

January third. Between fifty and sixty were present, and all enjoyed a social time as well as a fine chicken pie dinner.

The officers elected at the business meeting in the afternoon were: moderator, Mr. Larue Socwell; clerk, Mrs. Lottie Langworthy; treasurer, Mr. Roy Daggett; chorister, Mr. Lester Greene; assistant chorister, Mr. Wallace Greene; correspondent, Mrs. Leslie Langworthy.

ALBION, WIS.

The Home Benefit Society was happily entertained in the home of Mrs. Helen Gumble last Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Gumble is a Primitive Methodist lady, but entertains our society at least once a year. We appreciate very much the good fellowship and co-operation of the women in our community.

The Missionary and Benevolent Society met at the parsonage Wednesday for noon lunch. The members of the society and their families were guests of Pastor and Mrs. Thorngate. In spite of cold weather and very slippery roads a goodly number was present.

Mr. Henry Kipp has been employed by the two societies to be janitor of the church during the winter months. CORRESPONDENT.

MILTON, WIS.

The fifty-sixth anniversary of Christian Endeavor, which was observed Tuesday evening by a banquet in the Milton Seventh Day Baptist church, was attended by one hundred twenty members of the Rock County Christian Endeavor Union. Rev. Carroll L. Hill, pastor of the church, was toastmaster.

John N. Daland, dean of Milton College, was the speaker of the evening and spoke on "Christian Youth Building a Better World."

The program included a vocal solo, "Shortenin' Bread," sung by William Carry of the Footville Christian Church, accompanied at the piano by Miss Myrtle Carry; a piano duet, "Face to Face," played by Floyd Mevis and Raymond Goodsell; a song by a group of Milton young people; and a selection of two negro spirituals, sung by the Milton quartet. Miss Mildred Carry conducted the closing devotionals.

After about two and one half years of discussion and consultation, Milton College will have a mechanical stoker installed in Whitford Memorial Hall. It will be installed during the spring recess. A good many firms

were contacted and finally an unbiased mechanic was hired from a firm in Milwaukee to look over the situation. He reported for heat conservation the necessity of making our building a bit less beautiful by installing a steel smoke stack. The college regrets that this must be done, but it is necessary to save on fuel. This will be added about the middle of February. —Milton Journal.

OBITUARY

HUSTED.—Mary Margaret, daughter of Mary Ayars and David Cook, was born at Marlboro, N. J., March 28, 1866, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Edward Cook, at Bridgeton, N. J., on August 17, 1936.

She was one of a family of eight children, three dying in infancy. She united with the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church, by baptism, February 7, 1885, and by letter with the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist Church, September 19, 1931.

On July 12, 1899, she was united in marriage to William D. Husted. She is survived by three daughters: Mrs. Charles S. Dunn, Mrs. Edward Cook, and Mrs. Edward Carney; a brother, James B. Cook; a sister, Mrs. Kizzie Hitchner; besides several nephews and nieces and nine grandchildren.

The funeral services, which were conducted by her pastor, Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell, were held from the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist church on August 20, 1936. Interment was made in the Shiloh cemetery. H. L. C.

McLEARN.—Evaline Harriet Coon, daughter of Harlow M. and Harriet E. Crumb Coon, was born May 9, 1853, at Walworth, Wis., and died at Milton, Wis., on February 7, 1937, the last survivor of her immediate family.

She was one of three children, having an older sister, Phoebe S., and a younger brother, H. Irving, both of whom preceded her in death in August of 1933. A large number of cousins and distant relatives remain to honor her memory.

She was baptized in November of 1867, by Rev. L. M. Cottrell and joined the Walworth Seventh Day Baptist Church, where her membership has been for the large part of her life.

She was married, January 25, 1888, to Rev. Alexander McLearn, who was at that time a missionary pastor living at Berlin, Wis., and serving the Berlin and Marquette fields. Their home was set up in the Berlin parsonage. They went, later, to serve the church at Rockville, R. I., returning finally to Walworth, where both were affiliated with the church until their death, in which her husband preceded her in March of 1907. Throughout her life she kept before her as a motto these words, "Faithful unto death."

Funeral services were held in the Walworth Seventh Day Baptist church on February 9, conducted by Rev. Carroll L. Hill. Interment was in Walworth cemetery. C. L. H.

The Sabbath Recorder

VOL. 122

MARCH 1, 1937

No. 9

Christian Patriotism

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past, their triumph won;
But sterner trials await the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And strong in him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons he has given—
The light and truth and love of heaven.

—From Watchman-Examiner.

Contents

Editorial—Shiloh Conference 1937—August 24-29.—March—Tract Society Interests.—In the Central Association.—A Conference at Brookfield....	162-164
Conference President's Corner	164
Meeting of Tract Board	165
Missions.—Dwight L. Moody.—New Sabbath Society Organized in Georgia.—Home Missionary Pastor's Experience	165-168
The Open Door	168
Woman's Work.—Romance of Far Horizons.—Letter From Mrs. Hargis..	170-172
The Preaching Mission in New London, Conn.	172
Children's Page.—Our Letter Exchange.—Our Horses	173
Our Pulpit.—A Familiar Parable	175
Denominational "Hook-up"	176
An Interesting Address of Other Days	179
Marriages	180

The Sabbath Recorder

(Established in 1844)

A SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST WEEKLY

Published by the

American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOL. 122, No. 9

WHOLE No. 4,709

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less expressly renewed.

Shiloh Conference The editor of the SAB-
1937—August 24-29 BATH RECORDER kindly
wishes to call attention to the President's
Corner on another page of this issue of the
SABBATH RECORDER. Was it Dwight L.
Moody who advised that one make a burying
ground for the other man's mistakes? That
is good advice, but if the mistake is made by
one's self in the capacity of another official
position, it may be perfectly all right to bring
it up for comment.

The mistake is in the date of Conference.
Probably in the mind of everyone interested
the date of next Conference has been quite
largely and definitely fixed. Now it is dis-
covered by the president of Conference that
the correct date is August 24-29, a week later
than he has been advertising it. His letter
heads and that of other Conference officials
bear the wrong date. Leaflets bearing a de-
nominational directory designed for church
bulletins bear the wrong date. The wrong
date is printed on the back cover of the *Year
Book*. The editor is sorry for the president.
But perhaps the error has been discovered in

time to rectify the mistake without too much
loss. Red ink can be used to replace the
date on the Back of the *Year Book*. So far
as the directories are concerned, the churches
with two or three exceptions have not evinced
interest enough to order a supply for their
bulletins, and the president and other officers
who use the letter heads can ink in the correct
dates. As for the rest of us, we must correct
our thinking about the particular date of next
Conference.

One of our best friends suggests that most
of our people will be glad to learn that Con-
ference is a week later, and not a few be
relieved to discover it. Conference, for many,
marks the end of the vacation period. Thus
their pleasure is extended a week. For some
the earlier date is inconvenient because of the
summer school term; the later date helps
them. And then, nearly always everyone
needs a week longer to get ready. So this
week later will help them. Doubtless the
president will be glad of the extra week to
straighten out the last things on his program.
So, why worry! We wouldn't if it were the
other fellow's mistake. Come to think of it,
it is; and this is the editor's reflection, and
not the president's.

March—Tract Society Interests Reference to the 1936
Year Book, page 43, shows
that it would be good for our various boards
to find ways and means of giving more in-
formation concerning their work to pastors,
"in order to keep them better informed and
therefore more interested in denominational
work." While we believe our pastors, for
the most part, are deeply interested in all our
work, we do think that the suggestion parti-
ally above quoted from the report of the
Committee to Promote the Financial Program
is a very good one. The idea is not new, and
some of these things have been done during
the past three or four years. Doubtless larger
attention should be given the matter than is.
Perhaps some new ways may be discovered of
bringing the information. For some years
past some of the boards have sent out mimeo-
graphed information of their activities and
interests to pastors, rather than furnishing it
through the pages of the SABBATH RECORDER.
This has been done to save the RECORDER the
burden upon its limited space, and at the
same time to furnish pastors entirely fresh
material for sermons and addresses for their

people. This will, doubtless, continue to be
done.

If any of the RECORDER readers have new
ideas and suggestions wherein the service of
the boards in this respect may be made better
or more efficient, no doubt they will be well
received and welcomed by the boards and
their secretaries.

According to the schedule proposed by the
Committee to Promote the Financial Program
that certain months be designated for the pre-
sentation of board activities, two of the
boards have yet to be heard from before the
end of the Conference year—the Tract Board
in March and the Sabbath School Board in
May. The Young People's and the Mission-
ary boards were represented in October,
1936, and January, 1937. During January,
one church, at least, invited Secretary Wil-
liam L. Burdick to present the interests of the
board represented by him, and an offering
was taken. The secretaries usually are more
than glad thus to present the work of their
boards as far as they may be able. The of-
fering of the church made on such occasion,
over and above the secretary's expense in-
volved in meeting the appointment, it is un-
derstood, goes to the Denominational Budget.

This month, March, is designated for the
presentation of the interests of the American
Sabbath Tract Society. Material of interest-
ing nature will soon be in the hands of the
pastors. This society, as no other, represents
and promotes the interests of the denomina-
tion for which we stand. Indeed, except for
the Sabbath there would be no need of any
of our other boards—no need for our separ-
ate existence. Because of this the Tract So-
ciety work is of vital and paramount im-
portance. Because of the Sabbath, the pub-
lishing of tracts is carried on by us; their dis-
tribution is promoted; and the SABBATH RE-
CORDER published and supported. The ob-
jective of the society as stated in the consti-
tution is "to promote the observance of the
Bible Sabbath and the interests of vital God-
liness and sound morality, and to print and
circulate the religious literature of the Sev-
enth Day Baptist denomination of Chris-
tians."

Pastors and people will co-operate with
their societies and boards in loyally promot-
ing to the fullest extent possible the interest
upon which so much depends.

More Reasons Last week we discussed some
of the reasons why the SABBATH RECORDER
should be taken and supported by Seventh
Day Baptists. Many of these reasons are
obvious and should appeal to the love and
loyalty of all who are interested in the many
phases of the kingdom tasks as represented
by our people. Perhaps we may be pardoned
if we urge a rereading of last week's editor-
ial, and the thinking through of this question
of the value and importance of the publica-
tion, and of its maintenance and support.

The SABBATH RECORDER is one of the
strongest ties that bind. Many a lone Sab-
bath keeper, in his struggle to support his
family and keep the Sabbath, finds the weekly
visit of the RECORDER an encouragement and
stay. It bolsters his determination to be a
true Christian and loyal to Christ and the
Sabbath. It reminds him that his church is
carrying on, and that his people care. In its
breath of courage and optimism he finds
cheer; in its problems he is led to think and
to find some way in which he may be able to
help. By it his children are helped to see
that they stand for something worth while.
By it they may come to realize the things that
have set them rather apart from their com-
panions are not "odd" but "marks" of loy-
alty to the Word of God.

The influence upon the child life of the
home cannot be too greatly stressed. The
things which children early read, or listen to,
have much to do in determining their char-
acter and life outlook. Good religious litera-
ture should be plentifully supplied. The
RECORDER is eagerly looked forward to by
many of our children. Their own depart-
ment under the supervision of Mrs. Greene
can scarcely be overestimated in its juvenile
value.

But we are not especially concerned with
naming our various departments. They are
more than departments. They represent the
vital interests in woman's work, young peo-
ple, religious education, and missions as car-
ried on by us. The more we know about the
work being done, about the open doors, and
beckoning hands calling "Come over into
Macedonia and help us," the deeper the in-
terest in the entire Christian program.

Less than half of our people are reached
by the RECORDER. We must be more con-
cerned about this than many are. The edi-
tor is somewhat encouraged by renewed in-

terest manifest in many of the churches recently visited. The eyes of pastors and other leaders are opened as they make a survey of their own territory and come to realize how many of their own members are not taking the SABBATH RECORDER. A minimum increase should be set as a goal and organized effort made to attain that goal. Is an increase of ten per cent in subscriptions of the church membership too much to expect of any church? The *Christian Advocate* is setting such a goal for Methodists.

It is well to remember that the wider our circulation, the more people who are taking and reading it, the wider the influence and the greater the importance of the SABBATH RECORDER.

In the Central Association In the company of Rev. Harley H. Sutton, pastor at Little Genesee, the editor drove from Andover, N. Y., to De Ruyter, as he continued his itinerary in the interests of the SABBATH RECORDER, and of other denominational activities. Professor Alfred E. Whitford, dean of Alfred University, very kindly had delivered him at the door in Andover of Pastor Walter L. Greene in time to join Mr. Sutton in continuing the journey.

A very pleasant journey was made in the company of this earnest and able young pastor. Our way led us through Ithaca, home of Cornell University. It carried us by celebrated Buttermilk Falls, now a part of a beautiful state park. One's first impression was that it was a sheet of ice down the mountain side. On coming closer the impression is of a sheet of milk coming over the rocks of heavy rapids. A few minutes were spent in drawing nearer and enjoying the impressive view.

A night was spent at the De Ruyter parsonage, and the journey to Brookfield was continued with Pastor Neal D. Mills in the car. On the Brookfield hill, due to emphasized icy road conditions, the new Genesee car took a tail spin and crashed into the ditch. Help was summoned and the journey completed with a badly crumpled rear fender, but under our own power. All were thankful the accident was no worse.

A Conference at Brookfield The meeting at Brookfield was called by the Religious Life Committee to make possible the presentation of the problems of RECORDER, finance, and

other denominational interests. The matter of finance was presented by Mr. Sutton, chairman of the committee to promote the raising of the Denominational Budget.

Due to sickness, Pastor Orville W. Babcock from Adams Center was not able to be present. All the other Central Association pastors and other representatives were in this conference, and manifested a very large interest in the work presented.

As in other sections, the value and importance of the RECORDER and need of its loyal support were urged. The Tract Society can see its way to publish the RECORDER as a twenty-page paper on a weekly basis until the first of July. Its continuance, thereafter, is quite dependent upon the favorable reaction in RECORDER support and circulation enlargement. Our people, we feel confident, are as loyal and able as the Methodists or any other denominational group.

A dinner was served at noon at the parish house by the Women's Society, and the meeting continued through a second session afterward. Many questions were asked, and suggestions made relative to denominational problems. Interest was shown in the tax situation, and the opinion expressed that such action should be taken as should not cripple the work at home or abroad. The work of the Finance Committee as represented by Pastor Sutton aroused much interest. Our churches will soon be hearing of the plans and appeals of this committee. The president of Conference expressed an appreciation of the committee's endeavors and the concern of its members that the largest possible amount of the budget be raised. The meeting closed in time for the delegates to reach their own homes before dark. The writer accompanied Rev. Alva L. Davis to Verona, and from there early the next morning and in a driving snow storm took departure for Adams Center.

CONFERENCE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

N. B. THIS IS IMPORTANT

Date of General Conference, at Shiloh, N. J., is AUGUST 24-29, 1937.

This is according to the minutes of the Boulder Conference which read: "That when we adjourn we adjourn to meet with the church at Shiloh, N. J., on the Tuesday before the fourth Sabbath in August, 1937."

That "Tuesday" is the 24th and not the 17th. See 1937 Year Book, page 66, and any 1937 calendar.

The president cannot explain the mistake but assumes all responsibility for it. He is sorry. Like many another mistake, saying "sorry" does not undo the mischief. Year books, stationery, bulletins bear the mistaken dates, and some confusion is bound to occur.

From this time on, let everyone interested in Conference think and say "August 24-29." Please take your Year Book and correct the date on its back cover.

It's too bad. But the mistake was made. We must make the most of the correction, and all work to make Conference—August 24-29, Shiloh, N. J.—the best ever.

MEETING OF TRACT BOARD

The Board of Trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist Building, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, February 14, 1937, at 2 p.m., with President Corliss F. Randolph presiding and the following members present: Corliss F. Randolph, James L. Skaggs, Lavern C. Bassett, Courtland V. Davis, Fredrik J. Bakker, Esle F. Randolph, Irving A. Hunting, Franklin A. Langworthy, Mrs. Herbert C. Van Horn, Everett C. Hunting, Hurley S. Warren, J. Alfred Wilson, J. Leland Skaggs, and Business Manager L. Harrison North.

Visitor: Trevah R. Sutton.

The board was led in prayer by Pastor Trevah R. Sutton.

The minutes of the last meeting were read. Corresponding Secretary Herbert C. Van Horn reported as follows:

Since your corresponding secretary reported, January 6, for the last board meeting he has continued, and is still in the field, in the interests of the American Sabbath Tract Society, of the whole denominational program, and especially in the interests of promoting the SABBATH RECORDER circulation.

In his absence Mrs. Van Horn has been at the office each week to look after the correspondence and to forward to the secretary such matter as needed his personal attention before his return. Considerable correspondence has been attended to both at the office and in the field.

During five weeks through twenty-seven representative conferences and larger gatherings—ranging from half a dozen to three hundred fifty people—the churches of West Virginia, those of southern Wisconsin quarterly meeting and Chicago, Battle Creek and White Cloud, Mich., and

of the Western and Central Associations have all been touched. Many sermons and addresses have been given, including a college chapel address, and a sermon at a union meeting of all the churches of Andover, N. Y., on occasion of the fifty-sixth anniversary of the founding of Christian Endeavor.

Interest in the RECORDER has been largely manifested everywhere, and every church touched has either inaugurated a RECORDER subscription campaign or it is planning definitely to do so.

This brief report is prepared at Adams Center, N. Y., the last church to be visited on this trip. The secretary, if plans carry, will be in a conference Sunday afternoon, at the time of the board's meeting.

The Lord has been good to the secretary who wishes to say so here.

Treasury balances were reported by L. Harrison North for Mrs. William M. Stillman, treasurer, as follows:

General Fund	\$ 275.81
Reserved for tracts	84.20
Reserved for RECORDER Supplement	421.00
Reserved for Denominational Building tax	35.00
Denominational Building Fund	134.92
Waldo Fund	117.89
Maintenance Fund	316.58
	<hr/>
	\$1,385.40

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported briefly.
Adjournment.

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH,
President,
COURTLAND V. DAVIS,
Recording Secretary.

MISSIONS

DWIGHT L. MOODY

Our attention is being called to the fact that this is the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dwight L. Moody, and it is helpful to recall and hold up before the world the life and work of such men. It is particularly helpful to those who are interested in evangelism, for his achievements in this line stand out among the foremost. A recent writer suggested that Mr. Moody addressed more people than had any other preacher. While it is very difficult to say what preacher has reached the largest number of hearers, we know that vast multitudes flocked to hear Moody. Best of all, wandering men were led to Christ's way of life, professed Christians were helped to higher ground, churches in

many lands were strengthened, and educational institutions established.

The work of Moody seems more remarkable because he had no formal education. It is often the case that a man who has attained success without special education looks with more or less contempt upon schools; but not so with Moody. The schools at Northfield were founded that poor boys and girls might have the advantage of education, a thing he did not have. This however is not an isolated case. Elder Alexander Campbell was a leading spirit in the founding of De Ruyter Institute, the first institute of learning among Seventh Day Baptists. He was noted as an evangelist and it is said that his activities in founding De Ruyter Institute grew out of the fact that his own opportunities for education were very limited.

One of the chief things men are asking about Moody is, What was the secret of his phenomenal success? It is helpful to consider this question, for the underlying principles in Christ's work are the same in all generations. Various things stand out prominent. (1) It appears that Mr. Moody possesses a striking personality as a leader. Personality is a hard thing to define. Not all are gifted in this respect as was he. (2) He was a tremendous, hard worker and a severe student. Both of these are necessary for the fullest success in Christ's kingdom. There is no place for those who are not willing to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." (3) He was willing to launch out. If opportunities for work did not offer themselves, he opened doors, as was the case when he organized and built up his great Bible school. (4) He loved the Bible, he studied the Bible, and he preached the Bible. (5) He loved men and was consecrated to the work of leading them into fellowship with God. (6) He came upon the stage at a propitious time for such work as he did. It is doubtful whether Moody would succeed today as he did in his day. The truth is the same and the need is as great, but society has changed. (7) But there was more than strong personality, adaptability for leadership, capacity for untiring hard work, skill in opening new doors and avenues of labor, a deep consecration, and a propitious time. Back of it all was the call of God to do a great work at a time of need. His consecration was unusual, but he admitted it was not perfect. When told by a fellow worker

that the world had yet to see what God could do with a man entirely consecrated to him, Mr. Moody admitted the truth of the statement. God had called him to a certain work. He obeyed the call and tried to do the work.

Not many men are as gifted and consecrated as was Moody and not every one is called to be a professional evangelist. According to the parable some are given five talents, some two, and some one. We are not to mourn because we are not given five talents, neither are we to refuse to use the endowments given us. It is ours to do joyfully what we can to win the wandering, to build up the churches, and to carry the gospel to the uttermost parts of the world. It is no time to sob over past failures. "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

NEW SABBATH SOCIETY ORGANIZED IN GEORGIA

Through the SABBATH RECORDER many people have become acquainted with Mr. J. B. Conyers, an army officer and able attorney who embraced the Sabbath some six or eight years past. Brother Conyers is profoundly interested in advancing the Master's kingdom and is gifted in such work. He was formerly at Fort Myers, Fla., but some months past his work as an army officer took him to Georgia for a few months and he has now made his permanent residence in Cleveland, Ga. Under his direction a gratifying work has been commenced, and it will be best reported by excerpts from a letter recently received from him. Under date of February 13 he says in part:

I hope that you will pardon me this time for waiting so long to answer your nice letter. Recently, I have been running down to Atlanta (eighty miles) every Sunday and have been working until Friday noon and have been returning here for the Sabbath and our little Sabbath school work.

Brother E. A. Witter came and stopped with me for ten days and preached each night to us, during November, and as it turned out it was the coldest spell of weather at that time that we have had so far this winter. But even with that handicap, the people kept coming out to hear him, and liked him and his message. It is hoped that he can again visit us.

On July 4, 1936, I began a Sabbath school here on my place and we have kept it going each Sabbath since. On January 30, we organized the

Yonah Mountain Sabbath Society. There were fifteen present, including five children. We have drawn up a covenant and articles of faith and have signed it. So far, there have been only seven signatures to the document, as the others have been absent since the date of organization due to sickness, bad weather, etc. Brother J. M. Arp, was elected president; Henry Garrett, vice-president; Mrs. John Denton, secretary and treasurer; and Paralee Garrett, assistant secretary and treasurer. I was elected teacher. All of the addresses of the officers are Route 3, Cleveland, Ga.

The rural sections of the South are the most fertile field for the spreading of our denomination, I feel sure. No one seems to have ever heard of the Seventh Day Baptists in this (white) county, but today the Sabbath question is being discussed all over the county. We have circulated lots of literature on the question, and I am reminded that God says, "My word shall not return unto me void."

Give us your prayers, that we may have courage and press on.

Best regards to you and may God bless you,

J. B. CONYERS.

HOME MISSIONARY PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE

BY REV. RALPH H. COON

This year the pastor's field trip was made a camping expedition for the whole family. We started out July 1, the trailer loaded with tents, cots, stove, cupboard, etc. Sometimes the camp beds were set up in the homes of those entertaining us. Sometimes we made camp in the yard. Three nights were spent in public camp grounds.

The following is a list of those whose homes were visited: Eugene Dresser and C. G. Lancaster at Craig; Mrs. C. B. Hull and her son Ernest, thirty miles north of Craig; R. R. Van Horn at Rifle; and Mrs. Alice Worrell and her daughter, Mrs. Claude Corley, who live north and south of Rifle respectively; Maynard Clarke at Palisade; Rev. M. Mackintosh at Mack; Jack Clarke, Mrs. Kato, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Underhill at Grand Junction; Oscar Richards, Mrs. Nora Webb and her three sons—Clyde who lives with her, Ellis and Irving who have homes of their own—and Mrs. Feightner at Montrose; Jay Meyers and Ray Clarke at Gunnison; Richard Clarke at Woodland Park; Mrs. J. A. Borman at Colorado Springs; Shirley Van Horn and A. D. Shirley at Matheon; Miss Adell Van Horn at Loveland. Jesse Weaver of Glenwood Springs and Mrs. Furman of Leadville (formerly of Dodge Center, Minn.) were out of town when we tried to find them. Mr. and Mrs. Allen of Greeley

and Mrs. Waldo of Eaton were visited the Sunday before we started on the trip.

As usual, the projection lantern was taken along. The special slides used this year were those showing the work of our missionaries in China and Jamaica. The picture talks were given, sermons preached, and Bible studies conducted. In some places all three methods were used. In other places there was only time to visit and then pray together.

I have told before of the wonders of the Trail Ridge Road (12,185 feet elevation), the Colorado River Canyon with its great cliffs, and Monarch Pass with its imposing view of lofty peaks; so I will pass them over and tell of some of the new experiences we had this year. On the Rabbit Ears Pass we saw the greatest array of wild columbines we had ever set eyes on. Sometimes a great bouquet of them would be seen in one clump. That day we were delayed by tire and trailer trouble, and so were on top of the pass at sunset. Had we reached our destination when we had planned, we would have missed one of the most beautiful sights of the trip. The whole sky was aglow with beautiful colors, and the pine trees around us, which were almost black in the evening shadows, served to set off the colors overhead, producing a lovely effect. The day we went to Leadville we drove along the bases of the highest peaks of Colorado. One cannot describe the bigness of these mountains. It must be experienced. Practically the whole masses of these peaks are above the tree line. From Leadville one looks right up at Mt. Elbert, the highest in Colorado, and Mt. Massive only fourteen feet lower. You must see the latter to even begin to realize how massive it really is. As one looks southwest from Leadville it seems to occupy the whole field of view without a single foothill, even, coming between. What a wonderful Creator is our God!

After making the circuit, instead of returning to Boulder we went through Valmont where Mary Margaret Hummel joined our party and then on to the Redfeather Lakes Bible Conference, fifty miles west of Fort Collins. This is a new conference, this summer being only its second session. It is interdenominational and very spiritual and evangelistic in character. We set up camp in a beautiful spot over a little hill from the auditorium. In the forenoons we attended classes in Bible study and Bible school work. The vesper serv-

ice was held on a pile of boulders projecting out into the lake. From this point at the time of the service we could see the beauty of the sunset doubled by the reflection in the water of the lake. The evening messages were inspirational and were brought by outstanding men, not only from Colorado but from other parts of the country as well. The groups were small enough so that we felt more or less acquainted with everyone else before the week was over. We were all very grateful for the opportunity for Christian teaching and fellowship, which we felt very definitely deepened our spiritual lives.

We returned to Boulder July 27, knowing that the Lord had not only cared for us but abundantly blessed us during the month we were away.

THE OPEN DOOR

BY ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

CHAPTER IX

Captain Cyrus Williams had to stand on a stepladder to reach the can of paint for which he had received an order. He had just put his hand on the can when the screen door was pushed open and a man entered the store.

"Mornin', Cap'n Cy," the man said as he came close to the counter. "I reckoned I'd find you alone this time o' day. Spare me a few minutes, can't you?"

"Oh, mornin', Zeke; sure I can," the captain replied. "Just let me get my bearin's and I'll be with you. I find I ain't so good at climbin' as I was once."

"Mebby you ain't so good at some other things either, Cap'n Cy."

"Why, what do you mean, Zeke Haskell. What you drivin' at? You ain't insinuat' nothin', are you?"

"No, nothin' at all, Cy. I'm just beginnin' to wonder if you're extra good at gettin' the things folks want. Oh, I don't mean groceries 'n' dry goods. I reckon you get them all right when your customers order 'em, but how about that deal you 'n' me was goin' to be in on? Dan 'n' I went over 'n' measured the church again last week. We made up our minds it'll do first rate for the present. Later on an addition may be necessary. Well, ain't you got nothin' to say? Here I've been waitin' since early 'n May for you to make a move. Ain't you broached the subject to those folks yet? Come, speak up, man."

"No, Zeke, I ain't. I've kept thinkin' I'd do it. I did offer to buy the farm just's I told you, but somehow I ain't had the courage to say anything about the church. Why, 'twould break those young folks' hearts to sell it. They think a heap of it—Henry Davis told me that."

"Well, they needn't sell it yet. Let 'em rent it to me for a spell. I reckon they'll get enough o' stayin' out there before winter's half over and be beggin' somebody to buy everything they've got."

"I reckon you're wrong there, Zeke. They've come to stay."

"Humph! What they goin' to live in, come cold weather? They ain't got no income, have they? That girl didn't get a job, did she?"

"No, she didn't, more's the pity. She deserves it if ever a girl did. I don't know what they're goin' to do about a place to live in or how they're goin' to live, but Zeke, I'll tell you one thing—I'm through tryin' to run their affairs or take one foot o' their property away from them. I'm ashamed o' the part I've played and I'm through."

"Jumpin' haystacks, Cy, what's got into you? When did you turn saint?"

"I ain't no saint, Zeke. I'm a sinner if there ever was one, wantin' to buy their farm for little o' nothin' for the sake o' turnin' it over to you when I know it's goin' to be worth—. But listen, Zeke, I ain't no hand to talk religion, but Ann 'n' I shut up the store last week long enough to go out to the hymn sing in the church, and I shan't never forget the memories it brought back to me. I thought I was a Christian once, and God helpin' me, I'm goin' to be in the future. Paul Harrison gave us a little talk that day. He said Christ died for the ungodly, and that's me. No, Zeke, I can't go on with your scheme. I don't want the money you said you'd pay me. This whole country needs churches like that one on Jimmy Harrison's farm, and young folks like his nephews and nieces. I wish you'd go see for yourself. Some o' the worst boys round Riverdale are bein' helped. A couple of 'em who'd been takin' things that didn't belong to 'em have given 'em back and apologized. Don't you see, Zeke, we mustn't do anything to hinder those young folks?"

"Nonsense, Cy! You've just lost your head. You'll find it again, but it'll be too late. You're

sure the Harrisons don't know what's goin' on about the surveyors?"

"They ain't heard nothin' from me, but I shall tell 'em if I feel it's my duty."

"Oh no, you won't, Cy. Remember you're under obligations to me." And without further words the visitor went out and slammed the door.

At the breakfast table out at Uncle Jimmy's farm, Aunt Abbie Joe and her nephews and nieces were talking about the little white church. Marilyn could not forget the incident of the previous week when she had seen two strange men measuring the building.

"O Paul," she asked now, "do you suppose those men are going to try to take the church away from us? I didn't like the looks of them one bit."

"Don't worry, Marilyn, they can't take it unless we let them," Paul answered. "And we have no idea of doing that."

"It seems strange that they should be measuring the building when they haven't said anything to us about it," said Ruth.

"Well, they can't have it," put in Dick. "I'd rather live on johnnycakes and potatoes all winter than let them use it one day."

"We might have to live on johnnycakes and potatoes," Aunt Abbie Jo started to say, but the words did not escape her lips. They wouldn't starve even on that diet, and it wasn't right to worry the children. She herself was becoming anxious about the barn. Colder weather wasn't very far away, and even a big oil stove wouldn't make that building comfortable in winter. A person might easily catch pneumonia in such a place. "But there, I'm not going to cross my bridges till I get to them," she said to herself as she got up to clear some of the dishes from the table.

She had just taken away a little pile of plates when some one knocked on the door nearest her. Opening it, she saw a white-haired woman on the step, and she was so astonished that she forgot for a moment to speak, but she soon recovered from the surprise. "Oh, I'm sorry," she apologized. "You see we don't often have callers so I was surprised to see you, but please come right in."

"I don't wonder that you were surprised," the woman said pleasantly. "I must apologize for coming so early in the morning, but Stanley wouldn't let me wait until later. Oh, I am Mrs. Stearns. May I speak with Miss Ruth Harrison, please?"

"Here I am, Mrs. Stearns," called Ruth from the other side of the big room. "I'll be with you in just a minute."

Ruth introduced Aunt Abbie Jo and the other members of the family, then sat down opposite the caller.

"No doubt you are surprised to see me," Mrs. Stearns began, "but I need you very much. I'm so tired of changing tutors I hardly know what to do with myself. Will you please accept the position I talked with you about a month ago? Oh, I'm not asking you to give up your Sabbath. You can come Sunday instead. I hope you haven't been engaged somewhere else. That would be almost more than Stanley could endure. His heart is set on having you, and so is mine, I must confess."

"No, I am not engaged to teach anywhere else, Mrs. Stearns," Ruth replied, and it seemed as if a big load had been lifted from her own heart. "I shall be very glad to come to you, and I do thank you for changing the day. That means so much to me."

"Yes, I realize now that it does, and I admire you for your loyalty to the Sabbath you feel that you should keep. It makes me want you all the more, for Stanley and I need some one who is absolutely loyal."

It is often said that troubles never come singly. Perhaps that can be just as truly said of joys. Hardly had Mrs. Stearns departed before a big car of a long-ago style rattled up to the Harrison home. A moment later Captain Cyrus Williams got out and came to the door.

"Good mornin', everybody," he said as he entered the main room of the barn. "I can't stop more'n a minute or two, but I want to tell you not to sell your farm to anybody. You're likely to get some money without disposing of it. An electric power company has been surveyin' round these parts, and I hear they're goin' to want the right to run the line through your woods. Of course they'll pay you something for that. Later on a new road is sure to cross a piece o' this property, and you'll get something there. All this'll help. With the insurance on the house that burnt down you ought to be able to have a decent place to live in. I'm right glad for you all. I want to apologize for all the worry I've caused you."

(To be concluded)

WOMAN'S WORK

ROMANCE OF FAR HORIZONS

BY JEAN CARTER COCHRAN

Romance lies all about us but, like some fairy god-mother, it wears so many disguises we fail to recognize it. Even this sophisticated age yearns for it. If this is not true, why do so many people throng to the movies?

It took a shock to make me realize what a large share romance had played in my life. It also discovered for me a fascinating game. The shock was the result of a conversation repeated to me by a friend.

"Are we going to have any missionary speakers in our society this winter?" my friend had asked the organizers of women's programs in her church.

"Oh, no!" was the prompt rejoinder, "our women do not want to be tied down to narrow missionary interests."

My first reaction was as swift as if the answer had been ice water. Since childhood I had been interested in the church's overseas activities. Were her own leaders calling them narrow? What could be more devastating?

"But if it had not been for my narrow missionary interests I would never have seen the Taj Mahal," was my second reaction. As if by magic a vision of the Taj arose before me as I had seen it stand with its pure marble bathed in rosy sunset light, reflected again and again in its garden lagoons—perfect as an artist's dream.

In this fashion I started a game which is more efficacious on sleepless nights than counting sheep. Following down the vista of memory which leads like an avenue of tall pines into the dim country of childhood I try to recapture the pleasures of beauty or knowledge that missionary interests have brought me. Slowly it has dawned upon me that all my life I have been surrounded with magic and romance.

The avenue begins somewhere in my sixth year. Dr. Henry Jessup, who had dared Mohammedan massacres as gallantly as Lindbergh dared the skies, was visiting in our country parsonage. That Sunday afternoon, in the white church on the hill-top, he spoke to a Children's Day audience. All the windows were flung wide to the sweet June breeze, while bees droned over the flowers in the

churchyard. During his address Doctor Jessup descended from the platform and picking up my little blue-eyed flaxen-haired sister from a pew of wriggling tots, he perched her on the pulpit and then and there, on her baby feet, showed his wide-eyed audience how the Syrians "shoe the horse and shoe the mare," while he sang in Arabic their nursery rhyme.

At that instant, thanks to him, my life, which had been bounded by the lovely Jersey hills, had its narrow fetters broken and I became conscious of customs and people beyond my knowledge.

Doctor Jessup also enriched our family circle with a proverb. A Syrian when asked which child he loves the best, replies, "The youngest until he grows up, the sick until he is well, the absent until he returns." We knew when we heard it that Syrians loved their children even as you and I.

Little by little as the years went by I added to my meagre store of information by the conversation of my parents or reading missionary books. "A Bag of Stones" made an indelible impression. It described the yellow, sullen Ganges with its palm-edged banks, and shocked my childish sympathies by its account of the mothers who threw their babies to the crocodiles. Of course this was a long time ago. Thanks to the missionaries, such practices have been forbidden. I dimly remember my horror and my eager childish questions. My instant reaction was "That must be stopped!" From that day I realized that there were wrongs in this world that needed righting. Forever after, India, with its charm and its wrongs, interested me.

Not only did India intrigue me but I traveled, in imagination, swung in a hammock, through the jungles of Africa, discovering new trails with David Livingstone; or sailed the smiling seas, touching at Pacific coral islands that were inhabited by cannibals who came so near, but never quite ate, John G. Paton. How exciting it was, and how sorry I am for children who do not know the thrill. Religion became, not a monotonous plain of living, but high adventure. I learned to admire men whose faith was so vital that they sought to pass it on, even at such a price. I learned there were causes worth dying for. Life has never since become a "sucked orange."

My knowledge of China began with two curious soapstone pagodas that stood on either end of my grandfather's library mantel—a

gift to him from a missionary pioneer. Without their gracefully carved balconies with their pendant bells I might not have discovered a name for the "Bells of the Blue Pagoda."

China, however, in spite of geography lessons, did not become a reality until my brothers went there. Then, at last it was proved to my satisfaction that there was a land where men wore queues and women bound their feet. Moreover, I saw my brothers sacrifice money and position here to teach strangers in a far country, and thus I caught a vision of Christ's sacrifice when he gave up what he enjoyed to save men. Through our anxiety as my brothers faced famine, pestilence, and riots, we had a small part in this renunciation. But it would take more than one sleepless night to do justice to all the religious implications of these interests.

Whole nights might be spent in retracing our trip around the world. If my brothers had not been missionaries we would not have visited the Far East—Europe would have sufficed. When I lie awake I can hear in memory the deep-toned bells of Nikko, or see the mountainside where her temples stand ablaze with autumn maples, or glide between the bamboo islands of the Inland Sea, or stand enthralled before Fujiyama at sunset, or last and most sublime of all, watch the sunrise flame behind Kinchungjunga. Because of these experiences I am able to walk with Kim and his lama in search of their holy river, or climb with the hardy Oxford explorers the fastnesses of Mount Everest and visualize the Thibetan monastery in "Lost Horizons."

On that journey we sat night after night in our Japanese living room listening spellbound to the story of the siege of Peking, told by an eye witness who, we were later informed, was one of its heroes.

In China, we met Dr. Arthur Smith whose wise plan for returning the Chinese indemnity has done more than any one thing to cement the friendship between our two countries. In Turkey there was Halide Adib, who had recently graduated from the Constantinople Woman's College—a missionary institution—and who was to become the greatest woman leader in Turkey.

Those months of travel made Oriental art, music, literature, and religion worth studying. How could one understand a country without knowing its background? The Yangtze-kiang has become not just a colossal river,

but is thronged with the romance and memories of Chinese poets, just as the English Lakes echo of Woodsworth and Southey and Coleridge.

Are you whispering, "Her experiences are unique"? This is not true. I have seen quiet, inconspicuous, plain people become, because of their participation in the church's program overseas, world conscious and missionary statesmen. The obstacles they encountered have developed a tenacity of purpose that makes for outstanding character.

Through all the ages it is the dreamer of dreams that has made romance and empires. Joseph was called "that dreamer" by his brothers, but he saved his world from starvation. Alexander, Napoleon, Cecil Rhodes, dreamed dreams of power and established empires. Paul, Livingstone, and Jesus Christ dreamed dreams of social betterment, and they are changing the ideals of whole nations. Surely romance and greatness ever go hand in hand!

Best of all, it is my contact with these Christian world molders that has kept my faith in the supreme goal of human life burning strong.

When the night lies still around me I look down the vista of the years and thank God who has touched my life with romance by sending me to his own university, where my horizons have been broadened, my frontiers widened, by learning what a vital, gripping, beautiful place his world is.

LETTER FROM MRS. HARGIS

To the Woman's Board,
Salem, W. Va., U. S. A.

DEAR FRIENDS, ALL:

For weeks I have been trying to get a letter written to you, asking you for information (or material, if you have it) on "Women of Different Lands," their problems, customs, religious activities, etc. I am anxious to get something of the kind for study and discussion in my women's meetings here.

During the month of October I laid plans for these meetings, which materialized in November, and since, we have been holding our meetings regularly every Tuesday evening. Before I went home to the States, when I was battling the malaria, I was anxious to have something for the older women of the church; but always I have been told it would be a "failure" if begun, for the women are so scat-

tered, over an area of many square miles, and are working days and would not come out evenings. I am very much ashamed to admit that I let these discouraging remarks outweigh my own desires of "trying," but I was not feeling well, and I suppose I succumbed to what was the power of least resistance. I believe that is one thing wrong with the entire Christian world today; Christians don't fight the wrongs which crop up; it's easier to overlook them—and what a dangerous route to take.

I told some with whom I talked (early in my planning) who were wont to discourage, "Perhaps no one will come, but I will be there, and at least I shall have done my best." So I set a date. The first night only one came, the next week three, and for another two weeks we had three and four. Then came Christmas week with its very heavy duties, and my time was so filled I felt I would not be able to hold a meeting that week.

I prayed that our "break" in the Women's Meetings would not interfere with future meetings, and on January fifth we met again. This time we had nine present, and since then we have been blessed so that at our meeting last Tuesday we had sixteen women present, most of them having been there before, and some of them regular attendants. Our meetings so far have been devotional ones, with a study of some topic, and have been very spiritual, reviving our hearts; the women are surely taking hold and we know the Lord has been in every meeting.

Last week I decided to serve a cup of hot tea to each one in a little informal half hour before our meeting opened. . . . The women were much pleased to have the tea, as almost all of them, and all other Jamaicans, dote on a cup of tea. I wished I might serve sweet biscuits with the tea, but was afraid to begin such a custom, for fear it would become quite an expense to meet, in case of the growth in our numbers which I am praying for, and the tea (with white sugar and cream, which is a treat to most of them) pleases them. We meet in the church, and I have been pleased to see how the flower committee and music committee have taken hold; it is a joy to me to see the joy they get from service.

And the task which seemed so hard and so "impossible" at first has become a service which I look forward to a whole week in advance. I praise God for giving me the as-

urance of his Presence there, and we (the women) have been drawn together in fellowship and better understanding. I do not do all the talking, oh no! I assign things for others to discuss, and we have a happy time till about 8 p.m., and then it is hard to close. I feel inadequate to do the task well, but I shall rely on the Fountain of Living Water to fill our needs.

We would like to have something to read about women of other races, or nations. Can any of you suggest material for such a study?

Please answer soon, for the time goes so quickly, and we want to accomplish all we can for the development of our Christian sisters here who have no libraries or books to aid them. They are lovable women, all of whom you may meet some day in the heavenly kingdom.

With much love to you all,

MARIAN A. HARGIS.

85 Constant Spring Road,
Kingston, Jamaica,
February 5, 1937.

THE PREACHING MISSION IN NEW LONDON, CONN.

BY REV. ALBERT N. ROGERS

Geography has always played an important part in religion, and southern New London County is an example of this. Here natural barriers as well as trade factors have made of the only city in the area a kind of hub about which revolve the villages and neighborhoods within a radius of fifteen miles or so. The Federation of Churches operates on the conviction that we may well center our religious activities in the city—just as we do our public schools, our markets, our theaters and our factories. (The majority of the population is employed in the city.)

The two-day Preaching Mission in New London, which was held simultaneously with about twenty others throughout Connecticut, was planned to bridge the gap between the national mission and the local churches. In some cases we failed utterly in our plan; in others we did succeed in making the minister and the individual church-goer feel a part of a tremendous Christian movement.

The evening mass meetings were, honestly considered, mediocre in the impression they were able to make. The special sessions for

youth and for women were likewise of average quality only, as far as I am able to judge. Our best work was done at the laymen's luncheons and at the morning seminars for ministers.

Some churches in the vicinity, notably those of the conservative wing, failed to cooperate in the mission—either because of indifference on the part of the ministers or fear of the liberal leaders in the Federation. There are evidences that Roman Catholic and Jewish groups were favorably impressed by the unity of Protestantism which was made obvious by the mission.

The committee of the Federation which planned the two-day mission tried also to correlate the eight-day missions, held a fortnight later in the individual churches, by suggesting sermon topics for the week. Beginning with a portrayal of religion at work in the world today, the week night themes were selected to plumb the meaning of God, Jesus, The Church, and The Christian in the Everyday Life, and the appeal at the close was "Spectator or Participant?" For a dozen or more congregations to be considering such topics suggests an awakening church.

At the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Waterford we had a profitable week with four visiting preachers: Rev. J. A. Martin of the Niantic Methodist Church; Rev. Everett T. Harris of Ashaway, a former pastor; Rev. R. I. Porter, a Baptist minister from New London; and Rev. Harold R. Crandall of Westerly. The pastor spoke twice during the mission. Attendance was good, and when the congregation was asked at the close if it would favor next year a teaching mission, a worship mission, or a calling mission, it voted its preference for the preaching mission. Preaching seems to be fundamental in Christianity.

I cannot avoid feeling that the highest value of the Preaching Mission in southern New London County was achieved for the ministers, and perhaps this is so throughout the nation. One pastor, who was previously almost unknown, led us to the confessional by his paper on "The Preacher and His Own Soul"; another fed us from his long experience with a discourse on "This Great Business of Preaching." In more than a few cases we discovered each other, and there have been several pulpit exchanges since the mission closed. Some of us who are near to

the center of things were able to pass on part of our enthusiasm to those who hoe the harder rows in the rural churches. They in turn were able to give us fresh insight into the tragedy and the triumph of the parish ministry because they work where life is lived more simply. God only knows the inspiration which has come to the clergy as they have held up one another's hands through the Preaching Mission.

Waterford, Conn.

CHILDREN'S PAGE OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

DEAR RECORDER GIRLS AND BOYS:

I was beginning to feel very much pleased and encouraged because so many of you have written me so many interesting letters during the last few weeks, but this week I have looked in vain for even one letter. Let us hope that I have better success next week. How fine it would be if at least three letters or stories came from RECORDER children every single week. Who will be the first three? Of course most of you are busy in school but I am sure you can find time to tell your RECORDER friends about some of the interesting things that happen in the schoolroom, on the playground, on the way to and from school, and at home.

What do you suppose I saw yesterday? Why, a group of merry girls went hurrying by on roller skates. It seemed odd right in the midst of winter, but then the sun was shining and the walks were perfectly dry, so roller skating wasn't out of place after all. Rather unusual weather for a New York State winter, however. The boys haven't begun to play marbles yet but they are flying around on their bicycles at a great rate; yes, and some of the girls, too.

Another thing I saw the other day was five dogs frolicking in our back yard. Skeezics saw them, too, and climbed the screen door in fright. He doesn't seem to love dogs. Do you know any cat that does? A dog and cat once lived next door to us who seemed to be the greatest of friends and companions. It was fun to watch them playing together. The dog used to boss the cat around quite a bit. One day the cat was in her master's chair and he said, "Make her get out of my chair, Old Boy." At once the dog cuffed her until she was glad to get down, but soon she was

curled up between the dog's front paws, in front of the fire, fast asleep.

Now I have written you quite a long letter, haven't I? So write soon to your true friend,

MEZPAH S. GREENE.

Andover, N. Y.,

February 21, 1937.

February 22.—No roller skating this morning, for a thick blanket of snow covers everything. Such a surprise—white ground, white trees, white wires the size of cables.

OUR HORSES

BY MISS LOIS R. FAY

VII. BETSEY (Continued)

I have not told you what color Betsey was. Can you guess?

She was gray, with some dapples on her sides. As she grew older she grew white. She was strong and many times she took us to ride; sometimes just father and one of us tucked in close on the seat beside him; sometimes mother and all of us, filling two seats in the buggy. We learned to take turns going, when only one went. When we all went, if we pushed we crowded or quarreled, we learned we would have to get out and be left by the roadside.

The place we all liked to go best was grandfather's house, nine miles away. It was always a happy day when mother told us we were going to see her father and mother.

"Over the river and through the woods
To grandfather's house we'll go."

We thought it was the prettiest house in all our world—a little plaster cottage on a sunny bank, near a river, and two railroads where we watched trains which we never saw from our own home. We used to be afraid Betsey would be afraid if a train happened to come along when we were riding in the road; but she never did anything bad when she saw a train. In her eight years of life she had probably seen more trains than we; for we were told she was born out West, and the only thing she was afraid of was a whitish rock beside the road. Often she would shy and step spry past those rocks because, we were told, those rocks were about the color of the wolves out in the West.

There were some long hills to go down, going to grandpa's, and coming home we had to climb up them. As we grew bigger, we liked to get out of the buggy and walk up those long hills. After Betsey proved she was

a safe family horse, father sometimes left mother to drive, and walked in long strides up the hills, faster than the horse, reaching home before we did.

In winter we took hot bricks under the big buffalo robe, or a can or jug of hot water to keep us warm. When our faces felt cold, down we would go under the robe to get warm. While under the robe, we would guess how far along we had traveled, and then peep out to see if we guessed right.

Sometimes in summer we would pack up our supper and the whole family ride with Betsey around one of the pretty 'country roads, smell the moist woods, see the summer flowers, eat our supper, picnic style, and come home in the soft twilight.

Then once in the summer father would give us a hay-ride picnic. A thick layer of hay was put in the wagon, and we climbed in, with cousins and perhaps some of the neighbor's children, and a nice lunch of course. We nearly always went to Wachusett Lake on our hay-ride, about five miles away.

On one of these rides, my father invited several negro children who belonged in a family living next door to us that summer. We had an enjoyable picnic and when we were all loaded to start home, a man came near the wagon, looked the load of children over, and remarked to my father, "You have some sweet potatoes there haven't you?" My father thought this a great joke; evidently the stranger would not have invited negro children on his picnic.

Betsey had to pull that wagon load of children up Mile Hill and then down another long hill, ending in a quite steep grade. On one of our return trips the hold back strap broke as we were just beginning to go down this steep place, and that loaded wagon ran against Betsey, who bravely held that load till we were all safe at the foot of the hill. If she had run, as some horses would, we children would surely have been hurt, if not killed.

We all loved Betsey for being so good and kind to us. She used to take us to Methodist camp meeting once a year, in August, which was a great treat. There was singing and preaching under tall trees; also a picnic dinner, and a call on uncles, aunts, and cousins whom we seldom saw elsewhere. Besides we had a steamboat ride on the lake, and when it was all over, Betsey took us home again.

OUR PULPIT

A FAMILIAR PARABLE

BY REV. HAROLD R. CRANDALL

Pastor Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church,
Westerly, R. I.

Scripture lesson—Luke 8: 1-15.

Often we hesitate about using familiar things, thinking that nothing new can be said and that repetition will be boresome. But the familiar things have become familiar to us through frequent use and are dear to us because we possess them through knowledge. The obvious lessons have been learned and repeated. If they are to continue to bless us and others we shall have to keep them familiar.

So we consider again the Parable of the Sower. This is the title that has been given to this story through long years. But it is not really the Parable of the Sower at all. It is the Parable of the Soil. The sower was mentioned incidentally. There was no discussion about the seed; it was "the word of God." Weather conditions did not enter into consideration. The only differing conditions were those connected with the soil.

As the land has its varying soil, so does the soul. As the crop varies according to the soil of the land, so the crop of life depends on the soil of the soul. The seed fails to get into it, or the soil is thin, or it is full of weeds. Sad indeed is the spirit which is hard, or stony, or a patch of thorns.

The roads or paths passing through the field were hard tramped. The seed could not sink into the soil, so it was subject to the wind or the hungry fowl of the air. There are hard tramped paths through the soil of the soul. There may be various reasons for the hardness. It may be there is a lack of ability to receive teaching. More often the soil of the soul is hard because people decline to open their minds. There are many who can and do understand with their minds, but whose hearts refuse to receive. They may be prejudiced for some reason. There may be an imaginary grievance. These thin-skinned, super-sensitive people! "I won't go to church, unless so and so." "I shall not be there if such one is coming." Whatever the reason for the hardness of the soil of the soul, it is a matter over which people have control. Having control, there is the fact of responsibility. You are responsible. It is your business to hear, your business to receive the seed in good soil.

Thorns and weeds choke out and stop growth and fruition in the fields of earth. The word of God is choked out and made of none effect by many thorns and weeds of life. Many are deceived by false values. The riches of this world seem unduly worth while. The lust of impure and questionable pleasures and excitement are counted desirable. Even the rose in the wrong place is a weed. It is a matter of interest to note those things which in some parts of the country are valued as flowers and in others are worthless weeds. When I was in Colorado last summer I saw plants that looked familiar and so far as I could see were what people around here cultivate and call "snow on the mountain." There they were just weeds. In our garden at De Ruyter poppies came up of themselves. If they had not been hoed up by the hundreds they would have choked the vegetables and have been a nuisance. When some of them were left, a touch of color and beauty was added to the garden. Any interest or activity is a weed when it tends to choke out the seed which the church sows, the word of God. Any thought or emotion is a weed if it prevents us from maturing the real crop of life—character. We have so many worldly cares—our houses, our cars, our social life, our clubs, lodges, amusements, reading. Such things are not bad, they should have their appropriate places in the garden of our lives. But let them not become weeds. Not one of them, nor all of them, could take the place of the church. Yet, too often we find people who allow any of these things to choke out the good seed. Church interests are left to the last, or are left out entirely. What business or worth while organization could carry on without the influence of the church? What business man would have his business located in a churchless community? The church is the greatest business, the most necessary organization in the world.

If the soil of the soul is to be at its best, there should be time for quiet and meditation. Pause for a time in this way for preparation for the service of worship. You expect your pastor to take time to prepare for the service and to pray for it. The success of the service depends not upon him alone, but to be what it should be those who sit in the pews have their responsibility. Do not neglect it. You help or hinder by your faithfulness or neglect. Pause for a moment of quiet before your pri-

vate worship; meditate as well as read and pray. Cultivate a little place for memory. Allow for some measure of sunshine for the good of your soul.

In the natural world there is variation in the depth of the soil. In many places the soil is shallow. Our attention is continually being brought to soil erosion. Land titles are legally good all the way to the center of the earth. But actually they are good down only a few inches. The soil of the soul of many a person is very shallow. Suffering may have blown away the productive element. Pride may have filled the soil with alkali. Malice may have burned out the substance.

The soil of the earth may be built up and restored to fertility by adding the elements that have been depleted. The soil of the soul may be built up. If thin from heredity, it may be cultivated and improved. Circumstances and environment may have thinned it. Idleness and vicious indulgence may have got in their destructive influence. The quality of the spirit of men and women may always be improved. First in importance in the improvement will be that which comes from within. Begin with thoughts; cultivate pure and noble ones. Choose friends wisely. Strive for high ideals. Cultivate upright qualities. It is within the power of every person to deepen his or her own soil.

Some land is deficient in nitrogen. Though it is in the air all about, and always has been, how to utilize it was not known until sixty years ago. "At that time, by the discovery of the function of bacterial nodules at the roots of leguminous plants the nitrogen mystery was solved. Since then by rotating their crops farmers have been able to draw at will on those vast stores of nitrogen."

If a life is comparatively sterile it may be that it lacks an element which lies in abundance free in the very atmosphere above life's soil. It is something unseen. One need only to know the secret of bringing it down to the roots of life. Whatever element may be lacking, there is an unseen power that can bring it down. That power is prayer.

The soil of life may lack faith. Faith made John, the turbulent "son of thunder," as Jesus called him, the self-seeker; faith made him the apostle of love. Faith transformed the unstable Simon into Peter, the rock. Faith made Saul, the zealous persecutor, the self-righteous Pharisee, into the beloved and efficient Paul.

Is your life deficient in fruition, do you sometimes feel that it is unproductive? You can remedy all that, make it productive, and increase its productivity. Prayer and faith have the old-time power. The prayer of faith can transform you as John and Simon and Saul were made over in their time. You are responsible for the reception and fruition of the seed, the word of God, in your own life.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

ALFRED, N. Y.

"Go to Church Month" is attracting many to the services of the Seventh Day Baptist Church. Among recent speakers are Dean Ahva J. C. Bond and President J. Nelson Norwood.

A regular meeting of the Alfred University faculty took place in the Social Hall, Monday evening. Dean A. J. C. Bond gave the talk which was on "The Influence of the English Bible During the Past Four Hundred Years."

Elmo Randolph, second year student of the theological seminary, has been appointed director of the Scout Camp Gorton for the coming season. He was assistant in this work last year. Mr. Randolph is from Salem, W. Va., and will have associated with him for the summer's work another Salem man, William B. Price, for several years manual arts instructor of Salem High School. Both men are proficient in woodcraft, especially archery. They make their own bows and arrows—and actually hunt with them.

What has come to be known as "French Week" is now being observed in Alfred. Students of the language are speaking it as much as possible during the entire period. Groups have been formed at various student eating places—in fraternities, sororities, and restaurants where, during meal times, students sit together and French is spoken exclusively. Bits of French conversation may be overheard in the post office, stores, and library.—*Alfred Sun.*

ANDOVER, N. Y.

An unusual service was held at the Andover Presbyterian church Sunday morning, an interdenominational youth-day service with the four Protestant churches of the village participating. Four young people had charge of the service, Edward Crandall representing Seventh Day Baptists, offering the

prayer. Dr. Walter L. Greene introduced the speaker, Dr. Herbert C. Van Horn of Plainfield, N. J., who gave an interesting address. Doctor Van Horn, a former "Y" secretary in France, and for several years president of the West Virginia Christian Endeavor State Union, spoke out of a wide experience of the ideals and goals of Christian Endeavor. Seventh Day Baptists were represented among the ushers and those who received the offering. The entire service was carried out in a most dignified and able manner and was enjoyed by the large congregation.—*Taken or adapted from Andover News.*

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.

The meeting in the Seventh Day Baptist church last Sabbath night was much enjoyed. A group of thirteen men and women from the Practical Bible Training School near Johnson City was present, and gave musical numbers and testimonies of their Christian experience.

Rev. and Mrs. Paul S. Burdick and Mr. and Mrs. Fay D. Greene attended a meeting at the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage at Brookfield Wednesday.—*Brookfield Courier.*

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.

The finance and publication conference of the Seventh Day Baptist Central Association was held Wednesday at the local parish house. About twenty pastors and laymen were in attendance.

President H. C. Van Horn, Plainfield, N. J.; and Chairman of the Finance Committee Harley Sutton, Little Genesee, N. Y., of the General Conference, were present as leaders.

The local Ladies' Aid society served dinner. The first Christian Endeavor society in Brookfield was organized in 1887, so this year makes the fiftieth year of its existence and service in our community. The society decided to celebrate by inviting all the young people and children of the Leonardsville Church for a luncheon and program.

A group of thirty-six met at the parish house, Brookfield, Sabbath day. Three long tables were arranged, one for the speakers, one for the juniors and their guests, and one for the remaining seniors and their guests. These tables were beautifully decorated with plants, candles, pennants, each in C. E. colors with toothpick staff fastened into a marsh-mallow for a base; place cards, drawings of the Leonardsville church and C. E. mono-

grams. Guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie P. Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Palmer were in charge of the serving, assisted by local Christian endeavorers and juniors, and Frances Polan and Royce Rogers were in charge of the program.

The general topic for the afternoon was "What Do I Know About My Church?" A song was sung by all, "We Young Folks Are Seventh Day Baptists," and a prayer of thanks was offered by Pastor Burdick while the company stood by their places at the table.

Speakers were Francis Palmer, Ruth Davis, Pastor Paul Burdick, Mary Corbin, Leslie Welch, Ina Polan, and Pastor Herbert L. Polan. Early in the meeting Leslie Curtis told of the organization of the first C. E. society, of which he was a charter member.

—*Taken, or adapted, from Brookfield Courier.*

NEW MARKET, N. J.

The Piscataway Church and the New Market Baptist Church held a series of four "Preaching Mission" services. The first two nights the meetings were held at the Baptist church and the sermons were brought by the ministers of that denomination. The other two nights the meetings were in the Seventh Day Baptist church and the sermons presented by Rev. James L. Skaggs of New York City and Rev. Hurley S. Warren of Plainfield. The morning worship on Christian Endeavor Day, February 6, was conducted by the young people who presented a short pageant, "The Old Story," arranged by Pastor Sutton. Sunday, February 7, a get-together supper was held at the church preceding the regular quarterly business meeting of the church and a called meeting of the church and society. The Ladies' Aid society held their annual birthday luncheon Sunday, February 21, at the church. The young people met for a Valentine social at the church, Sunday evening, February 21.

CORRESPONDENT.

VERONA, N. Y.

A short temperance program was given during the Sabbath school hour January 30, planned by the chairman, Mrs. Iva Davis. In the absence of Pastor Davis who was called to conduct the funeral of Doctor Hulett at Little Genesee, Mrs. Davis took charge of

the preaching service. Pastor Davis gave us some very good sermons on missions during the month of January. Sabbath morning, February 13, his subject was "The Riches of God." Text, Ephesians 1: 7-8. In the afternoon he addressed the Sabbath keepers in Syracuse.

Pastor and Mrs. A. L. Davis, Mr. O. H. Perry, and Mrs. Stanley Warner attended the conferences on stewardship and RECORDER circulation, held in Brookfield, February 10. Rev. H. C. Van Horn and Rev. Harley Sutton were present as leaders.

A collection for the Red Cross was taken in our church last Sabbath.

The Ladies' Society met with Mrs. Edith Woodcock in Rome the last Sunday in January. After the worship program all were busy working on quilts, aprons, and other articles to be sold later. The society voted to take up the study of Missions in Africa.

The Young People's Social Club was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Smith on the evening of February 13.

CORRESPONDENT.

YONAH MOUNTAIN CAMP
CLEVELAND, GA.

DEAR BROTHER VAN HORN:

May the Lord be praised. There seems to be some fruit here in this mountain country. On February 6, 1937, the Yonah Mountain Sabbath Society was organized with the following elected officers: J. M. Arp, president; Henry Garrett, vice-president; Mrs. John Denton, secretary-treasurer; Paralee Garrett, assistant secretary-treasurer; J. B. Conyers, teacher.

There were fifteen present on the day that we organized, and the covenant and articles of faith were to be written up and submitted later. They have been written and submitted, but so far there are but seven signatures to the document; the others have been away on account of sickness, bad weather, or other reasons. We hope to have at least ten members as a starter.

You should hear the children recite the Bible verses. They have learned the set of God's promises, alphabetically arranged together with the Bible citation for each. They have just completed learning all Ten of the Commandments (long form) from the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and can rattle them off, with ease. Next we are to take up the

Twenty-third Psalm, and so on. Eventually they will have *much* of the Bible memorized.

We have had plenty of wet weather and sloppy country roads lately, but we *now* realize that our hardships are nothing compared to those endured by the people in the Ohio valley.

Since our Sabbath school has been running here now for over six months, the Sabbath truth is being widely discussed throughout this (White) county. So many, in fact nearly all, state that they have never heard of Seventh Day Baptists. This is truly an indictment for those in the past; but believe me, they are hearing about them now, and inquiring about them. Again I want to suggest to the denomination that the most fertile field today is in the rural sections of the South. May God impress it on the minds of our Missionary Board. J. B. CONYERS.

NADY, ARK.

We are small in number, but we want to rank one hundred per cent in the Lord. On account of bad weather this winter we have not been able to attend as much as we would like. We miss the sweet, kind face of our shepherd and pastor, Brother C. C. Van Horn who passed away December 23, 1936. We all loved him, but we know our Savior loves him more; it is sweet to think of him as he was here with us doing his Father's will, but still sweeter to think of him waiting for us to finish our work for our Master so we may go and meet him in the golden by-and-by. We are going to keep right on marching with the Lord's help until we win the battle. We must be of good courage to fight a good fight. Mrs. Van Horn is still carrying on the work as best she can. We would feel lost without her. CORRESPONDENT.

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.

(Extracts from pastor's yearly report)

The regular prayer meetings during the spring were conducted by Brothers Witter, Wing, and Van Horn. Evangelistic services were conducted by Rev. Robert A. Wing assisted by Brothers Witter and Van Horn from March first to the twelfth. These services were held at the church except for two cottage prayer meetings which were in the homes of Mr. and Mrs. George Main and Mrs. C. M. Rogers, and two baptismal services held at the Christian church on South Palmetto Avenue. During these services four

candidates were baptized and received into the church.

The Preaching Mission was held in the church each evening from November 26 to December 4. Different members of the church took turns in conducting the meetings and the sermon was preached by the pastor each evening. A good interest was manifest and several non-Sabbath keepers attended. A request for baptism was made by a nine year old girl who also desires church membership. But she is studying with the pastor more fully regarding the meaning of baptism and church membership, preceding the administration of the ordinance.

We are watching with interest a Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath school organized at Sisco, Fla., October 10, with nineteen members, most of whom had just settled in that community at that time. We heartily commend them for thus establishing and maintaining worship on God's holy Sabbath, wherever they may be located.

For the past year, or a little over, there have been a group of Negroes meeting on the Sabbath at 431 South Campbell Street, Daytona Beach. The pastor has attended several of their meetings this winter, during the afternoons, and has been invited to speak on each occasion. They are very diligent students of the Bible. They spend the most of each Sabbath in the church, going home just long enough to eat their dinner. They come back and remain until sunset, studying and talking about the Bible. While not organized as Seventh Day Baptists, their beliefs are in very close harmony with those of Seventh Day Baptists, and they are very attentive and enthusiastic over the interpretation of the Bible as presented by your pastor.

AN INTERESTING ADDRESS OF OTHER DAYS

BY THE LATE REV. LEWIS F. RANDOLPH

(Concluded)

One of my desires, perhaps the first, in coming among you was to live an exemplary life under the leadership of Christ and in his love. In this I have often failed, but I trust you will not judge me entirely by single acts in life, but my life as a whole. Like Shakespeare, I beg "Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

Aside from a straightforward, exemplary life, two things should the pastor do: First, "preach well"; second, "visit the people." Much may be said in favor of pastoral visits, but it seems to me the grand center around which a church and congregation gather, is the sermon. "Rightly dividing the word" should have grand attraction. To preach well may not always mean eloquence. It may sometimes mean chastisement.

I confess that while my standard or aim has been high, I have often fallen far below my ideal. I never preach but what I am fully aware that the effort might have been bettered. I seldom make pastoral calls but what I regret that I have not gone oftener.

Ten years ago the installation services were held, at which time I became pastor of this church. Of the labors I have performed you are largely acquainted.

It is a matter of pleasing recollection that the church house has been repaired and beautified, the old bell removed and a new one taken its place. The old horse sheds have been succeeded by new and substantial ones, the like of which any church-going people, if in need of them, might well be glad. I doubt if their equal can be found in the denomination. The house, for the necessities of the place, is as good as required at present.

In my recent visit to West Virginia, I was reminded of the uncertainty of life and the necessity of being ready for duty. On my way to attend a wedding to which my family and myself were invited, I heard of the burial of a friend, an old acquaintance, and for different reasons decided to attend. No minister being present, I was invited to officiate, apparently to the comfort of the family and friends, and high on the mountain side we buried the body of our friend.

The Southeastern Association was held at Lost Creek, and on Sabbath the first day was largely attended. On first day the estimated attendance was fifteen hundred people. It was my privilege to preach on Sabbath afternoon and it was an occasion of much inspiration. The association, taken as a whole, was, I think, a great success. Our people there are taking higher stands and are making marked advance in many ways. The schools at Salem are doing noble work in training and educating the young. I was reminded of my childhood and youth and days gone by, when I looked upon some of the logs that were in the

rude log house in which I was born; looked into the little brook where so often my feet have been wet by the pure running water; looked again upon the home where my parents died and two of my children were born (Ahva and Curtis), the outline is much the same as in days gone, but time is making its changes. Many faces of ten years ago are gone—some of them to the long home. Children have grown to men and women. Youths are grown and married and settled in life. "Strangers have taken the kinsman's place at many a joyous board."

In the meantime, similar changes have been made here. Many old and young have died. Some have married. In schools and churches the change has not been, in some respects, so marked as in West Virginia; for many years, they have been established things here. To us, however, the building of two chapels not far away has had a tendency to make a marked change in church attendance on Sabbath morning—a change much regretted. If the change is for the glory of God, we ought to submit.

Since first coming to Rhode Island, I have preached 953 times—almost twice a week on an average; of these, 477 have been in this house. Quite a number more I have either sent a supply or an exchange; so that it is reasonably certain that I have supplied the desk here on an average of once each week. I have baptized during my ministry not less than 106 persons, 34 of whom have been in connection with my work in Rhode Island. Have married 110 couples, 64 of whom have been in connection with my work in Rhode Island. Have officiated at 68 funerals, 54 since coming to Rhode Island. During these years of work there have been seasons of joy, others of sorrow.

I have made many mistakes, but trust I have done some acceptable service and that seed has been sown that will in God's own time bring forth a golden harvest. For my misgivings, I trust God will forgive, and give me grace and strength for duties yet to come.

Of you, my people, I beg your forgiveness for any failures to do my whole duty toward you. I crave your sympathies and prayers. I thank you for your co-operation in the great work for the Master.

During some of these years among you I have felt fully assured of the co-operation,

spiritually and financially, of the entire Church. A fear that this is not now entirely true in each case, brings sadness more felt than told. If I am mistaken, may God forgive my misapprehensions. If my apprehensions are true, there ought to be in some way a change.

Circumstances plainly say to us, be active, be earnest and zealous in the work to which God calls. Christ said, "Be ye also ready." Not many of us are very old, but certain it is "that each day passing over us, brings us still nearer home."

NOTE:—Above address found among papers of my father. After a decade of service and of the passing years since it was read, it may still be of interest to a few readers of the SABBATH RECORDER. Some of the remaining older members of Second Hopkinton and possibly a few in Salem, Ritchie, and Greenbrier, W. Va., may be glad to reminisce in this way.

As time goes on and I often read and meditate of Father's work and labors during his period of thirty years in Rhode Island (1883-1913) and several years in West Virginia, I have come to appreciate and realize more fully the great and wonderful work which he carried on and of the love and respect he held by all with whom he came in contact. He lived to serve the people, and his records and kindly acts still radiate the proof that he lived a straightforward, exemplary life.

In closing, I truly thank God for such a father and also for a kind Christian loving mother. Their love, teachings, and tender care, given in much earlier years, are still guiding me on. Thoughts of these dear ones always bring tender and loving recollections.

LEWIS F. RANDOLPH, JR.

Ashaway, R. I.

MARRIAGES

CHESTER-WHITFORD.—Addison Chester of Ashaway, R. I., and Olive Whitford of Bradford were united in marriage at the Ashaway Seventh Day Baptist parsonage on February 12, 1937, Rev. E. T. Harris officiating.

HILL-DOW.—In Hopkinton, R. I., at Camp Yawgog, near Rockville, Frank M. Hill and Hazel E. Dow, Rev. E. T. Harris officiating.

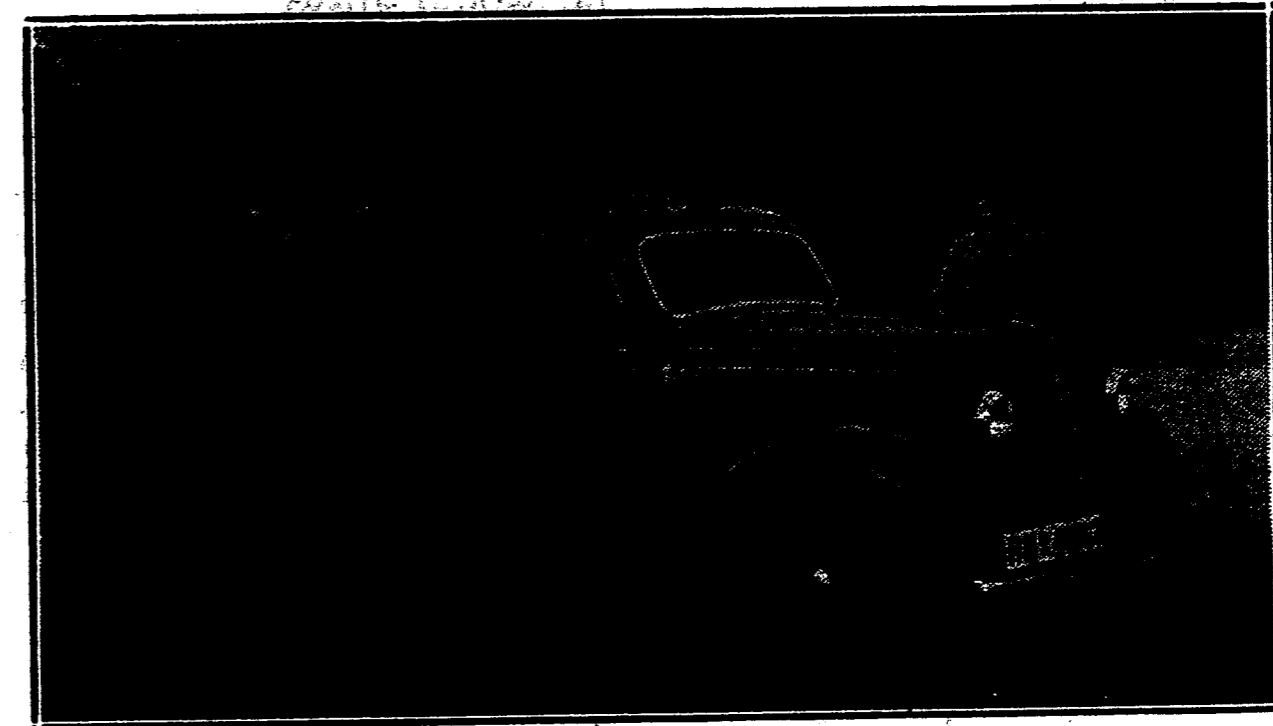
WORCESTER-HARRIS.—At Clarksburg, W. Va., December 4, 1936, Mr. Edwin L. Worcester and Evelyn W. Harris, by Rev. J. Marion Smith.

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LEADERS IN GERMANY

From left to right: Miss Anna Sasz (who, for many years, has been a member of Dr. Conradi's family), Heinrich Bruhn (expert engineer of the City of Hamburg, and treasurer of the German Seventh Day Baptist Association), Dr. L. R. Conradi, Mrs. Heinrich Bruhn. (Photograph taken in June, 1936.)

Contents

Editorial—"Love Your Enemies."—You Are Interested.—Dwight L. Moody.—	
The Editor Closes His Field Work	182-184
Conference President's Corner	184
Christ in Public Life	184
Missions.—Concerning Doctor Conradi.—Illuminating Letter Regarding Con-	
ditions and Mission Work in China	185-187
The Open Door	188
Woman's Work.—Lines on Life.—Excerpts From Report. — "Candie in the	
Heart"	190
Young People's Work.—The Beacon.—Alfred Young People's Worship Serv-	
ice	191-193
C. C. Van Horn	193
Children's Page.—Our Letter Exchange	194
Our Pulpit.—Meditation	195-197
Denominational "Hook-up"	197
Sunday Laws of Pennsylvania	199
Obituary	200