him to win many souls to Christ. He *emptied himself* in order that he might serve his Master and others. He gave his whole energy to his work, not thinking of any reward, but simply desiring to serve humanity. He was willing to suffer hardships and persecution so that Christ might be glorified, and that he might preach the gospel to the world. Where would Christianity be today if Paul had failed in his great task?

George Washington was a great leader because he gave his whole energy to the cause which he loved. He did not care for fame and honor, but his greatest aim was to gain freedom for his fellow men, and he was willing to suffer hardships in order to attain his end. This can be said of Abraham Lincoln and scores of other great men who have served their generations.

If we wish to serve our generation we must absolutely give ourselves to our work and consecrate our lives to Christian service.

"I live not in myself, but become
Portion of that around me."

INTERMEDIATE CORNER

REV. JOHN FITZ RANDOLPH
Intermediate Superintendent
Milton Junction, Wis.

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—A key to knowledge (Luke 11: 52)

Monday—A well-stored mind (Matt. 13: 52)

Tuesday—Culture (Prov. 8: 1-9)

Wednesday—Firmly fixed knowledge (Eccl. 12: 11)

Thursday—The scientific mind (Acts 7: 22)

Friday—Paul, the educated (Acts 22: 1-3)

Sabbath Day—Topic: The values of a good education (Prov. 3: 3-18)

Topic for Sabbath Day, June 7, 1930

PROGRAM

(Arranged by the Lookout Committee of the
Alfred Station Christian Endeavor society)

Praise Service—Led by the music committee.

Reading—The value of a good education.
(Printed below.)

Lesson Reading—In concert. Proverbs 3: 3-18.

Answer Box—Each one answer on slip of paper, "Why do you go to school?"
Collect slips, distribute again, and read in turn.

Closing—As planned by leader.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD EDUCATION
RUBIE A. CLARKE

M. B. Syngé, author of "Social Life in England," quotes Mazzini as saying: "It is your duty to educate yourselves as far as lies in your power. Your liberty, your rights, your emancipation from every injustice in your social position, the task which each of you is bound to fulfill on earth—all these depend upon the degree of education you are able to attain. Without education you are incapable of rightly choosing between good and evil."

According to Webster, "Education is properly to draw forth, and implies not so much the communication of knowledge, as the discipline of the intellect, the establishment of the principles and the regulation of the heart."

With this in mind, I believe few of you will say, "I do not see any use in an education," for even the youngest of you have seen people who were entirely without self-control. Like a ship without a rudder, their minds and tempers were tossed by every storm. Trouble or harmful associates drove their moral bark upon the rocks, or left them drifting helplessly toward a whirlpool of sin.

If one wishes to gain an education, it is best to go to the source of supply. So our schools furnish us material from which to form our own education most easily and quickly. From the knowledge of the ages we may select and weigh evidence which will act as ballast through our storms of life. History gives us a guide to our political and social relationships, if we choose aright. Mathematics helps to steer our financial affairs. Science shows our relationship to the

world of progress and invention. And so with other studies.

Yet, if only our intellect is trained, we are still a ship without an anchor. Only by studying the Bible, our great chart; and learning from Jesus, the great Captain of our souls, how to command our frail bark, will we be able to acquire *faith*, the great anchor which will enable us to face the storms of life without a fear.

Then, and only then, shall we truly have a good education.

Alfred Station, N. Y.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS

ELISABETH K. AUSTIN
Westerly, R. I.

FOR YOUR LOOKOUT COMMITTEE

Arrange for a "mountain climbing" contest. On a sheet of cardboard draw a mountain and another just like it on the back. Divide the society, calling one division the "Reds" and the other the "Greens." Use crayon in the corresponding color to mark the "climb" each week, keeping the side which is ahead in view.

Each week mark one-quarter inch for the side having perfect attendance, one-quarter inch for the side whose members who are present all take part in the testimony meeting, and also one-quarter inch when all members on one side offer sentence prayers.

If any of the juniors are backward about taking part, the captain should find appropriate Bible verses or clippings for them to read. After becoming accustomed to hearing themselves speak before the others by standing and reading, they will soon form the habit of giving their own thoughts. This is the end toward which we are working, and no junior should be allowed week after week to read a clipping. Have him write out his thoughts on the topic a few weeks and read them or let him answer a question.

HOME NEWS

NORTONVILLE, KAN.—During the recent months, Nortonville has been richly blessed by an evangelistic season. Evangelistic efforts have included a "go-to-church campaign," a study of the covenant, a series of prayer meetings on the subject of "Personal

Evangelism," a series of sermons on "The Christian Life," a series of both prayer meetings and sermons on "Coming to Terms with Life," a campaign of personal work, a pastor's class of twenty children and young people studying the significance of church membership, and a similar class of twenty adults studying the essential Christian beliefs. Now we are enjoying a series of sermons on the subject of Pentecost.

While much good that can not be definitely measured has doubtless been accomplished, some visible results were seen Sabbath morning, April 19, when the congregation gathered at nine o'clock on the bank of Stranger Creek, near Pittman's Bridge, and thirteen of the company went down into the baptismal waters.

Those baptized were: Mrs. Edwin Bond and three of her children (Edwin, Raymond, and Alice), Mr. and Mrs. Lee Stephan, Ruby and Osmond Babcock (sister and brother), Ira Bond, Archie Wear, Merlin Wheeler, Lila Stephan, and Marie Hurley. These received the right hand of fellowship at the regular morning service, held at the church at ten-thirty. Two of the number, Mrs. Bond and Mrs. Stephan, are Sabbath converts. Mr. Stephan, who has been an independent Sabbath keeper, is a convert to the idea of church membership.

One member, Mrs. Walter Stillman, was added to the church by letter from North Loup, March 29.

While the emphasis of the church has been, and is, on soul-winning, other phases of work have not been neglected.

Preparations are being made to entertain the Northwestern Association, August 7-10. A good program has been planned by the executive committee. Fred Maris, Mrs. Henry Ring, and Mrs. William Vincent have been appointed to arrange for the entertainment of delegates. Some repairs are being made on the church property prior to the convening of the association, the Brotherhood having initiated this move by re-shingling the north wing of the church last fall. Miss Evelyn West and Mrs. Emma Jeffrey have acted as solicitors, and raised the money for painting the church and parsonage. The parsonage lawn has been beautified by the addition of some new shrubbery.

An unusual service was held at the close of the Sabbath, March 15, when two trees

were planted on the church grounds with appropriate dedication ceremony. The trees were the gift of Herbert N. Wheeler, in memory of his father and mother, Elder and Mrs. S. R. Wheeler. George Van Horn received the trees in behalf of the church. Pastor Ogden read appropriate Scripture passages and Kilmer's poem on "Trees," and led in prayer.

Ninety-five people partook of the annual dinner, January 5, nearly all of whom remained for business meeting. The annual roll call, planned for December 28, was not held because of the absence of the pastor, who was attending the dedication of the Denominational Building. It is planned, however, to hold a home-coming and roll-call service in June.

Recent special offerings have been for the Chinese Famine Relief, for the needy of our own community, and for the cyclone victims of our neighboring communities.

Rev. Lester Osborn and family, en route from Verona, N. Y., to California, were present at our services the second Sabbath in May. Pastor Osborn spoke briefly at the prayer meeting, preached both junior and adult sermons Sabbath morning, and rendered a vocal solo at the Sabbath school hour. His contributions to our services were much appreciated.

Mrs. Leslie Greene and little son of Valley Falls, Miss Helen Titsworth, and Miss Wood of Lawrence were present at our morning service, May 10.

Besides our scattered lone Sabbath keepers, who are present with us when possible, several Church of God families from Sabetha have worshiped with us from time to time. H. A. Shields and family, Seventh Day Adventists from McLouth, are also occasional attendants.

The most recent of the church socials, which are being sponsored by the Brotherhood, was held April 20. Games, contests, music, and an oyster supper were features, and all present enjoyed a "jolly good time."

Our troop of Boy Scouts is assisting in the Sabbath morning service — Robert Crouch and Gerald Bond in the choir; Norris and Alton Wheeler, Edwin and Raymond Bond, Archie Wear, William Prentice, and Melvin Stephan as ushers. One member of the troop, Flaville Haskell, is not of our congregation.

The Sabbath school reports a promising

gain in attendance and membership. Frequently the opening worship is enriched by a special musical number.

The Christmas program of the school was given on December 24. Its features included gifts from each class to worthy causes, musical numbers, a pantomime of the coming of the Magi, and a six-reel motion picture, "Jesus of Nazareth."

The school has been well represented in the meetings and activities of the Council of Religious Education. The Institute of the County Council, at Perry last October, was attended by Pastor Ogden, Superintendent and Mrs. J. E. Maris, Mrs. F. B. Maris, Mrs. A. B. Crouch, Margaret La Mont, Evelyn West, Aletha Wheeler, and Alice V. Jeffrey. The banquet and annual meeting of the County Council, at Oskaloosa, January 6, was attended by Pastor Ogden, Superintendent and Mrs. J. E. Maris, Mrs. Ernest Wheeler and Margaret LaMont. At this meeting, Superintendent Maris was elected one of the vice-presidents and Pastor Ogden was made chairman of the education committee. As the 1929 meeting of the state convention was so far away (Hutchinson), it was attended only by Pastor Ogden and Cecil Stephan; but the 1930 meeting (May 6-9) was in the neighboring city of Topeka, and was attended by Pastor Ogden, Superintendent and Mrs. J. E. Maris, Mrs. Alena Bond, Mrs. F. B. Maris, Mrs. C. S. Stillman, Evelyn West, and Margaret LaMont. At this convention, Pastor Ogden conducted a conference on "Teaching Youth in Christian Living," in the young people's section. He was elected secretary of the state council for the coming year.

May 9 and 10, the third annual state-wide Youth Convention was held in Topeka as a section of the state convention above-mentioned. Those of our congregation who attended were: Lawrence Maris, Esther Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wheeler, Aletha and Alton Wheeler, Edwin and Raymond Bond, Gerald Bond, Doris Stephan, Lulu Hurley, Zella Babcock, Margaret Stillman, and Alma Bond.

The church participated in the religious survey of Jefferson County under the auspices of the county council, last fall; and the results that have since been tabulated show that plenty of work remains to be done.

MARGARET E. LAMONT.

PISCATAWAY CHURCH, NEW MARKET, N. J.—The annual meeting of the church and society was held in the meeting house in New Market on April 6, 1930.

This church is still without a regular pastor; but Pastor A. J. C. Bond, of the Plainfield Church, preaches for them Sabbath afternoons. When the old "New Market" Church loses its interest in the cause we all love, we may well be surprised. This is the last thing to be expected there.

The interest in church matters appears in more ways than one. Aside from the regular business transacted at this meeting, we have access to the various reports in which you will be interested as follows:

REPORT OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL

During the year there have been forty-nine sessions. Three Sabbaths the school was omitted on account of union meetings in Plainfield.

The total membership, including officers and scholars, is seventy-five. There was a total average attendance of forty-two for the year.

The amount received from weekly collections was \$145.78. The home department gave \$22.50. The total receipts amount to \$236.98.

The school uses the *Helping Hand*, and for some classes good story papers. Upon being graduated from the primary department, each student receives a gift of a Bible. There were six Bibles given this year.

In the absence of a pastor the school has taken charge of two morning services. It also takes an interest in the Bible school work of the county. C. M. Ryno is superintendent.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY

This society, though small, is doing excellent work. Each Sabbath they attend to decorating the house of God with flowers, and they are careful to cheer the sick and shut-ins with gifts of flowers. A missionary committee has given lantern talks on the home field of the South and the West.

The juniors are doing good work. They were much interested in contributing toward the Denominational Building, and in selling the calendar and cards, for benefit of the society. They have \$347.61 in the "organ fund."

They have also enjoyed making scrap

books to send to the Children's Home to cheer the poor children at Christmas time.

THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY

Two names had to be dropped from this society during the year. Mrs. Josephine Dunham Burdick, who passed away after some thirty years of service as an active member. She was an efficient and devoted worker as long as health would permit. Then they lost the inspiration and help of their pastor's wife when she moved to DeRuyter, N. Y. She was such a willing helper and leader—always ready for any service she could render—and was the secretary until she went away.

The Ladies' Aid does the usual work of such societies in sewing, mending, quilting to help the good cause, and in making bandages for use in hospitals. They pay a full share in the expenses for church and denomination. The social side of church life is greatly promoted by this society. Several festivals and birthday luncheons were held, and in several cases the poor were made glad by gifts; and at Christmas time—and at other times—plants, flowers, fruit, with messages of love and good cheer, brightened the home of some shut-in.

The report refers to the warm and happy feeling that comes to the hearts of those who have done this work during the year, and with renewed courage they are looking forward to the future.

DODGE CENTER, MINN. — On Sabbath evening, April 18, the Congregational, Methodist, and Adventist churches united with our church in a union meeting. The church was filled to capacity. Some very fine music was rendered by choirs of the four churches and was well received and appreciated. Pastor Scannell preached the evening sermon from the text, "Take up thy bed and walk." Our recently organized Christian Endeavor society is entering into its work with much enthusiasm, and in fact most of our church members find time to spend an hour with this branch of the Lord's work on Sabbath afternoon.

The society has taken up the study course outlined in the *Christian Endeavor World*.

Of course we are not able to have a graded society, owing to not having young folks for that kind of a society. Therefore in the organization of same it was decided

that all our young folks from six up to one hundred years of age could become members, and this works out very well.

A general clean-up "bee" was indulged in by the church folks last Sunday. Assembling with rakes and other equipment, they soon had the grounds and shrubbery in fine shape and a credit to the church. At three o'clock, a program was given, after which memorial trees were planted in memory of our ex-pastor and wife, Rev. and Mrs. S. R. Wheeler. Their son, Herbert Wheeler, who has been in the forestry service for a number of years, furnished the trees, a white birch for his mother, and a red oak for his father.

Many of the older members of the church were present and took part in the ceremony. Every one who desired was given a chance to place a shovel of dirt around the trees, and thus had a share in planting.—*Church Bulletin.*

WHAT PROHIBITION HAS ACCOMPLISHED

ERNEST R. CHERRINGTON

"The decrease in the consumption of alcoholic beverages, which once amounted to billions of gallons annually and which is today only a decimal of that quantity, the reduction in drink-caused crime and in drink-caused poverty, the improvement of the public health which is evidenced by a drop in the annual death rate equivalent to the saving of about 200,000 lives, the diversion of a large part of the old-time annual drink bill of \$3,000,000,000 to legitimate and productive business, as shown by multiplied savings, record-breaking insurance, the steady growth in home building and home buying, the maintenance of 26,000,000 automobiles, the higher standards of living, the new opportunities for youth now attending college instead of entering prematurely into factories, the disappearance of the public drunkard, the conversion of the slums in the old-time saloon neighborhood into decent and attractive tenement and apartment districts, with scores of other related evidences of progress, are in part by-products of the major achievement of prohibition when it took from the beverage liquor traffic all legal sanction.

"So long as public sentiment in the United States was unorganized, beverage alcohol

was practically king. After a careful educational program had given the people information in regard to the unspeakable consequences inevitably associated with the traffic in intoxicants and when opportunity was afforded for united effort against this usurper in our social life, an enlightened public sentiment made possible the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment by majorities never approached by any other part of our fundamental law, and secured the passage of both state and national legislation for its enforcement."

HOW RESPONSIBLE ARE WE?

MRS. E. L. TENNEY

Are we as responsible for the good we might know as for the good we do know?

Naturally our minds go at once to the great judgment day, because that will be the real test. Finite man can not determine.

From the time that a child begins to learn that his will is restricted or evil results, all through life he finds himself under the same conditions.

Constantly, as an excuse for wrongdoing, we hear, "I did not know." Does such an excuse free one from guilt or its consequences? It may if one can prove he could not have known.

It is difficult to think of one standing before the great Judge with so childish an excuse.

How often we are exhorted in God's Word to "know God," to "know him who has called us," to "know of the doctrine," to be "ever learning." "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God," etc. This promise is not limited.

Then let us avail ourselves of so great a privilege, accept our responsibilities, studying to be approved of God, so that at the last we may meet him with joy and not with grief.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

The Semi-Annual Meeting of the Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota churches will be held with the Dodge Center Church, June 13-14-15, 1930. It is hoped there will be a good attendance.

MRS. A. M. NORTH,
Corresponding Secretary.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

GOD'S GIFT—MY TIME

MATTHEW 25: 1-13

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, June 7, 1930

MRS. HERBERT L. POLAN

Songs:

My times are in thy hand.

Lord, for tomorrow and its needs.

Just as I am.

Don't let the golden hour go by.

Talks:

How could I tithe my time?

How much time should I spend in daily prayer?

How much time should I spend in Bible reading and study?

How about my idle time?

Taking time to be holy.

Decorate back of the leader's table by mounting several things on a large burlap bulletin board, such as a sunset calendar, an almanac, a large calendar, a large daily memorandum pad, big hand-made paper clock face.

Have a blackboard talk on Killing Time—illustrating the talk by drawing along at intervals (putting in sections at a time so that the result is not immediately discernible) a large "toothpick" man with a clock face. Besides the numbers 1-12, make features on the face and a sad expression. Then draw an arrow sticking into one side of the head. Along shank of arrow print things which "kill time."

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I have asked my mother for a long time if I could write a letter to you. I like to help my mother with the work.

I am in the second grade at school. We have two more weeks of school.

We have four little kittens; their mother has hidden them and I can not find them.

I like to go to Sabbath school. We are practicing for Children's day.

I am seven years old. My birthday is October 26.

Mrs. Cottrell is our Junior superintendent. We go to the Marlboro church.

Your friend,

EDITH MARY DAVIS.

Bridgeton, N. J., R. D. 1,

May 10, 1930.

DEAR EDITH MARY:

I am so glad that you decided to write to me and I think you have written a splendid letter for a seven year old. I hope you will write many more such letters. I am glad, too, that you enjoy helping mother with the work, for everyone loves a cheerful worker, especially a busy mother, who works for you all the long day. A little girl who likes to work for others usually grows into a happy, helpful woman.

I wonder if you have found your kittens yet. If you haven't I imagine the mother cat will show them to you in a few weeks. We had a mother cat at Independence who hid her kittens, and though we hunted high and low, we never found her hiding place. But one day, when they were about four weeks old, she brought them one by one and laid them at my feet, and such cunning, lively little fellows as they were. There were four of them, too—two yellow ones, a black one, and a grey one. I hope your kittens will come to you in the same way.

Sincerely your friend,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

You probably know that I am an invalid girl. I can not raise my head off from the pillow. I feel as though I could but when I come to try it I find that I can not. I can not move in any way, only one hand that I am writing this letter with. I am about five feet tall, with light brown hair and blue eyes. I am fourteen years of age.

I was just moved into a new home in Whitesville. I think that the green trees and scenery are just wonderful; and this lovely weather has made everything look green and beautiful. It will soon be warm enough weather so that I can be in my wheel chair that you and Mr. Greene have been so kind to let me take. I enjoy it very much in the summer time. I lie in a window where I can see out and see lots and lots of people go by.

I have two pet canary birds. I will tell you what their names are. One is Dicky, and he is ten months old. The other is Peggy, and she is nine months old. They sing just lovely.

I hope you will enjoy my letter.

Lovingly yours,

VIRGINIA A. DENSMORE

Whitesville, N. Y.,

May 13, 1930.

DEAR VIRGINIA:

Indeed, I do like your letter, and I am sure all the children who read it will also. I wish they could know just what a dear, cheery girl you are, even if you can not run and play. I rather think they can guess it from your letter, and I can tell them that if they knew you they would love you as all your many friends do.

I, too, am enjoying the lovely green of springtime, the cherriest time of the year. Andover as well as Whitesville is at its best. Although it has rained a good share of the day the rain drops seemed to say by their steady "tap, tap, tap," "I make things grow, I make things grow, I make things grow."

I hope I can get in to see you before very long. I am anxious, too, to see your pretty canaries and hear them sing. I am not so fortunate as to own canaries but I am enjoying some of the robin family whose antics I see daily through my front window. They seem quite tame and often one will perch on the window sill and peer through the pane at me with his saucy head on one side. One day I noticed that our cat, Skee-zics, was acting as if he would like to reach right through the window. I looked to see what had attracted his attention, and there sat a robin, close to the window pane, chirping away with all his might as if he were saying, "Don't you wish you could get me, Mr. Pussy Cat?"

One day Skee-zics did catch a robin and bring it in the house to show me, with a proud air. He did not hurt it one bit, for when I opened the door wide Mr. Robin flew far away. Do you suppose it was the same robin that teased Skee-zics through the window that day? At a few other times he has caught birds but brings them to me unhurt. He is surely a funny kitty.

I hope, Virginia dear, that you will write again soon, to

Your true friend,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

CLOCK TAKEN DURING CIVIL WAR RETURNED TO OWNERS

BRUNSWICK, GA. (A. P.)—Attended by a delegation of distinguished Massachusetts citizens and the pomp and show of a public reception, an old clock, absent for sixty-seven years, May 6 was brought back to the site of the Thomas Butler King plantation from which it was taken by Federal sailors during the war between the states.

In the only remaining building on the estate, constructed of oyster shell and now used as a golfers' clubhouse, ceremonies were arranged for the return of the timepiece to lineal descendants of the King family.

But for the collecting hobby of Edmond H. Gingras of Attleboro, Mass., who recently bought the clock and a shawl from the King home at an antique sale, the heirlooms probably never would have been restored to historic St. Simmons Island, scene of early battles between English and Spanish colonists and retreat of Aaron Burr.

Mr. Gingras found a penciled note inside the clock telling of its history. He learned the Federal foraging party had disembarked from the gunboat Ethan Allen and had carried loot from the King plantation to Boston. After an exchange of correspondence the mission of restitution was sponsored by the Grand Army of the Republic Dining Club of Attleboro.

Mayor Fred E. Briggs and J. W. Martin Jr. (R.), representative from Massachusetts, and Captain Carter R. Bishop of Petersburg, Va., a Confederate veteran, who also is an honorary member of the Grand Army of the Republic, were invited to take part in the program.

Walter F. George (D.), senator from Georgia, was designated to accept the clock on behalf of his state and a detail of coast guard craft represented the government.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

"The best after-dinner speech I ever heard," remarked the tired housewife, "was, 'Now, dear, I'll help you with the dishes.'"—*Selected.*

OUR PULPIT

THE LAST WEEK OF OUR LORD'S LIFE

PROFESSOR J. FREDERICK WHITFORD
Acting pastor of the Church at Albion, Wis.

SERMON FOR SABBATH, JUNE 7, 1930

Text—John 3: 16.

(Sermon given Sabbath morning, March 29, 1930, at the Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin Churches, held at Milton Junction, Wis. Printed by request.)

ORDER OF SERVICE

HYMN—Holy, Holy, Holy

INVOCATION

HYMN—All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

SCRIPTURE—Isaiah 53

PRAYER

OFFERING

HYMN

SERMON

HYMN—I Gave My Life for Thee

CLOSING PRAYER

Our text this morning is the most cherished, the most comforting verse in the Bible, the very heart of the gospel: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

A twelve-year old boy was very attentive during a recent Lenten sermon. At lunch his mother asked, "Glen, how did you like the service this morning?" The lad replied, "The preacher made us see the events of the last week in Christ's life as though they had just happened, and I was so interested; but, when he got through with the trial before Pilate he just said that the soldiers took Jesus out of the city and crucified him. Why didn't he go all the way?" My friends, we are "going all the way" this morning.

Tomorrow millions of Christians will complete forty days of fasting, penance, and solemn contemplating of the momentous happenings in the last fateful week of our Savior's life that made possible the precious promise recorded by the beloved disciple in the words of our text.

I do not advocate a prolonged period of self-abnegation and long-faced penitence; but, as a layman, I do feel sometimes that we take too lightly the supreme sacrifice of the cross and that our churches might well set aside each year the Sabbath prior to "Easter" for a prayerful, penitent, conse-

crated survey of that most important and eventful week in our Lord's ministry.

Boys and girls unconsciously are hero worshipers. With some the hero has been Valentino or "Babe" Ruth, with others Jack Dempsey or Tunney, while many preferred Sergeant Yorke or Colonel Lindbergh. I have often wondered why pastors have not utilized the hero-worshipping instinct in youth to lead them to think of Jesus as the world's greatest hero—one who makes all the others sink into insignificance! Instead of gaining some such idea of our Lord and Master, far too often they have been allowed to conceive of Jesus as a "don't Lord," a joy-killer, an effeminate young man with flabby muscles and a sad expression.

We have permitted the Italian school of painting and sculpture to portray for us the

Christ, instead of relying upon the Bible for an accurate description of this wonderful personality. If we read the gospel accounts at one sitting, we discover that our Lord was in truth an extraordinary man in every way: intellectually, socially, physically, and spiritually.

For more than a score of years Jesus worked as a carpenter, felling trees, driving wedges through logs with sledge-hammer blows, swinging an adz, and pushing a saw. As was his custom, he took long walks over the hills of Galilee, drinking in the pure air of that healthy region. Can anyone conceive of any but the sturdiest of manhood resulting from such habits?

Jesus was possessed with a master mind. From the commonest walks of life he picked eleven men and forged them into an organization that has developed into the most powerful institution the world has ever known. When reverses came, when friends and relatives forsook him, when imprisoned, when falsely accused, when scourged, even when crucified, he never once ceased to be the master.

For many months Jesus and his disciples made great progress in the advancement of the heavenly kingdom on earth. Reports of Christ's preaching and triumphs preceded him; everywhere he went men competed for the honor of being his host. Great throngs listened to his message; "Never man so spoke," they said.

Then came the change. His home town was the first to turn against him. His message in Nazareth instead of being received with acclaim was scoffed at and Jesus was driven from the village of his boyhood. "He came unto his own and his own received him not," and the carpenter's son left them with the parting admonition, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

Early in the third year of our Lord's ministry the tide turned. The Jews had expected a Messiah who would come in great glory and power to remove the yoke of Rome and make them the chosen people of the earth. When Jesus told them his kingdom was not of this world, the leaders would have naught to do with him or his message.

Always there was a faithful minority, but it was clearly conceived by Jesus, though his disciples could not see it, that nothing

short of his death on the cross could bring ultimate victory.

As the time drew near for the Passover in that fateful year, Jesus explained to the twelve how he must go up to Jerusalem, suffer many things from the elders, chief priests and scribes, and be killed. They could not, they *would* not believe it.

In the zero hour on Flanders field our brave boys marched out into the jaws of death, little knowing or caring where they went; but, Jesus foresaw all that was to happen to him—the unutterable woe, the awful anguish of soul, the agony of the cross, and a most humiliating death! When he said, "Let us go up to Jerusalem," our Savior foresaw he was going up unto a holy, a precious, a glorious sacrifice; but it was to be a horrible path to tread, one his human side dreaded immeasurably.

Yes, our Savior knew it all; but, he saw *more*; he was able to look far ahead beyond the trials, beyond the sufferings to the brightness of the resurrection morn. He remembered that, on the third day, he would rise again, his divinely given mission fulfilled. In all the crowds that listened to him were spies who carried back to the temple clique in the holy city his every word and act. By the time for Jesus to go up to Jerusalem for the paschal week, there was imminent danger of his arrest.

Partly for this reason and that he might have more opportunities to be alone with the disciples, Jesus proposed that they leave the great throng with whom they had journeyed from Galilee down through Samaria into Judea, as soon as they reached Bethany, a village less than two miles from Jerusalem.

Reaching Bethany late in the week, Jesus and the disciples spent the Sabbath with Simon, Lazarus, Mary, and Martha, where they made their headquarters during the greater portion of Passover week. Here Mary anointed her Savior's feet with the costly ointment and incurred the ill will of Judas.

Early Sunday morning Christ and the twelve made ready for their trip to Jerusalem. When the company reached the Cedron valley Jesus sent two of the disciples to a nearby village for the colt "whereon no man ever yet sat." Upon their return the disciples placed their brightest colored garments on the colt and Jesus mounted for the remainder of the journey.

The multitudes wending their way to the Holy City quickly sensed the significance of the act and spread their garments before the cavalcade. Many broke palm branches from the trees and spread them in the roadway crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!"

For the first time Jesus lent himself to a popular demonstration. Great throngs hastened to do him homage. The shouts and hosannas carried across the little valley over the walls of the city to the temple, where the priests and elders, the scribes and Pharisees and Sadducees scowled and asked, "Who is this Galilean who dares to come thus into the Holy City?" and plotted to destroy him.

The Prince of Peace rode for a day in the spell of his matchless personality! Friends and relatives, rich and poor side by side, vied with each other to do him honor. What a tribute, that, even for a few hours, they could see the "anointed of God" in the village carpenter of Nazareth!

After his humiliating reception in his home village, what a thrill must Jesus have felt at such a demonstration! Approximately three million people celebrated that Passover, and many thousands took their places in the march of triumphal entrance; but, not for a moment, was Jesus misled; not once did he over-estimate its value. Well did he know the hosannas would soon change to scoffs and jeers and to shouts of "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

The great procession wended its way through the principal streets of the city to the temple, and then out the Susa gate. Jesus and his little band of disciples returned to Bethany. The plotters back in Jerusalem lost no time in spreading their nefarious propaganda, though, at this time, they feared the multitudes that thronged about the Savior.

The next morning Jesus and the twelve returned to the city, planning to worship in the temple. Three years before Christ had driven the merchants and money changers from the temple, admonishing them for so basely desecrating the house of God. Much to his surprise and indignation he now heard the bawling of cattle, and the bleating of sheep. For a moment he stood in amazement in this most sacred place of all Palestine. Then, spurred on by his passion for the sanctity of God's house, he picked up

some cords, knotted them together and, with flashing eyes and bulging muscles, overturned the tables of the greedy money changers, released the oxen, sheep, and doves, and scourged the cursing, howling mob of "shekel-pinchers" out of the temple crying, "It is written, 'My Father's house shall be called a house of prayer,' but ye have made it a den of thieves!"

Boys, was there anything effeminate about such a leader? He was no weakling! Think of him as he faced that angry, cursing mob! They were a hundred to one, yet none dared oppose him—they fled ignominiously. There was the greatest hero in all history! Yes, we have a right to be proud that such a leader has chosen us to be his followers and that we can bear the name "Christian."

Tuesday morning Jesus again visited the temple. The chief priests and scribes demanded to know by what authority he acted and spake as he did. They attempted to confound him by subtle questionings. To every query Jesus had a most perplexing and non-incriminating "comeback." When asked "Is it lawful for us Jews to give tribute to Caesar?" you remember his masterful reply—"Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." They marveled at his answers and held their peace.

No authentic records have been left concerning any events on Wednesday of Passion week. Many Seventh Day Baptists and not a few first day scholars hold that the Passover feast was Tuesday night and that our Lord was crucified on Wednesday, instead of Friday. This would bring the resurrection shortly before sundown on the Sabbath of that week. If the crucifixion occurred on Friday, we must assume that Jesus and the disciples, as was their custom, went to the temple services Wednesday morning and that they doubtless spent the rest of the day at some trysting place where they could be alone and hear from the lips of their Master his final instructions and words of comfort. It must have been a time of tender memories for them all.

Apparently Jesus did not wait for the day on which the Passover would be celebrated by the masses. On Thursday evening he gathered the disciples together, directed Peter and John how to find the upper chamber in Jerusalem, and instructed them to go and prepare the paschal lamb. A little later

Jesus and the rest of the little band quietly repaired to this secluded room for their last meal together in this world.

Our Savior knew only too well all the morrow would bring and was exceedingly sorrowful. Expecting sympathy and encouragement from his friends, what did he hear? Bickerings, quarreling, and harsh words as to who should wash their feet. How the scene must have pained him! Did Jesus scold or chide them for their hateful, envious dispositions? Let us see. Quietly he took up a towel and basin of water and washed their dusty feet. Jesus, with but a few hours to live, spent a considerable portion of that precious time serving at a task that belonged to the humblest slave, setting an example to the men who were to become the leaders of the Christian Church that they never forgot!

During the paschal feast Jesus told them one of their number would that night betray him, indicating Judas as the man, and the latter soon slipped out to consummate his traitorous bargain. Peter learned that he would betray his Master thrice ere the cock should crow twice, and vehemently denied that he would do such a despicable thing.

Later that same evening Jesus instituted the Lord's Supper, the most sacred, the most inspiring sacrament of the Church. This was in every sense of the word a last supper; well did he know that they would never meet around a table again. All the memories of the three magnificent years they had enjoyed together crowded through their minds. How often they had enjoyed each others' company under the shade on the hillsides about the Sea of Galilee, planning how to make the world a happier and better place in which to live. How they did enjoy that first wedding feast in Cana! What a glorious end to a perfect day, when Jesus fed the five thousand, and their shouts of acclaim and appreciation reverberated over the sloping hillsides!

But the end was at hand. His brothers and sisters had turned their backs on him; his boyhood village had spurned his advances; his herald and closest friend, John the Baptist, had died doubting his divinity; the crowds that had accompanied his triumphant entry had turned from him, and his enemies were about to triumph. Is there a leader in this or any age who could have stood forth unbroken under such reverses?

His disciples were sick at heart, fearful and discouraged, but Jesus comforted them with that most majestic affirmation, "Let not your hearts be troubled, I have overcome the world."

After they had sung a hymn they went out and retired to their favorite meeting place, the garden of Gethsemane. Here Jesus stationed eight of the group at the entrance while he took Peter, James, and John inside the walls of the olive orchard, where he told them to tarry and watch, saying, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful even unto death, watch and pray." Our Savior then went on about a stone's throw, and falling upon the ground cried, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." After this first great struggle Jesus went back and found them asleep and said unto Peter, "What could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray for the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Jesus went deeper into the garden and prayed as before. Oh, how he dreaded to die! He was in the prime of life with so much ahead he had hoped to accomplish. To be scourged and nailed to the cross before the great throngs was at first unthinkable. In his awful agony our Savior sweat blood, and angels from heaven came and ministered unto him. Again he returned and again he found the disciples asleep. In the hour of his greatest need there was no help from them. The third time Jesus went away from them he conquered his fears and dreads and came back to announce to the disciples that his betrayal was at hand. What a victory! The world's most decisive battle was fought and won Passover eve in the Garden of Gethsemane when Jesus prostrated himself in agony before Almighty God!

When the soldiers led by Judas drew near, Jesus did not wait to be captured, but boldly stepped forth to meet the armed throng asking, "Whom seek ye?" When the awed reply, "Jesus of Nazareth," came to his ears our Lord and Master proudly exclaimed, "I am he!" They had expected angry denial or denunciation, even organized resistance. These they understood and were prepared for; but, such fearlessness, such coolness, such dignity were beyond even their broad experience. Unconsciously the soldiers fell back and rugged veterans fell to the ground.

It was a surprising tribute to a mighty personality the like of which they had never seen.

Then Judas implanted the betrayal kiss, the soldiers seized Jesus, and the disciples panic-stricken fled to places of safety. John stopped, looked back at Jesus, and bravely followed his Master. Peter also followed from afar, but the rest of the eleven hastened back to Bethany.

Jesus was bound and taken to Jerusalem to the house of Caiaphas the high priest. There in the open courtyard he was guarded by his captors awaiting the dawn. John was known to the high priest and so went boldly into the court with the soldiers, but Peter stood at the door without until John brought him in to warm himself by the fire.

Upon being questioned, Peter denied his Lord and Master thrice and the cock crew as Jesus had said. Panic-stricken Peter lifted his eyes to a balcony adjacent to the courtyard and there in the glow of the firelight caught sight of Jesus turning to look at him, and oh, *such* a look! Peter remembered it to his dying day. That look made of rash, impulsive Peter a new man.

The trials before the high priests and the Sanhedrin were farcical affairs. Jesus refused to reply to the accusations of false witnesses, but freely admitted he was the Christ, the Son of God; whereupon the high priest rent his clothes and proclaimed Jesus had spoken blasphemy and should be condemned to die. They spat upon him, buffeted him, bound and led him to Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor.

Who does not know how Pilate found no fault with Jesus; how he strove to release unto the multitude Barabbas, the insurrectionist and murderer; how he learned that Jesus was a Galilean and so sent him to Herod, the ruler of Galilee, who was visiting in Jerusalem at the time. Herod had heard of the wonders attributed to Christ and demanded that he perform a miracle. Upon his refusal Herod ordered a gorgeous purple robe to be placed upon Jesus and, with his soldiers, mocked and scoffed at the so-called king of the Jews and his regal costume; then sent him back to Pilate.

Again Pilate tried to release Jesus, but the multitude demanded Barabbas in no uncertain terms. Thinking to appease the throng Pilate caused Jesus to be scourged. His soldiers stripped the clothes from the back

of our Savior, fastened his wrists to a ring high in a whipping post in the open court and, in relays of four, lashed and bruised the back of the innocent Christ until the full forty stripes had been administered. Weaker men than Jesus had died during such terrible ordeals. But this did not suffice. The hard-hearted soldiers placed a scarlet robe over the lacerated shoulders and crushed a crown of thorns upon the noble brow of our Redeemer.

Then Pilate led the bleeding, humiliated prisoner to the court where our Savior's accusers were in waiting and said, "Behold the man!" And what a man! Through all that long, terrible day he had never once ceased to be the Master! But the great throng cried, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" Pilate hesitated and then his ears caught the fateful "If ye let this man go, thou art no friend of Caesar!" Pilate had no mind to be involved in further complaints to the emperor, so he washed his hands publicly to disclaim responsibility, and delivered Jesus to be crucified.

Four soldiers brought the heavy cross, placed it on the smarting shoulders of our Savior and the procession started for Golgotha, the skull-shaped hill outside the city walls, a half hour's walk from the palace of Pilate. Jesus, surrounded by four soldiers, bore the heavy burden bravely up the steep streets of the city, but slipped and fell beneath the weight somewhere outside the walls, and a centurion commanded Simeon, a Cyrean, to help carry the cross to the crest of the hill. Following Jesus were two thieves, each bearing a smaller cross and guarded by four soldiers. The hillsides were darkened by the vast throngs who came to see the tragic event.

Four husky soldiers placed Jesus on the cross and held his sacred body while a legionary drove the cruel spikes through the quivering flesh and twitching nerves of his hands and feet. Then the cross was raised and dropped with a sickening thud into the hole prepared for it. As the weight of our Savior's body tore the tender flesh, at this moment of extreme physical anguish, Jesus cried so that those in the outskirts of the multitude heard—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" What sublime forgetfulness! What perfect forgiveness!

They crucified the two thieves and placed

them on either side of Jesus. Nothing was wanting to his humiliation. A traitor and murderer had been preferred to him, and now two robbers shared his punishment and dishonor. One of the malefactors reviled Jesus, but the other in his agony looked upon the Savior, was awed by his masterly mien, his forgiving spirit, and cried, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Jesus replied, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Think of this sublime scene, you who have let yourselves picture Jesus as weak and uninspiring. There have been leaders who bore themselves bravely under trying circumstances, but our blessed Savior, when his enemies had done their worst, so bore himself that a dying felon looked into his dimming eyes and recognized a heavenly king!

Then Jesus looked down at his mother, near the foot of the cross, and expressed tender solicitude for her. How great is such love which in his final hour of anguish thought of a mother's need. He noticed John supporting her and said, "Woman behold thy son; son behold thy mother!" and from that hour John, the beloved disciple, took Mary to his home and tenderly cared for her until death brought the longed-for heavenly reunion.

Darkness settled down upon the tragic scene. As the end approached, Jesus in his moment of supreme anguish of soul uttered those momentous words of atonement, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" That cry made possible the forgiveness of your sins and mine. That cry enabled our Savior to see beyond the shadows and disappointment, beyond the dimness of death—to God; and, with a last gasp, he lifted up his face and cried, "It is finished. Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," and the soul of the Master left the torn and bruised body and returned to the Father waiting in that "house not built with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Yes, our Savior died for you and for me. When we think of the cross, let us not forget that Christ is being crucified today. He is being crucified when we fail to help our neighbor in distress; when we mock and scoff at religion; when we hate and bear false witness; when we do not give to the work of the Church; when we refuse to give of our means for the extension of God's

kingdom here on earth—and the list can be extended by every thinking Christian.

Our text is an inspiring passage of Scripture, but it carries with it a great responsibility of stewardship.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
In the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scouraged to his dungeon; but, sustained and
soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

LETTER FROM BROTHER THORNGATE

DEAR DOCTOR GARDINER:

Instead of leaving Georgetown today, as we had expected, we have been compelled to postpone our going until the sailing of the next boat for New York, the twenty-sixth of May. This is due to the fact that for three weeks in April we were all ill with influenza, which prevented our making the necessary preparations for leaving. We are all moderately well again and hope nothing may happen to hinder our leaving by the next boat, on the twenty-sixth. By leaving on that date, we should reach New York about the seventh of June. In view of the fact that we have had to change the date mentioned in the RECORDER of March 31, I would be glad to have you call attention to the change in our plans, if you care to do so.

Sincerely yours,
R. R. THORNGATE.

Georgetown, B. G.,
May 5, 1930.

President Hoover was the chief speaker at a dinner celebrating the twentieth birthday of the Boy Scouts of America, held recently in Washington. "We assure ourselves that the cure of illiteracy and the fundamentals of education is the three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic," said the President. "To this we must add one more R, and that is responsibility—responsibility to the community—if we are not to have illiteracy in government. . . . I know of no agency that can be more powerful in support of this purpose than the Scout Movement."

—The Baptist.

Fundamentalists' Page

REV. ALVA L. DAVIS, LITTLE GENESEE, N. Y.
Contributing Editor

THE ANCHOR HOLDS

"I have stuck to thy testimonies."—Psalm 119: 31.

We are living in rebellious times. The spirit of rebellion is everywhere—rebellion against God, against constituted authority, standards, customs, social ideals. Old loyalties, old policies, old philosophies, old religions, old ideals, are being challenged, weighed, tested. The foundations of our faith even are trembling. People in this hour of uncertainty and confusion are crying out, "My foot slippeth!" Is there anything to which we can cling with absolute confidence? With the breakers of sin beating upon us, with the storms of doubt, denial, and despair sweeping over his Church, will the anchor hold?

"Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?"

Let it be said frankly, there are many things, once held as truth and right, we must give up, things we ought to give up. No man can afford to "stick" continuously to any system of philosophy or science that was ever formulated by man. What has become of the cosmogony of Anaxagoras? The geography of Strabo? The astronomy of Ptolemy? The medical monstrosities of Æsculapius? What of Buffon's fanciful geological and zoological speculations?

What textbook on science, written fifty years ago, and held as authoritative by colleges and universities then, is so regarded today? So rapidly are new discoveries being made that what was up-to-date science yesterday is out-of-date today. There was sound sense in the retort of the old Bible scholar who, when asked by a young smatterer how he managed to reconcile the Bible with the latest conclusions of science, calmly replied: "What are the latest conclusions, my son? I have not seen the morning papers."

With the same calm assurance we may

await the findings of evolution. Twenty-five years ago, multitudes of Christians would have been willing to make peace with evolution by a compromise, so strong was that theory presented. Then they would have compromised, conceding the evolution of plants and animals, *if only a real creation was left for man*. Today there can be no thought of compromise. To stick to that doctrine is to stick to shifting sand. More and more all the groups of well-ascertained facts are now seen to be on the side of the doctrine of a literal creation of all the great groups or families of plants and animals. And some of our leading scientists are now telling us that if the new evidence of geology be given any consideration, the theory of the evolution of man from the protozoa is "an utterly impossible scheme."

Nor can we pin our faith to the theological opinions of men, past or present. They are unreliable; they change. What then? The Word of God is the only thing we can afford to stick to. The Bible is God's Word, and he changeth not.

Thousands of years have rolled by since David exclaimed, "I have stuck to thy testimonies." And though change and decay are written in everything about us, though marvelous progress has been made in all human research and endeavor, though empires have risen and fallen, though systems of thought and standards of conduct have changed, God's Word stands. Time and again critics have assailed it. Time and again have people declared that the Bible, God's textbook on religion, was out of date, and that it would go the way of all antiquated philosophies and religions. At no time have its enemies been more menacing, its prophets of disaster more clamorous, than today.

Tradition tells us that for ten long years the Greeks vainly besieged the walls of Troy. At last they effected an entrance by the use of a wooden horse, which they left on the shore as a votive offering to Minerva. When the Greeks pretendedly sailed away for their homeland, the Trojans with great joy rushed forth and brought the horse within the gates, installing it next to the citadel. But the horse's belly was full of Greek soldiers who, in the night time, issued forth from their hiding place, and opened the gates of the city to their returned comrades. That night all Troy was wrapped in flames and soaked in blood. Like strategy is being at-

tempted today in this cunningly-devised assault against the Church of the living God.

Blessed the men and women who in such trying days as these, when people are "blasting at the Rock of Ages," when the hearts of many are failing them with fear—blessed such who can serenely and sublimely say with the Psalmist, "I have stuck to thy testimonies."

There, brethren, is our anchorage. You can stick to God's Word.

You can stick to its *history*. Infidels and critics have assailed its history. They have ridiculed it, condemned it, denied it; but the very stones cry out against them. Every spadeful of earth thrown up in Oriental excavations has confirmed the truth of Biblical history.

You can stick to its *science*. The Bible is not a text-book on science; it was not intended for that. But the science of the Bible is dependable; it has yet to be proved false. There is no conflict between the known facts of science and that of the Bible. God expects men to study and make their own text-books on astronomy, geology, etc. But God is not responsible for our shallow thinking, for our shallow knowledge of both the Bible and science. But it is unthinkable that he who made the world and made the Book would in that Book mislead us as to the facts relating to his world.

You can stick to its teachings of *doctrine and duty*. So extravagant have the exponents of evolution become that they would have us believe that not only is man the product of evolution, but God himself. They would have us believe that there was one kind of deity in the time of Abraham, another in the days of Moses, and another in the days of David; that chameleon-like, God has changed with the changing ages; that so great has been the change of God himself that were the prophets of old to appear on our earth today decent Christians would not fellowship with them.

We would not appear to be saying that men have not, or cannot, increase in wisdom and the knowledge of God. Certainly, too, as our minds and hearts are able to comprehend more of the fullness of God, he reveals more of himself to us. Let us frankly say, too, that none of the characters in the Bible, save Jesus Christ, are presented to us as faultless. The Bible is a very honest Book. Sin is held up for our reprobation. Yet

through all the ages, from the "beginning" to the present, God's standards remain immutable. Right is right, and God is God—"the same yesterday, today and forever."

My dear brethren, in these days of stress and strain, in these days when the foundations of our faith are being assailed, in these days when doubt and denial are in the very atmosphere we breathe, in these days when many are breaking from the moorings of their faith and being swept out to sea—in these days that are trying our souls to their very depths, let our words of *hope* and *faith* and *courage* ring out: "I will stick to thy testimonies." That anchor holds—it holds.

"It will surely hold in the straits of fear,
When the breakers have told the reef is near;
Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.

"We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which can not move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love."

In Australia it is "wet" and some want to be "dry"; in America it is "dry" and some want to be "wet." Which is better? A prominent Australia business man visiting America sees a contrast. "The most startling impression on me was the complete absence of liquor advertising, liquor displays, and open saloons, which we have in such abundance in all the principal cities of Australia. I had expected to find liquor solicitations on every hand through bellhops and waiters, subtle and sly, of course; but I did not come upon a single instance of attempts to bootleg liquor to me, not even in Chicago, about which I had heard such terrible things. Evidences of prosperity and happiness appeared wherever I went. Your total absence of slums in the sense we know them in Australia was significant. . . . No matter how poorly you may think your national prohibition is being administered in America, I can assure you that your achievement is a wonderful realization of progress."

—*The Baptist.*

Man is not altogether an imbecile. True, "circumstances do make the man." But they make him only in the sense and degree that he *permits* them to make him.

—*G. D. Boardman*

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

REV. ERLO E. SUTTON
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Contributing Editor

GOALS IN BIBLE SCHOOL WORK

Last week in this department we tried to show something of the strides that have been made in Bible school work during the past quarter of a century, but with all the gain that has been made there are yet many weaknesses to be overcome.

Probably the most characteristic weakness of church school work has been in connection with its aims or goals. Many schools have continued from week to week, year in and year out, with no attention whatever to their basic purpose or reason for existence. Traditional procedures have been followed unquestioningly. The chief business of the officers has apparently been to prevent change. In fact it has been evidently a sort of deadly inertia that has kept such institutions going at all. There was not even sufficient originality of purpose to give up.

Other schools have had plenty of goals, but they were wrong in emphasis. Gross attendance records, to have the biggest school in town or the district, to double the attendance in a given time are characteristic. While these may mean something in the life of the school, they are hardly worth while goals. Even "to have the best school in town" means little without some standard of excellence. The most revolutionary thing most schools could do would be to set clearly defined goals over a given period of time in terms of a definite spiritual or religious outcome. Workers' conferences should give much time and study to goals. Each school has its own peculiar problems, and in many cases must fix its own goals. A county, or a state, or a national, or a denominational committee may, in a general way, work out goals for church schools, but each church should give careful study to its peculiar needs in addition to this. "Our Goals for the Future" is a topic which ought to command the best thought and most careful study of every workers' conference.

Planning for the future church school

should be done in a deeply reverent and serious frame of mind, and the devotional and spiritual setting for such meetings is highly important. The goals which Jesus set for his followers are defined in Matthew 28: 16-20. "The Great Commission," we call it. Let us arouse our consciences by calling it "The Unfulfilled Commission." There are, in spite of the amazing growth and strength of the church, more people in the world today who have never come to an adequate knowledge of him than there were the day he gave that commission to the first generation of disciples in Galilee. Is it possible that in the sixty generations of disciples there has not been one that has not disappointed our Lord?

In working out goals for the church, and the church school, among the questions which may be raised for prayerful meditation are: Why has the commission remained unfulfilled? Have we interpreted it for what it is, a teaching commission? Have we accepted and used the method which the commission prescribes and Jesus himself demonstrated? Have we accepted the attitude toward childhood and youth which Jesus exemplified? Have our goals been in terms of abundant life and Christlike persons, or simply in terms of membership and institutional growth and strength? Can we pray his prayer of dedication, "For their sakes I sanctify myself"?

There are certain suggestions which have been made as to what type of goals might possibly result from a careful study of conditions as they are today in most communities. We have space to mention only those that seem to us most important.

Let us lift into prominence certain neglected emphases and bring to the service of religious education their assets, while making our church school program accomplish definite gains in these important fields, for example "peace education," "parent education," etc.

Let us emphasize the resources of various agencies of religious education not now being fully employed, and so relate the work of all agencies as to produce results commensurate with our resources and needs. This would include the Sabbath, vacation, and week-day sessions of the church school.

Perhaps the goal most needed, but most neglected, is that of better trained leader-

ship. This undergirds any program development or expansion of work. Many other worth while goals will suggest themselves.

SYMPATHETIC UNDERSTANDING

In dealing with children, one should remember that little ones, like primitive people, delight in ornamentation, and that gratifying this taste is often really essential to their happiness.

A child once saw in a store window a pair of tasselled boots that were the exact counterpart of some she had long admired in the possession of a friend. She begged her mother to buy them for her, being then in need of a pair of shoes.

The mother said she would think about it, but, finally, went off shopping alone. When she returned, she handed her expectant little daughter a parcel. The little girl's hands trembled with eagerness as she untied the package; she was so excited by the idea of seeing her feet shod like her friend's. There would be three tassels embroidered on the toes of each boot, and the tops would be finished off with real silk tassels that matched! Then, when she took them out of the box, she saw—a pair of bronzed kid shoes—without any tassels.

"Oh! mama," she wailed, "these shoes haven't any tassels."

"I know it," was the calm reply, "but they are much better kid than those with tassels, and cost a dollar less."

The child shed bitter tears of disappointment, but the mother prided herself on "being practical."

Two or three years later, the same child wanted a work-basket, and with a lively recollection of the shoes without tassels, and similar experiences, asked permission to help choose it. The mother assented, and took her daughter to a store where there were work-baskets of all shapes and sizes. The little girl soon found one that suited her. It was lined with cute little pockets, and was furnished with two pairs of scissors, a thimble that fitted her exactly, cotton and silk in assorted shades, a fancy pincushion, an emery ball in the semblance of a strawberry, and other sewing accessories. The mother asked the price of her daughter's choice and was told, "Ten dollars."

Now ten dollars may seem a shocking price to pay for a work-basket, but is it not because we usually fail to consider its value

relatively? One seldom has more than one or two work-baskets in an entire lifetime. Perhaps the saying, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," was never more fittingly applied. This mother was not poor; she could have spared the money easily. However, she gasped with dismay when she heard the price. She had made up her mind to spend four dollars on a work-basket, and looking around the store, found one exactly like her little girl's choice, except—it lacked the decorative fittings.

"Won't this do as well?" she asked, adding, "I will give you my small scissors, also needles and thread, and buy you a thimble. Six dollars is too much to pay for those extra fripperies. I really can't afford it."

The child said nothing, as she had been trained to economize; but the four dollars was actually wasted, as she never cared for the unfurnished basket her mother bought.

Years afterwards, this mother wondered why she had so little influence over her daughter, and envied others whose children confided in them. She did not realize that a rift of misunderstanding came between her and the child when she first refused to indulge her taste for "fripperies," and that it kept widening through the years.

Some mothers have enough imagination to wander in the child's world, hand in hand with their little ones; but those who have lost the vision of youth, and pride themselves on "being practical," would do well to remember that "fripperies" have their place in the great scheme of creation. If anyone doubts it, let him note how the bare, hard rocks are usually softened by vines and mosses and how exquisitely tinted weeds and wild flowers, with their luminous green leaves and tendrils, will run riot over a rubbish heap in a vacant lot, converting the ugly surfaces of old tin cans into ripples of beauty.—*Selected.*

MARRIAGES

HUNT-HILL.—At the home of the bride, 11 Wentworth Court, in Battle Creek, Mich., on March 29, 1930, Mr. Frank B. Hunt was wedded to Mrs. Lulu M. Hill, both of Battle Creek, Rev. Henry N. Jordan officiated. The home address of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt will be 10 Burnham Court, Battle Creek.

DEATHS

BASSETT.—Vina M. Gaddis was born in Brookfield township, October 27, 1870, and died in Faxton Hospital, Utica, April 25, 1930.

Her parents were Lyman and Harriett Gaddis. She was married December 1, 1892, to Albert H. Bassett. On January 26, 1895, she united with the First Brookfield Seventh Day Baptist Church at Leonardsville, N. Y.

She will be missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances in this section, where she has worked and traveled for a number of years. She had led a very active life, and it was only recently that she realized that because of heart trouble, she would have to give up some of her work.

Funeral services were held at the Leonardsville home, April 28, and were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Paul S. Burdick, assisted by Rev. Geo. Read of West Edmeston.

She is survived by her husband, and by a cousin, Mrs. Willis Burdick of Edmeston.

P. S. B.

GREENE.—William Edgar Greene, son of Vernum and Lydia A. Dangler Greene, was born in Berlin, N. Y., January 7, 1857, where he spent his entire life.

He became associated with his grandfather, Varnum Greene, in the shirt manufacturing business and as the work was taken to the home of the employees, he thus became widely known in the surrounding country.

March 30, 1878, he was united in marriage with Emma F. Clements, who died in 1917. There were three daughters: Alice E. Greene Cushinc, who died in 1920; and Clara Isabel Greene Millard, and Matie E. Greene, who survive him.

Mr. Greene was baptized and united with the Berlin Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1875, and remained a member until his death.

He was a faithful attendant of the weekly service except when prevented by ill health.

For nearly a year his health had been gradually failing, and for over six months he was confined to his chair. His patience and thoughtful appreciation of the kindly attention given him was very marked.

Being a kind neighbor, a good friend, a tender father, he was rewarded by many expressions of sympathy from those who will miss him.

The funeral services were conducted at the home of his daughter, Miss Matie Greene, with whom he lived, and were attended by a large number of relatives and friends. An expression of esteem was shown in the wealth of flowers that surrounded his casket. When realizing that his remaining days were few, he selected Isaiah 40: 10, as his funeral text, which was used as a basis of a few remarks by his pastor.

L. A. W.

STILLMAN.—On May 3, 1930, at the home of her son, Clark Stillman, in Brookfield, N. Y., Harriet Sophia Stillman entered into rest. On her next birthday, July 24, she would have been 96 years of age.

Her parents were Clark Truman and Nancy Rogers of Sangerfield. There she grew to womanhood and in her twentieth year united with the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church, April 1, 1854, being true to the faith seventy-six years, and was a member longer than any member now living. She was married December 30, 1858, to Geo. W. Stillman of Newport, Herkimer County. To Newport she went as a bride and for thirteen years her life was filled with the arduous work of a dairyman's wife, with the making of cheese and butter and caring for her family. In 1871 they came to make their home in Brookfield, which has since been her home.

Their children were a daughter, Anne, who became the wife of Charles Satterlee but died December 3, 1877; Samuel, Fred and Clark of Brookfield, and Clarence of Utica.

She was of a quiet, loving nature and after the death of her daughter clung more closely to her boys, being cared for by them among friends and in their own homes after the death of her husband, which occurred March 4, 1907.

Her four sons with their wives and three grandsons were present at her funeral, which was held on Monday, May 5, her pastor, Rev. H. L. Polan, officiating, assisted by Rev. James Messenger and Pastor Ted Conklin. Music was furnished by Rev. and Mrs. Polan.

She was buried in the Brookfield Rural Cemetery beside her husband.

"What is life? Just to do your best,
To help your neighbor,
To stand the test of pain and sorrow
And wear a smiling face,
To be thoughtful and loving and kind each day,
To be thankful for blessings that come your way,
To look for good, to say 'I forgive':
Ah, yes, that is what it means to live."

E. C.

WALKER.—Lucius D. Walker, son of James and Harriett Brown Walker, was born in Plainfield, N. Y., May 25, 1857, and died at his home in Leonardsville, N. Y., May 13, 1930, after a brief illness.

In early life he lived at Walworth, Wis., where he joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church, later transferring his membership to Leonardsville upon his return to that vicinity.

He was married to Rubie A. Crumb, July 3, 1907. After some years spent on a farm, they moved to their present home in the village of Leonardsville.

He was a member of the Masonic fraternity for many years, belonging to the Western Star Lodge, F. and A. M., Bridgewater.

Besides his wife, he leaves a half-sister, Miss Flora Washburn, of Leonardsville, and no other near relatives except a cousin, Mrs. Sarah Deakin and children of Cooperstown.

Mr. Walker was known for his firm convictions on matters involving right and wrong. He was a staunch friend of prohibition. Yet in his rela-

tions with his fellow men he was always kindly and sympathetic.

The funeral was held at the late home, May 16, and burial took place in the Leonardsville cemetery.

P. S. B.

Sabbath School Lesson X.—June 7, 1930.

JESUS IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.—Matthew 26: 1-75.

Golden Text: "He went forward a little, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Matthew 26: 39.

DAILY READINGS

- June 1—Gethsemane. Matthew 26: 36-46.
 June 2—The Agony Foretold. Isaiah 53: 1-6.
 June 3—The Humiliation of Christ. Hebrews 2: 10-18.
 June 4—The Benefit of Suffering. 2 Corinthians 4: 7-15.
 June 5—Perfect Through Suffering. Hebrews 5: 1-10.
 June 6—Rejoicing in Suffering. 1 Peter 4: 12-19.
 June 7—Thirsting for God in Trouble. Psalm 42: 1-5.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

The "million gain" in church membership in the United States during 1928 shrank to less than a third of that number in 1929, according to the annual report of church statistics by H. K. Carroll in the *Christian Herald*. The 300,000 gain of the Baptists in 1928 decreased to 53,000 in 1929, and for the first time since the Civil War the Methodist Episcopal Church showed a loss of 25,000. But Northern Baptists evidently can not claim much credit for swelling the Baptist ranks, for a decline of forty-five ministers, 125 churches, and 15,198 members is reported for the Northern Baptist Convention, while the Southern Convention shows an increase of 731 ministers and 64,769 members, despite a decrease of 264 in the number of churches.

—*The Baptist*.

Moral conduct includes every thing in which men are active and for which they are accountable. They are active in their desires, their intentions, and in everything they say and do of choice; and for all these things they are accountable to God.

—*Emanuel*.

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