

its purity. We shall have the German Conference in the middle of July, then I shall attend the Conference in Holland and perhaps visit England."—*From a personal letter.*

FROM HOLLAND

A card is just at hand from Holland, giving notice of the discontinuance of the *Boodschapper*, which for more than twenty-five years has been edited and published by our late Brother Velthuysen. Owing to his death and to financial difficulties it has seemed best to suspend publication. All Seventh Day Baptists will be sorry that this is so.—EDITOR.

WELTON, IOWA

We were greatly disappointed to have Pastor Ary T. Bottoms leave. The work is being carried on by his son-in-law, Kay Bee, who supplements his church support by work in a local garage. The two-weeks' Vacation Bible School has been held, with Mrs. Bee and Mrs. Kershaw teachers, sixteen children attending. June 19, a demonstration was given of the work done. It was a fine program and we hope for a full time school next year. Mr. and Mrs. Bee have been a great help to us, and are continually planning things to do to increase interest. Many old members and friends have visited us this summer. Such are always welcome and greatly enjoyed.

—CHURCH CLERK.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.

I am sending a couple of notices for the RECORDER and would like you to know that we are rejoicing because of our recent baptisms and because of a splendid Christian Endeavor Convention held at our church Sabbath afternoon and Sunday. Eighteen were baptized three weeks ago, and with this group four others were received into the church by letter and statement, making a class of twenty-two in all. This is the largest class in the history of my ministry. I have been working for just this, and more, since our Preaching Mission.—*From a letter from Pastor Hill.*

NORTONVILLE, KAN.

About forty young people gathered on the parsonage lawn Sabbath night in a "Welcome Home" social for the college students. Games and contests were enjoyed, and a radio broadcast told news of those who have been away. Punch and wafers were served.—*Nortonville News.*

Duane Hurley led the prayer meeting Sabbath evening, and Wayne Rood preached Sabbath morning. These young men are on their

way from college at Salem to their homes in Riverside.—*From a personal letter.*

DODGE CENTER, MINN.

Rev. B. B. Friesen, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Dinuba, Calif., came Tuesday and spent several days with friends here on his way to Deft, Minn., and will be back later for a visit with friends.

—*Star-Record.*

MARRIAGES

BARBER-SAYRE.—In Battle Creek, Mich., June 27, 1937, Miss Margaret Sayre was married to Mr. J. Merton Barber, Dr. Henry N. Jordan officiating. Both were formerly of North Loup, Neb. Their new home will be 130 Lathrop Ave., Battle Creek.

HILL-SERSHEN.—Mr. Mills Hill and Miss Ellamae Sershen, both of North Loup, Neb., were united in marriage by the groom's uncle, Rev. C. L. Hill, at the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage in North Loup, June 6, 1937. The new home will be at North Loup, where the groom is employed by the Farmers Co-operative Association, and is manager of their general store.

MILLS-GATES.—Following the sermon at the De Ruyter, N. Y., Seventh Day Baptist church, July 3, 1937, Rev. Neal D. Mills of De Ruyter and Miss Martha D. Gates of Lincklaen, N. Y., were united in marriage, Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn officiating.

WITTER-MALTYBY.—At the parsonage of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, Verona, N. Y., June 28, 1937, Rev. E. Adelbert Witter and Miss Anna Maltby, both of Adams Center, N. Y., were united in marriage by Rev. A. L. Davis, pastor of the Verona Church.

OBITUARY

WATTS.—Merne Watts, the daughter of Martin and Gladys Mayo Watts, was born at North Loup, Neb., July 12, 1920, and died at the home of her parents June 15, 1937, her death resulting from an attack of meningitis.

Funeral services were conducted at the home June 16, by Rev. C. L. Hill and burial was made in Hillside Cemetery. C. L. H.

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale, Help Wanted, and advertisements of a like nature, will be run in this column at one cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion. Cash must accompany each advertisement.

A MANUAL OF SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST PROCEDURE (Revised), is a book of exceptional value to those who would know more about Seventh Day Baptist ecclesiastical manners and customs. Price, attractively bound in cloth, \$1 postpaid. Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

The Sabbath Recorder

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THE DOUBT

By Marion Franklin Ham

I sought in travail, to explain
The universe with God left out;
And, in my futile thought, God said:
I am the Breath that speaks your doubt . . .

Doubt me, deny me, if you will,
I am the Mind that thinks your doubt;
Explain creation as you may—
Your logic cannot leave me out.

—*In Songs of the Spirit.*

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A SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST WEEKLY

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less expressly renewed.

Seventh Day Baptists We need more people and we need more money. But, even more, Seventh Day Baptists need a new grip on the principles we profess. We need a conviction if we are to be and do as we ought. Some of us act as if we were ashamed to be known as Seventh Day Baptists. There is a tendency to want to hide our light under a bushel in the presence of scornful interrogators. Even more, perhaps, the weakness is shown in the midst of a careless and indifferent world.

If the truths we profess as principles worth being different for are vital and worthy, they are worth being maintained in the face of worldly indifference and opposition. These truths for which we stand as "peculiar" (?) were principles taught and lived by Jesus and by his inspired apostles. Why should we be ashamed of them or be disposed to apologize for presuming to hold them? Rather, let us glory in them, and seek to win others to accept them. The Sabbath needs no apology.

It's very near the heart of God. It is something to enjoy and be blessed by. And as such it is something to be shared with others as we share our flowers and our homes. Yes, a new grip on these things and conviction are needed. We cannot be true to our Christ with less.

The days when Seventh Day Baptists were enjoying their religion and the Sabbath were the days when many were accepting the Sabbath doctrine. They were days when people knew what they were doing and why they were doing it. The Catholic knows why he is a Catholic and is proud of it. So of the Presbyterian and the Methodist. Too often, Seventh Day Baptists do not know why they are, and are hard put to it to give a reason. We must take more pains in our homes, churches, and Sabbath schools to indoctrinate our boys and girls and older members.

Again let the emphasis be insisted—we need a new grip on the principles which we profess, and a deepened conviction of their vital importance.

Central Association Comments Adams Center is still one of our strongest, distinctively rural churches. When our rural and rural-village churches cease to flourish, our cause will indeed be in sad condition. To these churches we look for oncoming leadership, just as the city must always look to the country for its virile leaders. In these rural centers we find our children—the city churches seem barren of child production. Not only so, but the city soon absorbs and by its attitudes and limitations soon changes much of the thinking of those who come to it. Especially does this seem true of Seventh Day Baptists. Observations reveal many, scores and hundreds, during the years, from the rural sections, completely submerged, with all their Sabbath-keeping identity lost. Much more attention and effort should be given to correct this tendency and to the building up of strong, vigorous, and effective city churches.

At Central Association large numbers of children and young people were in evidence. Especially on Sabbath morning was this noticeable when families from Verona, Brookfield, and other places began to arrive. Pews filled with young families, and large, looked good to the eyes and were an earnest of the future. Our children are the hope of the church for tomorrow.

VARIOUS INTERESTS

The sermons and addresses throughout the program were of high order and inspiring. The devotional services were devotional, prayers were from the heart, and the spirit of fellowship was all that could be desired. The people of the local church lived up to the reputation for cordial hospitality long possessed.

On Friday afternoon, following the program made brief for the purpose, a fellowship picnic supper was enjoyed by about sixty people at Jefferson Beach on Lake Ontario. Many of the young people improved the opportunity for a swim. In spite of some car trouble by one of the younger pastors on the return, all were back in good time for the evening services. Besides the young people's meeting on Sabbath night, arranged and conducted by Miss Agnes Smith of Verona (already reported) a fellowship breakfast was had at Washington Park on Sunday morning, which was, we understand, well attended. Throughout the entire session of association the young people gave good account of themselves in helpful service and in taking parts on the program. The panel discussion of practical problems carried on by them in the Sunday afternoon meeting revealed the young people as intelligently aware of these problems and as capable of finding solutions. This discussion period, led by Rev. Neal Mills and participated in by half a dozen representative young people, was one of the high places of the association.

MISSIONARY WORK

At the close of Sabbath afternoon meeting, all who were interested were invited to remain and talk over matters concerning the work of the Missionary Board, whose president and executive secretary were both present. About fifty stayed and listened to the earnest words of Rev. Willard D. Burdick and Rev. William L. Burdick. The latter showed maps on which were located our mission churches, the world over. The ones concerning the work in China were explained by Miss Anna West. Great interest was shown by the character of questions and comments.

FOR NEXT ASSOCIATION

The one hundred first session of the Central Association will be held at Verona, but nothing was said as to the time. A fall, one-day session will be held at Brookfield. The newly elected president is Raymond Sholtz of Sher-

rill, N. Y. Other officers are: Miss Bernice Rogers of Leonardsville, recording secretary; Mrs. Clarke Stoodley, Adams Center, corresponding secretary; DeChois Greene, Adams Center, treasurer.

Delegates to other associations are: Rev. Neal D. Mills to the Southeastern in 1937; the joint delegates from Eastern, Central, and Western, to the Southwestern Association in 1937 is the appointee of the Eastern, Rev. James L. Skaggs of New York City; to the Eastern Association in 1938, Rev. Herbert L. Polan, Brookfield, with Rev. Neal D. Mills, alternate.

The offerings of the association for the United Budget of the denomination, taken on Sabbath and Sunday mornings, amounted to \$57.25. There were present 121 in the Sunday morning service, and the attendance remained good throughout the day in spite of rain and need of many to return to their homes and work.

The Minister's Vacation Vacations do people good, as was pointed out in an editorial in these columns some time ago. Particularly is it true of the minister. He needs a change and a chance to think without having to think that his thinking must do with next Sabbath's sermon. While his need of rest should not be minimized, that is not his chief need. Some ministers go aside from ordinary work and distractions with a stack of books, some of them heavy, and blessed is the people to whom such returns. They are likely to be fed, especially if the study intimated is coupled with the Bible and prayer.

Opportunities are offered, too, in conferences, conventions and Chautauquas. We believe our ministers may be interested, if not this summer then some other, in opportunities offered at Chautauqua, N. Y. The Ministers' Union at Chautauqua, N. Y., founded by E. C. Westervelt, offers ministers and their wives free use of rooms, with community kitchen privileges on a co-operative basis, in which guests share in the cost of the upkeep. Those desiring information or reservations of rooms for two weeks, should write Rev. and Mrs. Edwin S. Shaw, managers, Chautauqua, N. Y. Stamped, addressed envelope should be inclosed. The Publicity Office, Chautauqua Institution, will gladly furnish literature concerning the program for the 1937 season, July 4 to August 29, on request.

COME TO CONFERENCE

Shiloh awaits word from you people of the North, the South and the West, that you are going to be with us for the 1937 Conference. The world is now living in superlatives. Let this be a superlative Conference. This is our slogan: The best and biggest Conference ever held.

We cannot promise you the beautiful scenery of Colorado, but remember we are in the garden spot of America. So far we have had a wonderful growing season, giving every indication of a good supply of luscious fruits and fresh vegetables. Though we do not come to Conference to feed the inner man, yet we are not adverse to partaking three times a day of the good things from Mother Earth, and where can we find a greater variety than in South Jersey?

Our commissary department is in the hands of experienced women from the Bridgeton High School cafeteria. Mrs. Charles Dickinson, Shiloh, would appreciate hearing from all of the young people who want to wait on table. President H. C. Van Horn is counting on a large attendance of young people. Do you dare to disappoint him?

Many of us were deprived of the privilege of attending Conference last year on account of the distance and expense involved. Therefore, it seems fitting that there should be a larger attendance than usual this year. The entertainment committee has canvassed the Shiloh and Marlboro communities and has an abundance of rooms for our guests. Make your plans to come and fill these rooms. All roads lead into Shiloh. Get out your maps and see how easy it is to get here. Send in your name to Mrs. Thurman Davis, Shiloh, that you are planning to attend this meeting and help us make our goal: The best and biggest Conference ever held.

THE PUBLICITY COMMITTEE
BY FRANCEIL DAVIS.

ATTENDING NORTHWESTERN
ASSOCIATION?

If you are planning to attend the Northwestern Association, to be held at White Cloud, Mich., July 30-August 1, please notify the entertainment committee at an early date.

REV. R. J. SEVERANCE,
Chairman.

SEEKING THE MIND OF CHRIST IN THE
USE OF OUR TIME

(Paper given at Central Association)

BY G. KENT STOODLEY

Each of us has a different definition for "time." I like the one, "Time is but the stream of life we go a-fishing in." So often you hear the remark, "Time goes by so fast" or "Time and tide wait for no man." Time does not move or go at all—we go. Time is something that is now and ever shall be—time without end.

I also want to take exception to that oft repeated "All men are born equal." I do not agree. All men are born unequal. The only equality of humans is the equality of time. Henry Ford, Franklin Roosevelt, or the tramp along the road, each has twenty-four hours a day to use—no more, no less.

Every man has so many years to live—some more, some less—but when the end comes the machine wears out. Neither power, fame, nor wealth can add a year. The only equality is the equality of time—time to work, time to struggle, time to achieve. No one will be held responsible for not becoming President of the United States, but he will be accountable for not making the best possible use of his time.

There is a vast difference between waiting for something to turn up to do, and doing while waiting for something to turn up. A man's fortune depends upon how he invests his money, character, and time. Most things in life can be bought with the currency of time.

How many of you have been asked the question, "What time have you?" You bring out your watch, glance at it, and very gladly tell the questioner what that little instrument tells you. Speaking of watches, and seeing some of you glance at yours, makes me think of the parson who in the midst of an interminable sermon suddenly broke off his discourse to chide—"You know I don't mind a bit having you look at your watches to see what time it is, but really it does annoy me when you put them to your ear to see if they are still running."

But the question, "What time have you?" goes far deeper than the hands moving so slowly around the face of that little instrument. He has asked you about time and time is one of the most mysterious, most wonderful and utterly invaluable possessions that you

have. What time have you? Indeed it is a most startling question. If it is a matter of quantity, of course we do not know what measure has been assigned to each of us. You can see only a small section of it and look forward to more with hopeful expectation. The hours swiftly passing have been following their appointed round long before the Babe was born in the manger. In the timeless ages of the life of God a portion of the stupendous progress is yours. God has put it into your hands to do with as you will.

One of the commonest human attitudes toward time is impatience concerning it. In the night watches of wakefulness we long for morning. In the day we wonder when the grind will be over and resting time at hand. The drudgery of the daily grind, the endless round of duties to perform, the way in which time seems to drag when something important must be done—all lead to impatience. Our faith is sometimes disturbed by God's slow processes. He does not always do what we think should be done as quickly as we should like to have him do it, and we often are inclined to think that our heavenly Father has forgotten what time it is and will not be ready when the crisis that we have been dreading finally arrives.

Many prayers are based on the assumption that God does not know his business. When the disciples wanted to know about any important times in the future, the Lord quietly put aside their questioning by explaining that the Father was the keeper of that time and that it was the Father's own affair.

I think very often we try to time God by our own watches and he will not have it so. Count time by the hour log of eternity. What a blessing it is to realize that the timing of the events of life under the loving hand of God is not by our watch, but by the hour log of eternity!

After work comes rest. The time that we have includes not only work, but rest as well. There is rest even before that which we know we are to have in the future. Work and rest go together—alternating at longer or shorter intervals. So constant are the demands of life upon us that we are prone to wonder when any long resting time will come. But we have hopes that it won't always be so, and some day we will have time to do some of the things we have always longed to do in the midst of our daily toil, but have not had time. What

time have you? Why God's own time—time for your life and your work, your rest, and time for that which he has laid up for you beyond the bounds of time.

It has been said that any address or sermon is a failure if it fails to make you think, so I want to leave this thought with you—"What are you leaving in the sands of time—footprints or dollar marks?"

"Isn't it strange that princes and kings,
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings,
And common folks like you and me
Are builders for eternity?"

"To each is given a kit of tools,
A shapeless mass, and book of rules,
And each must make ere life has flown
A stumblingblock or a stepping stone."

MISSIONS

PROMOTING THE INTEREST OF THE
CHURCH

When the famous pastor, Theodore L. Cuyler, was preaching his farewell sermon, after a pastorate of thirty years, he said, "The first thought, the only thought with all of us, is this church. . . . I call no man my friend, you must call no man your friend, that does not stand by the interests of Lafayette Avenue Church."

That is a striking way of saying that the followers of Christ should give the Church of our Redeemer the very best, and that when they let their selfish interests or the interest of any other organization come in before the welfare of the Church, they are turning against Christ and his friends.

This does not mean that we are to worship the Church as an organization merely. The Church is a divine institution in the sense that it was instituted by Christ himself—instituted for the purpose of uniting his followers that they may live in fellowship based on love, that they may help one another, that they may lead men to Christ, and that all human institutions may be transformed into a brotherhood completely good.

There is the local church and there is the Church universal. The local church is the family of God at a given center and the Church universal is the family of God including all followers of Christ on earth and in Heaven (Hebrews 12: 22-24). It is to this institution that we are called upon to be loyal and to promote with zeal. The local church

is made up of imperfect beings, but it is the Church of Christ so long as Christ's love, principles, and activities reign, and to promote it is the passion of those who love Christ.

Standing by the Church requires that we put its interests ahead of those of all other organizations, that we should make our interests and affairs secondary to those of the Church, that our lives should not be a reproach to it, that we should work for the accomplishment of its objects, and that we should exalt it in word and proclaim its sacred nature.

Urging that the Church be given its rightful place is not saying that the Church is the only worth-while institution and that it should undertake every kind of activity. It has its sphere. To enter the sphere of the home or the state is meddling. Working in its own sphere it transforms the home, the state, and all things human by changing lives and creating right purposes. Though the Church is not the only worth-while institution, it has to do with the highest and holiest and should be given the first place.

It is, and has been since the days of the apostles, the work of Christian missions to establish and build up churches.

SEEKING THE MIND OF CHRIST IN TITHING

(Paper by Mrs. Jennie Seaman given during the Central Association, Adams Center, N. Y., June 25.)

"Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Malachi 4: 8-10.

May we paint a picture that might be the experience of any one? *Man's laws first.* You rent a home from some one for a stated amount to be paid at stated intervals. You are a professing Christian and religiously try to pay your rent, or if you own your home, you pay the taxes because you expect to obey the laws of the land. You do not even question the tax or rent collector, because you expect to pay for the use and conveniences of your home.

God's law second. God has given us life—physical, mental, and spiritual ability to use while we inhabit this earth. In return he asks us to obey his commandments and give him a tenth of our income. How brave we are when we are financially successful! We think our ability is beyond question and we can live very successfully as long as we have money. Then what a shock we receive when God shows that he is Master. Sometimes our physical body becomes partially or totally helpless in an accident which took only a few seconds. Perhaps our mind becomes feeble with the strain of earthly greed. How weak the brave become in these moments of disaster. Friends try to help, but God is ruler of the universe and some time we are all compelled to reap what we have sown.

We paid the rent when due because we are Christians. We paid the taxes, sometimes at a great sacrifice, because we are Christians and taught to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. We also paid these because if we did not we would suffer the punishment of being evicted from our homes. The landlord or state is not interested in our difficulty, but God says, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." We understand all this and yet when we received our bounties last week, we forgot God had given us strength and ability to earn those bounties. We put them one hundred per cent into our pockets and grudgingly dropped a pittance into the collection plate. Though only ninety per cent belongs to us and ten per cent to the Master, we want to keep most of his to use for ourselves. How long would you keep a tenant who decided your rent money could best be used for his own business? You would call him, "a thief, a robber," and ask the civil law to help you get your rent. Dear Christians, if you are not giving God his tenth you are a robber in his sight. That tenth is his and you have no right to keep it. You call yourselves Christians and God entrusts you with the bounties of life, expecting you to be honest with him.

During the past two months Seventh Day Baptist churches urged every non-tither to tithe for two months as a test. I feel sure that, even though there was probably not one hundred

per cent response, the reports which will soon come in will prove that Seventh Day Baptists could balance the budget every year and carry on God's work without any financial difficulty, if everyone who has the name of "Seventh Day Baptist" would honestly give to God what is rightfully his.

I would like to tell you my own experience. I never religiously tithed until about twenty-five years ago. I thought I could not afford to tithe. I gave according to how much I thought I could afford. My dear mother and I gave a considerable thought to the subject and I finally decided that "I could not afford to not tithe." I had been robbing God and expecting his blessings just the same. No wonder I had been worried desperately many times over finances! From then until now I have given God his share. Sometimes I've not known until a few hours before a bill had to be met where the money was to come from to meet it, but the Lord has never failed me. I give him his tenth and then whatever I can give extra is my gift to the "Kingdom of God." "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

Statement of Treasurer, June, 1937

	June	Total
Adams Center	\$125.00	
Ladies' Aid society	50.00	
Mrs. Bert Greene, special	1.00	
	\$176.00	\$ 522.00
Albion	\$ 40.00	
Home Benefit Society, special	33.00	
	\$ 73.00	203.00
Alfred, First	\$173.55	
Women's Evangelical Society	25.00	
	\$198.55	1,404.60
Alfred, Second		303.14
Andover	14.00	14.00
Battle Creek	\$ 53.25	
Special	11.35	
	\$ 64.60	244.94
Berlin	27.25	210.81
Boulder	\$ 20.05	
Special	10.00	
	\$ 30.05	102.65
Brookfield, First	21.00	185.40
Brookfield, Second	5.00	115.83

Carlton Sabbath school	\$ 3.00	
Julia K. Shrader	12.50	
Special	12.50	
	\$ 28.00	51.00
Chicago		75.00
Daytona Beach	12.75	108.95
Denver	12.42	170.23
De Ruyter	39.00	354.20
Edinburg	8.00	67.00
Farina	117.00	263.35
Fouke	10.00	45.08
Friendship	4.05	16.02
Genesee, First	\$ 31.08	
Sunshine Society, special	10.00	
	\$ 41.08	530.24
Gentry		11.00
Hammond	15.00	35.00
Hartsville		100.00
Healdsburg-Ukiah		25.00
Hebron, First	\$ 15.00	
Special	10.00	
Sabbath school, special	7.65	
	\$ 32.65	118.25
Hebron, Second	10.00	10.00
Hopkinton, First	\$ 80.50	
Special	5.00	
C. E. society, special	3.00	
Intermediate C. E. society, special	1.00	
	\$ 89.50	460.50
Hopkinton, Second	3.25	34.27
Independence	38.60	263.20
Irvington	100.00	300.00
Jackson Center		26.06
Little Prairie		6.00
Los Angeles	61.98	166.98
Los Angeles - Christ's		7.00
Lost Creek	22.00	96.66
Marlboro	104.19	229.29
Middle Island	\$ 20.50	
Special	4.00	
	\$ 24.50	53.75
Milton		1,470.41
Milton Junction	24.65	394.34
New Auburn		8.00
New York City	103.10	436.17
North Loup	58.00	93.00
Nortonville		51.49
Pawcatuck	\$250.00	
Home department of Sabbath school, special	3.00	
C. E. society, special	3.00	
	\$256.00	3,050.00
Piscataway	31.25	294.97
Plainfield	\$154.25	
Contributed	30.00	
	\$184.25	1,499.51
Richburg	66.50	115.00
Ritchie	7.20	45.70
Riverside	\$244.00	
Special	18.56	
	\$262.56	596.48

Roanoke	5.00	
Rockville	\$ 15.20	
Sabbath school, special	13.56	
	\$ 28.76	139.94
Salem	157.68	655.02
Salemville		8.28
Shiloh	\$129.83	
Ladies' Benevolent Society	108.50	
Sabbath school	39.00	
	\$277.33	933.33
Stonefort	5.00	10.00
Syracuse	16.03	16.03
Verona	\$ 64.89	
Special	4.00	
	\$ 68.89	206.89
Walworth		5.00
Washington		5.00
Waterford	\$ 15.00	
Sabbath school, special84	
	\$ 15.84	194.34
Wellsville		5.00
Welton		13.95
West Edmeston	27.00	37.00
White Cloud	35.94	188.88
Individuals:		
"Members of the Old Lincklaen Church"	\$ 6.00	
Reta I. Crouch	5.00	
D. P. McWilliams, special	2.50	
	\$ 13.50	3,673.00
Eastern Association	50.82	50.82
Central Association	57.25	57.25
Western Association	28.13	28.13
Southeastern Association		24.90
Southwestern Association		12.00
Conference offering		200.00
Seventh Day Baptist C. E. Union of New England, special16	2.00
Woman's Board		34.00
Shiloh-Marlboro Vacation Bible School		8.00
Young People's Board		250.00
	\$21,749.23	
June receipts on budget	\$3,435.09	
Special	154.12	
	\$3,589.21	
<i>Disbursements</i>		
Missionary Society	\$1,562.65	
Special	77.00	
	\$ 1,639.65	
Tract Society	\$ 420.08	
Special	23.56	
	443.64	
Sabbath School Board	\$ 235.34	
Special	4.00	
	239.34	
Young People's Board		46.95
Woman's Board	\$ 14.02	
Special	33.00	
	47.02	

Ministerial Relief	\$ 84.75
Special	14.56
	99.31
Education Society	201.50
Historical Society	23.47
General Conference	\$ 459.71
Special	2.00
Preferred claim	500.00
	961.71
	\$ 3,702.59

HAROLD R. CRANDALL,
Treasurer.

118 Main Street,
Westerly, R. I.,
July 1, 1937.

WOMAN'S WORK

HOW "CONGO CROSSES" WAS WRITTEN

THE AFRICAN POINT OF VIEW
BY JULIA LAKE S. KELLERSBERGER

To be all things at all times to all men seems to be the duty of the missionary, rather than to teach little children, dressed only in sunshine, how to read the Bible. I, who had visions of revolutionizing the country during my first term of service, found myself instead busily engaged in bartering, in cooking, in teaching Latin and talking French, and in a thousand other diverse duties that literally swamped me with work I had never dreamed of doing.

Each day slipped by so rapidly; I seemed to accomplish so little; and the time for returning to the home land seemed so discouragingly near that I nearly despaired when I received the letter requesting me to compile the *International Mission Study Book on Congo Women and Girls*. Twelve million people to survey, forty-four Protestant denominations to write about, slow transportation, and expensive mail service! The magnitude of compiling a work involving all these combinations, within two months, seemed to indicate that the reasonable reply to this request would be that it was impossible.

But prayer and counsel helped me to decide otherwise, and gradually the theme of "Crosses" emerged for the first six chapters; for Congo is a land of crosses.

There is the Cross in the Sky, looking down on a land of pathos and beauty; the Cross in the Land, carved there two hundred fifty years ago in solid stone along the banks of the Congo River, symbolical of the slavery and

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS DID NOT TELL

BY KING D. BEACH

"Come to my house at once and bring the coroner and Rev. Mr. Soandso," urgently telephoned a man to an undertaker a few evenings ago. The three men designated, hoping for nothing worse than an accidental death, went quickly and found, in a beautiful lake-side home where lights and furnace were burning, four bloody corpses. The man who had telephoned was slumped in an overstuffed chair, a bullet in his head, his body warm but lifeless. He had killed himself after he had murdered his wife and two daughters. The wife, rigid in death, was stretched on one of the twin beds in the downstairs bedroom, hands folded over chest; she had partly washed the breakfast dishes after the two daughters had left for school and before a bullet in the back of her head had ended her life. On the other twin bed were the carefully arranged lifeless bodies of the daughters, both shot also in the back of the head. The older had arrived at home and at death from high school in the middle of the afternoon. The younger, having ridden home on her bicycle from a late afternoon Girl Scout meeting, was shot as she ran to her mother's body.

The newspapers carried full accounts, featuring gruesome details and pictures. They failed, however, to mention several relevant items.

1. They failed to mention that this husband and wife, married as the climax of a happy romance at a Christian college, son and daughter of fine Christian parents, both popular and considered unusually promising, had been facing for some years one serious threat to their prosperity and happiness. That threat was the husband's increasing use of intoxicating liquors. Several promising positions had been lost. Recently the husband had made a new business connection in a section of the country removed from former defeats. The family, with hope reborn, was starting afresh, confident that at last deferred security and happiness were within grasp.

The wife and children, determining to build their hopes on secure foundations, decided to gain the help of religion and of the church in fulfilling the promise of this new beginning. The wife was transferring a neglected membership at Easter, and the girls were joining church with the mother. The three had united in a friendly and open conspiracy with the

political despotism that ravished the country. There is the Cross that is Upon the Back of women and girls, the hewers of wood and drawers of water; the Cross Within the Heart of the Congo woman, who is bought in marriage by copper crosses; the Cross Along the Road, where two ways meet, and Christian policies determine the fate of African heathendom; and finally there is the Cross of Calvary, the arms of which are strong enough to bear the destinies of nations.

The outline of "Congo Crosses" written in faith, was accepted with little change. The call came for pictures, stories, proverbs, drawings, and statistics. Time flew; the interval of waiting for the tourist steamer that was to take us home I spent in compiling the material I received, carefully arranging it into the outline previously made.

"Lord, make me a sharpened pencil in thy hand," I had prayed before my arrival on African soil. And he had taken me literally to be his secretary, to record the affairs of his black children for his white children.

"Congo Crosses" owes not existence to me alone. Largely put together on that stormy voyage through tropical waters, the book owes much to the kindness of the steward who reserved a corner in the dining room salon for my work. Many people sent me valuable material for the book, proof readers did a splendid job, critics gave me some fine pointers, and an enthusiastic college girl re-read and corrected my whole manuscript. Friends everywhere gave me the support and encouragement that made the task a thrilling one—a dedication to the God of us all.

Expenses were somehow miraculously taken care of right up to paying the secretary for her splendid work. No money was left then; but the next morning a friend came with a sealed envelope containing a check for use at our discretion—in His service. It was exactly the amount needed to meet the final financial obligations before publication. And now the book has been published and belongs rightfully to all who read with an open mind. May it serve the cause of Christ's kingdom in the Congo.

—From *Religious Digest*.

As a rule a man begins to bark at his fellow men when he realizes he is going to the dogs.
—*Atlanta Georgian*.

pastor to persuade the husband and father to renew Christian purposes and church affiliation. He was not unreceptive to the suggestion, but usually found on Sunday mornings that work called him to the office. He seemed to consider that so drastic a step as joining church was scarcely necessary. He brought the family to public worship, but had weightier matters on his mind than attendance.

2. The job developed several unanticipated difficulties. This branch had never been on a paying basis. Several long standing handicaps and business prejudices were encountered. The district office, with business generally improved, demanded quick results. Previous business experience did not afford adequate preparation for this specialized selling. The policy of "treating" to intoxicating drink, upon which the new manager depended much, and of which the company seemed to approve, did not bring permanent returns. From all such difficulties there was, however, a refuge; it was a coward's castle to be sure, and a temporary one at that, but increasingly an accustomed one—intoxicating drink.

This habit of blotting out the consciousness of difficulties rather than mastering them, with its attendant drain upon physical and nervous resources, shortly worked its inevitable result. The feared discharge came. The company was generous. It paid a month's salary on discharge. There was, however, no easy way to tell wife and children and again to blast new blossomed hopes. The husband and father needed reinforcement for the unwelcome and delicate task. He drank himself drunk that night at a saloon and, realizing his condition, stayed at a downtown hotel. Next morning, defeated and disgusted and ugly, inverting the factors and thinking that the victims of his misfortune were the causes of it, he went home.

3. Alcohol was still paralyzing the brain centers of conscience, discrimination, self-judgment and reason. It gave control to brute urges. The wife, wearied by the all-night vigil, utterly discouraged, aroused terrible anger. She was shot in the back of the head as she stood in front of her dressing table. Had not the daughters, also, been siding with their mother in her narrow criticisms? Had they not been looking at him with sad, disapproving eyes? They, too, must die!

In four ways intoxicating liquor caused this tragedy, the sight and memory of which one

man can never blot out. It brought business failure; it created family tension; it stifled higher qualities of mind and conscience; it gave brute impulses the driver's seat.

One newspaper, featuring the tragedy, declared that the cause was "inexplicable mystery." It omitted any suggestion of the facts just enumerated, and carried an advertisement of a certain blended whiskey as follows: "Precious!—a treasure of sterling worth and of rare good taste." Another newspaper, telling the same story, proclaimed that "Clear heads call for . . . Whiskey."—*From The Christian Century.*

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY*

O God of freedom, under thy guiding hand our pilgrim fathers crossed the sea. We rejoice that in thy spirit they founded upon this continent a nation dedicated to liberty, equality, and the brotherhood of man. We thank thee for their spirit of adventure in a new world, and for their daring experiment in the untried ways of government by the people.

Give to us, we pray, the spirit of the fathers as we, too, face a new world. Give us their faith and courage to launch out upon political and economic experiment, adopting such new forms as may be necessary to fulfill the purposes for which our country came to birth.

Deliver us, O God, not alone from the ancient tyranny of kings, but from new autocracies in modern life. Help us rather to extend the frontiers of freedom for the common man, fulfilling in economic and industrial democracy our sacred traditions of government by the people. Lead us into the co-operative commonwealth of God.

May we also go forward in the spirit of divine adventure into the new world of international relations. Through co-operative institutions of world conference, court, and league, may we play our part in international law and order to establish justice among the nations, assure peace and tranquillity in all the world, and promote the general welfare of mankind.

Help each one of us, O God, as Christian citizens to vote as we pray, judging parties and programs not with regard to our own interests, but by the measure of their purpose

* From Prayers for Self and Society by James Myers, Industrial Secretary, The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Printed by permission of Association Press, New York City.

to advance the interests of those less privileged than ourselves.

God of our fathers, be with us yet. Help us in the continued genius of our nation ever to pioneer in the cause of human freedom and the brotherhood of man.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

My cousin Olin has just written you a letter, so I asked him to write one for me. I am five years old and will be in 1-A next year.

I am having a good time playing this summer vacation, but I will be glad when school begins again.

On our way home from Oneida yesterday we stopped at the circus grounds and saw horses, zebras, elephants, and some of the funny looking people. I wouldn't want to belong to a circus.

We are not having our Children's Day until July third, because so many in our Sabbath school have had scarlet fever.

I wish you might be here and bring baby Joyce. We expect to go to Adams Center tomorrow to association.

Your friend,

Jean Stone.

Canastota, N. Y.,
June 23, 1937.

Dear Jean:

It was very nice of Olin to write a letter for you. I'm grateful to you both because of it.

Pastor Greene and I have just returned from Goodhue Lake, a small lake about seven miles from Addison, N. Y. We went to take Eleanor and Frank and baby Joyce who are to spend a week in a cottage there with Frank's family. I held Joyce all the way out there. Of course I enjoyed that. I hope the mosquitoes will not bother her, don't you? Do the bothersome little fellows ever nip you?

I hope you'll be able to get Olin to write for you again and tell me about your Children's Day program. We have our Children's Day at Independence at the close of Vacation Bible School, probably next Sabbath. I have four junior girls in my class and they have promised to write for the SABBATH RECORDER very soon.

I am sorry to hear about so many scarlet fever patients and hope they are all well by this time. I hope you don't get it.

Your loving friend,

Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

It has been a long time since I have written to you. I am eleven years old and will be in the seventh grade next year. I am visiting my aunt, uncle, cousin and grandma in Canastota this week, and am having a good time. I went to Alfred to my cousin's graduation with them and yesterday we went to Oneida Lake for a picnic.

For awhile we had seven cats and seven dogs at home, but we sold one of our puppies. They are very cute now. Two are brown and white, and the others are black and white. The one we sold was black and white, too. Now I must close.

Your friend,

Olin Davis.

Canastota, N. Y.,
June 25, 1937.

Dear Olin:

We went to commencement at Alfred, too, but I am sorry to say I did not see you. Do you suppose we would have known each other if we had met there? You were quite a little boy when I saw you last, no older than your cousin Jean is now, and now since you are a big eleven year old boy and probably quite a bit changed, you might have to say, "Mrs. Greene, this is Olin Davis," before I could be sure of you. Ha! ha! Do you remember what I called you in the first letter I wrote to you? If you do, don't tell anyone, will you?

You certainly have quite a family of cats and dogs at your home. I hope they get along well together else you would have a rather noisy time when your puppies become full grown dogs, if you do not sell more of them by that time. We once lived across the street from a man who raised dogs to sell and often had as many as one hundred dogs at the same time. Can you imagine how they would sound if they all barked at once?

Thank you for your good letter and Jean's, too?

Yours with love,

Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I am sorry I have not written to you for such a long time, but this spring Joyce and I had scarlet fever. I got it the first day of May and Joyce got it the next. We were quarantined in three weeks then. When we went back to school we had to catch up on the work we missed. We received many cards and letters from friends and relatives, though.

We went to the Central Association at Adams Center. We went Sabbath morning and stayed until after Sunday afternoon meeting. Sabbath afternoon Miss Anna West from China was there and told us about the Chinese people. She showed us a little wooden spinning wheel, jinrikisha and many other interesting things. She showed us some pictures of Chinese people, too. She wore a Chinese lady's summer dress.

I think the association was very nice. I expect to be at most of the meetings next year because association is to be at our church.

My average in school was ninety-eight, even if I was out so long. I will be in fifth grade next year.

I think I had better close for now.

Your RECORDER friend,
Muriel Irene Sholtz.

Oneida, N. Y.,
July 3, 1937.

Dear Muriel:

I made no mistake in calling this New York week, since all the letters are from New York, from the same church, and, if I am not mistaken, from three cousins. They are all fine letters, too.

I am sorry you and Joyce had to have a siege with scarlet fever, but hope you did not have it very hard. You were fortunate to be quarantined only three weeks. When Eleanor had scarlet fever several years ago the quarantine law specified four weeks. I had to be quarantined with her and that last week was hard for both of us; wouldn't it have been for you? I am glad you were able to make up your school work so nicely. Ninety-eight is a mark to be proud of even if you hadn't missed a day of school.

It is surely interesting to learn about the Chinese people and other nations besides our own, and it is good for us to realize that God loves them just as he does us.

Lovingly yours,
Mizpah S. Greene.

OUR PULPIT

THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT

BY REV. ELLIS R. LEWIS

(Pastor S. D. B. Church, Gentry, Ark.)

For she said, If I may but touch his clothes I shall be whole. Mark 5: 28. (Read verses 25-34.)

The agonizing cry of Saul of Tarsus finds echo in the heart of every true seeker after truth—"That I may know him." To read or hear most of the so-called sermons and religious articles from the pulpit and religious press, one might be misled to believe this knowledge an easy thing to attain; such however is very far from the facts in the case. Salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus and obedience to his command in the matter of baptism is a forward step in the right direction, but is in no sense to be regarded as having apprehended, much less comprehended the person, character, or power of God in any of the aspects of the Trinity. "We may know, and we shall, if we follow on to know the Lord." Praise his name for this assurance.

First, there was a very real need for him, and a recognized need upon the part of her who sought him. In my poor opinion the reason for our failures to really know him is generally to be found in our lack of earnestness and intensity of desire. We do really wish to know him, to meet him face to face, and commune as friend with friend, but there are so many things calling us away from the search. Life and love and business and pleasure—especially pleasure—and we must, we say, have these things. Life and love, business and pleasure, rise up like a mountain intervening between us and our God, until we cannot find him, or he hear us when we cry after him. But oh, "if with all your heart ye truly seek me, ye shall surely find me, saith the Lord our God." "Seek and ye shall find," says Jesus.

This woman especially needed to find him, and she in an especial way needed that which he alone was able to do for her. Let us note that her disease was of a long time with her. The natural processes of healing failed to function in her deep need. Man is by nature a sinner, and the natural course of life is that he shall become worse, rather than better, with the passing of the years. True enough, striving to lift themselves up by the boot straps men have devised a countless multitude of nostrums which are offered to us in our need—for a

price—but these moral physicians do not and cannot better our state. We find we are not bettered, but rather are the worse for them.

Have we, any of us, habits of life of which we are ashamed? Do we habitually or even occasionally indulge in practices which are destructive to the well-being of the soul? Have we tried with all that is in us to work a reformation within ourselves? Did we fail? To each of the four questions we bow our heads in shamed and shameful assent. It is true. Would we be quit of our distressing and worse faults? That we may. We may have the conscious knowledge of sins forgiven. We may "feel in our bodies that we are made whole." Even as did this woman, we may experience this if we really seek for the knowledge in real earnestness. Thank God for a know so salvation. Thank God for a religion of feeling. Thank him for all the emotional reactions which rightly belong to a true regeneration. Aye, and thank God that our emotional reactions differ in each separate and individual case.

Can we know him in the full sense in which we desire? We must answer—No. Like Philip of old, I must confess that though he has been so long time with me, I have not known him. Nor do I believe it possible that in this life I shall. Some day I shall know him. Some day I shall see him face to face. Some day I shall be like him, for I shall see him even as he is. Now I walk by faith, and not by sight. Now I love, and hope for that which is to come; but I have not realized it. At times it becomes too much for me, and I cry, "Even so come, Lord Jesus," but I wait awhile.

Though we are denied this intimate knowledge for which we all yearn, we may have a very real contact with him, and a definite knowledge of his power to bless our waiting souls. But we must follow on to know. "When she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment." We shall never know this blessing if we follow afar off. Only as we press close to him in the way may we hope to touch the hem of his garment.

Let us press more closely to him in the way. Let us by study of his Word, and meditation and prayer—agonizing, heart-rending prayer—come close so that timidly and with fear and trembling we may stretch forth our hands and touch the hem of his garment. From such a contact there will come into our lives a

blessedness which can come from no other source. From Jesus there will flow out power into us which will enable us to live lives not dominated by lust or passion or greed, but will always be under his control. In the shadow of his wings there is rest, sweet rest.

Oh, to feel in every trial and disappointment of life that no matter how dreary the way we go, he is there, "and underneath are the everlasting arms"!

—In Bible Witness.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

WEST BAY, GRAND CAYMAN

We are so much encouraged by the sermons and reports in the SABBATH RECORDER that we feel a word from this entirely new field might serve to encourage others. I suppose it is necessary to tell you first of all where we are; because if you don't know your geography thoroughly, and you start out from America or Europe or any other continent to try to find us, your very thoughts will get lost before they reach here.

This island, Grand Cayman, constitutes the westernmost island possession of Great Britain in the Caribbean. According to history, in the golden age of piracy its sovereignty seemed to undergo changes overnight. One day it was the jumping off ground for attacks by the British upon the Spanish treasure ships from Mexico. The next day the Spaniards made it a base against the British pirates. Last week I walked through its old fort and stood on some of the old guns, still pointing out to sea. According to island tradition, things went on here in those days that would have made Port Royal blush for tameness had they been known.

Today it is one of the quietest spots on earth. No longer ago than on Coronation Day, May 12, Commissioner A. W. Cardinall, an Englishman who is in charge of the government at present, said the same thing. There is not a person in prison tonight anywhere in any of the four towns of the island. I have known a year to pass without one inmate for a prison. Here it is safe for everybody to sleep with windows and doors open. It is really a wonderful little island considering its past. A tourist ship called here for the first time in history, February 22, this year, and an English lord who was on board cabled back next day to say that if any trace of piracy remains it is only to be found in the way the people stole his heart.

Well, what are we doing here? Answer: It is my home, my native land—the finest place on earth. Yet there are some of the things it lacks. It has no railroad trains, no street cars, no movies, or talkies, no silent pictures, no criminals.

We have no schools. This is a fine field for some of our qualified Seventh Day Baptist teachers. They would do a splendid work here. The government schools, so-called, teach the most rudimentary reading, writing, and arithmetic. The cry of all the people is for schools—good schools. I would be glad to correspond with a teacher, man or woman, who would like to come here.

From Kingston we came here February of this year, after having labored in association with Rev. G. D. Hargis for the past five years. Pastor and Mrs. Hargis inspired us much, and this work started here is mainly due to the encouragement they gave, and are still giving, coupled with the valued help given by Professor N. O. Moore and the Sabbath school of the Riverside Church. They together made sacrifices through five years that fired us with a holy zeal to go and do likewise. They supported us as Bible workers in the Kingston Church. We are situated at the west end of a six-mile stretch of unbroken white sands that lie like a shining necklace between the ever-green fore-shore and the blue ocean stretching away to infinity.

On Sabbath, May 22, we organized a club of young people called the "Westbaclub." It is really the opening of our work here. We organized with eighteen members. Two weeks after, by going out gathering children, with my three we had twenty-eight in attendance. I wish you could have heard those youngsters sing and recite, and hear their childish prayers. I had my parlor full to overflowing. Two armchairs had two in the seat, and two on the arms. My sofa had six. Two sat in the window, and the floor was littered with little wee ones. When we tie the calves, we are going for the mothers. W. S. CONNOLLY.

NILE, N. Y.

The one hundred second annual meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist Western Association met with the Seventh Day Baptist Church here from Friday until Sunday evening. The addresses, sermons, and talks were ably delivered and were much enjoyed by those in attendance. The attendance on Sabbath day was over three hundred.—*Alfred Sun.*

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.

A group of Seventh Day Baptists met at the parish house Thursday evening, when Miss Anna West of Shanghai, China, gave an illustrated talk on the Seventh Day Baptist mission there. Maps and slides, showing the buildings and workers of the mission, gave a good idea of the scope of the work done at Shanghai. Miss West's explanatory talk was of great interest to her hearers. An exhibit of Chinese articles was also much enjoyed.

The thirteenth annual reunion of the descendants of Daniel and Lodema Camenga was held at the John Dix Camenga homestead, occupied by his grandson, Harold Camenga and family, on Monday, July 5.

The passport of Daniel Camenga, which is in the possession of Claude W. Camenga, shows that he was born in Holland in 1801, and sailed for America in 1832. He came to Albany, where he married Miss Lodema Butts in 1840, at the home of General John Adams Dix, who was later governor of New York State. They came to live in the homestead, owned by Mr. Dix, where five daughters were born. The son John later acquired the property and it has been occupied by some of the Camenga family for over ninety-seven years. The old homestead is in splendid preservation, consisting of fourteen rooms, guarded by a stately old elm which is twenty-one feet in circumference.

There were sixty-seven relatives present and at dinner hour grace was pronounced by Mrs. Frederica Batson, of Fairport, who is ninety-one years old, and the only surviving member of the original Camenga family.

—*Brookfield Courier.*

VERONA, N. Y.

After the communion service Sabbath morning, July 3, Children's Day was observed. While the pianist played "Onward Christian Soldiers," the children carrying flags and banners marched in and took their places on the platform. An interesting program of songs, recitations, exercises and a violin solo was given. The parents and several members of the cradle roll were present and came to the platform while Pastor Davis offered prayer for the children. Much credit for the success of the program is due the committee, Mrs. Raymond Sholtz, Mrs. Geo. Stone, and Mrs. Claude Sholtz.

In the evening a large company gathered in the church parlors for "church night." We

were very fortunate in having Miss Anna West, who is home from China on a furlough, with us. After the supper Miss West gave a very interesting talk on the work in China, while several lantern slides of the mission buildings and people connected with the missions were shown. She had several Chinese curios on exhibition.

Pastor and Mrs. Davis attended the Eastern Association held in Westerly, R. I.

There was no service held in our church June 26, as most of the congregation attended the Central Association held in the Adams Center church.

Four of our young people left for summer school this week—Miss Alta Dillman to Genesee Normal; Lola and Jean Woodcock and Alfred Davis to Syracuse University.

CORRESPONDENT.

SHILOH, N. J.

The Shiloh Daily Vacation Bible School came to a close last Friday night when a demonstration was given with about two hundred fifty people present. We believe this is the largest school ever held in Shiloh, the total enrollment being one hundred seventeen. Fifty-six of the pupils attend Shiloh Sabbath school, fifteen attend Marlboro, forty-five go to other churches of the vicinity, while eleven have no other religious training.

Ten teachers and a pianist were present every day and a score of other adults helped outside school hours. Seven carloads of children were brought each day, necessitating the use of forty different cars during the three weeks. The class ranged from kindergarten through high school.

Bible reading and prayer at home were stressed again this year, by the use of ladders which were built rung by rung, according to the per cent reading and praying. Every class had a ladder which was nearly perfect. A great many passages of Scripture were memorized in the classes, and some fine notebooks and maps were prepared. Handiwork, unless closely correlated with the work, was not used, since the chief aim of the school was to teach the Bible.

It made one's heart glad to hear over one hundred boys and girls singing such songs as "I Love Him Better Every Day," under the able leadership of Mrs. Ella Sheppard. The enthusiasm in the school ran high. Over half of the enrollment was perfect in attendance, and a third more missed only one day.

The boys and girls contributed \$8.55 toward missions, to be used for Bibles for children who do not know about Jesus. The adults contributed about \$65 toward the school. Rev. L. M. Maltby, pastor of the Shiloh Church, supervised the school. CORRESPONDENT.

A PRAYER WE SELDOM HEAR

THE PENITENT TIGHTWAD

Dear Lord of the Generous Heart, forgive me, I pray, for my stinginess. It is robbing my life of all wholesome joy. Not only am I unable to give to worthy causes that come in thy name, but I am unable to invest even in my own best self. I shut my eyes to the hurt of the world, and to the poverty of my own soul. The echoing cry of the world's wounded rings in my ear but does not move my heart. I call myself by thy name, but I put thee to an open shame every day. I have never learned the meaning of "inasmuch." God have mercy on me, and teach me to give; help me to see the world's woe as through thy eyes. Grant me the grace of a giving heart, even though I suffer severe pain in the first parting with my wealth. For the sake of the generous Jesus, I ask it. Amen.

—*The Christian Advocate.*

LIFE AND DEATH

BY ERNEST H. CROSBY

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?

In death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?

But to live: every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt,
And the world with contempt—

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led—
Never mind how he died.

—*From the N. Y. Times.*

MARRIAGES

NOTICE

In the marriage notice, July 5, 1937, of Lewis Rogers and Rowena Ford, the date was omitted. Pastor Shaw calls attention to this and asks that the date be given: June 19, 1937.

CRANDALL-GREENE.—Miss Katherine Greene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Greene of Haigler, Neb., and Mr. Wayne Crandall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Milford Crandall of Andover, N. Y., were united in marriage, June 25, 1937, at the bride's home, by her father.

DENNIS-NORWOOD.—On June 28, 1937, at the Seventh Day Baptist church of Alfred, N. Y., William Henry Dennis of Rocky Hill, Conn., and Ruth Elizabeth Norwood of Alfred, N. Y., were united in marriage. Pastor A. Clyde Ehret officiated.

JOHNSON-OLSBYE. Miss Eleanor Cora May Olsbye, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Olsbye of Milton Junction, Wis., and Harvey Myron Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn Johnson of Milton, Wis., were united in marriage at the Milton Seventh Day Baptist church by the bride's pastor, Rev. J. F. Randolph of Milton Junction, June 6, 1937.

LAWTON-JETT.—Stephen R. Lawton and Mildred Jett were married June 18, 1937, at Battle Creek, Mich., by their pastor, Rev. Edward M. Holston.

SANDELL-KELLOGG.—Mr. Nils R. Sandell of Bound Brook, N. J., and Miss Eleanore B. Kellogg of Dunellen, N. J., were united in marriage by the bride's pastor, T. R. Sutton, at the Seventh Day Baptist church, New Market, N. J., on Sabbath evening, July 3, 1937.

OBITUARY

BOND.—Jane C. Bird. At her home in Roanoke, W. Va., Mrs. Samuel D. Bond, in her ninety-first year of age.

She was born, May 27, 1847, in Highland County, Va., the daughter of Valentine and Betty Cook Bird. On November 1, 1865, she was married to Samuel Davis Bond. Only one of five children is now living, Mrs. Ivy Tuning of McDonald, Pa. There are also surviving a sister, Mrs. John Ellis of Glenville, eighteen grandchildren, and twenty-eight great-grandchildren.

Early in life "Aunt Jane" became a Christian, and was a charter member of the Roanoke Seventh Day Baptist Church.

In the absence of her pastor, the funeral was conducted by Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, pastor of the Salem Church. G. B. S.

BURNO.—Japheth Newall Burno was born in New York State November 28, 1841, and died at the home of Mrs. Martin Smith of Los Angeles, Calif., June 11, 1937.

After serving for thirty-nine months in the northern army, in the Civil War, he entered the employ of the Chicago Street Railway Co., serving as driver and on up through accounting rooms, for forty-eight years.

He was twice married: in 1876 to Phoebe Davis, and in 1892 to Mrs. Anna E. Dunn.

Mr. Burno was a charter member of the Chicago Seventh Day Baptist Church, but transferred his membership to Riverside on coming to California, and later to Los Angeles. E. S. B.

STILLMAN.—Albert R. Stillman, son of David G. and Abby L. Wilbur Stillman, was born in Potter Hill, R. I., January 3, 1857. He died of pneumonia at his home, 154 West Broad Street, Westerly, June 19, 1937.

When about seven years of age he moved with his parents to Pawcatuck, where he has since resided. He was educated in the schools of both Stonington and Westerly. On December 3, 1880, he entered the employ of C. B. Cottrell and Sons Co., where he remained in various official capacities until his retirement in 1929. He kept up his interest in business affairs of this company, serving on its board of directors until the time of his death. For more than fifty years he has been a prominent and influential member of the civic and business life of the community. He was a beloved member of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church, having a deep interest in church and denomination. He was always actively engaged in community affairs, having served as judge of the Stonington Town Court for ten years, also as a member of the school committees of the old Eighteenth School District and of the town of Stonington for a total term of eighteen years. He was chairman of the building committee of the West Broad Street School.

Mr. Stillman was a man of sterling character, fearless and unyielding in his stand for the right, but always in a kindly manner. He was cordial, friendly, and cheerful. He is survived by his two sons, Dr. Jesse W. Stillman of Wilmington, Del., and Karl G. Stillman of Westerly, and also two granddaughters, Tacie Anne and Jean S. Stillman of Wilmington, Del. His wife, Tacie E. Larkin Stillman, died in 1933.

Farewell services were held on Tuesday afternoon from his late home, Pastor Harold R. Crandall officiating, and interment was in River Bend Cemetery. H. R. C.

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale, Help Wanted, and advertisements of a like nature, will be run in this column at one cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion. Cash must accompany each advertisement.

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THE LAND WHERE HATE SHOULD DIE

This is the land where hate should die;
No feuds of faith, no spleen of race,
No darkly-brooding fear should try
Beneath our flag to find a place.
Lo, every people here has sent
Its sons to answer Freedom's call.
Their life-blood is the strong cement
That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die,
Though dear to me my faith and shrine;
I serve my country well when I
Respect beliefs that are not mine.
He little loves his land who'd cast
Upon his neighbor's faith a doubt,
Or cite the wrongs of ages past
From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die;
This is the land where strife should cease!
Where foul, suspicious fear should fly
Before our flag of light and peace!
So, let us purge of poisoned thought
That service to the State we give
And thus be worthy, as we ought,
Of the great land in which we live.

—Dennis A. McCarthy in The Messenger.

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