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PLAINFIELD, N. J., OCTOBER 2, 1916

WHOLE NO. 3,735

Off for St. John

Through the generosity of a friend at home we have been enabled to enlarge our plans for a vacation trip, and so took advantage of special round trip excursion rates from Portland to St. John, N. B. No one who has sailed away from Portland at the sunset hour of an ideal September day can easily forget the glowing picture. The islands around the bay, the fortifications, the shipping in the harbor, the hillsides with their esplanades, the track of our ship with parting waves rolling toward either shore, were all tinged with golden hues from the brilliant evening sky, making a panorama most beautiful. Silently the gathering shadows fell over this enchanting scene, and one by one the lights appeared, like stars fallen to earth, while gradually the shores faded from view, leaving us in a world of waters for the night. Soon the moon, just past the full, began to shed its mellow light from the east, making long shadows of the islands and silvering the sea as far as the eye could reach.

Sweet and restful was the sleep that came after such an evening. When we awoke in the morning our ship was preparing to land at Eastport, one of Maine's manufacturing cities, where it lay nearly two hours unloading cargo. Then after a short run among islands and between promontories, we stopped at Lubec, "a city set on a hill," which could not be hid. Here our steamer, the *Governor Cobb*, is said to have landed several carloads of tin for the manufacture of cans, a great industry in several of these towns. This took two hours; but they were not tedious hours. Wooded islands with their light-houses and cottage homes, craft of every description going and coming, monstrous sea gulls glistening in the sunlight and swarming around the ship, busy sons of industry at their work on wharf and shore, all combined to interest the observing, until the two hours seemed short indeed. There goes the ship's whistle! The engines begin to move, and we are off for St. John.

Ups and Downs Of St. John, N. B.

At the close of a restful day on the Bay of Fundy, just as evening shadows began to gather, we landed at St. John, N. B., Canada, a city of 60,000 inhabitants. This is a quaint old city, many streets of which remind one of towns in Old England. The one thing that impressed us most on the first evening was the absence of street lights; but as one becomes familiar with the town and has more to do with the principal business streets this seems less conspicuous. Every day adds to the charm of St. John, and no one can form a correct opinion of the city in a single day. But few cities in the world are characterized by so many ups and downs. Its homes and public buildings cover several hills from bottom to top, and the way its street cars go plunging down steep inclines, whirling around sharp curves, shooting up grades, and hustling along the ridges entitles St. John to the name, "city of ups and downs."

The steep rocky shores, the wonderful tides with their tearing floods, make sandy beaches impossible; but the pebbly beaches are most attractive. Never did we see on the shores of any land such a variety of many-colored stones. The pebbled beds seem almost kaleidoscopic as one stirs up the little stones at his feet. Our afternoon on this shore has left pleasant memories that will abide.

Standing on Chipman Hill, facing each other, are the Y. M. C. A. Building and the Carnegie Public Library. They are in a slightly place. Travelers find the people in the Y. M. C. A. most helpful in the matter of securing quiet rooms in private homes. Its secretaries spare no pains in efforts to assist strangers desiring to locate in their city. After our pleasant experiences here and in Portland we could have nothing but good words for the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Carnegie's gift for the library was \$50,000 on the condition that the city should guarantee ten per cent of that amount to keep it up. We saw a list of seventy-five volumes on the European war.

English soldiers are plentiful on the streets, and one can not fail to see the effects of the war on the spirits of the people. Recruiting stations are busy enlisting New Brunswick's boys, and bands of music on Queen's Square every evening tend to quicken the martial spirit. Our landlady said, "The war has taken the flower of New Brunswick," and she expressed the wish for "peace at any price." At Trinity Church we found a gentleman who has fifty-two relatives in the army. He said two thousand young men had gone from St. John alone, and two thousand more "ought to go." On the door of this old church of nearly five hundred families are enrolled, on a scroll of honor, the names of ninety boys who have joined the army. The heading of the scroll reads: "Pray for those who have gone from this parish to serve our king and country, by land and sea and air." Inside hang two British jacks, and two regimental flags of St. John.

In this church, also, is a memorial tablet dedicated to the memory of the "United Empire Loyalists, who, faithful alike to God and their king, sacrificed at the call of duty their homes in the older colonies, and landing on our shores, May 18, 1783, became the founders of the city of St. John."

Over the door of this church is to be seen the famous Coat of Arms—the lion and the unicorn—that was taken by the Loyalist in early days from the old State House in Boston, and brought with them to this city. It is pointed out with much pride by the Loyalists of today and the story of its rescue from the fire of 1877, when the old church and two thirds of the city went up in smoke, is also added to that of its earlier history. Above this Coat of Arms is a bust of Queen Victoria, with date of her reign. The first rector of Trinity Church was rector at Newport, R. I., 1771-1779.

The Wet and the Dry We have never seen a more striking illustration of the difference between conditions in wet and dry territory than that which appeared when we went from Portland, Me., to St. John, N. B. After a week in Portland, we could not recall any signs of the rum fiend's ravages in that fair city. Some say that those who want liquor in Portland can find a

way to get it; but from all we could see, such persons must have hard work to secure a drink. No signs of an open saloon are to be seen in all the city. No tempting fumes of rum to overcome those who crave the drink and no painted signs representing mugs of foaming beer to entice the drunkard were to be found in Portland. Going and coming there for a whole week, we saw on the streets no one who appeared to be under the influence of liquor.

Not so in St. John. There is little chance for a man already afflicted with the drink appetite to reform in a town where he must, in some streets, walk whole blocks to escape the fumes of liquor. One hotel to which we had been directed, facing King's Square, proved to be one of the most stenchful public houses we ever looked into. Dozens of clamorous men, clouded in tobacco smoke, were standing around the bar—and that, too, in the only office where guests could register. Of course one look was enough to send us out on a further hunt for lodgings. One evening, just as darkness was settling down upon the city, as we stepped out of the public library we saw one man trying to pilot a drunken friend and keep him from falling, and before we had walked half a square a poor distressed looking woman passed us, leading home a miserable, maudlin, reeling wretch—supposedly her husband—who kept saying, over and over, "I'm all right—I'm all right." A few steps further on was another poor fellow for whom the sidewalk was too narrow; and we could not help wondering why a city like St. John should give place to a business the natural tendency of which is to work such ruin with its citizens. No matter how much men may ridicule prohibition and plead for a so-called regulation of the liquor traffic, saying as they do, "Prohibition does not prohibit," the great fact still remains, that in towns like Portland the drunken products of the saloon are unknown and temptations to drink are entirely removed from the streets. On the contrary, in towns that boast of their great breweries and distilleries and that allow saloons to flourish, one can scarcely walk the streets day or night without meeting intoxicated men. Face to face with such evidences, our so-called Christian lands, whether under the British jack or the Stars and Stripes, go right on licensing a busi-

ness that is sure to ruin, body and soul, thousands upon thousands of their citizens.

It is strange that in a land where is heard the lament, "The war has taken the flower of New Brunswick," the citizens can live in composure while saloons they have established go on robbing the country of far more men than will fall in battle!

Hilltop Experiences Sunday, September 17, was an absolutely cloudless day, with air so pure and sunlight so clear that it was a joy to be out of doors. A short street car ride brought us to the entrance of Rockwood Park and the Public Gardens, just out of St. John. When we had reached a point on the rock-capped hills, commanding a view of the entire surrounding country, we did not wonder that people of the city think these hills resemble the heather-clad hills of Scotland. After our luncheon, which we had brought with us expecting to spend the day in God's out-of-doors, we sat in the sunlight to enjoy the scenery. In the distance was the city with its many church bells calling to afternoon services, nearer by was Lily Lake, a beautiful crystal gem set in the mountains, surrounded by forests of fir and pine; close on the other side of our hill were the animal cages, the main attraction of the park for hundreds who thronged the paths below; and not far away to the eastward was a fair valley of farm lands, lying above the cove where the incoming tide from the bay was rapidly sending its rush of waters. It was indeed a restful scene, just far enough removed from the people in the park and from every disturbing sound. The sounds that did reach us were those of music, drum and cornet and human voices, mingling in an old familiar gospel song. The singers were hidden by the trees, and though we could see no speaker between the songs, we could hear, faintly, voices in prayer or exhortation, and we knew that the Salvation Army, true to its traditions, was bringing its message to the sightseers in the park, hoping perhaps to touch some thoughtless hearts. We were pleased on going down the hill to see several hundred people sitting on a hillside above the speakers and singers, listening to the gospel. At every turn where opportunity is given to observe the Salvation Army in its efforts to save men, one is impressed with its excellent work for Christ and his kingdom.

Don't Stand Looking On King's Square in the heart of St. John, facing the main business street, are two great pictures, some twelve by twenty feet in size, representing two British soldiers fully equipped, climbing a rugged hill with fixed bayonets, pressing forward to meet the foe. On each of the great posters are these words: "Don't stand looking at this. Go and help."

Such scenes as this, together with the urgent appeals for volunteers and the daily published list of casualties among Canadian troops at the front in Europe, serve to bring the realities of war vividly to mind. People living in the United States can not realize as do the citizens of New Brunswick the fearful ravages of this world war. We do not wonder that those we meet on the streets and in business centers have a serious look. With the "flower" of their country already in the battle lines and with recruiting stations open for others to enlist, it is not strange that shadows of sorrow rest on many faces.

A Nest Egg for the Publishing House Fund In response to a plea made at Conference in the sermon on Sabbath Day, Hon. Jesse F. Randolph, of Salem, W. Va., has sent us his check for \$500 as a starter for the fund to build a much desired publishing house for Seventh Day Baptists. Word from Manager Burch informs us that this gift came soon after we left home. Brother Randolph for many years has had our good cause upon his heart; and when he came to realize how we are handicapped in our work for want of room, he was quick to recognize the need and prompt and generous in his response. We would like to call this the "nest egg" for the "Jesse F. Randolph Fund" to build such a house as we need, one that will meet our demands for many years to come.

There are precious files of denominational literature to be preserved, and the building should include fireproof safes for all these, for the plates for cuts, and for other valuable material now on hand or that will accumulate in the years to come. When the editor returns from his vacation, he will be able to state more definitely any plans that may be devised for the project. We hope many friends will be ready to aid in this undertaking.

A Clarion Call The Fiery Cross

These words form a part of the newspaper heading in a St. John daily of Monday, September 18. They indicate something of the prevailing war spirit abroad in the King's Canadian provinces. The article following this heading, filled with the very spirit of the old Scotch Highlanders, announces the sending forth, on Monday, September 25, of the fiery cross as in olden times, and the kindling of beacon fires on fifteen hilltops throughout the province. This event is spoken of as likely to be "something that will be remembered down through the centuries, talked about, and written about as long as the history of this world war is a topic of study and discussion among the people of this province." It is called a recruiting for the Kilties and the object is to raise in one day, if possible, a regiment of Scotch Highlanders. Many sons of New Brunswick have gone forth to fill battalions at the front, and it is no longer an easy thing to secure recruits. Among those who suffer from battle wounds is one lieutenant, now in a hospital in France, who, disappointed because he could not recover in time to soon rejoin his regiment on the battle front, has devised the scheme for recruiting a new battalion in old New Brunswick, which will be ready for him to lead to battle when he recovers from his wounds. Thus it comes about that the fiery cross is to be carried through fifteen towns by relays of men in automobiles or on motorcycles, beacon fires are to be kindled, and meetings to be held—all in one night—to raise a platoon in every county, which shall be led by "one who has faced the enemy in France." Among the speakers announced are "fifteen returned soldiers who have come limping back" from battle but who are anxious to take their places among the Kilties. It is expected that when this fiery call to arms shall go forth, there will be "no man, woman or child in all the province who can not see from his own home the reflection of one of these beacon fires." In each meeting of that evening a little girl, dressed in MacLean tartan, will recite, "Fire the Pile on Creigh-gowan Height," and pipers with MacPherson pipes will send out over hill and dale the pibroch call to arms.

The Finances of the Tract Society

TREASURER FRANK J. HUBBARD

Tract Society Hour at Conference

Not far from our home, in the middle of a forty acre field, stands a magnificent elm tree. Its huge trunk spreads into an immense top that is symmetrical from every point of view, and people invariably exclaim at its graceful outlines and impressive proportions. It is because it has stood alone and developed unhindered by the restraining influence of other trees which, if too close, might have retarded its growth in some one direction and thus have spoiled the perfection of its contour.

For years this tree has stood in my thoughts as one of the finest specimens that could be grown, but of late it invariably reminds me of the remark of a far-sighted friend who said, "Trees, to develop, must stand alone,—but it is not so with folks."

As I have looked over my report this thought has constantly obtruded itself and I have said over and over that "folks," to develop, must get together,—must touch elbows,—must take the best there is in their associates,—must give out the best there is in themselves,—must put themselves in the way of bigger, better things than they have known before—and *denominations* are like folks.

The Tract Society and all our various boards and societies are gaining their best and greatest development, not by standing aloof and running their little departments by themselves, but by working together as parts of one general plan. It sometimes almost seems to me that it might be wise to abolish all our boards and just think of ourselves as the Seventh Day Baptist *Denomination*, interested, primarily, not in the cause of education, or missions, or tract distribution, but in the work of the *denomination*.

Just so long as we are interested primarily in some pet cog of the machine, just so long will we be unable to see the machine itself, to realize that the whole is greater than its parts, and I sometimes wonder if our lack of definite growth as a people is not due in large measure to lack of *denominational training*, to a habit, unconsciously acquired, of considering our little home department, whatever it may be, the really important matter, while really it is only the cog in the machine,—only one

part of our denominational work which must run smoothly and in harmony with all the rest of it to be effective and save the machine,—the plan of our work—from destruction.

Efficiency,—the key word of this conference,—efficiency must have *as its basis* real harmony. Every cog of every wheel must dovetail smoothly and absolutely with its neighbor,—and every smallest cog must realize that *it is not the machine* but simply an indispensable part.

Teach and preach throughout the churches,—everywhere,—the necessity of denominational life,—co-operation,—team work,—brotherhood,—and we will begin to know the meaning of Christian efficiency in our finances as well as in our souls.

Years ago an assistant brought to the office a cast iron gear,—it was beautifully finished—a fine specimen of workmanship—and intended as part of a huge machine. It has been there ever since,—a *common weight* to hold the door in place. It is just so with the individual, or the church, or the board, that gets out of its proper place or point of contact,—it may be a highly educated man, a large church, or an active board, but it can not do effective denominational work without coming in contact and harmony with others and knowing their purposes and plans.

But it seems to me there is a shade of improvement along this line this year for I find that while I reported only two churches as having met their apportionment last year, this year *ten* churches out of seventy-six met, or more than met, their apportionment, while a number of others nearly reached the goal. Besides that, the contributions amounting to thirty-six hundred and fifty dollars are considerably in excess of anything we have received in recent years except when we made a special effort to raise the debt.

To be sure twenty-two churches out of the seventy-six made no contribution whatever,—and to be sure the contributions received were only about sixty per cent of the amount asked for in our budget,—thus curtailing our work materially,—but for all that we have apparently started again toward the thought of a loyal support of—not some one society or work—but of the *denomination*.

I say "started again," because twelve or fifteen years ago we contributed two and

three times the amount for tract work that we did even this year of high average, and I can not believe that there is less ability to give now than there was then. But we spend more on gasoline now, and less on the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Then too, I want to call your attention to "Income from Invested Funds." Do you realize that without this income from the gifts of those who have gone before us,—the stalwarts of other days,—that our denominational work could not be carried on in its present volume?

Look over this roll of honor of those who so loved *the Sabbath of the Lord their God* that they provided in their wills a definite sum for the continuance of his work. Is *your* name going to be on this list in the years to come?

If not—*why* not?

It is a definite obligation of our lives that we live up to our covenant with God and each other and "cheerfully bear the burdens of the church as God shall give us severally the ability"—and the burdens of the church go on, and on, beyond your lifetime and mine, into that future that no man can see. Let's do our share here and now, and let's leave something to help those who come after us in their ever increasing burden of denominational work.

How many of us, I wonder,—be honest now,—how many of us ever stopped to think what we meant when we covenanted to "cheerfully bear the burdens of the church as God shall give us severally the ability"? Is it a meaningless jargon of words that we have been repeating—or have we lost sight of the financial obligations our church and denominational life impose,—or are we deliberately violating our pledged word?

I am inclined to the former theory. The words are said mechanically—our minds busy on other matters—and it never occurs to us that we have promised to pay God's bills, and if it does occur to us we are too busy to look them up.

Somehow or other this must be changed. We must bring ourselves to a realization of our financial as well as spiritual needs and we must keep our agreement to meet these needs *in accordance with our ability*, and as our needs increase we must grow to meet them.

President Wilson said that some one told

him that when men go to Washington they either grow or *swell*.

I think the difference with our people is that they either grow or *shrink*. Not many of us swell with any idea of our importance, for there is nothing that will so take the conceit out of a person as to realize his insignificance in the scheme of God's great purpose,—but to *grow* is to know the joy of sacrifice,—sacrifice of time to study the problems that confront us,—sacrifice of self and of personal desires that denominational loyalty and denominational unity may be a fact and not a theory. The man or woman who makes these sacrifices *grows*, and he who does not just as invariably *shrinks*. There is no middle ground.

I believe it the duty of every Seventh Day Baptist to know, to learn, as much as possible of the plan of the boards in denominational work,—and I believe it the duty of the boards to reiterate, again and again, the general purpose of their various lines of work until the people know *why* they are supporting this field and why *not* that,—what results we are getting in China and how many subscribers we have for the RECORDER.

So I place knowledge and sacrifice as the two prime essentials of growth.

Our interest in denominational work, to be of greatest value to us, to make the most lasting impression upon us, ought to be a fundamental part of our childhood education, and to my mind one of our greatest obligations is to the youth of our people that they may have an inbred knowledge of our work and that from earliest recollections they shall have a part, however small, in supporting it.

An apportionment of our expenses has sometimes been undertaken by making an exact mathematical division of our budget by the membership of our churches and then telling us that we should give so much per member, in accordance with their needs, to each of our boards. Obviously such a plan can not work in its entirety for some of our weaker churches which are receiving help to support their own work can not, in addition to what they are doing locally, raise money to assist in other denominational work. This at once upsets the calculation and the figures must be changed for the other churches so that they may make up what the smaller ones lack.

Possibly an apportionment of our budget

could be made, not by rule of thumb,—so much for each member of the church,—but by a hard-headed appreciation of the ability of each community.

But whatever the figures,—whatever the method of apportionment,—we must all get together and “boost” for the common cause. From every minister to every humblest layman we must have one thought,—one purpose,—not the imposition of *our* will on denominational policy,—not the insistence upon some petty foible of theology peculiar to you or to me alone,—not the harboring of the little jealousies or the differences of belief, or of policy, or of methods,—but the determination to work together in denominational unity.

Oh, men and women, can't we see that *that* is the only thing worth while?

Can't we see that this principle is all the various boards are working for?

Can't we see that though *we* might put a pink cover on the RECORDER instead of a green one,—or that we might send the remittance to China once a week or once a year instead of in the way and time it is done,—that these things are details affecting not one iota God's plan for us as a people, and that the one vital thing, denominationally, is that we should pull together?

What has this got to do with finances?

Why, it is the essence of financial success and I will lay the burden squarely on the shoulders of our ministers and leading men, not to go around begging for funds, for that will not then be necessary, but to get together on the policy of the denomination that, working together shoulder to shoulder, taking the best there is in our associates and giving the best there is in ourselves, this policy may be unified and magnified as God's plan,—not ours.

The fact is, the Christian Church as an institution suffers by comparison with its own creations, with the multitude of other social institutions to which it has given birth. It is because the kingdom of God has become larger that the church seems smaller. She has lost by the giving of herself. Her leaven is less easily distinguished because it is more widely diffused. The stream of the Christian Gospel has overflowed the banks of the Christian Church and is spreading itself over all the valleys of human life.—*Charles S. Macfarland*.

THE EFFICIENT CHURCH

The Pastor

PAUL EMERSON TITSWORTH, PH. D.

First paper on the “Efficient Church” program at Conference

It is always easier for some one on the outside to know how things should be done than for the individual who is doing them. The merchant in the town always knows how the postmaster should conduct the affairs of his office, the man on the street can discern defects in the business methods of the merchant, the citizen criticizes the officials he has helped elect. So it goes. It is therefore very proper that a college professor should enlighten the preachers as to their duties and their opportunities. Seriously, the only right I have to speak on the topic assigned me is the one of intense interest in the business of making life more abounding. Likewise, for a number of years, the ministry was a vocational possibility in my mind and I then and since have tried to think through very carefully the function of the preacher. Perhaps, some of my good friends who urged the ministry upon my consideration will, if they listen carefully, discover my reasons for not entering that profession.

In order to probe to the bottom the question of the duties and opportunities of the pastor, it will first be best to ask your indulgence while I sketch the outlines of two other problems of basic significance. The first of these questions is, What is the church? What is it here for? What is its place in the actual, unvarnished, intricate, nervous life of these modern days? Before I attempt an answer to these queries, I am going to propound the second question fundamental to the comprehension of our topic.

What is this mysterious something we call life? We judge a man, a theory, a mechanical device, a religion by its ability to minister to human life. Christ said, “I came that ye might have life and have it more abundantly.” Life is manifestly more than eating and drinking, more than downlying and uprising, more than running to and fro in the market place. It is such a baffling thing, it is so easy to confuse in it the less for the more valuable, to reach

for the ripe, tempting fruits only to have them turn to apples of Sodom in our hands. Life for most of us now-a-days presents many of the aspects of a choppy sea with multitudinous contrary currents of wind and water. Many lose their bearings, get confused, are dashed against the rocks and are destroyed. This thing we call life is a formidable thing simply bristling with question marks and the more sensitive we are the more do these interrogation points hedge us about. Every human life, however, runs against these problems. They beset us in our social life, in our political life, in our religious life. No one escapes. Men and women, boys and girls run plumb up against them, problems that have to do with the mastery of passions, with the relations of ourselves to our neighbors, to the church, to our political party, and to the voice of conscience and of the Divine within us. Farther, I am convinced that each individual has some answer, either instinctive or conscious, to this towering question that influences his answer to an hundred and one daily interrogations. It is therefore worth while to take inventory of our thoughts to make sure that our answer is sane and sound.

Many men of many minds and times have furnished a variety of replies to our query but doubtless we are agreed that the answer of the Christ religion is superior to every other creed or philosophy or to any whim or fancy worked out by some sage or hermit or fanatic sometime when he was off in the woods by himself. I believe that you will agree that the Christian answer might be phrased somewhat after this style: Life is giving expression to those instincts and impulses within us which are healthful and health-giving; it is the satisfaction of every creative desire that clamors for satisfaction. It was this impulse which sent some of the people of the old Shrewsbury Church in Jersey first westward into Penn's Woods and then later southward into West Virginia. The Puritans left England because they could not satisfy their aspiration for a pure religion as they saw it. Raphael when he painted the Sistine Madonna, Luther when he revolted against the sale of indulgences, Columbus when he pushed toward the setting sun over mysterious seas, and Samuel F. B. Morse when he made the telegraph practical were striving to satisfy healthful and

health-giving instincts. This principle of life, of course, operates just as fully in the less spectacular ministrations and duties of our daily life. If you will let this Christian answer to the question, What is life, soak in your minds you will soon become aware of the extensity and intensity of its application.

It appears to me that while this answer of the Christ religion is thus flexible, expansive, and illuminating, the answer of the church as organized Christianity tends to be rigid, restricting and befogging. The church has not obscured the issue because of wilful meanness but because it is made up of human beings who are liable to shortsightedness, mistaken ideals, or ignorant timidity that are a part of the life of every one of us. There is a tendency in the modern church to shrink life or to shrink the definition of life to a purely churchly point of view. It inclines to say to the young man or woman of a community, "Those impulses are best which can find their satisfaction in some activity that is concerned with the maintenance of the purely formal side of church life." I even wonder if there is not a danger of this kind lurking in the "Forward Movement" as championed by the Young People's societies? I do not say that this restrictive tendency is true everywhere but I believe it frequently exists in our relations to the church and that it is inimical both to the church and to men. It seems, as President Bond indicated in his address this morning, that we are at a parting of the ways; we are hesitating whether to shrink life to our conception of the church or to expand the church to be co-extensive with our definition of life. Which way shall we take?

I need not remind you that there is a large class of men and women not reached by the church, where its divine message is a matter of indifference or of ridicule. This statement needs no demonstration for if you mingle with men, particularly with such as spend their lives in grime and grind, whose existence is an exhausting scramble for daily necessities, you will come to feel that the church has no answer satisfactory to them as to what life is.

Personally I do not feel that the church has done for me what it has done for many people. Undoubtedly it is not altogether the fault of the church. Whatever of spiritual vision I may possess, whatever of en-

thusiasm for the forwarding of the kingdom of God, has come to me almost altogether by way of my school work and through the personalities and ideals of some of my teachers and not through the medium of the church. Likewise I have seen and talked with a number of alert young men and women whose lives have been but little touched by the church because their experience has raised many problems to which the church appeared to them to have no satisfying answer.

These things I am saying in no unkindly spirit and if the total effect of my words is an impression that I believe the church is effete and useless then my efforts will have been futile. Potentially the church has the largest opportunity of any organization in the world to leave its impress for the weal of man. I like to think of the church as in position to give every living soul within its reach some interpretation of life or a satisfying answer to the problems that perplex. I like to think of the church as growing big-hearted and spiritually-sighted enough to perceive and to look with fostering care to all the healthful and health-giving impulses of man, to the end that it may not only be a conservator but an encourager to new good. I like to think of it as standing on a pinnacle and with the sweep of its vision comprehending the meaning of life and reporting to the toilers of the lowlands, bent over their work, the significance of their labor and the possibilities of greater achievement. I like to imagine the church as saying to men, "This is God's world which he is now creating. Like everything else in the making, there is still much that is imperfect, jolting, and unlovely. The unending processes of nature, summer and winter, frost and wind and water, erosion and upheaval are all God's agents in the world of matter to bring forth a better physical world. In the world of man, impulse, imagination, will-power, and emotion are all God's agents to bring forth the one supreme product of the human world, man himself. This is the job you are now at, the perfecting of man. Arise, gird up your loins, you are called with a high calling. You are colaborers with the very God himself."

What we term civilization is the present status of man's intellectual, moral, and spiritual development. From the viewpoint of the Christian religion it is not an

aimless, haphazard growing into something different but a purposeful unfolding into something more perfect and more beautiful. It was a sublime vision that caught sight of this goal of human development as that "far-off divine event toward which all creation moves." This ever-enlarging civilization of ours is a fabric of many threads; it is woven of all the healthful and health-giving activities of men. It is quite as dependent upon the coal-miner and upon the grimy man who sits in the engine cab as upon the professor at his desk or the preacher at his pulpit. The life of barter and sale, of discussion and argument, of plowing and reaping is sacred and all the healthful and health-giving relations that make you and me responsible for the welfare of and dependent upon each other are essentially religious relations. They are God's method of creating the perfected man.

The city milk man who goes his daily rounds from a narrow, selfish point of view is in business solely for his own profit. From the profits of his business he supports his family and may even indulge himself in luxury. When we think of the babies which are dependent upon his daily ministrations and upon the quality of the milk he peddles, immediately the social significance of the man is heightened, he becomes dignified in our thought as a public servant and to that extent he is doing business—perhaps unconsciously—for the kingdom of God. Why should the church not give the milk man, or the gas man, or the ice man a vision of their service, why should it not help them to dignify their work? The increasing sense of responsibility thus engendered will result in more broad-visioned and scrupulous service. Why should the church not let people know that they are working together for the advancement of the kingdom of God? Must men not have vision of something like this to arouse their devotion, and to give them courage, hope and faith? When I was a child I used to think of the church as a sort of dam of doubtful duration against the prevailing wickedness of the world; I now think of it as an impelling teacher to give consciousness and direction to our progressing civilization—God's civilization.

What I have said has definite and direct connection with the question of the pastor, it is his call and it defines in broad outlines

his sphere. Upon him depends to a very great extent the effectualness of the power stored in the church. He is the switch-key between the storage battery and the wills, emotions, and the resources of his parishioners. No man in a community has more responsibility resting upon him, none has greater opportunity.

I should like to have you think of the pastor from four different angles, which I wish to denominate the four "P's."

In the first place the pastor is the priest of the community, in the Hebrew sense of the word priest. It is he who conducts the ceremonial and ritual of the church. It is given to him to minister to men's love of solemnity, majesty, beauty in their worship of the Most High. It is he who should by action and word and dress and manner inspire reverence for divine things and who should uphold the dignity of religion. While I have certainly no intention of becoming either a Roman Catholic or an Episcopalian, I do feel that we are frequently too democratic in our worship, we are too off-hand, too likely to take pride in being unconventional and that we might well learn from these denominations to dignify and beautify our services. I did not use to appreciate these elements in worship but as I grow older I feel an increasing satisfaction in beautiful forms of service and ceremony. Such forms should never degenerate into cold, meaningless conventionalities—nothing repels men more—but the ritual should be characterized by simplicity, dignity, and sincerity. Men have an impulse for beauty that the church has a duty to satisfy. The sacred writer recognized the value it possessed when he admonished men and women to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. The first duty of the pastor, then, is to be the priest of his community. He is the person sanctified and set apart to perform the ceremony of the church.

In the second place, the pastor is the preacher of his community. By preacher, I mean the pastor as a workman in the pulpit. I mean not so much the quality of his thought but the way he expresses it, his use or abuse of English. I am not of those who hold that the minister's language either grammatically or in respect to his pronunciation is a matter of indifference. Other things being equal the man whose powers of expression are disciplined

can deliver the most dynamic message. Of two carpenters in your town, one of whom could build you a stout house that would protect you, but a structure whose workmanship should be rough and uncouth, the other workman of whom could build you a shapely dwelling, symmetrical, pleasing to the eye within and without, both performing the labor for the same money, which workman would you choose? Which knife cuts better, a sharp one or a dull one? The minister has the duty of giving his message all the carrying power he can. He should use every legitimate device to send it straight to the minds and hearts of his hearers. Then, too, he has too beautiful and holy a vision to sully it with slovenly speech.

Some preachers fall into the error of believing that rant and lusty vociferation move their audience and please Jehovah. I doubt it. I am equally sceptical about the ultimate success of sensationalism. Other preachers string together anecdotes, still others rehash religious platitudes, and still others have recourse to grandiloquent language that is about as nourishing spiritually as the east wind. I can not imagine Christ, had he been a modern pastor, falling into any of these mistakes. They do not seem compatible with the simplicity, dignity, depth, and earnestness of his teaching or of his personality. Give your message in such a way as to arouse healthful and health-giving impulses in your audience. Learn to view truth from constantly varying angles and study to clothe your vision of it in freshness, vigor, and beauty of phrase. It is the King's word and deserves your most deferential and effectual treatment. You have no business to present it in a slovenly manner.

The third "P" is the pastor as a prophet. By this, I mean the quality of the vision which he has and his ability to make that vision enter the minds and hearts of those to whom he preaches. In the first place, he must possess a vision, clear and steady. Without being a meticulous metaphysician, he must needs be something of a thinker, capable of understanding life in its larger bearings. This vision must hold him—and draw him—steadily to the pole of his purpose, and through him the magnetism must pass to his people. "Where there is no vision the people perish." No pastor should be satisfied in being a mere ma-

chinist who sees to it that the ecclesiastical wheels do not stop. He should view life as the superintendent of a great factory sees and understands as a whole not only the plant entrusted to his care but the quality of the product and the market into which it goes. He must be something like the railroad president who not only knows the intricate ins and outs of the humblest part of the system but who likewise understands what his road can and does mean to the development of the country and to the enlargement of human life. The pastor should not only know the field of life and its needs, he must likewise know the possibilities of human life, particularly those of the men and women under his charge, and understand how human need and human resource can be brought together. He must have in his make-up something of the assayer who can correctly test the ore in the human mine he is to work. He must have about him something of the hydraulic engineer who goes about the country seeing how much power can be developed from a given water fall. The pastor must be a thorough believer in humanity; he has no business to nurse the notion that "every prospect pleases, only man is vile." Some preachers persistently tongue-lash their hearers not only for glaring side-stepping from virtue but likewise for petty sins and even idiosyncrasies. Either consciously or unconsciously many sermon-builders take as the corner stone of their edifice the assumption that men are intentionally and unutterably bad. In my opinion, most men are unlovely because they lack a compelling vision of the radiant beauty of their possible selves, most men are imperfect because they have not been shown their own capacity for greater perfection, and most men are living half lives because they have not yet glimpsed the possibilities of whole lives. Again, many men are merely existing or their efforts are misdirected because they have no illuminating vision of service. Who is to give them the vision unless it be the preacher? You preachers will have little time to chastise your parishioners if you are really in earnest about showing them what human life needs and in inspiring them to meet those needs. Preachers have been ever ready to pick out some likely boy and urge him to become a minister of the gospel. I like to think of pastors as giving equal thought and effort to directing the life work

of each young person under their influence. I like to think of their energizing the indifferent to a life of active, conscious service. I like to think of their holding up constantly before their congregations the multitudinous opportunities for Christian men and women to serve as farmers, mechanics, merchants, doctors, lawyers, teachers, and ministers. I dislike to think of any man's dropping into a profession or trade or business merely because it is the easiest thing to do or because it seems to present one method of earning a good living in an easy fashion. Therefore, I like to imagine the minister's so thoroughly preaching service through the daily walks of life and so deeply arousing the belief of men in themselves to meet the financial, social, political, agricultural, educational, and religious needs of their fellows that the church shall become the church militant in quite a new and more extensive sense. It is therefore the supreme duty of the pastor to grasp first the vision for himself and then impart to those under his ministrations a glimpse of what human life means and of what their lives may become when made incandescent with the idea of service.

Now, the fourth "P" of which I am going to speak is the pastor as a pastor, that is, of the minister as a member of the community in which he resides. I mean his quality as a man, his ability as a mixer, his efficiency in influencing men and women, not by the publicly spoken word, but by the quality of his conduct. I once heard a good friend of mine say that the preacher ought to have the best garden and the trimmest lawn in town. He ought to dress with care and neatness. His family relations should be more than above reproach. More than this: the pastor must be possessed of that mysterious and wonderful thing which we term personality. The difference between the man who has no personality and the one who has is as real,—I was going to say as shocking—as the difference between the wire through which the electric current is flowing and that one through which it is not. You can tell every time whether you have come into the presence of a real man or of a mediocre personage by the man's ability, or lack of it, to send across the chasm separating you from him a spark of spiritual energy to impel you upward. Indeed, I hold that the supreme mark as a man is his ability, by self-expression in any way, to influence for

good his fellow-man. And the more the pastor possesses this mysterious energy, the more extensive are the bounds of his parish.

I can imagine some pastor of a community lying as Salem does among beautiful hills going up to the mountain-top just at even tide. As he sits meditating in the hush of the day, communing with God, reviewing the experiences of his life, calling to mind the men and women whom he has charge of, the sun disappears, the darkness closes in upon him, "one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, appear the stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels," and lights of the village shine forth in the valley at his feet. I can imagine as he surveys the scene his saying to himself something like this: "There is my parish. Here is joy and here is sorrow; here is greatness and here is meanness; here is passion; here is unfulfilled longing; here are red-blooded men and women striving and laughing and weeping and longing. Every person in this village I can influence if I am priest enough, if I am preacher enough, if I am prophet enough, if I am pastor enough. My opportunities are bounded solely by the quality of my workmanship, of my vision, and of my personality. No man has a bigger chance than I to extend the boundaries of the kingdom of God. This is my field, my call, my great responsibility, but my deepest joy."

Special War Relief Days

Sabbath and Sunday, October 21 and 22, are set apart by act of Congress, and by appointment of the President of the United States, as rally days for the relief of suffering among the Armenians and Syrians. The Federal Council is urging people of all faiths to unite in a generous response to this call of humanity. Every community in this land will be given opportunity to aid in relieving the greatest distress ever known in the world's history. Materials for use of pastors in making their appeals will be furnished those desiring them if they write to the Federal Council's general secretary, Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, 105 East 22d Street, New York City.

"It is hard for a boy to rise to perpendicular manhood in a crooked community."

MISSIONS

Letter From Java

DEAR FRIENDS:

I have good news to write to you, and you will no doubt rejoice with me. On Sabbath, May 13, nine precious souls were baptized. Most of them have been tried a long time, and now, as they asked again for baptism, I would not disappoint them. One of them is an old man. When I first came to this place he lived near by, and I got acquainted with him. He was a terrible gambler; but now and again he visited the meetings at my place. Many times he promised to give up gambling, but again and again he fell in the same sinful habit. But now I think it is over a year he has not done any card-playing. Oh, I hope you will all pray for him and the others who have been baptized that the mighty Spirit of God may keep them faithful; and oh, may they become bright and shining lights for the glory of Christ their Savior. They do not think much about the salvation of others. They do not feel yet like St. Paul, who says: "The love of Christ constraineth us." Occasionally you will find one who prays for the conversion of his wife or his parents or children; but they do not see the great needs of all those who do not know anything about their Savior. Oh, when will they all wake up to see the eternal things!

The other day I read in the *Pulpit* about the dedication of babies. Well, I think you will feel interested to hear that our little babies always are dedicated in the church when they are about one month old. At such an occasion I read how our Savior received the little babies and lovingly blessed them, and then we all pray for the little one who is dedicated and for its parents that they may be enabled by God's Holy Spirit to be a good example to their children and to lead them to their Savior.

The Javanese have not the least idea about training their children. They spoil them terribly as long as they are very young, and when they grow up wilful and naughty and unmanageable, then they are often very cruel to them. Oh, it is such

a pity, as the Javanese babies are such dear, charming little creatures. So we have to pray for the parents that God will teach them to train their children.

In the SABBATH RECORDER I read the article from Alena Bond, "Views About an Ancient Prayer." I think she is quite right. Should we not pray unceasingly? And why should we have to use a certain form of prayer, and use a kind of "trick" (as Alena Bond calls it), to get a blessing from our heavenly Father? Is not he more than willing, even *longing*, to bless us every day? The same kind of letters have been going round here in Java for several years already; but I have always "broken the chain," and yet my Father has blessed me again and again more than abundantly.

There is another article in the SABBATH RECORDER I have also read with lively interest. It is, "Talk on Java," by Pieter Van den Daele. I see Java is not at all forgotten, and the question about a missionary is earnestly considered. Also I saw such a great interest in my work expressed in the letter from Mrs. Hattie E. West, at Milton Junction. I read it with a heart full of gratitude, and with all my heart I thank the Woman's Board for its great and practical sympathy, and for all the tokens of love I so often receive from so many dear friends in far-away America. May God's richest blessing be your reward.

The postoffice orders from Brother F. J. Hubbard and Mrs. Sadie L. West, which I mentioned in my last letter, came to hand all right about a week afterwards. But this year I never have received any money from the Missionary Society, generally sent to me by Brother S. H. Davis. And yet I saw in the *Year Book* (for which book I express my heartfelt thanks) that the same amount of money as in former years is promised to my work by the Missionary Society. So I do not understand why no money has arrived till now. I hope it has not gone astray.

May our dear Father surround you all by his tender love and his choicest blessings.

Yours in Jesus our Redeemer,

M. JANSZ.

Pangoengsen, Tajoe p. o., Java,
May 20, 1916.

Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society —Seventy-fourth Annual Report of the Board of Managers

(Continued)

Annual Report of Drs. Rosa W. Palmborg
and Grace I. Crandall

This year has been unusually full as our report will show.

The medical work compared with last year has a slight decrease in the number of dispensary patients. This is partly due to the fact that there has been no out-clinic work this year.

The registration of different individuals who have come to the dispensary has a total of 3,272, and the number of separate treatments, 4,906; of these 365 have been unpaid. There have been 76 out-calls, 19 of which were free. Of the free treatments, by far the greater number have been for famine refugees. These are, indeed, a forlorn and often loathsome class of people, but we hope we can slightly relieve them.

The kinds of diseases treated have run about as usual.

There have been a few in-patients during the year, but we have had to turn away more than we have received. There is an especial demand for us to take in insane patients. We hope soon to be able to do so, as in connection with the hospital we are building a small two-room separate building for the insane. It will soon be completed, and already two patients are awaiting its opening.

There is one case in the house now upon whom Dr. Palmborg operated for cataract last Sunday. It is still too early to say for sure whether the woman will see or not.

In our educational work, Dr. Palmborg has kept up her English teaching forenoons, and the day school has been continued. Dr. Palmborg's pupils were quite numerous before the Chinese New Year vacation, but since have been fewer. However, she has been glad to be a bit freer during the hospital building. As to the day school, we have sometimes been rather discouraged because of the few pupils, but since the Chinese New Year there has been some increase so that now there are thirteen pupils. That is not a large number, but if one half of them learn enough of the gospel to grow up into faithful

Christians the work will be worth all its costs in time and money.

Of course, the one great absorbing work of the year has been the construction of the hospital. As those know who attended Conference last year, our plans have been made for many months. But all through the months since, we have been adding to and revising those plans, trying to perfect them. The final working plans were drawn by Dr. Crandall's brother, Professor L. B. Crandall, of Alfred University, and donated by him.

During the fall, the work of raising the land was completed. As our land is lower than the level of high tides, all building sites have to be raised three or more feet. This done, there were the specifications to be made out, and some study of building methods was necessary. We each made several trips into Shanghai in quest of information in regard to materials, methods of construction, cost and ways of judging materials, etc. In this connection, we wish to mention with gratitude the very great help of Mr. Alfred Davis, who freely gave much time and thought to it.

Finally came the time of choosing the contractor. Dr. Palmborg met several different ones who figured upon the contract. The estimates were all considerably higher than we had at first planned. The reason of this was very plain as all materials have risen greatly in price recently, and especially at this time there was almost a famine of Oregon pine in Shanghai, due to poor shipping facilities.

All informed persons agreed that the cost of building at this time was fully one-third greater than at the outbreak of the war and the price of materials going up every week. No one could give us any assurance that conditions would be better under three years, if then.

It was a time of sharp anxiety. To re-trench our plans meant an inferior building with poor accommodations, so finally we decided to make the plunge. Certainly in one sense it was a plunge, although we did it in perfect trust in God's leading. We will only say here that there will be no debt.

We gave the contract to the contractor whose estimate was the lowest and who seemed the most intelligent. Afterward we were worried a little for we found out that he smoked opium; but now, when the

work is nearly done, we feel that we were guided to choose this same contractor. I might say here that his opium habit is broken. At one of his visits here, he put himself in Dr. Palmborg's hands, and she did not let him go until his desire for opium had left him. We hope that he is really cured and will stay cured. He has been a pleasant man to work with. He is very bright and quick, a natural mechanic, and a most painstaking workman. Although he claims to have lost heavily on the contract, he has never tried to get out of keeping his word. These traits are so seldom found in the Chinese that we have especially appreciated him. He says now that, though he loses on the job, he will save it all in a short time because he does not use opium any more. We do know that he has met many difficulties, especially in buying the wood.

The contract was given shortly before the Chinese New Year, that is in January, and work began about February 20. Since then it has been going forward rapidly and the building will be completed in a few weeks now.

There have been some imperfections, of course, and there have been times when we have been compelled to criticize sharply the work of individual workmen, but on the whole we feel that our troubles have been much less than they might have been, and we thank God for it.

Having the money sent from home at the time we did has saved us a great deal. If we had waited to draw it until now we would have had \$1,400 less than we have had to use. This is because of exchange rates. Last winter the gold dollar brought from \$2.50 to \$2.60, Mexican. Now it brings only about \$1.80, Mexican. We feel that that, too, has been God's leading, so we have much to thank him for.

Evangelistic and other Christian work has gone on as usual. The Sabbath preaching and the Friday night prayer meeting here, the Monday evening service at the school house in town, and the Thursday evening Bible class, have been kept up regularly by Mr. Toong. The second Sabbath of each month he spends with the Shanghai Church. The church services have been well attended and Sabbath school has also kept up in interest. Attendance has usually been fifty or sixty, though it might not average quite so high. The workmen

have shown a good deal of interest in the meetings. Two men and two women have been baptized during the year, and several inquirers received.

During the year, Dr. Palmborg organized a temperance society which meets once a month. It has interested people, and some have been willing to sign the pledge and, we hope, keep it.

Dr. Palmborg also has a little Bible school of street children which meets every Sunday afternoon at the school house, as Sunday is their weekly school holiday. There have often been sixty or more in attendance with an average of over forty.

During the New Year season we tried to entertain the church members. We invited the men to an evening meal before the New Year—choosing their regular Bible study evening and letting them have their study here after the meal.

After the New Year, we invited the women to come here and stay a week for a sort of Bible Study Conference. During the week, we also had meetings every other night, to which the men were also invited. Some of these were held in town. The results have been most gratifying, especially among the women. Few of them can read and they had never shown very acute interest in the preaching. But since this week of study they have seemed so much more awake. They still continue to gather here once in two weeks for an afternoon of study. They are learning to read some, and are very happy in it. Two of the number have since gone to Shanghai: one to enter a Bible school at her own expense, so that she may continue her study, the other seeking work. The latter used to be a wine-shop keeper, but she gave up her shop for the gospel's sake and has been trying to get work near our Shanghai church where she can go to church. She has met with many bitter experiences but has shown a very good spirit. We hope she will grow more and more firm in her faith even though she has trials.

We have had to meet one very heavy trial lately. It has come out that one who has been with Dr. Palmborg for many years has been leading a double life. Her sins have been so heavy and her lack of real repentance so evident that we have been compelled, for the gospel's sake, to send her away. What will be the outcome we

(Continued on page 448)

THE RURAL CHURCH

What One Pastor is Doing

WALTER L. GREENE

Third paper on the "Rural Church" program at Conference

A pastor was called to a new field. When he arrived on the field he found plans all ready under way for the building of a new church. Looking over the plans he found that the primary department had been put in the basement in the back corner next to the furnace. He found there had been no provision made for separate rooms for the adult classes of the Bible school. He asked the committee in charge why there had been no provision for these things, and they said, "In our church we used to have, at the time of the funeral we could never take the casket in and turn it around. It always had to go back the same way it went in, and we are building this church so that will not be true." And so the church was built for the *dead* and not for the *living*.

When I entered upon the work at Independence, it was with the conviction that the country church has a future as well as a past. As noble as the past of the country church has been there are yet greater opportunities in the future, for it yet has in its midst a majority of the people of our broad land; it is yet the conservator of the best ideals and the most wholesome living; and it yet has the conditions which best develop the life and character of the young men and young women of our land. And with that conviction I was content to take up my work with a rural church.

We are living in a new age, an age which spells its motto with the words *efficiency* and *service*, and these watchwords have come to those who labor in the rural church and they have meant the transformation of many of the churches of our land. We talk about the decay of the rural church and the rural community, but the rural church that has decayed, apart from the circumstances of a changing and shifting population, has decayed because it deserved to decay. It has failed to fulfil its mission. There are still people in the country who need the work that may be done by a country church.

In discussing with you some of the things that I am doing I can not resist the opportunity of speaking of some of the things I *want to do*, because one's ideals must of necessity go before the things that are done. The ideal may be long in its realization, but we trust the ideal is not beyond what is possible.

THE FIELD

In order that you may understand something of the field in which I labor I wish that you might be placed tonight upon the hills of Independence, with its cooling breezes; I would not mind being there myself just now. The field is a typical hill country community of Western New York, a community occupying twenty to twenty-five square miles of territory that lies between the villages of Andover, Whitesville, Greenwood, and Hollsport on the west, and in this community one church is found, one organized church, a Seventh Day Baptist church which has stood in the field now for many years as a witness to God's truth. Its people are the descendants of the original settlers for the most part, and progressive farmers we believe. If you are interested in Holstein cattle perhaps you will want to go there some time. I am not advertising Holsteins however, tonight, but the fact that the people believe as the community believes, in thoroughbred cattle, expresses a type of mind that is progressive; and they believe also in progressive means of travel, and when we have our weekly services, it is a rare thing not to have six or eight autos standing by the church sheds; or when the Ladies' Aid society holds its monthly social the evening after the Sabbath, it looks almost like an auto excursion of people from the surrounding neighborhoods coming in to attend the socials.

We are uniquely situated in some ways. We have no foreign population. The people as a whole are of the same social grade and interested in the same intellectual and social affairs. We are not complicated by a foreign population, and we are not bothered either by many outside social distractions. I feel sorry for the church located in a community whose people, or a large part of them, are members of many lodges and other organizations, which may be all right in themselves, but which distract the attention and take the time and energy of the people. We are situated in a com-

munity where the social functions of the community as a whole center around the church and the church organizations. That is unique in many respects from what is found in some rural communities. We are fortunate too in the plant which we have, and right here I wish to pay a tribute to my predecessor during whose administration the church secured an old store building with adjoining living rooms, which was remodeled and made adequate facilities for a dining room that will seat about 75 people at a time, with kitchen and parlor below, and rooms above for young people and children's game room, as well as coat and rest rooms. The plant itself gives us some special advantages, but it was because the church saw a vision of the possibilities of such a building that it was secured and put in shape to be used as it is.

WORKING PRINCIPLES

There have been a few working principles which I have subconsciously carried in my mind. I don't think my people have ever known I had a program of activities, a working plan, but I am going to take you into my confidence and reveal to you some of the things I have had in mind and heart since I went into that community.

First, I have worked on the basis that the people as well as myself needed to *know the community*. It is wonderful how much we can know about people; know their ancestry and their weaknesses and failings and strong points, and still not know very much after all about the community needs and characteristics. Individual and social facts need to be grouped, and one of the first things we did was to make a survey to learn the community as a whole, as to where their interests lay, their educational interests, the possibilities of their being interested in good reading, what their tastes were musically, what their social interests were, what were the things going on in the community occupying the attention of the people when they were left to themselves, what did they do, where did they find their amusements,—did they find them at home in the community itself or go to the surrounding towns. All these things, taking them up family by family and individual by individual, were gathered and studied, and some very interesting discoveries were made.

We found for instance that there was

more than half the community that was not directly affiliated—I say directly or indirectly affiliated—with our church. Nearly one half of them were Seventh Day Baptists or were inclined toward Seventh Day Baptists; but the other half were not connected and were very rarely found in the social or religious activities of the church, and many of them might as well have been in the heart of Africa as within two miles of the Independence church, so far as the vital touch of the religious life of the church was concerned with their lives. And when that fact was borne in upon us it seemed to awaken a new responsibility on the part of the church itself, when it thought what they had failed to do—no, not failed to do entirely—many of them had perhaps never thought of it and many of them had, but as a whole they did not have that social responsibility for those whom they met day after day in a business way, so far as religious and spiritual things were concerned.

Another thing we found, and that is that there was a natural musical interest. The people had a taste for music, though they had not had large musical advantages.

And then we noticed that there was not an adequate social life, i. e., a *community social life*. There was the Seventh Day Baptist social life that centered around the church, and the activities of the young people's society and Ladies' Aid society, as those had been conducted in private homes. Conditions had been such in the years before that it had not been so easy to foster that community social life as has been possible since the acquisition of the parish house.

And there was another thing we noticed, that the children did not seem to know how to play. Oh, they played, but they did not seem to play co-operative games. When the children played on the school grounds it was to knock each other around, to push and scuffle—individual work. The play was not getting together in team work, and so it seemed that one of the needs this survey showed was that of directed recreational and play life, for I have the feeling that the boys who learn to make the sacrifice hits or who learn the meaning of team work are learning some of the most valuable lessons when they enter the game of life. For who does not have to make the sacrifice hit or who does not have to

work with others if there is anything accomplished in the great work of the world?

Another working principle beyond that of discovering the needs of the community was to try to *make the church service attractive*. People are attracted to the church and not driven. We can not drive people into the church—but I have a conviction that people may be won to the church. The service was made simple; it is simple but we try to make it attractive. It is perhaps a little more elaborate than was usual in the country church of the past, or that we find in most of the rural churches of the present. We try to give the people a part in the church service. We try to make all the appointments of the church and the organizations connected with it attractive. The Sabbath school we tried to make an educational force and of educational value, taking pains to grade the pupils of the school according to natural interest and age. In some of the classes, but not all, we are now using graded lessons, adapted to the particular age and grade.

Another working principle which I had in mind was to make the church an active community force, a community force realized by a service church. We hear a great deal about the community church. It seems to me that the duty of the church is very large when there are social needs of the community which are met in no other way. Then there devolves upon the church a special duty to meet these community needs. If the church exists for living men and women, for living boys and girls, and young people who have social interests and play interests, these interests should not be neglected in the program of the rural church.

THE PROGRAM

Now, as to our program. Our program of activities is not large. I am a believer in the fact that we often overload our church activities, that it is better to have fewer activities, doing them well rather than to have many only half way done. If there is a musical interest, if there is a natural dramatic interest, we seek to choose for special services something that is musically worth while and will appeal also to the dramatic interests of the children and the young people.

A men's glee club of eight voices, half of them I believe are men who have not

been active in the work of the church in years gone by, has been organized to help meet musical interest and for service. It has been a joy to me to see the interest these men took in this glee club work, and I think I would not be shamed to have them sing before this Conference, although we have not been singing much or spending a great deal of time practicing, only one night a week. We have sung many times on public occasions, and I believe we made commendable advancement.

There are those who have a play and athletic interest and want to play as did a crowd of boys last fall. They began to talk about basketball. We looked the community over, and it seemed almost impossible to find a place suitable to play basketball. However, there was a store room or hall in the cheese factory that was large enough to be used, and one or two nights a week we met at this hall for basketball. Our room was not such as to make the boys want to go out and meet other teams who were used to a regulation floor, but we had lots of fun by ourselves, and this summer plans are under way so that the public school will have play ground apparatus. The public rural school, where there are 35 children, has been entirely without play apparatus. We think before the beginning of school this fall that there will be several pieces of home-made apparatus in place for the use of the children when school opens. These are some of the ways we are trying to meet the play and recreation interest.

The intellectual and social interests of the people should be considered. During the time of my predecessor the young people's society started on the plan of the monthly literary program which has been continued. This has drawn out the latent talent of the young people and others in the community, because our young people's society is made up of those not so young in years as they once were.

Another of our monthly events is the Ladies' Aid society supper and community social held at the parish house, and this has been perhaps of the greatest interest to the whole community of any of the church activities. It comes the evening after the Sabbath and the people of the whole neighborhood are out and ready for such occasions as this. The evening is given to supper, and during the time I have been there,

nearly two years now, I think there has not been an occasion where there was less than a hundred people, and we have had as high as 175 present at this Ladies' Aid society supper and the program held in connection with it. The character of the programs we have had following the supper have varied a great deal. We have had lectures. We have had some men from the Agricultural School and from the county farm bureau who came out and talked to us on agricultural topics. We had a suffrage lecturer on one evening. We have had stereopticon lectures. Sometimes we have musical programs, and slides have been secured from the State education department, through the college at Cornell, through the Institute of Social Service in New York, and through the Missionary Education Movement. This is suggestive of the variety brought into the monthly program.

You may ask, Do all these things bring spiritual results, that is, these things dealing with recreation and with social life; are they spiritual? One thing is certain. If they are not made spiritual and religious, they may become very irreligious, and it seems to me it is the business of the church to so use these social interests, the natural interests of life, that they shall serve a spiritual and religious purpose.

It seems to me we are getting very definite religious results. There is a community spirit that is growing. I hear people beginning to talk about these people who do not go to church anywhere, who are several miles away from a village church, who were not directly affiliated with our people. What can be done for them? And when I hear people asking questions like that I rejoice in what seems to be growing community religious interest.

People are being attracted to the church and its appointments. Hardly a monthly social occurs but what there are several new faces, and at the one held the night before I started away there were at least a dozen that I had not seen before, from the outskirts of what might be called our parish, and one of the direct results of the monthly social was the winning of a young married couple who had lived in the community all their lives, to membership in the church. They came first to the socials and seemed to enjoy the social time we had, and kept coming, and after a few months one Sabbath morning the wife was in the

church service, and continued to come. I heard she was interested in the Sabbath question. Mrs. Greene and myself invited them over to our home. We talked over the whole matter, and two weeks later they were baptized with eight other young people, who came into our church; but the thing which started them thinking about the Christian life and activities and the things for which we stood was the monthly social, and the tactful interest of some individual church people, as they themselves have said.

Another result is a contented people. We hear much about people going from the country. Young people do not want to stay there. I have not heard it since I have been at Independence. Young people are growing up, marrying and establishing homes and stay where they are. In one part of our neighborhood there are four houses and eight families and the children of the older people have married and make up the families in these homes. Some of our young people are going away to the agricultural school, some to the normal school,—and I presume some of them will go to other communities, but we do not hear the desire expressed to go away, that they are tired of the country. It seems to me that is the business of the rural church, to help make country life so attractive that the people do not want to get away, nor long for the time they can strike out for themselves and get into the whirl of the city's activities. If conditions, socially, economically and religiously are satisfactory I believe we shall not hear so much about the drift away from the country toward the city.

Our vision—my vision—of a community-serving church, is a church that is united, neighborly, working, loving righteousness and spiritual things, proving the truth of the words, "He that loseth his life shall save it." That can be proved in any church that seeks to serve, that exists for living men, living women and living boys and girls.

We must learn that competence is better than extravagance, that worth is better than wealth, that the golden calf of today has no more brains than the one worshiped by the Hebrews. So, beware of money as the supreme passion of the mind. Beware of the craving for large wealth.—*Bartol.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

"If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness:
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me."

A Great Privilege

Number I

MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER

While we can not accept in its absolute sense the old saying that "patience and perseverance conquer all things," we are convinced that it contains more truth than it is sometimes given credit for. For more than twenty years we have had a great desire to hear William Jennings Bryan speak, and during the past seven years have made several attempts but have failed in every instance until this season.

On July third we attended the opening of Winona Assembly and Mr. Bryan delivered the opening address. After looking at so many pictures of a man with an extensive smile, riding on an old donkey, we experienced something of a relief when we saw the real man face to face. There is an air of sincerity about Mr. Bryan that is most gratifying, and whatever mistakes may be set down against him, he brings to us the conviction that he is a noble man, working conscientiously in behalf of his country and humanity as a whole. Probably we can not give him a greater compliment as a speaker than to say that while listening to him we were unconscious of the lapse of time.

In his introduction Mr. Bryan stated that three years ago he had planned a vacation that he and Mrs. Bryan might spend the time resting and communing with their children and grandchildren, but great measures had demanded his attention and the vacation was postponed.

The subject of his address was "Four Pictures That Have Permanently Influenced My Life." The first was the pic-

ture of his wife the first time she brought their first-born child down stairs, with the glory of maternal pride and wifely love resting upon her face. "She was lovely," said Mr. Bryan, "the first time I saw her, so lovely that she was my admiration. It was a case of love at first sight, but she has grown in loveliness all these years. She has shared in all my trials and in such triumphs as there have been."

We were charmed with the public tribute given Mrs. Bryan by her husband, and equally charmed with the thought that in the stress and trial of their eventful life she had maintained and developed the spirit of womanliness to such an extent that he could thus publicly praise her.

From this picture Mr. Bryan spoke on woman suffrage. We were opposed to putting the ballot into the hands of women until a few years ago, when for good reasons we changed our opinion, and if any shadow of doubt regarding its propriety lingered in our mind it was dispelled by Mr. Bryan's address. We would like to tell you all he said on this point, but a few lines must suffice.

Mr. Bryan claims that the arguments are all in favor of woman suffrage, but he considers the "mother argument" the strongest that can be put forth. "We trust," said he, "the mother with the life of the child, with its health, with its education and with its moral and religious training, why not trust her to vote for its welfare? We also trust her to help manage the family finances, why not trust her to vote its appropriations? To illustrate the point, he told a story of an Irishman whose wife was dying. She suddenly opened her eyes and said feebly, "Husband, after I am gone don't forget to collect the two dollars Mr. Jones owes us, and the three dollars Mr. Smith owes us." Turning to the friends in the room the man said, "Sensible to the last." "And husband," the dying woman continued, "don't forget to pay the thirty dollars we owe the grocer." "Raving now," exclaimed the man. "And so," Mr. Bryan continued, "we consider woman sensible in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the family until she asks for the ballot and then we think she is raving."

Mr. Bryan said that intelligence and morality are the two necessary qualifications for a voter. Recently he ascertained that ninety-eight per cent of the convicts

in the prisons of Nebraska are men, while the greater majority of church-going people are women; this condition prevails throughout the country. "Women have sense enough to keep out of prison, and morality enough to go to church."

The second picture, "Breaking Home Ties," was seen at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. In this connection Mr. Bryan spoke of the duty of the church to the boys who are away from home, emphasizing the duty of protecting them from the saloon. As colonel of a regiment he had allowed no canteen in his regiment, although urged to permit it. The argument was made that the boys addicted to drink would steal away and get liquor, but he maintained that it would be better for them to do that than for him to put temptation in the way of those who were free from the habit. At one time when in New York to lecture on temperance the pastor of a large Presbyterian church said to him, "I have had hard work to arrange for this meeting because so many of my elders drink." "God pity the church," said Mr. Bryan, "that is trying to save the world through tipping elders."

The third picture, "The Apotheosis of War," Mr. Bryan saw in Moscow twelve years ago. The picture is of a flock of vultures hovering over a collection of skulls. The hatred he had always felt for war was greatly intensified by that picture. The picture he drew of war was vivid. It brought forcibly to our mind the agonizing memories of the Civil War and the burdens of our early years consequent upon that war.

Mr. Bryan "kept the best of the wine for the last of the feast" when he spoke on the fourth picture, "Christ before Pilate." This picture he saw three years ago, and in this connection he made an eloquent plea for peace. Some one speaking with authority had told him that it would be very hard to engage the Belgians in a war with our country because of what we have done for them. Why not use our money to win other nations instead of putting it into battleships? The needs of the mission fields were set forth in no uncertain tones.

In closing Mr. Bryan said, "Pilate represented force. Back of him were the legions and power of Rome, Christ stood there as the apostle of love. . . The same powers of force and love represented in

that picture by Pilate and Christ are in the world today. To which one shall we bring our gifts? Wise men of the East in the belief of unfulfilled prophecy brought their gifts to the Prince of Peace. Shall we do less than they after nineteen hundred years of fulfilled prophecy?"

Worker's Exchange

Farina, Ill.

The Woman's Board will perhaps be interested in learning of the new woman's society, King's Daughters, which was organized at Farina the past summer. The organization is a Ladies' Aid, composed of young women, and auxiliary to the regular Ladies' Aid of the church, the purpose being to promote missionary interests and cultivate sociability.

The motto chosen for the society is taken from Ecclesiastes 9: 10, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The society does not take work which would otherwise go to the Ladies' Aid, but the work committee finds plenty of work which people are glad to have done. Besides money received for work done, the treasury is added to by means of assessing each member five cents a meeting; so whether one is able to attend or not, each member feels she is helping some. At each meeting a short program is given, which makes them interesting and profitable.

The King's Daughters now has a membership of eighteen, fourteen being charter members. The society wishes to affiliate themselves with the Woman's Board and are willing to help with the work of the Board.

OLIVE SEAGER.

Aug. 24, 1916.

Minutes of Board Meeting

The Woman's Executive Board met with Mrs. S. J. Clarke on September 18, 1916.

There were present Mrs. West, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Daland, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Whitford, Mrs. Crosley, Mrs. Lanphere, Mrs. Maxson.

Mrs. West read 2 Timothy 2, and Mrs. Lanphere offered prayer.

The minutes of August 7 were read.

The Treasurer's report for the month of August was read and adopted. Receipts,

\$205.88; disbursements, \$196.49. Mrs. Whitford read letters from Mr. Eyerly, of Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. S. E. Babcock, of Nortonville, Kan.; and Dr. Rosa Palmberg.

Mrs. West gave the substance of a letter written by Dr. Palmberg while on her vacation in Japan. This letter announced the completion of Lieu-oo Hospital and the payment of the contractor who built it.

The Corresponding Secretary read a letter from Miss Olive Seager, of Farina, Ill., telling of the organization of a young woman's society, auxiliary to the Farina Ladies' Aid Society, and asking for this society to become affiliated with the Woman's Board.

Mrs. Babcock next read a letter from Mrs. Knox, treasurer of the Federation of Woman's Boards, giving the new ruling concerning the dues of boards forming the Federation.

A motion was carried that our Corresponding Secretary write to Mrs. Knox asking further information.

Mrs. West read a letter from Mrs. M. H. Wardner, enclosing a letter from Rev. T. L. M. Spencer, of Georgetown, British Guiana. Mrs. Babcock then read an article from a paper sent her from Georgetown. This article gave a short account of the Seventh Day Baptist church there, the work of Rev. Mr. Spencer in British Guiana, and set forth the need of a Seventh Day Baptist church building in Georgetown. Mrs. Babcock also read a letter from Rev. T. L. M. Spencer.

Mrs. Babcock read the annual letter which she had prepared, and by vote it was adopted.

Mrs. Whitford gave an excellent report of the woman's meetings during Conference and also of the Woman's Hour and the sectional meeting of the Northwestern Association.

It was voted that the Corresponding Secretary be authorized to have the annual letter printed, also the letterheads for the use of the Board.

It was voted that the Treasurer be authorized to send the usual appropriations to the Associational Secretaries and the officers of the Board.

In response to an invitation from the Woman's society of Battle Creek, Mich., it was voted to send Mrs. West to repre-

sent the Board at the Medical Missionary Conference to be held there.

Mrs. Lanphere gave an interesting account of meeting some Chinese student girls at the recent Y. W. C. A. Conference at Lake Geneva, Wis. One of these bright and attractive girls was from Shanghai, which made the acquaintance with her doubly interesting.

After the reading, correction and approval of the minutes, the Board adjourned to meet in October.

DOLLIE B. MAXSON.

Corresponding Secretary.

Conference Memorial Service for Rev. E. B. Saunders

Reported stenographically by Paul H. Burdick

Rev. A. J. C. Bond lead in prayer as follows:

Our Father, who art in Heaven, thou knowest how we loved him, and how we miss him and shall miss him; we hold this service in his memory, but not for him but for us, as we bring our flowers as an expression of our affection. He has already been crowned with fadeless flowers gathered from the garden of God.

We thank thee for his life and for his love. We pray thy blessing upon his family. Comfort them by the presence of thy Holy Spirit.

We pray thy blessing upon the Missionary Board, under whose direction he labored, and upon our missionaries at home and across the sea.

Bless, we pray thee, all our churches, of which he was in some sense a pastor at large. Help us to reconsecrate ourselves to the work which he has laid down. Joining our labors with his, may we go on to greater success and final victory, in Jesus' name. Amen.

Floral offerings were made in memory of the late Rev. E. B. Saunders, by the following persons, representing the following organizations, coming to the front of the pulpit and placing a stem of a fern or a lily in the vase: Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, for the Missionary Society; Rev. Edwin Shaw, for the Tract Society; Professor William C. Whitford, for the Education Society; Rev. Henry N. Jordan, for the Young People's Board; Professor A. E.

Whitford, for the Sabbath School Board; Rev. T. J. Van Horn, for the Southwestern Association; Rev. Gideon H. F. Randolph, for the Southeastern Association; Mr. Julius Nelson, for the Holland Mission; Rev. D. B. Coon, for the Home Missions; Rev. E. D. Van Horn, for the Eastern Association; Rev. John T. Davis, for the Central Association; Rev. I. S. Goff, for the Western Association; Rev. Charles S. Sayre, for the Northwestern Association; Rev. Eli F. Loofboro, for the Pacific Coast Association; Rev. Jay W. Crofoot, for the China Mission; Mr. LaVerne Langworthy, for the Java Mission.

Rev. L. C. Randolph then said in part:

There is not sufficient time now to give a biographical sketch of Brother Saunders' life. It is not necessary. Those details are familiar to most of you. You remember his leadership of the young people, his pastorate at Shiloh, the evangelistic work in so many communities where hundreds, probably thousands of people, were converted. It is not too much to say that there are thousands of people all over this country and in other countries who feel today the loss of a dear friend.

I have been deeply moved by this significant tribute made to his memory, the beautiful white flowers with the green background, the fadeless green; but it seems to me that the greatest tribute we can give to him is to carry on the work which he left, to carry forward the flag which he carried. One beautiful tribute would be to raise the debt of the Missionary Society at once, the debt that was upon his heart. Then let all our people adopt the plan of systematic giving which shall offer to God at least as much as was required of the Jews under the old dispensation. Now when our wealth is greater, our opportunities so much greater, and the incentives so much greater, we should do a far greater work. The extension of Christ's kingdom, as placed in our hands, waits upon our consecration, and let us not haggle with God.

I have heard of soldiers being in the battle, and when some comrade, dear and beloved, fell by their side, how they would stop for a moment and express their tender love, and then go onward and forward to carry the flag to victory. Upon us, the boys whom he trusted and trained,

there rests a heavier responsibility today; upon us all there rests that duty to bring the grace of God, the salvation, to men everywhere.

Then Brother Samuel H. Davis said in part as follows:

In my hasty preparation I have not only been divided between two opinions but three, as I was uncertain as to whether I should devote the time to comment on the annual report as presented to you in printed form, or upon the finances of the Missionary Society, with which I am especially familiar, or to give the time, as I feel is most fitting, to further comments concerning the life, influence and passing on of our beloved brother, Secretary Saunders. Perhaps I can in a few moments touch each of these topics very briefly. I will not, however, undertake to read the report which is now in your hands, and which comes to us the last message from our beloved brother. I leave it for you to read, and I believe every one present will read that sacred message before this Conference closes. That we may enter for the moment, however, into the spirit of the message, I want to read just the concluding paragraph written by Brother Saunders:

IN CONCLUSION

We close another annual story of loving labor rendered by self-sacrificing missionaries with a prayer that we as a people may require of ourselves the same high standards of life which we expect of them. Since the stream can flow no higher than its source, we realize that if our churches and missions shall continue to radiate a Christlike influence over the entire communities where they are located, it must come from exemplary living and unselfish service. Nothing less than Divine Power can prepare us for such a mission amid the in-setting tides of pleasure and business. Nothing less than a life of intercession will keep us under the spell of this power. Brethren, if we, in our fewness of numbers, make a contribution to our time which is worth while, it must be emphatically *spiritual*.

William Borden, the millionaire college student who graduated with honors at Yale University, went as a missionary, and at Cairo, Egypt, died a victim of the climate. A stranger who had just returned from seeing the wonders of America was asked, "What one thing impressed you most?" He replied, "The sight of William Borden on his knees in Yale Hope Mission with his arm around a bum!"

When the question comes from the ends of the earth, "What saw you among the hundred

missionary societies now under the limelight?" the answer should be, "I saw the same power which possessed William Borden!"

"He climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
Through peril, toil and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in his train!"

In the last months of Brother Saunders' life there was nothing which worried him so much as the debt of the Missionary Society, which you have all helped so much to lift, and which weighed not only on Brother Saunders but upon the entire Missionary Board. At the end of the fiscal year the debt was almost entirely wiped out, but unusually large expenses in July, including the bringing of one of our largest missionary families from China to the home field again, increased our indebtedness considerably above what it was July 1. Another thing that has increased our indebtedness since July 1 is the fact that while our churches made a very earnest and commendable effort to raise the indebtedness and nearly did so, they did not, during the following month, after the debt was practically raised, continue their usual contributions, which every year until this year have been among the largest in July of any month of the year, so that the income for July of this year was unusually small. In this the churches are not to be censured. It is natural to relax after special effort.

In these six or seven years in which I have been the treasurer of the Missionary Society, we have never made a special effort for any purpose, directly by the Missionary Society or by some of the auxiliary boards, to raise large sums for specific work but that we have diminished the general contributions of the Missionary Society almost in proportion to the amount raised for special work. We have been asked frequently why the Missionary Society recently got into debt. There were two or three reasons. The Missionary Society had a large support some three years ago, and was doing a large work. Two years ago the war broke out in Europe; the Missionary Society, a few weeks after the war started, came to the point of appropriating money as it usually does for carrying on its work, not realizing that it would be necessary to cut down tremendously the work because of the certainty, which we did not then realize, that contri-

butions would be cut down through that first year of the war, which was so strenuous in our nation's finances. Thus the appropriations were made on the basis of the previous year, and were largely above the income of the following year. Then some special interests, such as I have just alluded to, came up, including the raising of funds for the Lieu-oo Mission building, which, thank God, has been built, and is going to bring great blessing to the people of that city. We thank God for it. And yet one of the reasons that general contributions fell off was the earnest effort and consecrated giving of our people in that special direction. And so the work has gone on at about the scale it was three years ago and the contributions have fallen off except in these special directions, the last great special object being the raising of the debt, which you so nearly accomplished.

The question came to us the past year repeatedly, "Why don't you retrench?" or "Why don't you cut down the work?" and the burden on our hearts was where and how shall we retrench. Shall we employ a smaller group of workers at home and abroad? Brethren, you well know we have too few workers on the home field and on the foreign field. How could we reduce the number without serious injury to the work already in hand? How else could we retrench? Could we employ less expensive workers on the home and foreign field or cut down their salaries? Our workers on the home and foreign field are working at salaries far below what they should receive, some of them not receiving enough to cover their necessary living expenses. We could not cut them down nor could we employ less expensive or cheaper men and women. God needs the best in his mission work.

Some suggested reducing the work on the home field. This suggestion did not come from within the board, but from without. They said reduce the work on the home field, and while our funds are low simply carry on the work on the foreign field as in the past; but from scores of communities came the cry to the Missionary Society to send an evangelist or missionary pastor or "Give us help in our struggles," and we could not deny them when they thus called. Again some extremist said, "The foreign fields are taken care of by others. Do home missionary

work and let the foreign missionary work go." Another said, "I don't believe in foreign work. I never did, and if the Missionary Society goes on doing it as well as the home mission work, it will become bankrupt." Brethren, suppose the early church, in the first century, had taken that stand, and those whom Jesus commissioned had said, "The Master is mistaken, our work is on the home field, and we will continue our efforts to Jerusalem and Palestine. We will do no foreign mission work." Suppose they had acted on that decision, what would have become of the early church? It would have died within the first century and the gospel of Jesus Christ would never have been carried to Europe nor from Europe to America, and this land and the Christian nations of the earth would have been in darkness and heathenism today. When the call came for foreign mission work in those early days, if they had said, "We will send a cheap man to Athens or Rome," the work would have failed. The three greatest of the apostles volunteered and even went without support to the foreign field. They might have said, "It is wasting talent to send a man like Paul to Rome or to the foreign field," but Jesus was leading his apostles whom he had commanded to go and carry his gospel to the farthest corners of the earth. Must we now in this advanced Christian age seek to reverse the policy of the early church, and the policy of missions from the beginning of the Christian era, and say, "We will confine ourselves to home missions and forget the foreign field." If we follow that policy our Seventh Day Baptist Denomination will be short-lived, and the present century will see the last of us, so far as our activities as a denomination are concerned. Furthermore, we are under a divine compulsion. We have no choice. Our missionary work can only be accomplished in keeping with the command of Jesus, who said, "Go ye into *all the world* and preach my gospel to every nation." That little word, "go," is as fresh today as when it leaped from the lips of Jesus on the Galilean mount. It is as strong, as glorious, as grand, as when the waiting disciples, in obedience to the Divine behest seized the banner of the cross and started the greatest forward movement in the history of the world.

* * * *

Jesus prayed that his disciples might be with him, that they might behold his glory. I believe that Jesus wanted them with him in a place; I believe he wanted them to be with him in belief, to believe the things which he taught them; but higher and above all these, I believe Jesus wanted his disciples to be with him in character; that they might be what he was. I think that is borne out by the closing sentence of his prayer, "That they may behold my glory." Men can not behold the glory of the Lord until they are made in the image and likeness of the Lord. A man commits a dastardly deed, and you say, "I can not see how he does it." You can not until you enter into the spirit of the man and become like him. You see a man doing a magnificent act, giving all he has, perhaps, and you say, "I can not see how he does it." You can not until you enter into the spirit which prompted the act, then you can understand it. So we can not behold the Lord as he is until we become like unto him in character. May we thus in the future anticipate even here a companionship of character with Brother Saunders. I believe, too, we can anticipate the companionship of belief for his was a sturdy belief, the belief of our fathers. I believe, too, we can anticipate with him in the great beyond a companionship of place. I long to have the companionship of character which I believe was his. I want to have the simple faith of our fathers, which was his, and I trust that you and I may so live that we may have the companionship of place to which our Lord referred, as well as the companionship of belief and of character. How do we know that there is such a place? We have God's promise, but there is an infallible proof, and that is, the longing of the human heart for the life beyond. This longing and belief in the hereafter have been manifest in the lives of every people and every nation from the beginning of time, even though they are in the darkness of heathenism and superstition; a longing for the life beyond is implanted in every human heart.

John L. Huffman of sacred memory, at whose feet I sat as a boy, once told me that when he was a boy out somewhere on the lakes, he was with some of his companions when they found a nest of the wild goose, and they gathered the eggs and

brought them home and placed them under a domestic fowl, and after a while they hatched quite a little flock of wild geese, which were brought up with domestic fowls, and they were tame. They seemed little different in character and type from the fowls they were accustomed to. They grew and became mature, but in the following autumn they commenced to show signs of restlessness. Presently, on bright days, they would rise on the wing and circle around the hills, coming back at night to their home. But one bright morning in the late fall when they rose, they circled once around the hilltops and then set their course directly for the sunny south never to return. God had implanted in the nature, in the instinct, of the wild bird a belief in and a longing for the sunny south, and guided by this instinct they took their flight to that fair clime. If there had been no sunny south, there would have been implanted no such nature, instinct or longing in their wild breasts. And if there were no future life, no hereafter, no land beyond, God would not have implanted the longing, the desire for, the anticipation of such a place, of such a home, of such a prospect in the human heart; and the fact that he has implanted such longings and desires in the human heart is proof positive that he has prepared such a place for his people. Where it is and what it is we may not know, for "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the thing that God hath prepared for those that love him"; but as surely as the flower springs from the soil, so surely shall life spring out of the dust in the resurrection morn! Beautiful flowers! We hear the rustle of the palms in our homes, and they tell us of the children singing the hosannas. We bend over the rose in the garden and it speaks to us of the rose of Sharon. Behold these lilies and we hear the Master saying, "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Beautiful flowers! Entwine them in the bride's hair on her wedding day. Strew them in garlands over the grave of our beloved dead. Glorious emblems of the resurrection morn! Nor can we tell when that great day will come. No man knoweth the time of its coming, but that it will come we know, for Jesus hath said, "I am the resurrection and

the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

I like to think of it as coming on some bright Sabbath morning; silence along the mountains; silence down the valleys; when suddenly the sound of the mighty trumpet of the archangel of God shall come crashing across oceans and continents, and then the little burial ground on the plains of Milton and the cemetery on the hillside at Salem, and the hallowed ground at Lost Creek, and every cemetery throughout this broad land and throughout the whole earth, and the *Maine* and the *Titanic* and the *Lusitania*, and Gettysburg and Waterloo and Verdun, and every sepulcher upon the land and every sepulcher in the sea shall give up their dead, and the corruptible of them that sleep in Him shall be changed into the likeness of his own glorious body. In our grief we can not understand, but then it may be that Brother Saunders or father or mother, a beloved child or companion, brother or sister, will take us by the hand and, leading us into an arbor under the tree of life on the bank of the river that maketh glad the city of our God, will there make known to us the Father's purpose in our bereavements, until overcome with gratitude we rush to his throne and pour out our souls in blessing.

Constitutional Sins

There are certain sins which may be called constitutional. They belong to us in our bodies and souls alike. Tendencies to them may have been inherited, and indulgence in them may have greatly strengthened the inherited propensity. Strong on most other points, we may be weak on some given point. We must not, however, try to throw aside our responsibility on the ground of inherited tendency. We are in danger of throwing back to our ancestors responsibility which is our own. There is a great truth in the law of heredity, nevertheless for the indulgence of the propensity and its consequences, we alone are responsible. Every man has his weak point, and that weak point he must especially guard. Knowledge of one's weakness is necessary to the formation of a worthy character and to obtain victory over inherent evil tendencies. A holy life will consist in part in discovering our weak points that we may so fortify them as to become invincible.—*Robert Stuart MacArthur.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. ROYAL R. THORNGATE, HOMER, N. Y.
Contributing Editor

Report of the Young People's Board to Conference, 1916

There are 41 Christian Endeavor societies among the 75 churches of our denomination. Of these, the Southeastern Association has 3; the Eastern, 8; the Central, 5; the Western, 6; the Northwestern, 14; the Southwestern, 3; and the Pacific Coast Association, 1.

Six of these societies have been organized since last year's Conference at Milton, so that counting the Intermediate societies, more than the goal of 10 new societies has been reached. The new Senior societies are at New York, N. Y.; Waterford, Conn.; DeRuyter, N. Y.; Hebron, Pa.; Stone Fort, Ill.; and Nady, Ark. Two societies which had suspended activity for a time have been reorganized, the one at Brookfield, N. Y., and the one at Dodge Center, Minn.

Although there are 41 recorded societies, I have reports from only 34 on which to base my figures. The total membership of these 34 societies is 1,205; 807 of which are active members. This means that there are on record nearly 300 more members than last year, but only 145 of them are really new members. The other half are members of societies which sent in no report last year. However, 145 members is a gain not to be ashamed of.

The active membership of a society rather than the total number of active, associate and honorary members represents its strength. So I shall name the largest societies in order of their number of active members: Salem with 59 resident active members and sixteen non-resident; Battle Creek, 52; Milton, 41; Alfred, 40; Milton Junction, 39; Farina, 34; Little Genesee, 33; Jackson Center, 33; Fouke, 31; Nortonville, 30. Possibly some of the unreported societies have a larger membership than some of the above. All of these ten societies, with one exception, and many of the smaller ones, report excellent work in the enrolment of members of the Tenth

Legion, Quiet Hour band, and various kinds of study classes.

The total number of the comrades of the Quiet Hour reported by the superintendent, Miss Emma Rogers, is 533; the number in the Tenth Legion is 312. Both these numbers represent a remarkable increase in the course of the year. One hundred and twenty-seven Christian Endeavor Experts have been reported. Of the 19 societies working the Efficiency Campaign, two have reached the standard set by the United Society of Christian Endeavor for an efficient society. Milton Junction comes first with a rating of 310 points; Fouke second, with 303. Milton Junction was the third society in the United States to reach the standard and even now there are only some half dozen 300 per cent societies in the world. The society at Alfred Station has an efficiency rating of 265 per cent; that at Alfred, of 263 per cent. Battle Creek has reached 232 per cent; and somewhere between 100 and 200 per cent stand Salem, New Market, Boulder, Farina, Milton and Gentry.

The total amount of money raised by the 34 reporting societies during the year is \$1,649.75. Of this about \$1,200 has been given to missions and extension work through the Young People's Board, and the rest to state and local work and for running expenses.

It is evident that nearly every society is active, and consequently of service to the community and to the denomination. The Board has had splendid support from the associational secretaries who have kept in touch with the societies in their own fields and have thus brought about greater unity.

To those societies which change corresponding secretaries every time new officers are elected, I wish to suggest the plan used in most strong societies. Let the corresponding secretary be one who is a permanent member, and let him or her be chosen for a term of at least two years, better yet, until they cease to work in the society. Let them be members who are not only accurate and prompt in making out reports, but who are able to write enthusiastic letters, putting in the interesting details which make reports vital and make the Board really acquainted with the society. The office of corresponding secretary is second only to that of the president in importance; and since the holder is chosen

for a long term, it is well to consider carefully before making the choice. If a change is made notify the Board at once, so that the records at headquarters may always be correct and the connection close between the society and the denomination.

Respectfully submitted,
ZEA ZINN,
Corresponding Secretary.

Public Spirit

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
October 14, 1916*

Daily Readings

Sunday—Civic pride (Acts 21: 37-39)
Monday—Cleansing a city (Mal. 4: 1-6)
Tuesday—Passion for civic purity (Jer. 33: 1-9)
Wednesday—Love of the people (Rom. 11: 13-36)
Thursday—High-minded officials (2 Sam. 23: 1-7)
Friday—The coming city (Rev. 21: 10-27)
Sabbath Day—Public Spirit, and How to Cultivate it (Ps. 122: 1-9). (Citizenship meeting.)

PUBLIC SPIRIT A DUTY

It is not only the privilege but the duty of every self-respecting person to have an interest in the welfare and uplift of the particular community in which he lives. The lack of public spirit and civic pride furnishes the explanation of why so many ramshackle hamlets and rural communities in many sections of the United States. There are concrete examples wherever one may go, and it may be safely said that the appearance which any community presents is a safe and sure index of the public spirit and civic pride of the citizens of that particular community, village, or city.

The citizens of every community should possess enough of public spirit and progressiveness (public spirit and progressiveness are synonymous) to desire for their community good roads and streets, neatly kept premises, the best of sanitary conditions, excellent schools, libraries, and churches, and all other privileges that make a community a desirable place in which to live.

CIVIC PRIDE AND PURITY

But civic pride is not enough in itself. There must be also civic purity and righteousness. It is possible to have fine roads and streets, substantial buildings and beautiful residences, and many other marks of public spirit without civic righteousness. In some of our great cities, in fact in all

of them, may be found the things that contribute to the greatest good of its citizens, but on the other hand there are also found the most vile things. As an illustration, we need only to mention some of the most abhorring things that have been exposed by the recent investigations that have been going on in some of our great cities. Civic pride in its best sense demands not only material progress and betterment, but must include civic purity and righteousness. A graft-ruled and dominated city or community needs that sort of public spirit that will demand civic righteousness.

CHRISTIAN CITIZENS SHOULD LEAD

Christian citizens should lead in community uplift. The welfare of a community should not be placed in the hands of designing, unprincipled men, and yet this is often done for the reason that such men frequently possess strong leadership and influence. I have in mind as I write a community that has been largely influenced for years in its municipal affairs by a man who is an open scoffer of religion and an avowed infidel. And it is allowed because he is a man of some considerable means and possessed of ability for leadership. The schools and churches of a community are a sure index of the spirit of the community, and the moral and intellectual complexion of a community only reflects the moral and religious spirit of its citizens. If the civic welfare of a community is in the hands of those who believe in God and righteousness, then we may expect a community in which Christian citizens would care to live, otherwise we may expect an adverse moral atmosphere. Where civic righteousness has asserted itself the saloon and other forms of vice have been relentlessly warded upon. But it takes courage, and sometimes we shrink from combating unrighteousness because we lack moral courage.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

"Public spirit is merely unselfishness directed to the large affairs of a town, a state, a nation, or the world, and is essentially the same as unselfishness in individual matters.

"Public spirit requires knowledge; no one can help a condition that he does not know. "Public spirit requires courage. No one can lift his fellows without opposition from those that are trying to pull them down.

"Public spirit requires perseverance.

The larger the task, the more opportunities for failure, and the greater need for a determination that scouts failure."—*Endeavorer's Daily Companion*.

He serves his country best
Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on.
—*Susan Coolidge*.

How can we as young people help to better the civic conditions of our own community?

What are some of the civic conditions of your community that might be made better?

To what extent will your attitude toward right and wrong have an influence in bringing about civic righteousness?

Do we sometimes lack moral courage?

The Fete of the Nations

On July 24, the Christian Endeavor societies of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred held a "Fete of the Nations" on the green in front of Ladies' Hall. There were several booths—the Larkin, the baked goods and candy, the foreign articles, and the handwork booth. Goods were obtained from Japan, China, India, South America, Cuba, and the Hawaiian Islands for the foreign booth. Ice cream and lemonade were served both afternoon and evening.

The grounds were decorated most attractively with Japanese lanterns and flags of various nations.

In the evening the band played a number of selections and a program in charge of Miss Susie White was given. Besides the music, it consisted of an English folk dance by the little children, a Spanish scarf dance by the young girls, an English rose drill by the older girls, a Japanese fan drill by the young ladies, and an American flag drill by the Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls. Mr. Shofu, a Japanese student here, dressed in his native costume, sang the national song of Japan.

The day was ideal, though rather warm, and the fair was a great success, due to the hard work of all who helped to prepare for it, and to the hearty support of townspeople and friends. Especial acknowledgment is due Miss White and those who assisted her with the folk dances, and the band for their kindness.

The society has cleared \$95.53 to date. The funds are to be used mainly for missionary purposes.

B.

HOME NEWS

MILTON, Wis.—At a special church meeting Sunday night Loyal F. Hurley, of Garwin, Ia., was called to become temporary pastor of the church, beginning November 1, and continuing at least ten months, while Pastor Randolph is engaged in conducting the college endowment campaign.

In view of Clark Siedhoff's call to Fouke Seventh Day Baptist Church as pastor while acting as principal of the Fouke School, the church licensed him to preach the gospel and perform such other services as may be required.—*Journal-Telephone*.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.—A meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist Church and society was held Sunday afternoon to take action on the resignation of Pastor W. L. Davis, which was presented by him September 9, at the church service. Mr. Davis has secured a position with Salem College, Salem, W. Va., and will also preach for some Seventh Day Baptist churches near Salem. By request of Mr. Davis, his resignation was accepted to take effect immediately to permit him to take up his new duties at once. Many expressions of affection and good will for Mr. Davis and family were heard, and a farewell reception was planned for Tuesday evening. Mr. Davis was requested to preach at the service next Sabbath, as the work of packing and shipping his household effects will keep him here till next week. Mrs. Davis and children will leave for their new home this week so that the children may enter school. Mr. Davis, as preacher and citizen, has had a prominent part in our village life, and we believe all our residents will have a feeling of regret for the departure of this most estimable family.—*Brookfield Courier*.

ASHAWAY, R. I.—After several weeks' visit among relatives in town, W. C. Whitford, D. D., professor of Biblical History in Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y., left Ashaway Wednesday night for his home in New York State. Mrs. Whitford will remain for a longer visit as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles W. Clarke.—*Westerly Sun*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Polly Prue's Dollar

Polly Prue looked ruefully down at the shiny new silver dollar in her hand. "My, but you're such a tiny, wee bit of money when I want such a lot," she sighed, as she turned it over and over. "And I can't make you grow one bit bigger. Why, you wouldn't last more than three days if I went camping with you." But Polly Prue's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a shrill little call from across the street, and she hurried away to investigate.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she asked, as she spied the Goodrich twins sitting in two forlorn little heaps on the front steps. "What is the matter now, Bobby Goodrich? Are you sick or hurt, or won't Billy let you take his cart? If somebody doesn't answer me pretty soon, I'll go right straight home, and you'll not see even one speck of my shiny new dollar. There, now!"

This threat was sufficient. Bobby lifted his head from his knees, and Billy stopped trying to push his new pencil far down in the widest crack in the top step. Four eyes that still showed traces of recent tears sparkled as Polly Prue displayed her treasure.

"Oh, oh, Polly Prue!" cried Bobby and Billy in the very same breath. "You're the smartest girl!" And Bobby added, "I bet you earned every cent of it selling tickets." Then suddenly the remembrance of his own and Billy's grievances popped into his mind. Down into his pocket went a chubby brown hand, and out came several pieces of red cardboard.

"Will you sell them for us, Polly Prue?" he asked abruptly. "I can't do it, and Billy won't. We hate selling things, and you like it."

"Why Bobby Goodrich, you know I don't like it a bit," Polly Prue protested strongly. "And I wouldn't have sold even one ticket, only I wanted to earn money to go camping with the girls, and now I can't go at all. One dollar wouldn't take me very far, I guess."

"It's a lot of money, though," sighed Bobby, as he handled the red tickets over and over.

Polly Prue's busy little brain was working very fast. Of course Bobby and Billy could not sell anything; they were too bashful. And besides, everybody that was likely to attend the school entertainment that night had already secured their tickets. If Bobby and Billy did not sell the ten small squares of red cardboard before seven o'clock, they, themselves, would have to stay at home.

Polly Prue looked down at the silver dollar that was all her own, to spend or keep, just as she pleased. It would not buy a camping trip, perhaps, but it would buy ice cream and candy and trolley rides, and, oh, such a lot of things. But Polly Prue was not selfish. "I'll buy those tickets myself," she decided at last. "And I'll do it right now before I'm tempted to back out." So into Bobby Goodrich's chubby brown hand went the silver dollar, while Polly Prue took the ten red tickets and started across the street.

"You're the best girl there ever was," declared Bobby Goodrich, from his seat on the front step. And Billy, the other twin, called out generously, "I'll buy you a dog some day, Polly Prue, when I get rich."

Polly Prue shook her head decidedly. "I guess Bobby and Billy don't know how I hated to do it," she thought, as she went slowly across the street. "But somebody's going to have a good time, even if it isn't Polly Prue Manners."

At her own front porch she stopped, for she wanted mother's advice. Mother always knew what was best, and Polly Prue was sure she would be glad that Bobby and Billy had the dollar, when she had heard all about it. Mother did not fail her this time.

When Polly Prue came out of the yard a little while afterward, there were no small boys on the front steps of the Goodrich house. Probably they had gone to deliver the money for the tickets, and to secure their own. And Polly Prue was glad, because she had three or four calls to make before suppertime, and she really did not want the twins to go with her; they might talk too much. And too, she and mother had a secret which they did not care to share with any one else just then.

It was several hours later that Bobby Goodrich, from his seat in the school hall, looked across the aisle and spied Polly

Prue, and then he guessed the secret. For, on one side of her sat Mr. Rufus Hull, who never before in all his life, Bobby was quite sure, had attended a school entertainment, for he did not like children. On the other side of her was little Miss Rogers, the dressmaker, who had refused to buy a ticket of Frank Hoxsie. And, scattered here, there, and yonder, in front and in back of her were the eight members of the Capwell family; even the baby was there.

"Whew!" said Bobby to Billy, under his breath. "Isn't Polly Prue great! She gave them all tickets, that's what she did."

"Of course she did," assented Billy. "They wouldn't be here if she hadn't. Neither would we. Whew, but Polly Prue's dollar did a lot, didn't it!"

At this very same time, in his seat in the front part of the hall, Ned Capwell was thinking, "I guess it pays, after all, to try to be somebody. I mean to go back to school tomorrow."

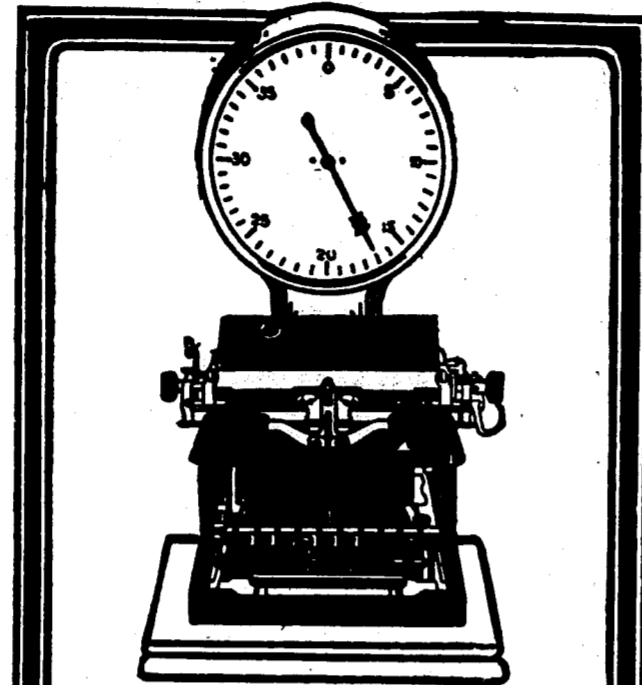
Mr. Hull, who was leaning on one of his crutches, and looking up at the eager little face by his side, was thinking, "Queer that child should ask me, wasn't it? I guess Hopewell children aren't all bad. I believe I'll give the school that new flag I've never unwrapped."

Miss Rogers, the tired little dressmaker, was saying to herself, "I hardly think I'll move away just yet. Business may be better after a while."

And Polly Prue, who probably was the happiest little girl in the big hall, was thinking, "That dollar was bigger than I thought. It bought such a lot of fun!"—*Alice Annette Larkin, in Our Dumb Animals.*

He who forsakes God for a greater liberty is like a babe lost from its mother. They who refrain from God for the sake of pleasure are like men running from the free air to seek sunlight amid shadows and dungeons. They who withdraw from God that they may have wider circuits of personal power, are like birds that forsake the forest and fly within the fowler's cage to find a larger bound and wider liberty. . . . Remove the needle from the pole-star and it is always tiring and restless until it be right again. So the soul when it forsakes God can never be at rest; without God a nation can never have peace.—*Anon.*

Be like the bird perched upon some frail thing; although he feels the branch bending beneath him, yet loudly sings, knowing full well that he has wings.—*Mme. de Gasparin.*



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MARRIAGES

ALEXANDER-KENYON.—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. W. B. Kenyon, in Alfred, N. Y., September 6, 1916, by Pastor William L. Burdick, Mr. James Stewart Alexander, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Abbie Laura Kenyon.

BURDICK-WHITFORD.—At Woodfern Cottage, the new home of the bride and groom, Dunden, N. J., September 7, 1916, by their pastor, Rev. Herbert L. Polan, Frank Fisk Burdick and Miss Mabel Louise Whitford.

MAXSON-UTTER.—At the residence of Mrs. Geo. H. Utter, Westerly, R. I., September 11, 1916, by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Edgar Potter Maxson and Mary Starr Utter, all of Westerly.

FERGUSON-CLARKE.—At the residence of Mrs. Charles W. Clarke, Ashaway, R. I., September 20, 1916, by the Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Alexander Ferguson, of Westerly, R. I., and Jessie Ada Clarke, of Ashaway.

DEATHS

BABCOCK.—Martha L., was born near Milton, Wis., September 15, 1862, and died near Nortonville, Kan., July 19, 1916.

She was the daughter of John and Jemima Lippencott Babcock. When she was fifteen years old the family moved to Humbolt, Neb. She was married in 1879 to Oscar S. Babcock. In 1895 they came to Nortonville. Fifteen children were born to them. Mr. Babcock and six children have died during the past years. The surviving children are Clarence R., Francis S., Philip J., Herman C., Glennie M., Iradell, Viola M., Miles G., and Madie J.

While residing at Humbolt she became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church of that place. Several years ago she transferred her membership to Nortonville.

Her life has been spent very largely in her home and has been devoted to the duties incident to the rearing of a large family. She will be fondly remembered by a multitude of friends who have known her.

The funeral service was conducted by Pastor James L. Skaggs at the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist church. Burial was made in the Nortonville Cemetery. J. L. S.

WARREN.—Albert Warren was the son of Caleb and Eunice Miner Warren who migrated from Berlin, N. Y., to Alfred in the pioneer days of the town and settled on a farm within two miles of the village of Alfred. It was on this farm Albert was born, November 15, 1827.

For 60 years he remained on this farm. When he was 14 years of age his father died, leaving him the support of an invalid mother and four sisters. A heavy burden rested upon the heart of the boy. He was compelled to leave school although greatly desiring an education. The young man was faithful to the duties that had fallen upon him.

Mr. Warren was married to Mary Clark, of Whitesville, N. Y., in 1850. To this union three children were born—Mariva V., who is still living, and two children who died in childhood. He is also survived by two grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Mr. Warren's entire life has been lived in the town of Alfred. After sixty years spent on the farm home of his birth, he moved to Alfred Station, spending the last 28 years of his life there. Sixteen years ago his daughter, Mrs. Melville Niles, moved into his home to care for her parents. Seven years ago his faithful companion departed this life. Mr. Warren, then in the infirmities of age and with failing health, leaned heavily upon his daughter and took great comfort in being with her. For the past four years he has been a continual sufferer, but in all his wants service has been willingly and lovingly rendered. Mr. Warren confessed faith in Christ and joined the First Seventh Day Baptist church of Alfred about 60 years ago and has continued a faithful follower of the Christ whom he loved and served. He loved God's house and was a faithful attendant until old age and the infirmities thereof made it impossible. He was one of the oldest living members of the church and one who had faithfully stood by it.

He has continually expressed his willingness to go. He was letting go of material things and getting a firmer grip on things eternal. Mr. Warren was a splendid type of Christian gentleman, so temperate in all his habits. Physically he was never strong, yet by faithfully obeying God's laws he lived to a ripe old age. His preference as a text for this sacred occasion, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season" (Job 5: 26), is a fitting memorial to close such a life. He was ready for the harvest of the Lord, to be garnered in with the blessed.

He fell asleep September 8, 1916, aged 88 years, 9 months and 24 days. The funeral was conducted in his home at Alfred Station by the Rev. Ira S. Goff, September 10 at 2.30 p. m. Burial was made in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

I. S. G.

It is reported that Uncle Sam is spending \$10,000,000 a month to maintain our military establishment on the Mexican border. It is suggested that if in the last three centuries there had been an equal amount spent on the evangelization of Mexico, there would be fewer bandits and better people—no occasion for war, or for maintaining costly war equipment.—*Baptist Commonwealth.*

SPECIAL NOTICES

The Tract Society is no longer making a special appropriation of \$150.00 a year for the mission work of

MISS MARIE JANSZ
in
JAVA

but will gladly welcome and forward to her quarterly all contributions for that work that are received by the treasurer,
FRANK J. HUBBARD,
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The address of all Seventh Day Baptist missionaries in China is West Gate, Shanghai, China. Postage is the same as domestic rates.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 2.30 o'clock in the Yokefellows Room, third floor of the Y. M. C. A. Building, No. 330 Montgomery Street. All are cordially invited. Rev. R. G. Davis, pastor, 112 Ashworth Place.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor, 36 Glen Road, Yonkers, N. Y.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Moneta Avenue every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock. Preaching at 3. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor, 264 W. 42d Street.

Persons spending the Sabbath in Long Beach are cordially invited to attend the regular church services at the home of Glen E. Osborn, 2077 American Ave. Sermon at 10.30, by Rev. Geo. W. Hills, and Sabbath school at 11.30. Any Los Angeles car stops at Hill St., one block north of the Osborn home or any Willville car from down town brings you almost to the door.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Society holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible school. Junior Christian Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor, evening before the Sabbath, 7.30. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. Rev. R. J. Severance, pastor, 1153 Mulberry Street.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2.45 p. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium) 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsonage, 198 N. Washington Ave.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Mornington Hall, Canonbury Lane, Islington, N. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held, except in July and August, at the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

Seventh Day Baptists planning to spend the winter in Florida and who will be in Daytona, are cordially invited to attend the Sabbath school services which are held during the winter season at the several homes of members.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have.—Abraham Lincoln.

The Sabbath Recorder

Theodore L. Gardner, D. D., Editor
Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager

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(Continued from page 430)

do not know, but we hope and pray that she may yet repent and be saved.

However, with all our trials and discouragements, our path is easy when compared with that our Master trod. Besides he has gone before and we have his promises and assurances that he is with us. If so, how can it all be in vain? It can not. It must accomplish that which he plans.

(To be continued)

Sabbath School

Lesson III.—October 14, 1916

THE APPEAL TO CAESAR.—Acts 25

Golden Text.—"It is enough for the disciple to be as his teacher, and the servant as his lord." Matt. 10: 25.

DAILY READINGS

October 8—Acts 25: 1-12. Appeal to Caesar
October 9—Acts 25: 13-22. Agrippa interested
October 10—Acts 25: 23-27. Paul brought before Agrippa

October 11—Is. 44: 1-8. The mighty God
October 12—Ps. 42. The Supreme Helper
October 13—Matt. 24: 45-51. Faithful and unfaithful servants

October 14—2 Cor. 5: 1-10. The righteous Judge
(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

Who is now influencing men most—Moses or Pharaoh, Jesus or Nero, the martyrs or their persecutors? The conquerors of armies have been all but forgotten, while the conquerors of hearts and mind grow greater and are more deeply revered as time passes.—Dallas News.

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THE PEOPLE are not intent upon cutting loose from the past or destroying the institutions which have come down from the past; but they are determined that the dead past shall bury its dead, and that the living past shall grow up to the present, and so adapt itself to the present that a living church shall bear its witness to the living Christ.

The principle enunciated by Saint Paul so long ago is applicable here. Whenever and wherever churchgoing produces living epistles known and read of all men, epistles of Christ written with the Spirit of the living God in tables that are hearts of flesh, people do go to church, and the response to such living epistles is always a surprise, even to those who are living witnesses. The people go because such evidence satisfies them that Christ is, and not merely was, the Redeemer and Savior of those who worship him in spirit and in truth.—*The Churchman.*

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