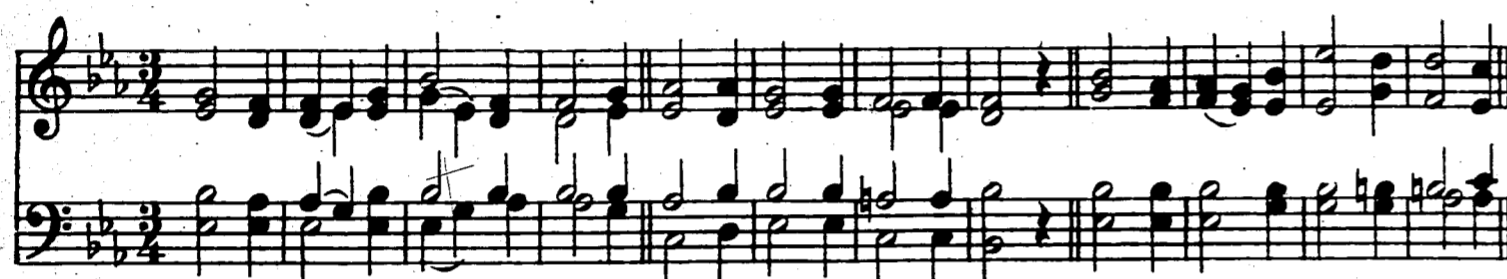


# New Sabbath Hymn

By MARY A. STILLMAN

**T**HIS new hymn by Miss Mary A. Stillman has been published by the American Sabbath Tract Society, and is printed on good quality of magazine paper in a size suitable to paste into your hymn books. This hymn, "Sabbath Eve," or the companion hymn, "The Sabbath" by Miss Stillman, can be obtained ready for mounting in hymn books for 85 cents for the first hundred of each, and 15 cents for each additional hundred.

Mary Alice Stillman SABBATH EVE James Stillman



Now our weekly toil is ended;  
Shades of evening drawing nigh,  
Falling like a benediction  
From the altar of the sky,  
Bring the Sabbath, blessed Sabbath,  
Precious gift from God on high.

Let us lay aside each burden,  
Put all thought of care away.  
We may claim a Father's blessing  
When His children meet to pray  
On the Sabbath, blessed Sabbath,  
Sacred and most holy day.

Father, grant us now Thy favor,  
Keep us safe throughout the night;  
May we feel Thy presence near us  
When we waken with the light,  
On the Sabbath, blessed Sabbath,  
Day most precious in Thy sight.

Address the

**American Sabbath Tract Society**  
**Babcock Building** **Plainfield, New Jersey**

# The Sabbath Recorder

Truth never dies. The ages come and go,  
The mountains wear away, the seas retire;  
Destruction lays earth's mighty cities low,  
And empires, states, and dynasties expire;  
But, caught and handed onward by the wise,  
Truth never dies.

Though unreceived and scoffed at through the years,  
Though made the butt of ridicule and jest,  
Though held aloft for mockery and jeers,  
Denied by those of transient power possessed,  
Insulted by the insolence of lies—  
Truth never dies.

It answers not, it does not take offense;  
But with a mighty silence bides its time,  
As some great cliff that braves the elements  
And lifts through all the storms its head sublime  
And never dies.

As rests the sphinx amid Egyptian sands,  
As loom on high the snowy peak and crest,  
As firm and patient as Gibraltar stands,  
So truth, unwearied, waits the era blest  
When men shall turn to it with great surprise.  
Truth never dies. —Unidentified.

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# The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by The American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOL. 83, NO. 7

PLAINFIELD, N. J., AUGUST 13, 1917

WHOLE NO. 3,780

### Installation Services At Plainfield

Rev. James L. Skaggs was formally installed as pastor of the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist Church on Sabbath Day, August 4, at the regular morning services. He and his family arrived in Plainfield from Nortonville, Kan., on August first, and were welcomed by the Plainfield people, who have been looking forward with great interest to the coming of their chosen pastor.

souri, came to Milton College and entered Brother Shaw's classes as a student. The teacher became interested in the young man, marked his struggles as he worked his way through school, later watched his progress in Alfred Theological Seminary up to the time he entered his first pastorate at Nile, and then during the years of his labors at Shiloh and in Nortonville, until now, the former teacher, as ex-pastor, greeted the student of other days as his own pastor and as the shepherd of the flock in Plainfield.

### Responsibilities Of Pulpit and Pew

After Secretary Shaw's words of welcome he gave the new pastor the hand of greeting in behalf of the church, and Editor Gardiner as "senior elder" spoke upon the "Responsibilities of Pulpit and Pew," taking as the foundation of his remarks the teachings found in Ezekiel, thirty-third chapter, regarding the watchman and the people.

Whether the pastor thinks of himself as Jehovah's watchman, or as Christ's shepherd of the sheep, or as Paul's preacher of the word, he must feel keenly the responsibility resting upon him. As a watchman he realizes that he must guard well his people against foes that would seek their ruin. He must give no false alarms, no misleading assurances. As a shepherd he understands that he must feed the flock, lead them in safe places, care for the weak ones, and minister to the sick and to any who may be in trouble. As a preacher his commission from the Master is to preach the gospel and teach the way of life. Knowing that in an important sense his teachings will shape the destinies of many of his hearers, he feels bound, not only to exalt the gospel of Christ, but also to avoid carefully every word that would tend to undermine faith in our divine Lord, or to rob men of hope, or to destroy confidence in the Bible. The pastor also feels responsible in a special way for his everyday influence, realizing that he is looked upon as "an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in



The installation services were simple. Several families of the congregation were away for their annual vacation rest, which left many empty pews; but it was not deemed best to await their coming and a full audience for these services.

Ex-pastor, Rev. Edwin Shaw, gave Brother Skaggs a most hearty welcome to the church, the homes of the congregation, the pastor's study, and the various auxiliary societies of the church. Reference was made to the time when, years ago, Brother Skaggs, then a boy from the farm in Mis-



spirit, in faith, in purity." He therefore studies to become more and more a workman approved of God, one that need not be ashamed, who can rightly divide the word of truth.

The pew does not need to be told that it, too, stands responsible for the success of the pulpit. An eloquent and influential pulpit is a joint product, in securing which the hearers must bear their full share of responsibility. The verdict for Christianity is secured largely by the "living epistles" that go out from the pews. Given a consecrated pulpit and attentive hearers who pray for the success of the gospel—hearers who listen in the right spirit when the preaching touches things that tend to destroy spiritual life; hearers who are brave and true enough to accept the message and profit by it—given such a pulpit and such pews, and we must have a strong church.

**A Big Lift On the Debt** Our friend, Hon. Jesse F. Randolph, of Salem, W. Va., sends us the cash for one tenth of the two debts as reported in the RECORDER of July 30. He says: "I have been watching the reports of the debts as made from time to time in the RECORDER. I feel very anxious that these debts be paid before Conference. Recognizing the many just demands for help, I have been questioning what I should do in this matter. . . . My health having failed me to a great extent, I am not giving much thought to making dollars, but am considering what is best to do with dollars already made. I have decided to contribute one tenth to pay the balance" (missionary debt balance \$265.77 and Tract Board's balance \$1,029.65), "and enclose check in your favor for \$129.55, which you will kindly distribute to the two accounts as suggested."

We had been hoping for many days to see some such responses to the appeals for payment of the two debts, for we had faith to believe our people would not allow Conference to come and go without wiping them out. We still hope that others will respond enough to make a clean sweep of the debt business before Conference closes, if not before it convenes. There must be others who are anxious to see it done and who are willing to help do it.

Letters like this one, showing the loyalty of our people, are cheering indeed and tend to strengthen faith in one another. It is good for us all to help bear one another's burdens.

**Making Pastors Free From Worldly Cares** We notice that at least one denomination has a rule that each congregation shall promise to pay its pastor a stated salary in order that he may "be free from worldly cares and vocations." We are not sure that many pastors desire to be entirely free from worldly cares, nor are we certain that it would be as well for them to be so. The pastor who has a fair share of anxiety over the matter of making the two ends meet may be better prepared to sympathize with his people who may also have a hard time to keep the wolf from the door. We do not think any true pastor would care to be relieved of proper forethought and the necessity for economy in supporting his family. He will be willing to share in these respects with the average of his parishioners. Nevertheless, when pinching hard times come every church should see that its pastor is not unnecessarily distressed or obliged to practice economy out of proportion to that practiced by the members of his congregation. He should not be driven to do other work to help support his family.

One minister wrote to a friend in his denomination: "I have the same salary I received seven years ago. I can shovel on the railroad and double my salary." When a minister sees his family pinched with poverty, and realizes that he could make wife and children much more comfortable by stoking a railroad engine than he can by preaching the gospel, something is wrong with his church. In every line of work followed by this man's parishioners it is probable that wages for them had doubled if not trebled, while the salary of their pastor had remained unchanged. Hard times have come to minister and layman alike. High cost of living pinches in the parsonage as well as in other homes. Some churches seem to realize this and have increased the pastor's salary. How is it with your pastor? Is he confronted with a condition similar to that of the minister mentioned above? If so, what do you think should be done?

**Pleasant Memories Of Brother Lucky**

Many RECORDER readers have pleasant memories of Christian Theophilus Lucky, the devout and scholarly Hebrew brother they used to meet in our annual gatherings, whose writings came to them through our publications. They will therefore enjoy the excellent biography of Brother Lucky, by Corliss F. Randolph, LL. D., on another page of this paper. For the seven years, between 1882 and 1889, Brother Lucky was a familiar figure in the associational and Conference gatherings, and those who met him could but be impressed by his consecration and zeal in efforts to bring Israel to the Cross of Christ.

My acquaintance with him began on an evening before Conference at Brookfield, N. Y., when he with several others walked with me over the hills from the station at North Brookfield. Our brother, the late C. C. Chipman, was one of the number, and we found Brother Lucky a most interesting traveling companion. Whenever that evening walk comes to mind or whenever in after years I have passed over those Brookfield hills, Christian Theophilus Lucky stands out as a marked figure in the memory picture of that little company. In those days he was in manhood's strength, and looking as his picture in this RECORDER shows him.

The last time I saw Brother Lucky, he came walking in to my study one morning, eight or nine years ago, after years of absence in mission work with the Hebrew people of other lands. Toils and cares and privations had left their unmistakable marks upon him. He had grown gray and was bent with age. His face was deeply furrowed and every expression and motion revealed something of the spirit of a humble, self-sacrificing missionary of the Cross. Brother Lucky always made me think of Paul, whose "heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel (was), that they might be saved." He, too, felt that God could not "cast away his people whom he foreknew," and therefore "in labors more abundant, . . . in journeyings often, . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," he had labored for the Master in order that he might win Israel to the Cross. No one could be with this consecrated man long without feeling the power of his personality, and admiring the

character of one willing to "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus (his) Lord," and for the good of his people Israel.

**A Bone Dry Resolution By Congress of 1777**

Senator Myers of Montana recently called the attention of the American people to a resolution passed one hundred and forty years ago by the Continental Congress, in which all the state legislatures were appealed to and urged to pass strict laws against wasting grain by distillation. In a strong speech before the Senate, Mr. Myers quoted the resolution as follows:

Resolved: "That it be recommended to the several legislatures of the United States, immediately to pass laws the most effectual for putting an immediate stop to the pernicious practice of distilling grain, by which the most extensive evils are likely to be derived if not quickly prevented.

Making this his text, he referred to the fact that Congress took the initiative in passing it and did not have to be urged to do so by either the President or the Anti-Saloon League. He showed that "in five minutes" the Congress of 1777 "passed a more sensible and effective conservation of food bill than this Congress has been able to pass in five weeks." Had the legislatures of 1777 been as wise as Congress and acted promptly in carrying out this resolution, the liquor curse as we know it today would probably never have become such a fearful menace. To distil grain took food from the hungry and turned it into a curse to the country and this was enough to make that Congress think the distilling business should be stopped at once.

Senator Myers urged his colleagues in the Senate to awake and catch up with the past and to enact a law that shall free this land from the power of the liquor trust and save its food grains for earth's starving millions.

**DEBT STATEMENT**

Missionary Board out of debt August 1, with a balance of \$132.10. Bills due in August, about \$600. This will surely come before Conference closes.

Tract Board's debt, balance due August 2 \$978 65  
Received since last report . . . . . 107 97

Still due August 9 . . . . . \$870 68

Eleven days in which to pay this before Conference. *Come on!*

## HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS

HENRY M. MAXSON, PED. D.

Superintendent of Public Schools, Plainfield, N. J.

It was two days before Christmas. I was comfortably settled in the delightful Alvarado Hotel in Albuquerque waiting for a telegram from my friends up on the roof of the world somewhere in northern New Mexico. I had been out spending the afternoon playing golf, and had watched the descending sun cover the old Sandia Mountains with a halo of glory that seemed to make it an enchanted land.

Just before supper, the expected telegram reached me. It said, "Catch the morning train out of Santa Fe". When I asked the ticket agent what train I should have to take from Albuquerque to catch the Santa Fe train, he said, "That one now on the track. The morning train from Albuquerque gets to Santa Fe too late. That train on the track is ten minutes behind its starting time, but you may catch it." As my bag was not packed I simply walked out on the platform and calmly watched the train go out of sight taking away all my chance of reaching my friend the next day.

Just then I happened to recall an auto that I saw standing beside the public park with a "For hire" sign on it. So I walked out and found the driver. "What time must you start in the morning," I said, "to catch the morning train out of Santa Fe?" At six o'clock," said the driver. "How much?" I asked. "Twenty bucks," replied he. "You are on," I said, "report at the hotel door at six o'clock tomorrow morning."

The hotel looked very cold and disconsolate when I came down, the next morning, particularly so as the closed dining room doors reminded me that I must take my seventy-mile ride without any breakfast. The hour before dawn is cold and repelling, even in New Mexico. The stars shone brighter than any I have ever seen elsewhere, but starlight is not very warm. However, the ride was a most enjoyable one. We passed through village after village of Indian houses with their quaint architecture and beehive ovens in the yard in front and great stacks of cornstalks piled on high platforms, the whole thing in the dim morning light transporting one to an entirely different world from that I knew. Now and then, as we dashed through the sagebrush, a rabbit ran along ahead of the car awhile,

then jumped aside and fled for safety. As dawn approached, the sun rising behind old Sandia crowned the mountain with a halo of glory that made it seem to be the very path to heaven.

We reached Santa Fe in time for the train, but not in time for breakfast. The station is one of very small size, but the ticket agent felt his importance to be very great, and he opened the office just about fifteen minutes before train time. As the waiting room was full of people waiting to get round trip tickets which had to be filled out in duplicate, we sat in the cars forty minutes beyond the starting time to enable him to fill out the wanted tickets, and when I reflected how I could use that lost time in a restaurant, I had to comfort myself with the thought that sooner or later I would somewhere get two meals, breakfast and dinner, at the price of one.

When we at last left the station, the train coasted down into the Valley of the Rio Grande, passing through a most interesting country where the falling rains of many thousands of summers had worn and gullied the soil into innumerable canyons. When at last we reached the bottom of the valley, we began to climb, following up the river, never very far from the stream, and for six hours we climbed and climbed, passing through an almost continuous succession of Indian reservations, where the Indians had drawn off small streams of water and producing prosperous villages, although their civilization had not advanced very far. It was most interesting to see a home-coming Indian boy, well dressed in the conventional suit of the white man, step off of the train to be met by his blanket-clad father.

At last, when we seemed to have climbed to the very top of the world, the train shot out onto a plain fifteen or twenty miles broad, extending farther than the eye could reach. Then for a long time we coursed along through this plain. Just about dusk, the train stopped at a water tank to fill the engine, and there I grabbed my grip and dropped off the train to meet my friend. It was too late to start for the ranch that night, since it was thirteen miles from the railroad, so he took me over to a hogan, where I had the privilege of sleeping in a cow puncher's bed. There were no sheets and no pillow, but an abundance of quilts,

although their appearance was not very attractive.

Long before daylight, "Cap," my driver, came stamping into the room. "How did you sleep, Doc?" he asked. "First rate," I cried, "but say, Cap, those feet of yours are the heaviest I ever heard." Although we got up before daylight, somehow it was ten o'clock before Cap drew up the chariot before the door. It consisted of an old wood sled, or pung as we used to call them in New England. The driver sits on a bag of hay, but since I was a person of honor, Cap tied a chair onto the floor of the sled to serve as my throne, and after he had tied my feet up in gunny sacks, after the negro fashion, and covered me up with the quilts which I had slept under the night before, we started out. The roads in this section always follow up the canyons close beside the dry bed of a brook. When we reached a divide we dropped down the other side into another canyon and so on until we found one that led out of it, then up that to another divide. We climbed and climbed, hour after hour, the horses never getting off of a walk. The farther we went, the more beautiful the land became, the hillside being covered with forests of spruce and balsam and pine. In the wildest of it, we occasionally saw tracks of the big gray timber wolf in the snow beside the road.

After five hours of climbing, we reached an altitude of nearly two miles above sea level. There I looked down into one of the most beautiful valleys I have ever seen, narrow, heavily wooded almost to the little narrow strip of river land at the bottom, through which a brook with real water in it zigzagged back and forth down the slope. At the head of this was Cap's home, a ranch on land that he had homesteaded a dozen years ago. In order to make the most of his 160 acres, he had laid out his claim a quarter of a mile wide and running a mile down the valley.

On Christmas morning, Cap was again on deck at his early hour. He has a reputation the country wide for really liking to be up an hour or more before daylight. It was 4.30, this time, when he woke me up to start on my way back. It had snowed all night. The snow was deep and it was still coming down. A hasty side step from the sled to the hillside was often necessary to keep the balance. On the last part of our

journey I began to be somewhat anxious lest we should miss the train, and I should have to spend a whole twenty-four hours in the hogan and sleep again in the cow puncher's bed, but Cap got the horses out of a walk, and we finally reached the station in the midst of a blizzard, fifteen minutes before train time, but fortunately the train was half an hour late. Glad enough I was to see it. A week later my friend took nine hours to come the 13 miles and then waited three days for the train to come through.

My Christmas dinner that day was in a little railroad station consisting of the roadmaster's house, the ticket office and a water tank. There were but eight of us out of the whole train that indulged in a Christmas dinner. At least part of the menu was turkey and suggested the day, although I realized that I was far, far from home, when I tried to recognize the scalloped oysters.

My trip back was very much like that going, except that I caught my train out of Santa Fe and so omitted the auto ride. While I was waiting in Santa Fe, I walked up to the city square and looked at the old government house built in 1605 around which centers pretty much all the history of the Spanish Southwest. I tried to picture the scenes of the old-time caravan arriving from Topeka after many weeks' journey across the plain. I tried to see in my mind the old Spanish dons riding out before the door of the palace, and Coronado and the Spanish explorers that passed over the ground, but just then the Christmas afternoon movie closed, and the crowds of people in their modern dress streamed through the square and destroyed all my pictures of antiquity, and when at last I found my bed again in the Alvarado, at Albuquerque, Christmas Day had passed, and the next day had begun. That day I saw bluebirds and heard robins singing in the apple trees.

Look out for the man with the awkward ways  
And the homesick look in the busy street;  
Keep your eye on him; in future days  
He'll be just the man you will wish to meet.

He is strong of limb, he is clear of brain,  
He is pure in heart, and the summer air  
Which has bronzed his cheek is not more pure  
Than the thoughts and feelings moving there.

Let others laugh, if they think it best,  
At the homesick man with the awkward ways;  
Help him a little; he'll do the rest;  
His worth will tell in the future days.

—George A. Warburton: *The Awakened Man.*



## HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS

HENRY M. MAXSON, PED. D.

Superintendent of Public Schools, Plainfield, N. J.

It was two days before Christmas. I was comfortably settled in the delightful Alvarado Hotel in Albuquerque waiting for a telegram from my friends up on the roof of the world somewhere in northern New Mexico. I had been out spending the afternoon playing golf, and had watched the descending sun cover the old Sandia Mountains with a halo of glory that seemed to make it an enchanted land.

Just before supper, the expected telegram reached me. It said, "Catch the morning train out of Santa Fe". When I asked the ticket agent what train I should have to take from Albuquerque to catch the Santa Fe train, he said, "That one now on the track. The morning train from Albuquerque gets to Santa Fe too late. That train on the track is ten minutes behind its starting time, but you may catch it." As my bag was not packed I simply walked out on the platform and calmly watched the train go out of sight taking away all my chance of reaching my friend the next day.

Just then I happened to recall an auto that I saw standing beside the public park with a "For hire" sign on it. So I walked out and found the driver. "What time must you start in the morning," I said, "to catch the morning train out of Santa Fe?" At six o'clock," said the driver. "How much?" I asked. "Twenty bucks", replied he. "You are on," I said, "report at the hotel door at six o'clock tomorrow morning."

The hotel looked very cold and disconsolate when I came down, the next morning, particularly so as the closed dining room doors reminded me that I must take my seventy-mile ride without any breakfast. The hour before dawn is cold and repelling, even in New Mexico. The stars shone brighter than any I have ever seen elsewhere, but starlight is not very warm. However, the ride was a most enjoyable one. We passed through village after village of Indian houses with their quaint architecture and beehive ovens in the yard in front and great stacks of cornstalks piled on high platforms, the whole thing in the dim morning light transporting one to an entirely different world from that I knew. Now and then, as we dashed through the sagebrush, a rabbit ran along ahead of the car awhile,

then jumped aside and fled for safety. As dawn approached, the sun rising behind old Sandia crowned the mountain with a halo of glory that made it seem to be the very path to heaven.

We reached Santa Fe in time for the train, but not in time for breakfast. The station is one of very small size, but the ticket agent felt his importance to be very great, and he opened the office just about fifteen minutes before train time. As the waiting room was full of people waiting to get round trip tickets which had to be filled out in duplicate, we sat in the cars forty minutes beyond the starting time to enable him to fill out the wanted tickets, and when I reflected how I could use that lost time in a restaurant, I had to comfort myself with the thought that sooner or later I would somewhere get two meals, breakfast and dinner, at the price of one.

When we at last left the station, the train coasted down into the Valley of the Rio Grande, passing through a most interesting country where the falling rains of many thousands of summers had worn and gullied the soil into innumerable canyons. When at last we reached the bottom of the valley, we began to climb, following up the river, never very far from the stream, and for six hours we climbed and climbed, passing through an almost continuous succession of Indian reservations, where the Indians had drawn off small streams of water and producing prosperous villages, although their civilization had not advanced very far. It was most interesting to see a home-coming Indian boy, well dressed in the conventional suit of the white man, step off of the train to be met by his blanket-clad father.

At last, when we seemed to have climbed to the very top of the world, the train shot out onto a plain fifteen or twenty miles broad, extending farther than the eye could reach. Then for a long time we coursed along through this plain. Just about dusk, the train stopped at a water tank to fill the engine, and there I grabbed my grip and dropped off the train to meet my friend. It was too late to start for the ranch that night, since it was thirteen miles from the railroad, so he took me over to a hogan, where I had the privilege of sleeping in a cow puncher's bed. There were no sheets and no pillow, but an abundance of quilts,

although their appearance was not very attractive.

Long before daylight, "Cap," my driver, came stamping into the room. "How did you sleep, Doc?" he asked. "First rate," I cried, "but say, Cap, those feet of yours are the heaviest I ever heard." Although we got up before daylight, somehow it was ten o'clock before Cap drew up the chariot before the door. It consisted of an old wood sled, or pung as we used to call them in New England. The driver sits on a bag of hay, but since I was a person of honor, Cap tied a chair onto the floor of the sled to serve as my throne, and after he had tied my feet up in gunny sacks, after the negro fashion, and covered me up with the quilts which I had slept under the night before, we started out. The roads in this section always follow up the canyons close beside the dry bed of a brook. When we reached a divide we dropped down the other side into another canyon and so on until we found one that led out of it, then up that to another divide. We climbed and climbed, hour after hour, the horses never getting off of a walk. The farther we went, the more beautiful the land became, the hillside being covered with forests of spruce and balsam and pine. In the wildest of it, we occasionally saw tracks of the big gray timber wolf in the snow beside the road.

After five hours of climbing, we reached an altitude of nearly two miles above sea level. There I looked down into one of the most beautiful valleys I have ever seen, narrow, heavily wooded almost to the little narrow strip of river land at the bottom, through which a brook with real water in it zigzagged back and forth down the slope. At the head of this was Cap's home, a ranch on land that he had homesteaded a dozen years ago. In order to make the most of his 160 acres, he had laid out his claim a quarter of a mile wide and running a mile down the valley.

On Christmas morning, Cap was again on deck at his early hour. He has a reputation the country wide for really liking to be up an hour or more before daylight. It was 4.30, this time, when he woke me up to start on my way back. It had snowed all night. The snow was deep and it was still coming down. A hasty side step from the sled to the hillside was often necessary to keep the balance. On the last part of our

journey I began to be somewhat anxious lest we should miss the train, and I should have to spend a whole twenty-four hours in the hogan and sleep again in the cow puncher's bed, but Cap got the horses out of a walk, and we finally reached the station in the midst of a blizzard, fifteen minutes before train time, but fortunately the train was half an hour late. Glad enough I was to see it. A week later my friend took nine hours to come the 13 miles and then waited three days for the train to come through.

My Christmas dinner that day was in a little railroad station consisting of the roadmaster's house, the ticket office and a water tank. There were but eight of us out of the whole train that indulged in a Christmas dinner. At least part of the menu was turkey and suggested the day, although I realized that I was far, far from home, when I tried to recognize the scalloped oysters.

My trip back was very much like that going, except that I caught my train out of Santa Fe and so omitted the auto ride. While I was waiting in Santa Fe, I walked up to the city square and looked at the old government house built in 1605 around which centers pretty much all the history of the Spanish Southwest. I tried to picture the scenes of the old-time caravan arriving from Topeka after many weeks' journey across the plain. I tried to see in my mind the old Spanish dons riding out before the door of the palace, and Coronado and the Spanish explorers that passed over the ground, but just then the Christmas afternoon movie closed, and the crowds of people in their modern dress streamed through the square and destroyed all my pictures of antiquity, and when at last I found my bed again in the Alvarado, at Albuquerque, Christmas Day had passed, and the next day had begun. That day I saw bluebirds and heard robins singing in the apple trees.

Look out for the man with the awkward ways  
And the homesick look in the busy street;  
Keep your eye on him; in future days  
He'll be just the man you will wish to meet.

He is strong of limb, he is clear of brain,  
He is pure in heart, and the summer air  
Which has bronzed his cheek is not more pure  
Than the thoughts and feelings moving there.

Let others laugh, if they think it best,  
At the homesick man with the awkward ways;  
Help him a little; he'll do the rest;  
His worth will tell in the future days.  
—George A. Warburton: *The Awakened Man.*

## SABBATH REFORM

### CAN A CHRISTIAN PAY HOMAGE TO BAAL AND BE LOYAL TO JEHOVAH?

T. C. DAVIS

Be sure you are right, then go straight ahead, is a good motto. An old teacher used to say: "Know that you know before passing to another subject." This is a splendid idea in most things, but is it not possible to carry it too far? Not long ago an elderly gentleman, a doctor of divinity, remarked that he had settled those doctrinal questions once for all, when he was in school, and would not consider them again. I presume the Pharisees of old had done the same thing, and would not listen to the teaching of the meek and lowly Jesus. If this subject had been presented by your Alma Mater, you, like the Pharisee, would investigate. Now if the following suggestions appear to come from a source far below this exalted fountain of knowledge remember the Pharisee.

The worship of the sun through Baal was one of the most ancient forms of idolatry, and probably the most prevalent from the early dawn of history to the coming of Christ. Through the early centuries of the Christian era it was the prevailing religion of Rome. True, there were many other Gods, some of which had their particular days set apart for worship, but the most formidable rival of the true God was Baal. During the time of Elisha, Baal-worship drew many of the children of Israel away into idolatry. All but seven thousand of the people had gone after Baal. It is quite evident from the history of the case that their worship was a mixed service in which both Jehovah and Baal were recognized. Just how much of the service was in accordance with the commands of Jehovah and how much was Baalistic does not concern us. The element of disobedience is the real sin. Persistent disobedience to a direct command, though it may seem small to us, is very displeasing to God. While Baal-worship was engaged in at all times of day, and in all days of the week, sunrise was a time for special prayer with faces toward the rising sun.

As the Israelites had their Sabbath Day,

so the Baalites had their day in which there were feasting and special service. This was on the day following the Sabbath of Jehovah. Whether the apostate Jews forsook the Sabbath and adopted the custom of their pagan neighbors we are not told in the book of Kings. Would it not have been an act of disloyalty to Jehovah for them to abandon his day and take up a day that for centuries had been a rival? Would it not have been paying homage to Baal if they had met in their synagogues and sacrificed to Jehovah on Baal's day instead of on the day sanctified and hallowed by Jehovah?

The powers of darkness began to recede and sun-worship to wane soon after the coming of Christ. But the time for the destruction of Satan and Baalism was not yet. As the Christian religion grew and spread over pagan Rome Satan changed his tactics and began to insinuate his poisonous doctrines into a compromising Christian church. His motto seems to have been, Anything to induce disobedience to Jehovah, and to perpetuate recognition of Baal and sun-worship.

Constantine the Great, emperor of Rome, in an effort to extend his influence, united with the Christian church, bringing many of his pagan practices with him. It would certainly have been very difficult for him unless truly converted, to leave his former associates and go with the Christians to worship on the Sabbath. This he would not do. In the year 321 A. D. he published his famous edict that Christians should worship and rest on the "venerable day of the sun." Shortly after this all were anathematized who continued to observe the Sabbath of Jehovah. This was the beginning of the great persecutions by the Church of Rome.

Lest we be found to boast, the Seventh Day Baptist people seldom refer to the fact that their history may be traced back through the blood of martyrs to the remote "dark ages," beyond the days of the Huguenots and the Waldenses, and through the dark night of persecutions resulting from the anathematizing of those who dared to follow the teaching and example of Christ and his apostles in the matter of keeping holy the Sabbath of Jehovah and refusing to bow the knee to Baal by keeping "the venerable day of the sun", now popularly known as Sunday.

Stuart, Fla.

### CENTENNIAL OF THE CHURCH AT ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.

REV. EDWIN SHAW

When I was attending the Central Association at Adams Center, N. Y., in June I suggested to the people there that some one should make a report of the service on Sabbath afternoon which celebrated the exact ninety-fifth anniversary, June 9, 1822, of the organization of the church, and was in a way a centennial celebration.

The people to whom I spoke rather insisted that I myself should make the report. Had I known how exceedingly busy I was to be with the work of the secretaryship, I should have refused the honor. I am taking the very first opportunity to comply with the request of the good people in Adams Center, and ask their pardon for the delay.

I felt that the service should be reported because I enjoyed it so much myself. It is well now and then to take a look backwards, and from the events of the past take renewed courage and inspiration and hope for the future.

The service was in the nature of a surprise to most of the people, including even a part of those of the church itself. It was held at the hour assigned to the Sabbath school, and began with a procession made up of the local Sabbath school which came marching in from the basement rooms singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers", and took seats that had been reserved by a line of white ribbons. There were beautiful flower decorations, and a banner explaining the occasion. The congregation stood and joined with the Sabbath school in repeating Psalm 122. Mrs. Samuel Bates, the superintendent, then gave an introductory address explaining the purpose and plan of the celebration. Pastor A. C. Ehret read the Scripture and Rev. Jay W. Crofoot led in prayer. This was followed by a paper on the "History of the Adams Center Church," which is given here following this outline of the program. This was prepared and read by W. P. Jones. Then Mrs. S. A. Bates, who has been a member of the church so many years that I have now forgotten the exact number, but I know it is a record to be proud of, gave a few reminiscences of the earlier years, very interesting they were. All joined in singing "I Love Thy Church, O Lord."

This was followed by what was called "The Roll Call of Heroes." By letter Rev. E. T. Tomlinson responded to the name of his father, Rev. George E. Tomlinson, who was a much loved pastor. Likewise by letter Mrs. Sarah L. Wardner responded to the name of her father, Rev. James Summerbell. I had the honor of speaking a few words in tribute of Rev. A. B. Prentice when his name was called. At this place there was a moment of silent tribute of praise and prayer to these pastors of by-gone days.

Norris Maltby then gave short sketches of appreciation of the living ex-pastors. S. S. Powell, E. H. Socwell, and E. A. Witter, I think are the men, but you better read the paper by Mr. Jones and be sure about it.

The Primary department sang songs for us, and we entered into an informal discussion of methods of work in Sabbath schools which was very helpful and suggestive. If I had had the time to write up this celebration when it was fresh in my mind and heart, I feel sure I could have done my task with more credit to myself and with better satisfaction to the people of Adams Center. Be that as it may, the occasion was well worth while to the church and to the delegates and visitors, and suggests the value of making use of such anniversaries for the strengthening of interest and power among us in other communities as well.

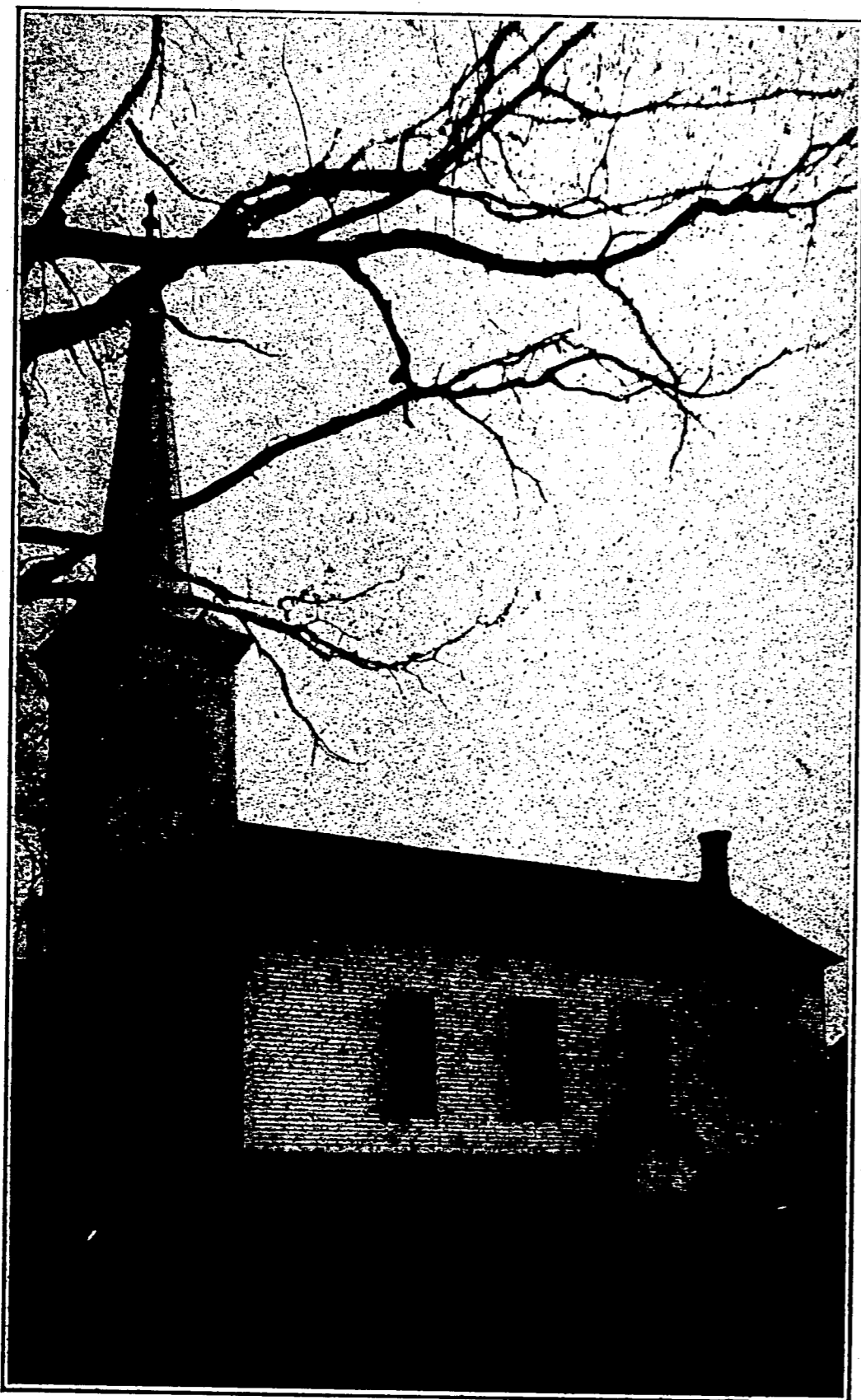
### HISTORY OF THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH OF ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.

W. P. JONES

The busy wheels of time have rolled their ceaseless round until they have counted off one hundred full years since the first Seventh Day Baptists settled in the town of Adams. But our real history goes back still farther than that. About the year 1806, Ethan Green and Joseph Witter moved from Petersburg, N. Y., to Pinckney, Lewis County, a place about 12 miles distant from Adams Center. In the course of the next few years others joined them from the Petersburg Church.

In 1817, several of these families moved into the town of Adams. Very soon these people commenced to meet together for religious worship and agreed to watch over each other for good. This preliminary organization resulted in so much good to





ADAMS CENTER (N. Y.) SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH

them that they requested a council from the Brookfield Church to meet with them and organize them into a church. The Brookfield Church responded by sending Elder William B. Maxson and Elder Daniel Coon.

June 5, 1822, a meeting was held at which a unanimous desire was expressed for a church organization. It was also voted at this meeting that William Greene be ordained to the gospel ministry and Jared G. Potter to the office of deacon.

Accordingly on June 9, 1822 (just 95 years ago today), the church was organized and the two brethren aforementioned were ordained. The record of that time states that

the assembly was crowded and the time solemn. The sermon was preached by Elder William B. Maxson from Ephesians 2: 20, "Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."

The organization was thereupon accomplished, the members receiving the imposition of hands. "While attending to this ordinance", it is said by a writer of that time, "the divine presence was evidently manifested in the assembly." The services of the day closed with prayer to the great Shepherd of Israel to preserve this little flock in the wilderness and build it up in its most holy faith.

Charles Green, the last of this number, died in 1878 at the advanced age of 99 years and 7 months. Of his 13 children but one remains, his youngest daughter, who is present with us today and has been a member of this church for 71 years.

The church had preaching from the time of its organization by Elders William Green, Halsey Baker, Eli S. Bailey and Joel Green. An effort to secure a full pastor was made in 1844 but failed. The first pastor secured was Giles M. Langworthy, who began his labors in March, 1845, and served 3 years and 8 months. Since then the pastors and terms of service have been as follows: Joel Green, 1 year; Alexander Campbell, 1 year and 6 months; James Summerbell, 12 years; George E. Tomlinson, a little over 4 years; A. B. Prentice, nearly 34 years; S. S. Powell, 3 years; E. H. Socwell, 3 years and 6 months; E. A. Witter, 5 years and 3 months; and A. Clyde Ehret, who has been with us since February 1, 1915.

We often hear it said, and in a large sense it is true, that our larger churches are not furnishing pastors for the denomination as are the smaller ones. Our records show that five have been licensed to preach by this church, four of them at least receiving ordination. What we have lacked in quantity has been more than made up in quality, as you will notice when I read their names: Alexander Campbell, Orson Campbell, Alvah Sturtevant, Herbert E. Babcock, Arthur E. Main.

When a young man Alexander Campbell became a member of this church and we are all more or less familiar with the work he did for the denomination, not only as a pastor and a missionary, but as founder of our first denominational school, DeRuyter Institute. We are also proud of the fact that Dean Main of our Theological Seminary was also an Adams Center boy. If this church should become extinct tomorrow, its influence would live on and on in what has been accomplished by the former and is now being accomplished by the latter.

The church was organized in Green Settlement, two miles west from Adams Center, and met in the schoolhouse for worship for 15 years. At a meeting held November 1, 1835, steps were taken to become legally organized and it was also decided that a house of worship should be built. Quite a discussion arose, however, as to the location

of the building. A large number of the members lived in the settlement and they favored building there, while others favored the location here. It was finally decided that the building be located at Five Corners (now Adams Center). The building was completed and dedicated in 1837 at a cost of nearly \$2,000.00. It was a wooden structure, built after the style of churches of those times. Very extensive repairs were made in 1867. The building was raised so as to give us the much needed room in the basement, and 18 feet was added to the front besides a tower and steeple. Improvements have been made from time to time, until we have the commodious and well-arranged church of today. The bell now hanging in the tower was the gift of Charles Potter, Jr., of Plainfield, N. J., a former member of this church.

While meetings were held in the schoolhouse, \$2.00 a year was paid for fuel and for building fires.

The first janitor in the new building received \$9.50 for "opening and shutting the meetinghouse, furnishing wood, making fires, and sweeping the house for one year at all religious meetings except protracted meetings."

From the first the growth in numbers was steady and substantial. But very few years have there been in all its history when there were not additions to the membership, very large gatherings occurring many times, about 1,100 names having been enrolled.

In those early days the members were so widely scattered that it was impossible for them to come regularly to Adams Center for worship.

In 1831, the brethren residing on Point Salubrious in the town of Lyme were organized as a branch of this church.

In 1832, those residing in Pinckney were given the same privilege, they having the power to receive and restore members to this church. Later Pinckney was organized as a separate church, but existed only a short time.

A large number of the members of the Adams Church resided in the adjoining town of Hounsfield. These were encouraged to organize themselves into a church. In 1841, forty members were dismissed from the mother church for this purpose. A neat little house of worship was built at

Sulphur Springs. For a time the church prospered and then became divided. Only one member of the church remains.

There was also a small branch of this church located at Richland at one time.

About the time Elder Campbell's pastorate began, a matter of difficulty between Elder William Greene, of the Hounsfeld Church, and Elder Joel Green, of this church, involved both these churches in a great and serious trouble extending over many years. March 7, 1852, Elder Campbell and 35 others were excluded from membership. These had withdrawn from the church and set up separate meetings. Seventeen of those from whom the hand of fellowship had been withdrawn formed themselves into a new church styled "The Independent Seventh Day Baptist Church of Adams," with Elder Campbell as pastor. They built a house of worship in the southern part of the village. The Independent Church had an existence of about 10 years and numbered at one time nearly a hundred members. When it began to decline, Elder Campbell returned to the fold of the mother church, as did also some of the members, a great many went over to the Adventists, and some never united with any church after the Independent broke up.

In 1902, the church received from an unexpected source about \$2,400. It came from one who had never shown much interest in religious things. This sum was to be invested, the interest only to be used for charitable purposes, and is known as the "George W. Heath Charity Fund." We also have a small endowment fund, the income of which is used for church expenses.

In the great struggle against intemperance this church has always been at the front. Let me read to you a resolution adopted by the church as far back as 1831.

Resolved that we as professors of religion considering the great evil of drinking spirituous liquors and as a disadvantage to the church of Christ do think it advisable to recommend to all the members of this church to abstain from drinking spirituous liquors unless as a medicine.

Previous to 1887, the business of the church and society was entirely separate, each organization managing its own affairs, the property being held by an organization known as the "Seventh Day Baptist Religious Society of the Town of Adams."

The church and society were incorporated May 21, 1887, under the corporate

name of the "Seventh Day Baptist Church and Society of Adams", the property held by the Seventh Day Baptist Religious Society being transferred to the new corporation.

A great deal more attention was paid to church discipline in those early days than we find in churches at the present time. Church meetings were held monthly and about the only business brought before them were cases for discipline. At no time did there seem to be a lack of something to do. They had covenanted to watch over each other for good and right well was this carried out, but one can not help wondering as he reads the records of those early years, if it would not have been better for all concerned if some of the cases had gone by unnoticed. Perhaps we have reached the other extreme.

Glad as we are for the privilege that is ours of celebrating this anniversary day, yet a feeling of sadness comes over us at the sense of loss we feel for those who have passed over to the homeland and are waiting for you and for me. The list of those who have been called from time to eternity is long. We do not even attempt to mention one by name.

In closing, it seems fitting to pause just a moment and pay a tribute to our fathers and mothers, our grandfathers and grandmothers, those who labored to make the church what it is. How much we owe to them. Coming into this wilderness country they cleared the land; they established the home, the church, the school; they labored in every possible way for the public good; they suffered hardship and privation that we of today might enjoy the fruit of their labors. "And herein is that saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labor: other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors."

Grateful as we all are for the achievements that have been ours in the past, and bright as may be the prospects for the future, let us not sit idly by thinking there is nothing more for us to do.

"Reck not for what the past has done,

Lure not the future's mystic vow;

The past is gone, the present won,

The time to strike is now.

Be strong.

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;

We have work to do and loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle—face it,

'Tis God's gift."

### ELDER JAMES SUMMERBELL

Prepared by his daughter, Mrs. Sarah L. Warner, for the Adams Center Church celebration

Our denominational records give only scanty data connected with the history of the church of Adams Center; so my response to the name of James Summerbell must, of necessity, be largely drawn from my memory.

Early in his married life, while working at carpentry in Plainfield, N. J., my father's attention was called to the Sabbath truth. From scoffing he turned to investigation; this led to conviction; and the husband and wife severed family and church ties and joined the Seventh Day Denomination.

His success in evangelistic work led to his ordination on the call of the church of Petersburg, N. Y., which was his first pastorate.

About 1852, he came here to serve this people, and here he remained for twelve happy years. At the time of his coming there was a schism in the church, a faction called the Independents having through some difference of opinion withdrawn, setting up a separate place of worship. Later he was largely instrumental in bringing about a reconciliation and welcomed the greater number of the deserters back to their old church home.

In 1854, he organized this Sabbath school, the first in the history of the church, and today it is one of the strong fundamental elements of its growth. Into it he put the zeal and spirit of a heart filled with love for his Master, which he, in turn, transmitted to the children and to the young people of his church. Few of that original membership are left; few even of the tiny ones who then toilsomely climbed the stairway to the Infant class in the gallery. And how he loved to listen to, and join in the music of, those childish voices!

Do you remember the Sabbath-school entertainments, and the colloquies of Joseph and his brethren; and Elijah, the prophet, and Jezebel which were arranged for the stage? And later, in war time, when Cindarella Green (she was then), now Mrs. Bates, who is with us, took the part of Goddess of Liberty and Dr. Irving Truman posed as Abraham Lincoln and we marched and sang, "We're coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 more"?

He was alive,—every inch of him, with

love for his young people, and they gave him love in return; and when as their under-shepherd he led them through baptismal waters into the fold of the church, his face was transfigured with joy.

Never did he cease to love the church of Adams Center. So long as he lived his heart turned toward the people to whom he had ministered. Why, then, you ask, did he leave a charge when the affection was so mutual?

The fear which comes to many a devoted faithful pastor, that he is outliving his usefulness in a field, and the belief that some one else might do more effective service there for the Master, impelled him, even to the end of his life, to step aside to make way for a successor who might be better fitted for his position.

But through all the changes and sorrows of his experiences, his bright, cheery temperament and the love for God and humanity which were his personal traits, won for him a warm place in the hearts of all who knew him—and we doubt not, the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant," will be his welcome at the final roll call.

### NORTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION

August 30—September 2

The Entertainment Committee appointed by the Battle Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church to welcome and make arrangements for the entertainment of guests coming from a distance hereby make an earnest request of those expecting entertainment at this meeting to notify the committee at their earliest convenience.

Ample provision will be made for all who come. Attendants at Conference who are returning to the Northwest can take the Lehigh Valley Railroad at South Plainfield, N. J., and come direct to Battle Creek via Grand Trunk Railway. Stop-over privileges are given on all tickets.

Those interested will kindly note the above request and all notifications should be sent to the committee: Rev. George C. Tenney, Chairman, Battle Creek Sanitarium; Rev. Henry N. Jordan, Secretary, 34 Wentworth Court.

If the opportunity for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day.—*Farrar*.



## MISSIONS

### REASONS WHY FOREIGN MISSIONARIES SHOULD BE EXEMPTED FROM THE SELECTIVE DRAFT FOR MILITARY SERVICE

Prepared by the Foreign Missions Conference of North America

1. Foreign missionaries are engaged in important religious, humanitarian and educational work for peoples of other lands. American missionaries having under their care not only wide-reaching evangelistic work but 212 hospitals, 336 dispensaries and 6,704 educational institutions.

2. The number of unordained men missionaries between the ages of 21 and 30 is so small, compared with the total number between these ages in the United States, as to be negligible from the view of the government, so that no national interest would be imperiled by exempting them. But these men are of large importance from the viewpoint of missionary work, since each is a man carefully selected and specially trained for the supervision of important interests. To take away a missionary in such circumstances is seriously to cripple the work.

3. Most of the foreign missionary work carried on by the boards of the United States is in countries over which float the flags of our national allies, including China which is essentially an ally. Our work is recognized by the countries in greater or less degree and has not only the approval of the governments but, in a large number of instances, their hearty co-operation. To fail to keep up these institutions, which have been opened with such endorsement and with the tacit understanding that they would be continued, might be taken as a breach of confidence. In some fields, the Mission boards are in actual partnership with the country in which the work is carried on as, for instance, in India, Burma, Ceylon, British Africa, etc., the government making considerable financial appropriations for the support of educational and medical work with the understanding that the teaching and medical staff shall not be allowed to fall below a certain standard. Failure to

maintain this standard would result in the closing of the institution. In several countries actual engagements are entered into on the part of the Mission boards. Mission schools and hospitals in Korea must conform to governmental standards. The men appointed to these places are for the most part unordained, and to fail to fill vacancies or to supply the demands of this co-partnership in educational and medical work might entail very serious consequences.

4. Missionary work, which thus depends upon the leadership of foreign missionaries, is of indispensable value as a humanitarian as well as Christian enterprise. In times of famine and pestilence, foreign missionaries have always been the chief agents for the distribution of relief funds given by the generous people of America. The Honorable Henry Morgenthau, recently American ambassador to Turkey, has publicly called attention to the fact that the large contributions for the relief of the Armenian, Syrian and Jewish sufferers have been distributed by missionaries and that it would have been impossible for his embassy to handle the situation without their help. In like manner the missionaries have had charge of the extensive relief work in China in times of famine and epidemic. In nearly all non-Christian lands, missionaries form the only body of expert and reliable men who know the people among whom they live and who can be depended upon to honestly and efficiently superintend work of this kind. Indeed missionary work is one of the most powerful of influences in creating and strengthening the bonds of sympathy between the United States and other nations.

5. The effort to maintain this great and widely extended work, sustained as it is by the voluntary contributions of Christian people, taxed the energies of the Missionary societies before the outbreak of the war. The burden has now been heavily increased by the fact that war conditions have materially lessened the ability of the European, Canadian and Australian missionary societies to maintain their missionary work. The societies in France and Great Britain, including Canada and Australia, represent 9,500 missionaries, 359 hospitals, 490 dispensaries and 18,621 schools; but a large

number of their missionaries have had to be withdrawn on account of the war. In these circumstances the Mission boards in the United States are called upon not only to maintain their own large work, but to give whatever assistance is possible in helping to maintain the work in which European societies are now so seriously hampered. We should not fail our friends in allied countries in giving this help. This is the time of all times when the foreign missionary work supported by the American churches urgently needs its full staff.

Is it not fair therefore to assume that missionaries who are conducting this vitally important enterprise are now rendering a service to their country which may be properly accepted as their contribution to the ideals of righteousness, freedom and humanity in behalf of which our country has entered into the war. It is not a question whether they are to serve their country; of course they will do this. The question is whether they are not doing so to better advantage in their missionary work than if they were to enter the ranks of the army or navy. We feel confident that it is not the desire of the government to hamper an altruistic and beneficent work of this character which has been slowly and at heavy cost built up through a long series of years until it now represents a great and beneficent world enterprise which it would be an irreparable disaster to weaken by depriving it of its trained leaders.

### CONFERENCE NOTES

Conference will be held with the Plainfield Church, August 21 to 26 inclusive

Delegates will be met, so far as possible, at the Plainfield station. All are expected to come directly to the Plainfield High School Building for assignment. Take Arlington Avenue trolley at the station, get off at Ninth Street.

Mail should be addressed care S. D. B. General Conference, High School, Plainfield.

If you have not already sent your name to the Hospitality Committee please be sure to do so at once. Address Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hubbard, 111 West Fifth Street.

The names of those who wish to wait on the table are coming in rapidly so if you

wish to join in this work, and thus earn your meal tickets, send your name immediately to Mrs. C. P. Titsworth, 1025 Madison Avenue.

The price of meals will be 50 cents for dinner and 25 cents for supper, only 5 cents a day more than last year in spite of the rise in price of food.

### RAILROAD RATES TO CONFERENCE

In order to secure reduced rates to Conference, our people will have to use the "Summer Tourist Round Trip Tickets", issued by all roads to many points. Ask your local ticket agent and he will route you so as to reach any main line from Canada to Washington, D. C.

All lines from Chicago and East sell one-half fare tickets to the clergy, or rather, an *excursion* ticket for the regular *one way* fare. Thus the clerical rate from Chicago to New York and return is \$19.10; from St. Louis \$22.50; from Salem, W. Va., \$13.75; from Alfred, N. Y., \$7.85. Ministers! apply for a clerical permit over your nearest trunk line to New York and secure the one way fare, as above.

For laymen, the Summer Tourist Round Trip rate is \$31.70 from Chicago to New York, over all roads except the Pennsylvania and New York Central which is \$3.30 higher. Tickets good for thirty days, with liberal stop-over privileges. The above points are cited as typical. Rates can be secured from practically every point of our country to New York City.

Plainfield is 24 miles from New York City, on the Central Railroad of New Jersey. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Philadelphia and Reading also pass through the city, using the same depot. Over fifty trains in each direction run between Plainfield and New York daily, the fare for the round trip being \$1.05. Make your plans to attend Conference, and inquire of the undersigned for further information.

J. Murray Maxson, 1447 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

William C. Hubbard, 111 West 5th St., Plainfield, N. J.

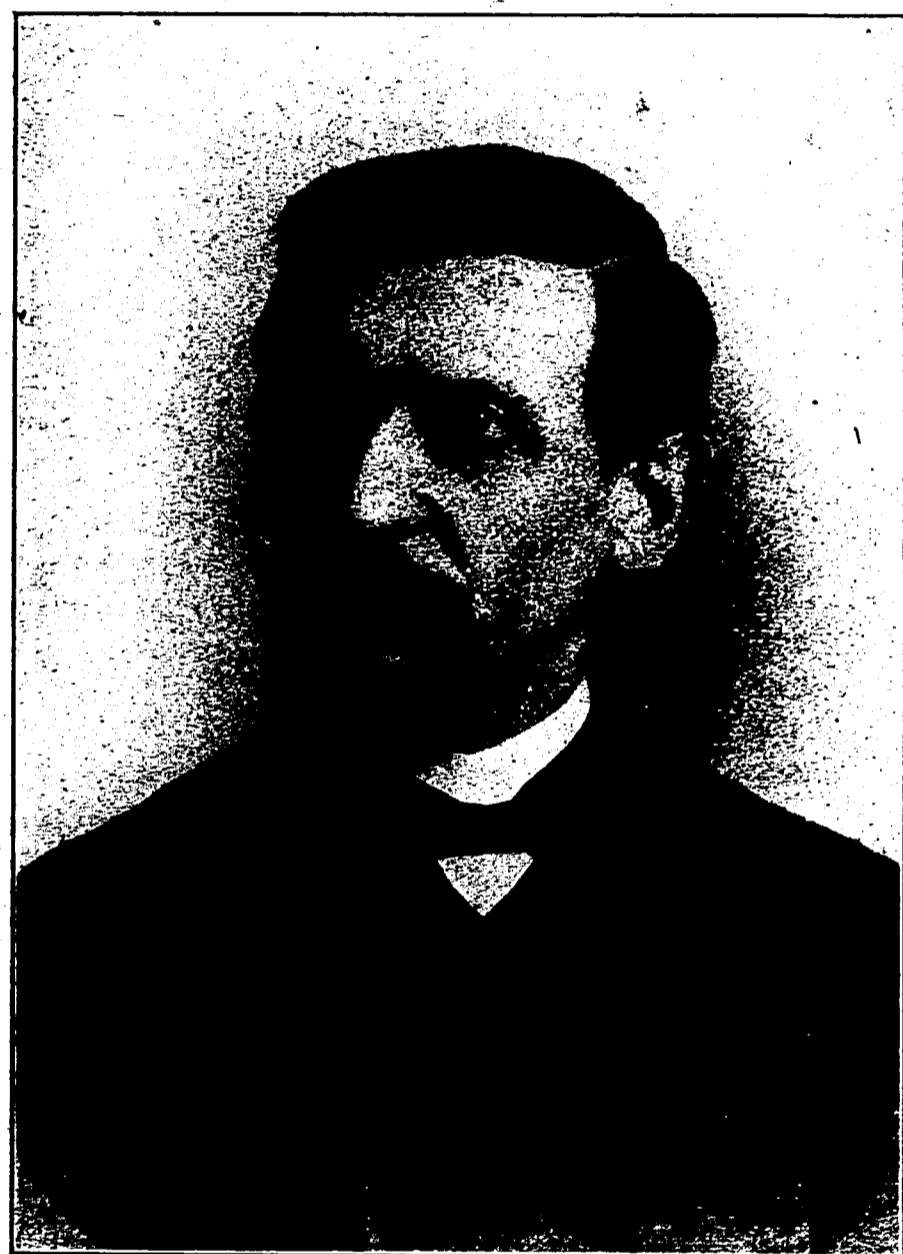
M. Berkley Davis, Salem, W. Va.

He who is always hearing and answering the call of life to be thoughtful and brave and self-sacrificing—he alone can safely hear the other cry of life, tempting him to be happy and enjoy.—*Phillips Brooks*.

**CHRISTIAN THEOPHILUS LUCKY**

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH, LL. D.

The same mail that brought the present writer news of the death of Christian Theophilus Lucky also brought him a request to gather such information as he could concerning this meek missionary to Israel, for the use of those concerned in preparing a suitable memorial of him. Numerous letters were sent out to as many people, some of whom replied promptly, some not until very recently, and some not at all. In collating this data by way of making it avail-



able for the purpose for which it was asked, it has seemed desirable to have much of it published in the SABBATH RECORDER, in order that our own people may have the immediate benefit of it. Moreover, the present conditions of the war make it doubtful when the original plan can be carried into effect; namely, a suitable memorial covering all the activities of his life, to be published in Germany. A brief outline of his life, as gathered from available data, may be of interest here. Of its accuracy, the present writer can not vouch, further

than that he believes it to be correct in the main.

Christian Theophilus Lucky was born at Tysmienica, in Galicia, Austria, on the 11th of September, 1854. He was early left an orphan in the care of an aunt or cousin. The property constituting his inheritance was controlled by an aunt who was a Roman Catholic, who refused to permit it to pass to him, or for him to be benefited by it to any extent unless he embraced her faith. This he steadfastly refused to do, and finally the money, which is believed to have amounted to nearly \$750,000, was diverted to other purposes.

He enjoyed excellent educational advantages. He was in attendance at the University of Berlin during the years 1878-1880. After completing his course there, he came to America and applied for admission to Union Theological Seminary, in New York City. The seminary hesitated to matriculate him, owing to recent trouble there with thefts on the part of Jewish students; he was finally accepted, on probation, and remained to graduate with honor in 1885. For a time, he represented an organized body of students in mission work. On August 16, 1885, he was ordained a gospel minister by the Independent Evangelical Lutheran Church of New York City. The following year he spent as a missionary to the Jews in Austria. In 1886, he returned to New York City and engaged in similar work until 1889, when he went abroad again, to become a traveling missionary among the Jews of Europe and Asia; in 1890, he undertook mission work among the Jews in Stanislau, Galicia, in Austria, where he established his home, still retaining his American citizenship.

While in Union Theological Seminary he made the acquaintance of Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell, who was studying there at that time. This was brought about through Johannes Ehrenstein, an Austrian who was a classmate of Elder Cottrell's in the seminary. Here he also met Rev. Earl P. Saunders and President William C. Daland, both of whom were students in the seminary at that time. The acquaintance formed with these three friends at that time ripened into an

intimacy that continued during Mr. Lucky's life.

When in the seminary, he was a regular attendant upon the services of the New York City Seventh Day Baptist Church, and made an early application for membership; but the former experience of the church with Jews professing Christianity had not been pleasant, and his application was not acted upon favorably until February 14, 1885, when he was finally admitted to membership. He grew into the confidence and respect of the church, until that confidence was unqualifiedly complete and remained so until his death, the news of which was received by the church with a sorrow and regret that was more than merely real.

At the annual meeting of the American Sabbath Tract Society, at Shiloh, N. J., in September, 1887, the report of the corresponding secretary stated that the Board of Directors had had before them for more than a year, the question of publishing a paper in the Hebrew language for the Jews, the services of Mr. Lucky being available for that purpose; that it had finally decided to embark upon the undertaking, and that the first number of the paper, called *Eduth l'Israel*, was already in print. Supposedly a monthly publication, this periodical appeared somewhat irregularly for some two years, more or less, when it was taken over by the Mission to the Jews, of Leipsic, Germany, at whose head was Professor Franz Delitzsch, under whom Mr. Lucky had studied. The latter was continued as editor, and the life of the journal continued for a number of years, the Tract Society contributing to its support from time to time.

Another periodical, entitled *The Peculiar People*, for English reading Jews, had been started in April, 1888, by H. Friedlander, a Christian Jew of New York City, assisted by Mr. Lucky; after some months, a year more or less, Friedlander died, and the Tract Society took over the publication of this paper also, with Mr. Lucky as its editor. In this work, he was assisted by Rev. William C. Daland and Rev. S. S. Powell. For none of his editorial work would Mr. Lucky accept any remuneration. He had hoped much for these periodicals from the estate of Mr. Delos C. Burdick, of Nortonville, Kan., who before his death had manifested a very substantial interest in Mr. Lucky's work, and who apparently intended that the

proceeds of at least a part of his estate should be used for this purpose. But litigation arose, and an adverse court decision deprived him of that. Nevertheless, the Tract Society, from time to time, contributed to Mr. Lucky's work, even up to the time of his death.

As early as October, 1886, he began mission work among the Jews in immediate connection with the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, and that society's support of his interests continued at irregular intervals for two or three years, possibly longer.

Although Christian blood ran in his veins, it was his Jewish inheritance that marked Mr. Lucky, both physically and intellectually. Modest as he was, and no one who really knew him ever mistook his modesty for the fawning, cringing attitude so characteristic of many of the Jews,—modest as he was, I say, and he was modest, almost, if not quite, to a fault, he could not repress a little pride of look and tone when he hesitatingly told some one of his more intimate friends that he was supposed to be of the Tribe of Benjamin. His shapely hands, his long artist's fingers, his scrupulous personal cleanliness and neatness, his instinctive refinement (to be noted in a marked degree), and a quiet, aristocratic, priestly bearing and presence, all bore evidence of the truth of such a tradition. But, whatever faith he may have had himself in the tradition, it but served to emphasize the weight of the responsibility which he felt lay upon his shoulders to carry the message of the Messiah to his brethren in Israel; and all this made him impatient with the red tape with which the western Christian entangles his church and missionary work. This fact leads Doctor Main to make the following observation:

"Almost, if not quite, the saddest chapter relates to the fact that our people could not understand him. . . . Most of our leaders and people misunderstood him in two particulars:

"1. Jews are full of prejudice against a Christian Jew who receives a salary from Gentiles. Naturally our board wished to pay him a definite salary and receive from him the regular, formal, detailed reports. He wished us to give him a modest honorarium, quarterly or annually, and allow him to make, not 'official,' but informal and general reports concerning his fields and labors. Of course that was not 'business'! In my judgment his efficiency and joy would have been quadrupled could the board have had some of his idealism.



"2. He greatly desired to follow the method of St. Paul, not the methods of modern board-working among the Jews. The modern method is to take converts into the church whose missionaries have been the means of their conversion—Baptist, Episcopalian, Methodist, Presbyterian, etc.

"Paul's method was simply to urge Jews to accept Jesus as Savior and Lord, and then allow them to observe honored customs, if they so desired, and would not observe them as essential to salvation, or press them upon others. Here, too, our board and people failed to rise to his level, which was both scriptural and rational."

Although in the early days of his acquaintance with our people, he was himself an object of the distrust they felt toward all professing Christian Jews, and his sincerity was long a question with many, that was overcome as time passed. The elder Delitzsch did much toward silencing the unfriendly criticism, by assuming responsibility for Mr. Lucky, and giving his personal assurance that he was wholly trustworthy. The New York City Church, as already noted, of which he was a member, many years ago ceased to entertain any question of his integrity, and held him in the highest respect and esteem.

On the purely personal side, he was intensely human. His friends were his friends in a very personal way. This was accentuated by his remarkable memory for faces and names. A person seen in a very casual way, he would remember many years afterward, not merely by name, but by face and personality also.

Not the least of the remarkable things about him was his wide personal acquaintance with Hebrew scholars and other Jews of note throughout Europe and America, from the late Solomon Schlechter (the modern giant among Jewish scholars) down to many an obscure rabbi. To him, all personal friendship, and all scholarship, and all the other resources of life, meant a better understanding of the Bible and a more efficient bringing of men and women, Jew and Gentile, to Eternal Life. By the same token, he was unable to understand why any one should throw away, or fail to utilize, any opportunity or available resource that would serve that end. For example, it was a mystery to him why, inasmuch as Professor William C. Whitford, of the Alfred Theological Seminary, was a devoted Hebrew scholar, Mrs. Whitford, was not an enthusiastic student of Hebrew. The "Way

of Life" and "Now is the Accepted Time" called aloud in tones too loud for any other voice to reach his ears.

His linguistic versatility was little short of marvelous. If he was not literally able to speak "all the tongues Max Müller knew", it was only because he had never had occasion to use them all. His knowledge of the living languages and dialects of Europe and western Asia enabled him to travel throughout all those countries and carry on his work with ease.

When the present war broke out, he was in Holland, whither he had come from his home in Galicia, for a conference with the Rev. Gerhard Velthuysen, Jr., just before the latter sailed for this country to attend the General Conference, at Alfred, N. Y., in August, 1914. Although his sympathies were all with Germany as against Russia, because of the long continued persecution of the Jews in the latter country, it seemed wise for him to remain in Holland. Here he found employment by serving the Amsterdam Church as pastor, but, as the months sped away and passed into years, despite the fact that news reached him of the destruction of his valuable library that he had spent so many years in gathering, when the village of Stanislau, in Galicia, was ravaged by the armies, and thus had only added to the bitterness of the cup of his disappointment,—despite this fact, I say, he greatly desired to return to his home in Galicia; and finally started, broken in health and heart, alike. He fell sick by the way, and finally found refuge in a hospital in Steglitz, a town of some 40,000 inhabitants in the environs of Berlin, where, at the close of his last earthly Sabbath, November 25, 1916, his weary, restless spirit passed to Eternal Peace and Rest. A memorial service was held at the hospital on the following Monday, and on Wednesday, the 29th of November, his tired body was placed in the Jewish church yard at Plau, in Mecklenburg, about seventy-five miles northwest of Berlin, and some hundred miles east of Hamburg.

#### IOWA YEARLY MEETING

The annual meeting of the churches of Iowa will be held at Marion, Iowa, August 24-26.

MRS. S. G. BURDICK,  
Clerk.

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### THE LADIES' AID

(With apologies to the Author of "The Old Armchair")

I love it, I love it—no man or maid  
Shall chide me for loving the Ladies' Aid.  
It has helped the pulpit and helped the pew,  
Always strong, and earnest, and true;  
And so I say, neither man nor maid,  
Shall chide me for loving the Ladies' Aid.

The Ladies' Aid! Pray what has it done?  
Why, helped every church beneath the sun.  
Helping to get and helping to save,  
Never following, always brave,  
And so I say I am not afraid  
To tell you I love the Ladies' Aid.

The Ladies' Aid makes dollars and dimes,  
And does it over hundreds of times.  
It mends the carpets till they look like new;  
Pays interest on mortgages not a few.  
And truly, I tell you, the church is not made  
That can easily scout the Ladies' Aid.

The Ladies' Aid fixes up walls that are bare,  
Buys china, and silver, and aluminum ware;  
Puts out the old stove that five cents would buy  
And puts in a new one without half a try.  
Oh, yes, I love it, and so should you,  
The Ladies' Aid, so strong and true.

The Ladies' Aid plans receptions and teas.  
For the church must be kept social by means of  
all these.

The men haven't time for such things, oh, no!  
Though sometimes to suppers and banquets they  
go.

But not by them are plans ever made,  
'Tis always the work of the Ladies' Aid.

And when the dear Lord of the harvest shall  
come,  
He will say to these workers the blessed "Well  
done!"

Then they will be glad they did more than their  
share,  
For the joys that are theirs in the home over  
there,

For those who've been helped and the stars that  
are made,

And they shall deserve them—the true Ladies'  
Aid.—Mrs. A. T. Story, in *Western Christian Advocate*.

### ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

"Well, this afternoon has been a revelation to me, Mildred Lane Brown!" exclaimed her old-time chum, who was her guest, after many years' separation. "I didn't know you had it in you." They were

removing their wraps after an afternoon at the Missionary Society.

"Didn't know I had what in me?" asked Mrs. Brown quietly, a little disappointed that it was not the message of missions that had been a revelation to her society friend.

"Why, the way you presided at that meeting, the social grace, the tact, the art of managing folks, you know. Of course you are a dear—you always were—but you were such a quiet little mouse no one knew it hardly. Why, my dear, you could just shine socially!"

"Perhaps I do—in my little corner," laughed her friend, bantering.

"Of course you do. You've got grace and dignity enough to preside at the most exclusive clubs. Where did you get it, anyway?"

"La, chile!" cried Mrs. Brown, rolling her big eyes in darky mimicry, "I don't done git it anywhar. I 'spect it jes' grows. Come on," dismissing the subject, "let's run get supper now," and seizing her friend, she hurried her to the kitchen.

If only Lucile could see the real heart of missionary work and not the mere externals as possible social attractions! She thought of Lucile's magnificent home, of the lavish social functions, of the nerve and health-destroying mad rush to keep ahead. That was why Lucile was here now, for a month, to recuperate from the effects of the winter's revels, in this quiet country town. Mildred loved Lucile with the strange, yearning love one woman sometimes gives to another whose ideals seem to her all wrong and yet whose possibilities seem so great.

"I didn't know you cared for that sort of thing, anyway," Mrs. Dowell persisted, returning to the subject. "You didn't when we were in school, I know."

"Yes, I always did," returned Mildred quickly. "I used to look at some of the workers who took part gracefully in church work and envy them, and at some who stumbled and pity them, but it was 'one of the least' who woke me up. Do you remember Miss Julia?"

"Oh, yes, the little crippled woman who sewed?"

"Yes. Well, she always came to the services, but never took any part. I used to just swell up and want to help, but I al-

ways felt I couldn't. If I could do like Miss Kate now I would, but—

"Well, one night the minister preached an especially tender, powerful sermon, and I thought, 'Surely no one who is not a Christian can resist a Christ presented like that,' and I breathed a prayer that some one—that many might respond. I suppose I looked interested, and just then I felt a timid touch on my arm and there was little Miss Julia looking at me pleadingly. 'Wouldn't you like to be a Christian, dear?' she whispered. I felt stunned. I had been a Christian for three years and she didn't know it just because she wasn't present when I joined the church. I stammered a reply and she crept away, but I never forgot my lesson and I began then and there to let my light shine.

"I realized that only foolish pride had kept me from testifying for my Master. I was too proud to make a stumbling effort. I wanted to soar, to do something for my own glory instead of Christ's. Why, I could take part in high school debates and was proud of my essay work and willing to recite anywhere. Why could I not do as well in church? I began right away to work in Christian Endeavor. I didn't shirk any task. I learned to pray, but not for show. I learned that sometimes one stumbling sentence would reach a heart where flowery eloquence would fail. I joined the Missionary Society because the cause appealed to me, never dreaming of the cultural value it possessed.

"Why, our missionary magazine is full of information. I've learned more about geography than I ever learned in school, and the missionary letters give us glimpses of customs and habits we'd have to search reference books for weeks to find. Then, too, the articles often refer to the forms of government, so we keep up with that and we learn of the different climates, seasons, crops and industries in all the countries where we have missions—and we have many missions.

"The best of all is the transforming power of Christ in the lives of these people; how the condition of women and children is changed where Christ is known; how civilization follows the missionary. Why, Lucile, there couldn't be any club with a more interesting course of study. Then take the people in the society; we have them from

every walk in life. One can't possibly broaden so much when they just mingle with their own class—it's too much like the caste system in India. (Yes, I learned about that, too.) In our society there's Mrs. Redmond, whose husband is a millionaire, and Mrs. Wright, who sews, and Mrs. Langtry, who has written a 'best seller' this year, and we all meet as just 'one in Christ Jesus.' Why, we're better Americans—aren't we boastful of the fact that we're born free and equal? You won't find that statement verified overmuch in your exclusive clubs, though; but it is in this club. Look at the hostesses for today. One was a farmer's wife, one the wife of a noted judge and one a teamster's wife, yet they worked together as equals, because before God they are equal and will be through all eternity."

"Mildred," cried Lucile, her face pale, her eyes blazing, "no one ever talked to me like that before. I never thought of such things. I want to know more! Let me see that paper you read, right now."

And Mildred, who knew Lucile did nothing by halves, breathed a little prayer as she hurried to the living room to get a copy of the *Missionary Tidings*.—*Pearl Haley Patrick, in Missionary Tidings.*

### WORKERS' EXCHANGE

Ladies' Aid Society of Nile, N. Y.

The Ladies' Society of the Nile Seventh Day Baptist Church has held five meetings during the six months ending July 1, 1917.

The work has been quilting and tying comfortables. Flowers have been purchased for the families of those who have been called upon to part with loved ones. Programs have been given at these meetings, and we have paid an apportionment to the Woman's Board.

At the annual meeting held July 5, the following officers were elected: president, Mrs. G. W. Burdick; treasurer, Mrs. S. T. Burdick; secretary, Mabel Jordan.

M. E. J.

### NOTICE TO DELEGATES OF NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION

As the associational program is too full of good things to allow time for recreation, the Battle Creek Church invites all association guests to plan to remain here over Monday, September 3, 1917, that they may have time to see Battle Creek and vicinity.

A picnic dinner will be served at the Sanitarium Villa at Goguc Lake. COMMITTEE.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### "LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"

MRS. A. L. BABCOCK

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
August 25, 1917

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—The saloon tested (Matt. 7: 15-20)

Monday—The saloon's fate (Deut. 17: 1-7)

Tuesday—The saloon beast (Rev. 13: 1-9)

Wednesday—Neighborly responsibility (Mark 12: 28-34)

Thursday—Our example (Rom. 14: 15-23)

Friday—Who is our neighbor? (Luke 10: 30-37)

Sabbath Day—Topic, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Gal. 5: 13-26) (Temperance topic)

I heard a young fellow remark the other day, "I've never seen any one I think as much of as I do of myself!" Rather a startling remark, but perhaps if we analyzed our positions more minutely and were perfectly frank, we might find that to be our attitude toward life also.

This temperance lesson need not be held to the subject of temperance as concerns the drink evil alone; most of us in fact can show our love for our neighbors daily more aptly in other ways, but the saloon and drink question are of such general and striking popular interest now that we can well afford to spend the time considering that one phase of the "Love thy neighbor as thyself" question.

During the last month, I have been in a little town about twenty-five miles from San Francisco. The town consists of a postoffice, a bank, two general stores, three garages and seven bars. The whole life of the town centers around the bars. Employed in the town were two young college students and a third young man. The ambition of two of these young men was to succeed in getting the third fellow drunk! When they didn't succeed, they fulfilled their ambition by becoming in that condition themselves. And the next day, after having been "towed in" at night, they thought themselves the smartest and most downright clever young men in the bunch! It seemed to me then that we are prone to be too sure of a swift victory; that if these

and other young people are at all typical, temperance the United States over must be delayed long, for it will come only when the majority are educated to receive it.

Upon returning home with other pessimistic tales and observations still clearly in mind, I went to the library to read. Have you ever looked in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* for 1917 and seen what is being written on the subject? I read and read and here are some of the things the magazine articles say.

In the *Good Housekeeping* magazine for July 1917, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley in an article on "Booze or Bread" says in part: "Combining, now, the amount of grain used in the manufacture of distilled spirits with that used in the manufacture of fermented beverages, we have a total, in round numbers, of 110,500,000 bushels. . . . The amount of food grains used in the manufacture of distilled spirits and of fermented beverages in a year would support with a generous cereal allowance the whole population of the United States for fifty days. If the manufacture of alcoholic beverages from cereals were stopped, we would be fifty days farther from starvation from harvest to harvest."

Temperance as a matter of education is shown in this statement from an article entitled, "The War on Alcohol," in the *Outlook* for February 28, 1917 (Vol. 115, pp. 348-9): "In over half of the territory of the United States, the sale of liquor is illegal. The spread of the anti-alcohol idea has started from many centers and worked outward. Town by town and county by county have driven out the saloon. Then whole States, already won by local option efforts, have made the saloon an outlaw. Wherever the elimination of the saloon has come through this normal and well-established development of public opinion it promises to be permanent."

The effect of alcohol upon the body is summed up in an article by Eugene Lyman Fisk, on "Alcohol and Physiology," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1917 (Vol. 119, pp. 43-50): "Alcohol has been found to be a depressant, a narcotic, often exerting, even in small daily doses, an unfavorable effect on the brain and nervous functions and on the heart and circulation and lowering the resistance of the body to infection."



In an article following the one just mentioned, on "Alcohol and Human Efficiency" (*Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1917, pp. 203-10), Mr. Fisk says: "I depreciate the too prevalent tendency to apologize for alcohol, to deal gently and tenderly with it instead of bringing it to the bar of human judgment to answer for its misdemeanors and justify its right to be exposed for sale on the street corners as a beverage harmless for the average man."

In concluding an article printed in the *Conference of Charities and Correction*, 1916, pp. 80-93, on "Life Insurance and Drinking Habits," by Arthur Hunter, of the Actuary New York Life Insurance Company, he says: "The opinion of the medical directors show that the life insurance companies look with disfavor on applications from persons who drink freely although not to the point of intoxication and on those who have taken alcoholic beverages to excess in the past but are temperate now. The statistics . . . prove conclusively that this attitude of mind is based on facts, and that a higher mortality must be expected of these types of users of alcoholic beverages. On the other hand, it is conclusively proved that total abstainers are longer-lived than non-abstainers, even excluding from the latter those who drank immoderately at the date of application for insurance or prior to that time. The experience of seven American life insurance companies has proved that abstainers have from 10 per cent lower mortality than non-abstainers. . . . The American statistics, now published, corroborate the British data in indicating the unfavorable effect of alcohol on longevity and in showing that total abstinence directly increases longevity."

In the same year book (*Conference of Charities and Correction*, 1916, pp. 93-106), Alexander Fleisher says in the conclusion of his article on "The Attitude of Large Employers Toward the Use of Alcohol by their Employees": "We have returns from the employers of 750,000 individuals. This is 4 per cent of those engaged in trade, transportation and the mechanical and manufacturing industries in the United States. These employers forbid alcohol in their plants. In many instances its use is considered in the promotion and retention of employees. Its use at any time is prohibited in such industries as transportation, and

this practice is being followed by some industrial establishments. This analysis indicates that a number of employers are making up their minds on the use of alcohol by their employes. By whatever reasoning they are arriving at their conclusion, whether they feel it is in the interest of the public, of the employe, or of good business, they seem to be taking a stand against the man who uses alcohol. They are not considering the intricate question of the effect of alcohol on the mind and body; this preliminary step has been ignored. They find the non-drinker the more satisfactory employe."

There are so many sane and extremely interesting articles written not by fanatics but by the intellectual men of the country that one can hardly stop reading and quoting. I hope this will give you the impetus to hunt some articles and read for yourself. The war is hastening the day when the saloon will go, but unless we as a people are educated up to the saloonless nation, it will be far from an ideal situation. May the study of this topic give us inspiration to do our part toward making and keeping our nation a beautiful place to live; may we be so filled with the love of God that we will love our neighbor as ourselves. Then we will not hesitate to speak when it isn't as yet popular to speak, and to work in any way that may make it a little easier or a little more pleasant for our neighbor to live the life which will count most for God and his kingdom.

#### NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

MRS. M. L. W. ENNIS

At length another day is done,  
O'er hill and vale the shadows creep,  
God's lamps are lighted, one by one,  
In peace I lay me down to sleep.

At peace with all the world and Thee,  
Safe in the hollow of Thy hand,  
Thy brooding love o'er land and sea,  
A love I may not understand.

Safe, if when the morn the orient gilds  
I wake another day to greet;  
Safe, if beyond the purple hills  
I wake to sit at Jesus' feet.

So now I lay me down to sleep,  
Thy will is mine, whate'er it be;  
I know that Thou my soul wilt keep,  
I drop each care and rest in Thee.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### WHO MADE THE GARDEN?

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

Who made the garden?

"I"! said Billy Blake;  
"I, with my brand new hoe,  
My shovel and my rake.  
I scratched and scraped each tiny weed,  
Nor let it grow too high;  
I raked off sticks, I picked up stones.  
Who made the garden? I!"

Who made the garden?

"I"! Sir Robin trilled;  
"I" with my slender beak  
Was just the one who filled  
Four hungry mouths with bugs and worms  
That somehow seemed to try  
To kill the plants—I spied them quick.  
Who made the garden? I!"

Who made the garden?

"I"! smiled Mr. Sun;  
"I, with my golden rays,  
Of course I was the one.  
I shone upon each tiny plant  
And coaxed it up quite high;  
I warmed the earth, I worked each day.  
Who made the garden? I!"

Who made the garden?

"I"! cried Mr. Rain;  
"I, with my gentle showers,  
Why need I more explain?  
I softened up the hardened earth,  
I dropped down from on high  
Upon each leaf—I washed them clean.  
Who made the garden? I!"

Who made the garden?

"I"! each one declares,  
And each of them is right;  
Well, anyway, who cares?  
Just look at all the growing plants,  
So green and straight and high!  
It's great to be the one to say,  
"Who made the garden? I!"

Ashaway, R. I.

### WHEN THE CLOCK TOLD A STORY

"Now, little daughter, I wish you would go down in the cellar and get mamma the potatoes for dinner, and then carry those eggshells out to the chickens." Amy frowned impatiently. She was in such a hurry to be off to school. The girls were going to play a new game before the bell rang, and Amy had promised to be leader. She gathered up the potatoes without any regard to fitness, and then ran and threw

the eggshells into the chicken yard so heedlessly that most of them went on the wrong side of the fence.

When she returned, what was her annoyance to find that the water pail was empty and that her mamma wanted some one to bring the clothes from the line. She did not comply very gracefully. When her mamma asked her to help, and when she complained that she hadn't time, her mamma looked surprised.

"Why, Amy! it seems to me it is early yet. It can't be nearly time for the bell."

"But it is," protested Amy. "I just know it is most school time right now." But when she went into mamma's bedroom to look at the clock, it was only 7.30. Amy looked disappointed, for she knew that her mother would not let her start for as much as half an hour. She was very particular about the time Amy set out for school, and about the time when she should get home, though Amy did not see why her mother needed to be so particular. A half hour longer on the playground would have meant a so much better time, as Amy reasoned it.

During the next five minutes she went in to look at the clock several times. It didn't seem as if the hands moved at all. Maybe the clock had stopped. She got up on a chair to see; then a very wicked thought came to her. She opened the face of the clock very softly and reached up and touched the long minute hand that went so slowly. She hadn't meant to push it very much, only just to help it along a little; but it slipped around very smoothly, and before she knew it, it was striking 8. It frightened her so she almost fell off the chair, for it sounded like a voice accusing her of deception.

She couldn't look her dear mamma in the face when she went into the kitchen.

"I guess it's about time to put on my things now, mamma," she said. "It's—it's struck 8."

"Oh, has it?" Mamma looked surprised. "I didn't think it was so late. Yes, of course, if it is 8 it is time to go," and she tied her little daughter's bonnet and kissed her good-by.

Amy's steps dragged as she went out the front gate, but she soon thought of the new game and then she began to run.

None of her little playmates was on the ground when she got to the schoolhouse,

and it was lonely standing around waiting for them to come, and when they finally did come one little girl had a bad cold and her mother had said that she mustn't run, and another little girl had stepped on a nail and hurt her foot, so they didn't play the game after all.

Amy's conscience troubled her so that she couldn't study very well, and she failed on the word "guilty," which was a very hard word to give a little girl who had just done something wrong.

At noon when she went home to dinner the clock said she was a half hour late, though of course she wasn't; but her mamma did not know about the clock so she looked very stern as she told her little daughter that it must not happen again. The nice fish balls that had been fried for dinner were all cold.

"And, dear, this morning after you had started to school Uncle Richard came by with his auto. He was going to give you a little ride before school. He seemed surprised to find it was so late."

An auto ride! Oh, she had wanted an auto ride so long, and now she had missed one!

"Did he say he would come again tomorrow?" she asked hopefully, but her mother shook her head. Amy did not have time to eat nearly enough dinner either, for mamma hurried her off lest she be late to school. She began to wish most heartily that she had not meddled with the clock.

She wished so more than ever that night when she came home and her mamma stood waiting for her at the front gate. To be late twice in one day was an offense that she knew would not be lightly overlooked.

"I—I came straight home," she protested, but her mother looked sterner than ever as she pointed to the clock.

"I guess my little daughter will have to go to bed half an hour earlier tonight."

Half an hour earlier! That meant missing seeing papa, who always came home on the 7.30 car. To be thought guilty of an untruth, too! Amy burst into tears.

"O mamma! I didn't tell an untruth, but I got the clock to tell one for me," she sobbed. "It isn't 4 o'clock, it's only 3.30 this minute. I turned the hands around. I wanted to play a game. O mamma! It wasn't 8 when I went to school this morning."

"You turned the clock? Well, that accounts for the difference in Aunt Fannie's watch. Aunt Fannie and Cousin Doris and Baby Ruth have been here all the afternoon," she explained. "They tried to stay till you came, but Aunt Fannie was so afraid that our clock was right, and that she would miss the train. Baby Ruth is such a darling!"

Oh, didn't Amy know it? Hadn't she been longing to see her for ever so long? She swallowed at the big lump in her throat. "But I deserve it all," she said humbly.—*Maude Morrison Huey, from the Continent, by permission.*

### COME TO THE SOUTHEASTERN ASSOCIATION

As the time is drawing near for the Southeastern Association, which will convene with the church at Salemville, it is requested that all who are coming to this association will please write the secretary in due time so that arrangements can be made to convey delegates from the different stations.

There will be no mountains to walk over as before, as autos are so much in use now; so all delegates and those coming from other churches will be conveyed in autos.

Those coming from West Virginia will be met at Bedford, and those coming from the north, east, or west will be conveyed from Curry Station or from Roaring Springs, either place.

We are looking for a large delegation and we bid you all a hearty welcome to come and see where we live, trusting that we shall have a good spiritual feast and that we shall see many new and familiar faces.

Those who are coming to Conference will find this a pleasant place to stop on the way home, especially those from the west. Just drop us a card and we will be glad to meet you at the station with an auto.

C. C. WOLFE,  
Secretary.

Salemville, Pa.

The best cure for heart sorrow is ministry to others. God sometimes passes us into the valley of the shadow that we may learn the way, and know how to lead others through it into the light.—*F. B. Meyer.*

## SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. LESTER CHARLES RANDOLPH, D. D.,  
MILTON, WIS.  
Contributing Editor

### A STRONG SCHOOL

The Jackson Center Church and Sabbath School are keeping up their work with good interest, although they have no pastor at present. Twenty-five were in attendance at a recent prayer meeting and forty-two at Christian Endeavor meeting.

Thank God for the steady workers who stay at their post in season and out of season. A church or a Sabbath school or a Christian Endeavor society which has members of this kind, is strong, whether its roster be long or short.

### "IN WORKING ORDER"

That little Sabbath school out in the country, near Rhinelander, Wis., is "in working order yet," and its steady faithfulness may well be a stimulus to schools which have the enthusiasm of members, a church building and a pastor. We should like to receive letters from all such groups of Bible students, as well as from the large schools.

Mrs. Ethel Jeffrey Davis writes: "The two weeks of the heavy snowstorms are the only ones we missed since we began. We observed Patriotic Day in a limited form and had a very pleasant day. Our program was something like this:

Salute and Distribution of Little Flags—Wilson Davis.  
Responsive Reading, Psalm 46.  
Purpose of Patriotic Sabbath—Albino Davis.  
President Wilson's Patriotic Messages—Herbert Stone.  
"Your Flag and My Flag"—Margaret Davis.  
President Wilson's Message Indorsing Patriotic Day—Mrs. Emma Stone.  
Song, "God Bless Our Native Land and Men"—Lois Remo.  
"Our Boys Have Gone to the Colors"—Ethel Davis.  
Prayer (No. 6)—Nettie Stone.  
"A Special Message to Seventh-Day Baptists," by Edwin Shaw—C. A. Emerson, of Milton.

"Most of our material used was the suggested program in the RECORDER. This little exercise followed our regular sermon and lesson study. Then we all ate dinner in a sort of cafeteria style here, which saved me the trouble of getting out my extension

table and we sure enjoyed the change. We were all delighted to have Mr. Emerson with us on this occasion and appreciated his week with us very much, and of course we would like to have him locate with or near us."

### MINUTES OF SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD MEETING

The regular meeting of the Sabbath School Board was held in Whitford Memorial Hall, Milton, Wis., Sunday afternoon, June 3, 1917, at 2 o'clock, President A. E. Whitford presiding, and the following Trustees present: A. E. Whitford, G. M. Ellis, G. W. Davis, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, D. N. Inglis, G. E. Crosley, A. L. Burdick, and Vice-President W. D. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Rev. W. D. Burdick.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and the Secretary reported that notices of this meeting had been regularly sent to all members of the Board of Trustees.

The report of the Committee on Field Work was presented by the reading of the report from visitors who had been appointed to visit the Sabbath schools in the Southwestern and Central Associations. Such reports were presented by Rev. A. Clyde Ehret, of Adams Center, N. Y., and Rev. T. J. Van Horn, of Gentry, Ark. On motion these reports were accepted and ordered placed on file, and the Secretary was instructed to convey to these gentlemen the thanks of the Board for their generous services.

A statement of the condition of the treasury was made and the consideration of the full report of the Treasurer was postponed to be given with the annual report at an adjourned meeting.

The Committee on preparing Program for Sabbath School Hour at General Conference reported progress.

Correspondence was read from Corliss F. Randolph concerning an exhibit of the Historical Society to be made at the coming session of the General Conference, and asking the Sabbath School Board to appoint a committee to co-operate with similar committees from the other Boards and Societies.

Upon motion the President appointed A. L. Burdick and George M. Ellis as such



committee. Further correspondence was read from W. C. Whitford, P. L. Windsor, J. E. Hutchins, C. R. Blackall and F. O. Burdick.

The Secretary was instructed to have 200 return postal cards printed for the annual statistical reports of the Sabbath schools. It was voted that we approve of the project of making Sabbath Day, June 30, "Patriotic Sabbath", in accordance with the plans of the International S. S. Association. The Secretary was instructed to prepare the annual report to Conference. After reading the minutes the meeting adjourned to the call of the President.

A. L. BURDICK,  
Secretary.

**MINUTES OF ADJOURNED MEETING OF SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD**

An adjourned meeting of the Sabbath School Board was held in Whitford Memorial Hall, Milton, Wis., Sunday night, July 29, 1917, at 8 o'clock, President A. E. Whitford presiding, and the following Trustees present: A. E. Whitford, L. C. Randolph, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, G. W. Davis, E. M. Holston, A. B. West, W. H. Greenman, L. M. Babcock, G. E. Crosley and A. L. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Rev. L. C. Randolph.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and the Secretary reported that notices of this meeting had been properly sent to all Trustees.

The report of the Committee on Field Work was presented and accepted. The report included the reading of the reports from our field workers. Vice-President Roy F. Randolph reported that he had visited all of the schools in the Southeastern Association except Salemville, Pa., that he found the schools in good working condition and that they all expressed their appreciation to the Board for sending a worker to them. Correspondence concerning visitation work was also read from Rev. E. D. Van Horn and Rev. T. J. Van Horn. It was also reported that E. M. Holston had conducted a successful program on Sabbath-school work at the recent session of the quarterly meeting at Albion, Wis. The quarterly report of the Treasurer was presented as follows:

Treasurer's Report		
From March 15, 1917, to June 30, 1917		
General Fund		
Dr.		
1917	15, Balance on hand.....	\$346 93
Mch.	15, Irving A. Hunting, Plainfield, N. J., S. S.....	5 89
	21, Mrs. S. W. Vars, Bradford, R. I., S. S.....	2 38
	30, E. E. Whitford, New York Church.....	19 11
	30, Mrs. E. J. Higbie, Walworth, Wis., S. S.....	50
	30, P. R. Simpson, Jackson Center, S. S.....	15 50
Apr.	31, I. F. Randolph, New Market, N. J., S. S.....	2 50
	4, Date F. Randolph, Farina, Ill., Church.....	2 30
	10, A. B. West, Milton Junction, Wis., Church.....	3 12
	12, Wm. M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J., Church.....	18 92
	19, N. C. Clarke, Farina, Ill., S. S.....	3 54
	21, Robert Van Horn, Farnam, Neb., Church.....	1 25
	29, W. S. Wells, Riverside, Cal., Church.....	7 17
	29, Orlo B. Perry, Syracuse, N. Y., S. S.....	1 63
May	1, Mrs. W. W. Clarke, Milton, Wis.....	2 50
	6, Edgar P. Maxson, Westerly, R. I., Church.....	16 66
	6, Mrs. Rocella Babcock, Gentry, Ark., S. S.....	5 50
	11, Dechois Green, Adams Center, N. Y., S. S.....	20 00
	12, Leora Ford, Garwin, Iowa, S. S.....	1 15
	16, Lewis L. Lewis, Alfred Station, S. S.....	28 00
	31, Mrs. H. R. Crandall, Rockville, R. I., S. S.....	5 00
	31, B. D. Crandall, DeRuyter, N. Y., S. S.....	10 12
June	2, J. M. Maxson, Chicago, Ill., S. S.....	6 00
	5, Howard C. Stewart, Milton, Wis., S. S.....	10 21
	10, C. M. Sheldon, Albion, Wis., S. S.....	3 25
	13, Curtis F. Randolph, Alfred N. Y., Church.....	10 74
	13, Mrs. Cady S. Rogers, Waterford, Conn., S. S.....	4 75
	17, G. H. Fitz Randolph, Berea, W. Va., Church.....	7 25
	25, G. W. Hills, Los Angeles, Cal., Church.....	2 25
	25, Eda R. Coon, Leonardsville, N. Y., S. S.....	5 13
	28, Roy F. Randolph, New Milton, W. Va., S. S.....	6 88
	28, E. E. Whitford, New York Church.....	9 48
	29, Irving A. Hunting, Plainfield, N. J., S. S.....	6 42
	29, Mabel E. Jordan, Nile, N. Y., Church.....	5 00
	29, Alma E. Maris, Nortonville, Kan., S. S.....	17 75
	30, Woman's Board, Milton, Wis.....	5 00
	30, A. B. West, Milton Junction, Wis., Church.....	3 12
	30, Rodenci Daris, Milton Junction, Wis., S. S.....	5 50
	30, Mrs. Amy K. Crandall, Little Genesee, N. Y., Church.....	4 67
	30, W. Scott Davis, Salem, W. Va., S. S.....	32 50
	30, Oliver Lewis, Stone Fort, Ill., Church.....	4 38
	30, I. F. Randolph, New Market, N. J., S. S.....	2 50
		<u>\$672 45</u>
1917	Cr.	
Mch.	23, A. E. Whiford:	
	1 copy Ashearn's "Church School".....	\$ 1 00
	23, Dr. A. L. Burdick:	
	Postage.....	2 50
Apr.	4, Mrs. C. M. Burdick:	

	3/4 month Jan., 1917, editing "Visitor".....	7 50
May	1, A. Clyde Ehret:	
	Expenses S. S. Board, field work.....	7 25
	1, Prof. W. C. Whitford:	
	Expenses Inter. S. S. Lesson Com.....	26 50
	12, Davis Printing Co.:	
	500 Folders.....	3 50
June	3, Mrs. Herbert Polan:	
	Editing "Visitor" 1/4 month May, 1917.....	2 50
	10, D. M. Smith, Nashville, Tenn.:	
	25 Copies "Minutes S. S. Council Evan. Denominations" and postage.....	1 81
	25, Lucius P. Burch, Pub. House:	
	Proportion "Year Book," 1916.....	26 86
	28, D. R. Inglis:	
	Expenses S. S. Council Evan. Churches.....	5 75
		<u>\$ 97 67</u>
	Balance on hand June 30, 1917.....	574 78
		<u>\$672 45</u>

Upon motion the report was adopted.

The annual of the Treasurer was presented, and upon motion, was adopted, after the Auditing Committee had reported that the report had been examined and found correct.

Correspondence was read from Rev. H. L. Cottrell, Rev. M. G. Stillman and Rev. A. L. Davis. Professor A. E. Whitford, chairman of Committee to arrange Program for Sabbath School Hour at General Conference, presented an outline of the program as it had been prepared, which, upon motion, was adopted.

The Secretary gave an outline of the annual report of the Sabbath School Board to the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference, which, upon motion, was adopted.

It was moved and carried that the consideration of the subscription prices of our Sabbath-school publications be referred to the Joint Committee on Publication, of the Sabbath School Board and the American Sabbath Tract Society, with power to recommend such changes as seem best.

It was moved and carried that the Committee on Publications be instructed to secure, if possible, the same editors for our publications for next year as have been serving us this year.

Upon motion it was voted that the Board pay the railroad fare of the Secretary to Plainfield, N. J., to represent the Board at the coming session of the General Conference.

The Minutes were read and approved.  
Adjourned.

A. L. BURDICK,  
Secretary.

**Lesson IX.—August 25, 1917**

THE CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH. 2 Kings 25: 1-21  
Golden Text.—As I live, saith the Lord Jehovah, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Ezekiel 33: 11.

DAILY READINGS

Aug. 19—Jer. 9: 7-16. Captivity of Judah Foretold  
Aug. 20—2 Kings 23: 36—24: 9. Incompetent Rulers  
Aug. 21—2 Kings 24: 10-20. Captivity Begun  
Aug. 22—2 Kings 25: 1-12. Jerusalem Laid Waste  
Aug. 23—2 Kings 25: 13-21. End of Judah  
Aug. 24—2 Kings 17: 1-8. End of Israel  
Aug. 25—2 Kings 17: 9-23. Sin the Cause of Disaster

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

**HOME NEWS**

WATERFORD, CONN.—Our Sabbath evening prayer meeting was conducted by a "team" from the Laymen's League of Westerly, composed of the following: Messrs. L. D. Langworthy, Dr. Whitford, J. H. Champlin, David Shaw, William Spargo and Leo Nye.

L. D. Langworthy led the meeting, Leo Nye read the Scripture lesson from First Corinthians 2, and Dr. Whitford was in charge of the singing.

The meeting was greatly enjoyed by all, a large number taking part. One feature of the song service was the singing by Mrs. Roy Brooks and Clinton Jackson, who sang one verse of "Since Jesus Came into my Heart" in Swedish.

Dr. Whitford remained over with friends and conducted the services Sabbath morning, taking for his subject, "The Power of Prayer".

The visit of the "team" Sabbath eve and the services Sabbath morning were very much appreciated and it is hoped that we may be favored again. Pastor Potter remains about the same.

H. M. S.

July 31, 1917.

The mighty winds that tear through space  
Are turned to songs by every tree.  
So may I meet the storms of life  
And weave them into harmony.

—R. McCann.

WANTED—A Seventh Day Baptist job compositor or pressman of experience. Address, stating qualifications, etc., The Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

## OUR WEEKLY SERMON

### EVIL COMMUNICATIONS\*

REV. GEORGE B. SHAW

*"Evil communications corrupt good manners."*—I Cor. 15: 33.

This text, taken from Paul's letter to the church at Corinth, is a quotation from the Greek poet Menander. It is not the only time that Paul quotes from heathen writers. In his sermon on Mars Hill, when he was speaking to the cultured men of Athens, he quoted from Aratus, prefacing the quotation by saying, "As certain also of your own poets have said." Again, in writing to Titus, he said of the Cretians that some of their own writers had said that they were also liars,—where the reference is supposed to be to Epimedes, another famous Greek, whose home was in Crete. "Evil communications corrupt good manners" sounds almost like a proverb; and those who know Menander's style would expect just this from him. He is said to be famous for the elegance with which he threw into the form of a single sentence the maxims of that practical wisdom in the affairs of common life which formed so important a feature of what was called "the New Comedy."

In the example which the text furnishes, each word is emphatic, "evil communications corrupt good manners," and the quotation is introduced by the warning, "be not deceived," and is followed by the ringing exhortation, "awake to righteousness and sin not."

The particular play from which the quotation is made is said to be Thais; and Paul used it exactly as we would use a quotation from Hamlet. Paul does not refer to the origin of this statement, or say that it is a quotation, for the same reason that I might say, "God helps those who help themselves," without pausing to remind you that that particular form of the expression of truth is supposed to have originated with one Benjamin Franklin.

Let us now look briefly at the meaning of the text, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The Revised Version

\*From "Pulpit Gleanings," by Rev. George B. Shaw. Plainfield, N. J., 1904.

translated the word "communications" as "company," which makes the text say that bad company corrupts good manners. Most of the old English versions use expressions like "evil words," or "malicious speaking," which give the same idea as communication. The original meaning of the word, and its use in this connection by the apostle, seem to indicate a slightly broader meaning, including something back of the words. It might be called "association,"—evil association. Many evil associations are dangerous only, or largely, by reason of words of untruth. Some words are bad in themselves, while others are bad because they are the conveyors of evil. The Corinthians were in danger of the corruption of untruth as well as of vice. The term, "good manners," has also a meaning broader and deeper than *surface culture*. The words mean moral goodness, hence good character. This then is the thought, both of Menander and of Paul, bad associations destroy good character. Before this congregation there is no need of argument to prove the truth of this statement and I shall only illustrate and apply the truth.

The first thing to notice is not a pleasant thought, and that is, that the natural tendency of man is to do wrong. Without a thought of theology or philosophy we must all admit that the prevailing current is away from righteousness and unselfishness. It is easier to drift than to go against the tide and current. The Bible also says that the natural man is at enmity against God, that the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; that the road to death is broad and easy, and that the path to life is narrow and difficult. History and reason and conscience agree with Scripture that it is easy to do wrong and that it is hard to do right. That righteousness is attained only through struggle. The current is downward, and only live fish go up the stream. Is it not true in the experience of each of you that the only way that Spiritual life and power can be maintained is by constant prayer and watchfulness and struggle?

Not long ago a bright young business man said to me, "It would be so easy to let go of the church and then let go of God." The expression he used was that the "lines of the least resistance" were all in the other direction. It matters little whether you are in business or professional life, in the

school-room, office, shop, field or home, you are sure to be swept away unless you cooperate with the power of God in a manful resistance; for the lines of the least resistance will lead you into utter loss. Most diseases are catching but good health is not contagious. The good health of one may greatly benefit the health of another, but it will not be by transmitting health, but by helping resist disease. So it is with good associations; they help mightily in the struggle toward righteousness, but not in the same way or degree that evil associations drag down and destroy that which is good and true and pure. A lady bought a parrot from a sailor, and was shocked to find that it swore like a pirate. What was to be done? A neighbor had a parrot that used good language always. The story goes on to say that the woman in trouble went and borrowed the good bird and placed the two parrots near each other, in the hope of seeing a speedy reformation in her pet. I do not need to tell you the result—the result as shown in the rapidly acquired vocabulary of the second bird. I have often thought of this when I have heard of young women who have married men to reform them. By the way—did you ever know of a young man who married a bad woman to reform her? Possibly you have.

A devout, spiritual, church working woman once went to her pastor with a choking in her throat and with tears in her eyes, and told him of an effort she had been making to have a certain group of young people attend a meeting of the church, and of her disappointment at finding that they had gone to the theatre, at the invitation of another young woman of much less strength of character. She closed her statement with something like this, "To think that after all that I have done for them they would break faith with me and go with her." The pastor urged the discouraged woman not to give up her efforts, not to yield one inch of the battleline; but to remember that almost any one could influence people to be selfish, and pleasure-seeking and all that, but that it takes more wisdom and patience and power to persuade men and women to be unselfish and true to God. Sometimes we wonder at the influence for evil that a young man has over others. The secret is largely in the fact that the lines of the least resistance are in that direction. Remember

this, young people, that it takes a strong character and a mighty effort in these days to go against the current of indifference and carry with you a group of your companions. Let us try to be leaders rather than followers; but if we must needs follow, then let us follow the true and good. Shame on a man or woman who will blindly follow the lead of any! Twice shame on one who will, with eyes wide open, weakly follow the lead of evil. "Be not deceived, evil communications corrupt good manners; awake to righteousness and sin not."

Do not misunderstand me. I am not condemning necessary evil associations, nor benevolent evil associations. I am but recalling the warning of the apostle—to be not deceived—the natural and almost necessary result of evil associations is the corrupting of good morals. Jesus associated with sinners, and defended himself on the ground that they were lost sheep, and lost coins, and lost sons. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. If we have the Christ spirit in full measure we are in no danger, and can not be in bad company too much; but our motives are mixed motives, and our knowledge is partial knowledge, and all our judgments are judgments of prejudice. All our associations with evil have in them the possibilities of great good and the possibilities of great loss. Our Savior did not pray that his disciples should be removed from a world of temptation and trial and sin, but that they should be kept from the evil.

In building a house, a man does not hope to place it beyond the reach of rain and wind and cold, it would be of little value in such a place. Neither does one hope to exclude and keep out all the cold. If it is cold without, the walls will not long keep it from becoming cold within unless there is heat there. When on some winter morning you find your house cold, it is not so much because you have neglected to keep the cold out as it is because you have neglected to have heat within. It is so with our hearts. It will be impossible to keep sin out unless we have within the constant warming presence of God's love. With evil associations all about us like the cold air of winter, we must be on our guard to have God in our hearts and so to keep corruption out. Let us be careful about what we call necessary evil associations. Let us try to avoid positions in business and in society where we



will be in danger of moral corruption. Do not permit yourself to be compelled to listen to that which is untrue, unkind, or unclean. When an evil association is really necessary it loses its chief danger; but if it is courted or tolerated it is sure to become a corrupting influence. Let us illustrate the thought by a single example.

Take for instance the problems that confront a spiritual-minded Seventh Day Baptist medical student. Things will have to change a good deal before such a young man or woman will not feel the force of this text. But what is the student to do? Do? Do the best he can. What that is, I shall not undertake to say. This much is clear, that the necessary will have little power of evil; but the minute we welcome the easy or embrace the wrong, half hoping that they are necessary, then we corrupt good morals. The same could be said of any one of us, in whatever position we occupy. Bad associations should not be confounded with ordinary temptations to evil that are not only necessary, but strengthening to the right. A boy, to develop moral strength, must be tested. Call it tempted if you please. Trust him with money. Trust him with confidence. Trust him to tell the truth. He will be tempted to take or tell or conceal, but thus he will grow stronger. It is thus that God deals with his children. But suppose another case. Suppose that you find that a boy or girl is teaching your little child things unnamable; suppose the teacher finds it penciled on the litter of the school-room, you do not think of development through struggle, but you think of death by poison. Dr. George Northrup, so long the honored head of the theological school at Morgan Park, says that his most difficult Christian duty has been to forgive those who poisoned his boyish mind with vile, wicked stories, evil communications that corrupt good manners. Parents and teachers should give no uncertain sound on this subject. Boys and girls should be taught that unclean words are as wicked in the sight of God as untruthful ones.

It is the source of great satisfaction to feel that there is little call for me to urge that you set good examples in this matter, and yet there are frequent opportunities where, without giving offense, we may rebuke this folly and sin. President Grant was once in a company of men where im-

proper language was being used and when he made his disapproval known, the guilty man said, "Why, there are no ladies present." Grant replied, "I know there are no ladies present, but there are gentlemen present." At this point it ought to be said that "evil communications" will include very many things which to us are not so repulsive, but which may be equally wrong. Paul, classes with these "outbreking sins" the conditions of heart that find expression in faultfinding, in backbiting, in complainings, in gossiping. These conditions and others represent a bad heart, and are evil communications that corrupt good morals.

There is another way in which evil communications approach us where we are not apt to be so well on our guard. That is in the matter of our reading; for the books we read are like companions to us in their influence, either for good or for evil. This is true, both of books of facts and of fiction. In reading the lives of great men, especially of good men, we reap something of the advantage of associating with them. So it is that if we make the Bible our companion, we come to live with Isaiah and Paul and Jesus. In the field of fiction there is the possibility of the same advantage. On the other hand we find ourselves keeping bad company in books. Too often story writers and play writers care only to make a hit, and they write to please the vulgar. Look over the news-stands and bill boards and much of the daily and Sunday papers. I am not a candidate for a position on any board of theatrical censors; I make no claim to being a literary critic, but I know enough to know that our children or we ourselves may be in very bad company when we are alone, alone with some paper or book. The young man or woman who reads trashy, sensational novels is keeping bad company, and his or her morals are being corrupted by evil communications; be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. We sow the wind and we reap the whirlwind.

When President Davis was pastor at Alfred he called attention in a sermon to what the Alfred people read, to the class of newspapers that were sold on the streets, to the class of cheap books that were passed from hand to hand. He declared that it was a disgrace and a shame that in Alfred, with her opportunities and her history, it should

be so common for books and papers to be read that were not only of little or no value, but that were positively damaging. Much the same conditions were found to exist at Nile. The oil men read when alone on the lease. I have seen them hide their books when I came in sight. It reminds one of an expression with which Elder L. D. Seager once began an address at a Sabbath-school picnic in Ohio. He said, "If you are going to raise a buzzard you will have to feed it on carrion." But some will say, people must read, and young people will have associates. True enough. But there can be but little excuse for keeping bad company and no excuse for reading bad books. This rich soil will produce something, golden grain or noxious weeds. The best way to keep out the weeds is to sow and cultivate the grain. Weeds are to be destroyed, but killing weeds will not necessarily insure a harvest of grain. With free schools, free lectures, free libraries, and with good books and papers so cheap that they are next to free, there is little excuse for the mind to be choked with nettles and deadly nightshades, unless it be that there remains something of the old buzzard nature and appetite. Parents, teachers and all others, may we not only set a good example, but may we not strive to the utmost of ability and opportunity to help others, especially the young, to guard the approach to their minds against these evil communications.

We make a good deal in these days of proper ventilation in our homes and schools and churches; and this is right. We analyze our drinking water, and have our pure-food laws; this also is good. But there are things vastly more important than pure air and water, they are pure minds and hearts. I remember calling at a farmhouse in New York State. Not finding any one at the house I went out to the barn. As I approached the door I heard the hired-man teaching the farmer's son a vile song. There were in the village clean young men, Seventh Day Baptists, who were anxious to work, but they were not quite so strong and competent help as this coarse fellow. Children must go to school; and men must go to business. Boys and girls must play—must play in the streets, I suppose. Men and women must mingle with the world in society and business and politics. But fol-

lowers of Christ must not confuse trifles with essentials. A flood of corrupting influences sweeps all about us. The abounding love of God in our hearts, and eternal vigilance are the price of liberty and purity.

In the church at Corinth there had risen false teachers that were threatening the very foundations of the gospel. These false teachers were in the apostle's mind when he referred to corrupt communications. Untruth about the great fact of the resurrection of Jesus was corrupting to good morals, and men were saying that there will be no resurrection, "let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Men and women are largely made by their environments. It is also true that we largely make our own environment. Was it Tennyson who said, "I am a part of all that I have ever met"? If this be true of us who live in these busy times, what a curious composite is possible? But there is a sense in which it is certainly true that each one of us is made up of something from all that we have ever met, something from every book we have read, from every conversation to which we have ever listened, something from everything we have ever seen or heard.

We would not belittle the fact that men are independent moral beings, who freely choose their daily walk and destiny. Neither would we pass over lightly the truth that God is able to kill the love and power of sin in men. We are not left to struggle on alone, but we are left to struggle, to "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling." We must be strong. We must not be overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. When we meet evil it must not be to be influenced to evil, but rather to overcome evil. Exactly the same is true of error. If our environments put us in constant communications with error, it must be to overcome error with truth. If our associates are from necessity bad, then we must try to influence them for good.

Let us examine carefully the motive and the ground of necessity in evil communications. There may be proper excuses for bad association, but not for bad books or bad language or bad thoughts. They are always corrupting influences. It has been said in excuse of bad thoughts that we can not control our thoughts. This is true only to a limited extent; for an evil thought that is not permitted to stay in the mind will soon

stop coming to the threshold. We may not be able to hinder a bad thought from crossing the door-sill of the mind, but we need not offer it a chair; and if Christ is always there, it will not need to be told to go. The strongest influence is the unconscious influence. This is true both of good and bad influence; and of the one exercising it and the one moved by it. One who is always thinking and talking of his influence is not likely to have so very much more than others. If we do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with God, our influence will take care of itself. The influences of home and school and society that mold are the unconscious ones.

If we come to hate sin and error and uncleanness with all our strength; and if we love righteousness and truth and holiness, then we will carry with us a clean atmosphere which will be an influence like the very breath of heaven. Then shall we not be afraid of the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand but it shall not come nigh thee.

Jehovah is our leader and wrong shall not triumph. We are as sure of victory as we are to follow God. "Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake to righteousness and sin not."

### THE PRAYING ENGINEER

One winter, several years ago, there was a good deal of religious interest in a certain Western town, and among those who joined the church was Allie Forsyth, a little fellow twelve years of age. His mother was a widow and had removed four years before from their home in Vermont to Wisconsin.

On the evening of the Sabbath when he joined the church, Allie was sitting with his mother, and she said to him:

"Allie, tell me, what led you to want to be a Christian? Was it your home teaching, your lesson in Sabbath school, the regular preaching of the pastor, or has it all come through the influence of the revival meetings?"

Looking up into his mother's face, he replied: "Mother, it was none of these. But do you remember when we were coming from St. Albans to live here, that I

wanted to go on the engine and ride with the engineer? You were afraid to let me, till the conductor, whom you knew well, told you that the engineer was a remarkable man, and that it would be just as safe on the engine with him as in the parlor car with you?"

His mother assured him that she remembered the circumstances very well.

"Then," continued Allie, "you allowed me to ride on the engine where I was to stay till you or the conductor came for me. When about ready to start from the station where I first got on the engine, the engineer knelt down for just a little bit, then got up and started his locomotive. I asked him many questions about its different parts, and about places and things which we passed by, and he was very patient in answering. Soon we stopped at another station, and he knelt down again just a moment before we started. As he did this often, I tried to see what he was doing; and finally, after we had passed a good many stations, I made up my mind to ask him. He looked at me very earnestly and said:

"My little lad, do you ever pray?"

"I replied, 'Oh, yes, sir! I pray every morning and evening.'

"Well, my dear boy," said he, "when I kneel down I pray. God has allowed me to hold a very responsible place here. There are, perhaps, two hundred lives on this train entrusted to my care. A little mistake on my part, a little failure on my part, a little failure to do all my duty, a little neglect, a little inattention to signals, might send all, or many, of those two hundred souls into eternity. So at every station I kneel for just a short while and ask the Master to help me, and keep from all harm, till we get to the next station, the many lives he has put in my hands. All the years I have been on this engine, he has helped me, and not a single human being of the thousands that have ridden on my train has been harmed."

"I have never before mentioned what I did or said, but almost daily I have thought about him, and resolved that I would be a Christian, too."

For four years the life and words of that praying engineer has been constantly present with this lad and became at length the means of leading him into a Christian life.

—Unidentified.

## MARRIAGES

**DRAKE-DWIGHT.**—In DeRuyter, N. Y., April 1, 1917, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr and Mrs. P. L. Dwight, by Rev. Leon D. Burdick, Mr. James Drake, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Miss Ruth Dwight.

**CRUMB-SPOONER.**—At the M. E. parsonage at Leonardsville, N. Y., July 4, 1917, by Rev. William Williams, Kenneth C. Crumb, of Leonardsville, and Margaret L. Spooner, of Brookfield, N. Y.

**COCKERILL-FOX.**—At the residence of the bride's father, Milton Junction, Wis., June 20, 1917, by Rev. L. C. Randolph, D. D., Walter B. Cockerill, of Berlin, Wis., and Clara J. Fox, of Milton Junction, Wis.

## DEATHS

**MILES.**—Robert Willis Miles, the only child of Herbert Edward and Myrtle Maxwell Miles, was born at Fort Atkinson, Wis., January 2, 1900, and died June 21, 1917.

He lived with his parents in Janesville and Milwaukee. On June 21, 1917, at three in the afternoon, he was severely burned and fatally injured in the bursting of a steam boiler and died at 11.30 that night in St. Vincent's Hospital in Green Bay. His remains were brought to Milton Junction on the evening after the Sabbath to the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Maxwell, where farewell services were held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. A quartet composed of Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Burdick, Mrs. Edward Hull and Mr. Rufus Davis sang the two comforting hymns: "At Eventide There Will be Light" and "Face to Face." Pastor Jordan was assisted by Pastor A. J. C. Bond, of Salem, W. Va., who was visiting in Milton Junction. The body was laid to rest in Milton Cemetery.

Willis was conscious during the hours he lived after the accident and sent the message to his mother that he was not afraid to die for he felt that God had forgiven him. H. N. J.

**FRINK.**—Mary Gower Frink was born in Hope-well, Ontario Co., N. Y., November 7, 1844, and died suddenly at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning, June 13, 1917.

Mrs. Frink's father, Charles Gower, was a native of England and came from Canterbury, his birthplace, to the United States about 1833 or 1834. He was married to Ann Fleming in 1837. Mary and her twin brother Joseph were the third in a family of five children. Eliza Jane, the oldest child and last surviving member of the family, has made her home with her sister Mary for some years.

Mr. Gower moved his family west in 1848 and settled in the village of Union which was their home until 1863 when they moved to Milton township. In 1878, September 7, Mary was married to Ezekiel P. Frink.

In her girlhood she entered the fellowship of the Methodist Church. Later on she became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Milton Junction, where she maintained an interested and active relationship until her death.

Services were held at 1.30 at her late home on Friday afternoon, June 15, and at the Seventh Day Baptist church at 2.00, conducted by her pastor, Rev. Henry N. Jordan. Burial was in the cemetery at Milton Junction. H. N. J.

**MAXSON.**—Mrs. Myrtle Gertrude Bolser Maxson was born at Little Prairie, Wis., December 16, 1871, and died at her home in Milton, July 22, 1917.

Of the four children of William and Mary Bosler who grew to maturity she was the youngest. She was married to William Benjamin Maxson, January 4, 1894. Their four children survive with her husband to cherish her memory.

She joined the Seventh Day Adventist Church as a girl. Since shortly after her marriage she has been a member of the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church. She had a deep religious nature. She was lovingly loyal to her God, her church, her home and any cause to which she gave her heart. Her home was her kingdom. Her winsome personality and sweet unselfishness made the atmosphere delightful. She was fond of music and enjoyed in her children the advantages of musical training for which she had longed. She was modest and unassuming, conscientious and earnest. She had the privilege of seeing all her family members of her own church. Her influence still lives.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. L. C. Randolph, July 25. Text, Psalm 116: 15. L. C. R.

**RASMUSSEN.**—Stanley David Rasmussen was born in Raymond Center, Wis., July 25, 1895, and died at Milton, Wis., July 26, 1917, being one day past twenty-two years of age.

He was the son of Christian and Martha Rasmussen. Eight brothers and sisters, with their mother, survive to cherish his memory. He was large and strong for his age, forceful, intelligent, ambitious. He began to do a man's work when quite young. The sickness and death of his father left a heavier responsibility upon him, to which he responded by taking charge of the home farm.

He was taken with the grip last January. This was followed by pleuro-pneumonia with complications. During the weary days of illness he came into a religious experience which he was eager to come back home and tell. The story was told by other lips at his funeral in the church, July 28. Pastor L. C. Randolph's text was Proverbs 23: 26, "My son, give me thine heart." The Milton Firemen's Band, of which Stanley had been a member, attended in uniform, and on the following Wednesday night gave a benefit concert to assist in defraying the



expenses of his sickness. Very appropriate and impressive was the religious composite selection including "I'm Praying for You," "Let the Lower Lights be Burning," "Nothing but the Blood of Jesus," "Over the Line," "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." A phrase much on Stanley's lips during the closing days of his life was "Saved by Grace." The male quartet sang this at his funeral.

L. C. R.

**BAXTER.**—Forest Kenneth Baxter was born April 12, 1917, and died July 26, 1917.

He was the son of Lester E. and Mary O. Baxter, of Limestone, N. Y. Burial at Little Genesee, July 28. In the absence of Pastor Loofboro the service at the grave was conducted by Rev. J. L. Hull.

J. L. H.

**NICHOLS.**—Cora Geneva Champlin Nichols, the only child of Orson and Fannie Holt Champlin, was born in West Edmeston, June 7, 1858, and died July, 1917.

All her life was passed in the village of her birth. She was beloved by all who knew her. She was baptized by Elder J. B. Clarke October 6, 1883, and joined the West Edmeston Church, of which she was a loyal member and in the work of which she was ready to do her share.

The funeral was held from her residence and conducted by her pastor. Text (a favorite passage of hers): "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

L. D. B.

**CLARKE.**—Erlo Correl Clarke, son of Roscoe and Ella Pierce Clarke, was born May 29, 1910, and died July 26, 1917.

He was of a family of six children, three boys and three girls. He had a cheerful disposition, full of life and energy, was interested in the Sabbath school and a lover of music. Just a few days before his death while visiting with one of his little boy friends, he stood by the organ and sang, "Will there be any stars in my crown?" this being his favorite song. He was playing with his brother in the barn when the barn was struck by lightning and burned with its contents. Erlo was instantly killed and his brother badly burned.

He leaves to mourn their loss, his mother, three sisters, two brothers, three little nephews and many other friends and relatives.

The family have the sincere sympathy of the entire community in their trying hour. The funeral was held in the church on Sabbath Day, July 28, at 2.30 p. m. Burial was made in the Alfred Rural Cemetery.

I. S. G.

**PIERCE.**—Sarah Esther Stillman was born in Pennsylvania, February 8, 1841, and died at the Pierce home, four miles northwest of Orienta, Okla., July 22, 1917, aged 76 years and 5 months.

She was married to A. H. Pierce in 1863. Her husband, two sons, and three daughters survive her. She held membership with the Seventh Day Baptist church at Riverside, Cal., where she lived for a time a few years ago. One daughter, Mrs. George B. Van Horn, is a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church at Nortonville, Kan. One daughter, Mrs. Hattie Lane, living at

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**Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor**  
**Luclus P. Burch, Business Manager**

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Baird, Neb., and another, Mrs. Lyle E. Maxson, of Minatore, Neb., are also members of the Seventh Day Baptist church.

Burial was made in Rascoe Cemetery. Funeral services were conducted by S. S. Davison, of the Church of God.

S. S. D.

**BARBER.**—At the summer home of his daughter, Mrs. G. B. Langworthy, at Quonochontang Beach, on Sabbath morning, July 21, 1917, Henry S. Barber, of Ashaway, R. I., in the eighty-five year of his age.

Brother Barber was the fifth in a family of ten children of Jared and Eliza Stanton Barber. His grandfather was Hosea Barber. He was born in the town of Westerly on August 26, 1832. On April 15, 1848, he became a member of the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church, where he retained his membership till death. Thomas A. Barber, of Westerly, is now the only remaining member of this family.

Henry Barber married Elizabeth West. To this union were born two daughters, one of whom died in early childhood. Mrs. Barber died many years ago, since which time he has lived with his daughter, Mrs. G. B. Langworthy.

The funeral was held at the home in Ashaway and was conducted by the pastor and a former pastor, Rev. C. A. Burdick.

G. B. S.

### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

WHEREAS, Our dear sister and coworker, Mary Holenbeck Head, has been called to the better life;

*Resolved*, That we, as a society, who regret her departure so much, express our sense of loss. She was always ready and willing to help in the church and Sabbath school, even in failing health.

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Home Benefit Society, of Albion, Wis., tender to the family our sincere sympathy, especially to those who so lovingly and faithfully cared for her during her last illness.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, one to the SABBATH RECORDER, and that they be spread on the minutes of the society.

MRS. D. L. BABCOCK,

MRS. D. D. EMERSON,

Committee.

Albion, Wis., August 3, 1917.

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Shades of evening drawing nigh,  
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From the altar of the sky,  
Bring the Sabbath, blessed Sabbath,  
Precious gift from God on high.

Let us lay aside each burden,  
Put all thought of care away.  
We may claim a Father's blessing  
When His children meet to pray  
On the Sabbath, blessed Sabbath,  
Sacred and most holy day.

Father, grant us now Thy favor,  
Keep us safe throughout the night;  
May we feel Thy presence near us  
When we waken with the light,  
On the Sabbath, blessed Sabbath,  
Day most precious in Thy sight.

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# The Sabbath Recorder

THE next great movement will have within it the notes of the social and the ethical. But there will not be omitted from it the notes of blood redemption and spiritual regeneration. These are the truths we have to keep in mind. When we hear of men speaking of a new evangelism, it is well to ask their definition of the term evangelism.

To say that the new evangelism is to be ethical, and by that to seem to criticise the old, is to prove a misunderstanding of the old, and also a misunderstanding of the deepest necessity of the times in which we live and serve. When a man tells me the next revival will be ethical, does he mean to say that the last was not? If the great movements under Wesley, Whitefield, Finney, Moody were not ethical, what were they? They were movements that took hold of vast masses of men, and moved them out of back streets into front ones, and if that was not ethical, surely nothing can be so. Beginning with the regeneration of the man, they changed his environment, and made him a citizen of whom any city might have been proud. That is the true ethical note.—G. Campbell Morgan.

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