

The Sabbath Recorder

Catch The Drive Spirit!
BOOST! BOOST! BOOST!
FOUR GREAT DRIVES ARE ON

The drive for the church and denominational budget, this is not quite covered. If your pledge has not come in, attend to it at once.

Denominational Building Fund Drive. Bonds, W. S. S., Thrift Stamps acceptable.

The "Sabbath Recorder" Drive, 32 New Subscribers added. The Drive is still on. If you are not a subscriber, help us to make ours a 100% Society.

The Randolph Memorial Endowment Drive—A Memorial to the late Rev. L. C. Randolph. For benefit of Milton College.

All Together, Pull! Boost!! Lift!!!

THEN—OVER THE TOP!!

The above is from the "Bulletin" of the North Loup Church.

Pretty good Drive Spirit in North Loup. Have you got that Spirit yet? Do YOU BOOST?

The Treasurer of
THE DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING
is F. J. HUBBARD, Plainfield, N. J.



BOOTHE COLWELL DAVIS, Ph. D., LL. D.
President of Alfred University

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held at Battle Creek, Mich., August 19-24, 1919
President—Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y.
Recording Secretary—Prof. J. Nelson Norwood, Alfred, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Rev. William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.
Executive Committee—Rev. William L. Burdick, Chairman, Alfred, N. Y.; Prof. J. Nelson Norwood, Rec. Sec., Alfred, N. Y.; Rev. Edwin Shaw, Cor. Sec., Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. Alva L. Davis, North Loud, Neb., (for 3 years); Mr. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va., (for 3 years); Dr. George E. Crosley, Milton, Wis., (for 2 years); Mr. Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J., (for 2 years); Rev. Henry N. Jordan, Battle Creek, Mich., (for 1 year); Mr. Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I., (for 1 year). Also all living ex-presidents of the Conference and the presidents of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, the American Sabbath Tract Society, and the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society.
COMMISSION OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
 For one year—Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, F. J. Hubbard, Allen B. West.
 For two years—Corliss F. Randolph, Rev. H. N. Jordan, M. Wardner Davis.
 For three years—Rev. Alva L. Davis, J. Nelson Norwood, Ira B. Crandall.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—A. L. Tittsworth, Plainfield, N. J.
Assistant Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—F. J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
 Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 p. m.

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 The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY

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Recording Secretary—Prof. Frank L. Greene, Alfred, N. Y.
Treasurer—Prof. Paul E. Tittsworth, Alfred, N. Y.
 The regular meetings of the Board are held in February, May, August and November, at the call of the President.

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President—Mrs. A. B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.
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Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Milton, Wis.
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Editor of Woman's Work, SABBATH RECORDER—Mrs. George E. Crosley, Milton, Wis.
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Eastern—Mrs. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.
Southeastern—Mrs. M. G. Stillman, Lost Creek, W. Va.
Central—Mrs. Adelaide C. Brown, West Edmeston, N. Y.
Western—Mrs. Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.
Southwestern—Mrs. R. J. Mills, Hammond, La.
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Pacific Coast—Mrs. N. O. Moore, Riverside, Cal.

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President—H. M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.
Vice-President—William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Joseph A. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
 Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited. Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Advisory Committee—William L. Burdick, Chairman.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

President—Prof. Alfred E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.
Treasurer—W. H. Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.
 Stated meetings are held on the third First Day of the week in the months of September, December and March, and on the first First Day of the week in the month of June in the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

BOARD OF FINANCE

President—Grant W. Davis, Milton, Wis.
Secretary—Allen B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.
Custodian—Dr. Albert S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.

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Editor of Young People's Department of SABBATH RECORDER—Rev. R. R. Thorngate, Satemville, Pa.
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Chairman—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
Secretary—Miss Miriam E. West, Milton Junction, Wis.
 Paul E. Tittsworth, Alfred, N. Y.; D. Nelson Inglis, Milton, Wis.; Orla A. Davis, Salem, W. Va.; George C. Tenney, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

For the joint benefit of Salem and Milton Colleges and Alfred University.
 The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests for these denominational colleges.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 87, No. 2

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JULY 14, 1919

WHOLE No. 3,880

The Conference Commission Meets in Alfred

As these editorials go to mail the Commission of the Executive Committee of General Conference is in session at Alfred. Prayerfully and earnestly the members have taken up some of the problems that belong to the Forward Movement for which they are expected to make a program. Only five members of the Commission were present on the first day, but others are expected later. Three sessions daily are arranged for as follows: nine to twelve, two-thirty to four-thirty, and eight-thirty to ten o'clock. The day was very warm and all the brethren literally took off their coats for the work.

After reviewing the records of the meeting held in Syracuse last December and listening to some reports of committees appointed at that time, the president of Conference, Rev. W. L. Burdick, told of his work regarding the Commission, in the three associations recently held in Rhode Island and New York State.

The War Reconstruction Board reported having sent letters to all soldiers whose addresses could be secured, using the list published in the SABBATH RECORDER. Of these letters, forty or fifty were returned as not being able to reach their destination.

It soon became evident that the Commission had a great work upon its hands. Every one recognized its importance and felt the responsibility. The feeling prevailed that our people expected a program of greater things; that there is need of more heroic action; and a much better understanding of our possibilities. The spirit of the war-drives, so prevalent in these days with all Christian workers, needs to be cultivated among Seventh Day Baptists as well as among other denominations. In view of our great needs what program can we formulate, for our churches to carry out, that will meet the necessities of the case? Other denominations are pushing a campaign of education to prepare for their drives. Shall we arrange for something of the kind? What shall we

recommend by way of enlargement in home mission fields? How can we furnish needed improvements in our foreign fields? Our schools must come in to our budget plans; and what is the best way to secure funds for the Denominational Building? All the boards too, must be duly provided for. What plans can we make for a truly successful Forward Movement?

RECORDER readers must surely see that the men upon whom the burdens of this work now rest need the prayers and sympathies of the entire denomination.

The editor is not a member of the Commission, but he was invited to attend and requested to participate in the discussions. We hope to give our readers something of the final decisions next week. Of course the report itself should be referred to Conference before it is published in full.

Far-Reaching Power of One Man's Influence

Little do we realize the far-reaching influence of a single life. Most of us can remember some one whose influence did more to shape our course and fix our character than any other person ever did. We have often thought of the world-wide influence of the Bible-school teacher who brought Dwight L. Moody to Christ. It is a great thing to be able to set influences at work which shall girdle the globe and move thousands to nobler and happier lives. Great is the work of one who sets a Moody or a Gipsy Smith to work for the Master.

Recently my attention has been called to another case quite as remarkable as either of these. A few years ago an old Irish minstrel wandered among the villages along the Shannon river, singing as he went some of the sweet songs of ancient Erin. A small boy in the streets of Athlone was attracted by his music and followed him. Finally the two got to talking and the minstrel taught the boy the air he had just sung. The influence of that talk and song aroused new purposes in the boy's heart and he followed the singer for two days.

This boy was John McCormack who, since that day, has girdled the earth with

song. His songs have cheered the hearts of thousands in England, Ireland, the United States, Australia and New Zealand. With a heart attuned to laughter as to tears, with a deep sympathy for the burdened and the sorrowing ones of earth, John McCormack, in great audiences gathered in royal halls, or in the streets, and even in lowly cottage homes by the bedside of the sick, has been moving the hearts and molding the lives of men. Where he has not been himself, his records have gone to become household treasures in many a palace home and many a lowly cot.

Little did the old Irish minstrel realize what he was doing for the world when he sang that day on the banks of the Shannon. Little does any one know what the far-away influence of his words or deeds may be as he moves among men. Happy will it be for us, and for others as well, if we see to it that our everyday actions are such as will lead our fellows in ways of right-doing.

"No Man Liveth Unto Himself" How strongly does the story of John McCormack and the wandering minstrel, told in the preceding editorial, emphasize the truth of these words: "No man liveth unto himself." We are so closely woven together in the great network of human life that each one touches some other and we can not avoid the effects of that touch. No man can escape the results sure to follow from his way of living. He may think his life is his own and that by wrongdoing he affects no one but himself, but his thinking so makes no difference with the inevitable law of influence.

This is a law that holds just as true in regard to the bad life as in respect to the good. And I sometimes fear that evil influences are more likely to take deep root and grow because the heart-soil in man has been peculiarly prepared to receive them. One thing is certain, the unregenerated heart is more apt to exert bad rather than good influences, and unless one makes special effort to do right his tendency will be to lead his fellows the wrong way.

Weeds seed themselves. They grow rank and rapidly without any cultivation. The richer and better the soil the more they flourish and the ability of weeds to propagate themselves is wonderful! One thistle seed dropped in rich soil will before many

years give a whole field of thistles. They will crowd out all the good grain and ruin the field. So the influence of one bad person—yes, even the effects from one evil deed or vile word—may bring forth a ruinous harvest in the years to come.

This law of personal influence working constantly for the bad as well as for the good of those who come after us, should make every thoughtful man or woman careful as to the tendencies of his life. The world *must be* either better or worse for our having lived in it. Which shall it be?

Can We Hold the Country Church? Sad will be the day when America abandons her churches in rural districts, and leaves her people without Bible schools or spiritual worship. Many fear that such a day is approaching, and all must admit that these fears are not without some cause. One needs only to keep his eyes open as he travels through the States to see many deserted churches. He may travel fifty to a hundred miles upon a stretch without seeing any sign of provision for public worship; and in such a case he may be practically certain that there is but little, if any, private worship. In many a community where church buildings do exist, hundreds of children within sound of the bells never think of Bible schools, and whole families never so much as think that they owe anything like example or influence to their fellow-men. One judge in a certain court after he had sentenced, in five years, two thousand five hundred persons, no one of whom belonged to a Bible school, made a plea for the maintenance of the living church in this country.

With the unmistakable evidences of decline in church life throughout the land, with fewer and fewer young men studying for the ministry, and with the reduced size of audiences in what churches do attempt to keep up their meetings, America should hang out the danger signal in some way that will arouse her people and bring them to see their danger and to realize the one great source and bulwark of her moral power. The time is here when Christian laymen should awaken and go to work for the church of the living God, lest the liberties of America become a byword in the mouths of heathen nations.

It is not because the people are poor that our own churches are dying from want

of support. God has greatly blessed us as a people, both in basket and in store. People in rural communities never had greater ability to support the church than they have today. Far more than our fathers did, we truly have the means, and can, if we will, give ample support, both temporal and spiritual, to the churches the fathers established. The one important question is, *Will we do it?*

Memorial Day Experiences The afternoon sun was sinking low over Arlington and lighting up the capital city across the Potomac, when the editor sought rest under the canopy of the famous porch of the old Lee mansion, around which rests the ashes of some thirty thousand sons of America—soldiers who wore the blue and the gray—awaiting the resurrection morn.

A visit to this famous old building with its massive doric columns, its empty halls and rooms which resounded to the footsteps of Washington, Custis, Lafayette and Lee, is always full of interest, and we never tire of walking over the famous old estate. The view, especially in the afternoon, is inspiring and beautiful, and the sacred historical associations always have a special charm. Arlington and Mount Vernon—who can visit either of these historic places on the Potomac without a thrill of patriotic pride in the nation with whose capital city they have been so closely connected? Just over the river stands the Lincoln Memorial so recently erected and the famous Washington Monument, both white as snow in the bright sunshine, while the dome of the capitol building rises in the background above the springtime green of parks and gardens for which Washington is famous.

Near by is the wooded hillside of Arlington sloping down to the river, and all around us, spread over this great estate are the ranks of the dead who made the supreme sacrifice for their country. Twenty-five thousand of the boys who wore the blue, and several thousand brave men who wore the gray are sleeping here amid these peaceful scenes. Among the beautiful monuments stands one erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy in honor of the Southern boys who sleep in rows around its base.

We are thankful that the day has come when both North and South can place

flowers and laurels on graves of both the blue and the gray as they sleep together in cities of the dead. Memorial Day services filled with the spirit of the Prince of Peace, are common evidences, in these years, of a united country in which all men are regarded as brothers. The writer remembers with much pleasure one memorial service where he preached to a company of soldiers composed of both those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray. After the sermon the first man to grasp the speaker's hand and thank him for his words was a Confederate soldier who lost his leg by a Yankee bullet.

While resting on the porch of Arlington house we saw several companies of tourists—personally conducted—studying from the vantage ground of the terrace the historic scenes that surrounded them. Some were there who wore Grand Army buttons; some who fought in the Spanish War were probably in the companies, and several wore the well-known khaki of the new army for freedom, but all alike seemed interested in the story which the monuments about them tell, and all seemed proud of the country that cherishes the memory of its heroes.

Thankful indeed that out from the scenes of carnage memorialized by these tombs, God has led our nation to become the champion of world freedom in this, our day.

Independence Day In Old Alfred We are having another memorial day. It is quite different from the one described in the last editorial, and has a very different purpose. The Fourth of July in Alfred was certainly sane and safe. The people there gave themselves up for a day of social festivities and recreation. The college campus was the picnic ground where all the people came together by families and groups with their well-filled baskets for mid-day lunch. The deep shaded spots under the evergreens and elms and maples were occupied by old and young during the dinner hour.

Just before noon the band called the people together near the library and Professor J. Nelson Norwood delivered the oration. Mr. Norwood has attentive listeners whenever he speaks. His appreciation of the historic past; his aptness in drawing helpful lessons from by-gone days to fit men for days to come make of him a

most interesting, patriotic orator. He told us something of the meaning of Independence Day. While it stands for a good time and speaks of brave deeds done by heroes of other years, it also serves to point forward with lessons regarding our future welfare as a nation. The application was timely and well put.

Mr. Norwood knows when to stop, and that is a good qualification for a public speaker. He said that men of all classes sometimes run out of material and public speakers are not exempt. A soldier in battle found the magazine of his gun nearly empty, and wondering what he could do when it became entirely empty said to his captain: "What shall I do when my magazine is empty and my ammunition gone?" The captain replied: "Keep right on firing!" But Mr. Norwood did no such thing, for when this story was told he walked away without another word and left the people in the midst of their applause.

A real laughable fantastic parade at two o'clock, and various games on the athletic fields made the day one of great enjoyment.

Level-Headed Sober Thinking Our Only Hope as a Nation

The one thing that is likely to jeopardize our democracy in these trying times is the hysterical, revengeful spirit that upsets the popular mind whenever some anarchistic outbreak terrorizes the people. Bomb-throwing and assassinations are indeed terrorizing, but these are not so disastrous as popular uprisings when masses of men cease to think soberly and surrender to emotions of fear and revenge.

In these times our public officials can be trusted to punish assassins with proper sternness without the people's taking the law into their own hands and wreaking vengeance on the offenders. Popular uprisings in the spirit of revenge are most disastrous foes to a democracy.

The loyal citizens of our country ought soberly and carefully to consider the reasons why disorder and unrest are so prevalent in the nation. Level-headed thinkers are greatly needed in all ranks of social life; men who make earnest and sober efforts to discover the causes of dissatisfaction, and to learn from experience what can be done to remedy the troubles. Faithful and consistent upholding of the historic democracy of the United States rather than fuming and raging over anarchistic

tendencies is what America needs in her citizens. Americans should be trying in the spirit of true patriotism to win men back from the state of unrest to that of loyal and faithful upholders of law. The cure of the troubles that vex us is not to be secured by the bludgeon or the hang-rope in the hands of a mob; but it must come through men who think clearly and love fervently.

The Church of the future will never go back to the idea that its chief function is to save men elsewhere. We have gone forth to make the world safe for democracy, that is, a safe, sane, and satisfactory place for all kinds and conditions of men. The Church must now become a place in which plans and projects for promoting human welfare on earth are frankly and freely discussed, and from which men and women go forth to put these ideas into execution. The dividing line between religion and politics has been obliterated. The object we aim at is not going to heaven and escaping hell, but the abolition of hell on earth and the establishment of heaven here and now. All things necessary to happiness are already in our hands. The trouble is not with the world, but with our ignorance as to how to use the world. We know enough about agriculture so that no human being need go hungry; we know enough about manufacture so that no human being need go without shelter or clothing; we know enough about navigation so that the remotest human being need not lack any good thing; and all this can be accomplished without overwork or underfeeding, without poverty or misery. Society must now be reorganized so that all its members may achieve life, liberty, and happiness. It now becomes the function of the Church to lead in this direction. Woe to the Church if it fails in this particular. Some organization is going to perform this task, and if the Church does not prove adequate to the enterprise, it will be swept away like so much chaff, and something else will take its place.—*American Lutheran Survey.*

It would be a good thing for all the manufacturers of the United States to resolve that "Made in America" is a good enough slogan for every loyal citizen of the United States.—*Boston Wage-Earner.*

Eighty-third Commencement of Alfred University

Compiled by C. R. Clawson, A. M., Librarian

"And what is so rare as a day in June!
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys.

* * * * *

This is the high-tide of the year
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it.
We are happy now because God wills it."

These rare June days with warm sunshine and plenteous showers make Alfred a veritable land of charm. The flush of new life may be seen in the valley and on the hillsides where tree and flowering shrub, over a wide expanse of campus, make Alfred a delightful place in which to spend commencement week. This is the high-tide of the year for the college when friends and alumni of other days revisit Alfred to enjoy the festivities of the week. Every recurring commencement is a season of joy and pleasure and is looked forward to by many friends of Alfred with happy anticipations. Old friends meet on familiar and sacred ground associated with happy memories of days gone by. To the friend and lover of old Alfred a flood of memories at such a time as this, comes sweeping down over the mind when the heart is already so full that but a drop overfills it. Here come strangers for the first time and at the close of commencement week they leave our quiet village, nestled away among the hills, enthusiastic over its pleasant environments and superior advantages for training.

Notwithstanding the distracting influences that the war has brought to Alfred in common with other colleges, it has enjoyed a prosperous year. While several from the senior class answered the call to service, twenty-three members continued the work and are members of the present graduating class.

Alfred's eighty-third commencement was formally opened Sabbath morning, June 14th, at 10.30 o'clock, when Rev. J. Hudson Ballard, Ph. D., of Hornell, delivered the annual address before the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations at the church.

The graduating class was present in a body. After the customary opening exercises, Alfred Pollock, '20, president of next year's Y. M. C. A., gave a report of the work and accomplishments of the Christian Associations during the past college year.

Dr. Ballard was then introduced by Mr. Pollock. The doctor's message was certainly an inspiring one, taken from John 12: 29. The points he emphasized and elucidated were: (1) All life requires interpretation; (2) There are as many different interpretations of life as there are different personalities in the world to give interpretations; (3) It is not the facts that count so much, but the interpretation of those facts; and (4) Man seems to have a pessimistic twist in his nature that tends to make him look at life from a wrong angle.

Dr. Ballard further stated that we are what we make ourselves—nothing more, nothing less. God furnishes us the raw material, we must do the rest. It is up to us to "hit the rails or ride our auto car."

Our so-called trials are not sent by heaven nor meant to be trials. It is merely man's propensity to think of his everyday experiences in terms of trials that really makes them trials. Again, it is not the facts that count, but the interpretation placed upon them.

Dr. Ballard then showed the value of a college education. Not so much value was placed upon the facts we acquire in college or upon our strictly technical education. The great benefit of a college education, according to Dr. Ballard, is the training of mind and character better to fit us to interpret life rightly.

As in the olden days, while the multitudes thought it thundered, there were a few who knew it was the voice of an angel speaking, so today, the people who live the fuller life are few compared to those who have not yet seen the light. There lies our duty; there is our work—to help bring the true meaning of life to the multitudes who interpret as thunder what we take to be the voice of God speaking to us.

ANNUAL CONCERT

One of the most enjoyable concerts given in Alfred in some time was given under the auspices of the Music Department by the Beverly Trio, assisted by John Hagedorn as reader. Following is the program:

Bridal Rose Overture	<i>Lavallee</i>	physical, the mental and the spiritual, stands un-
Reading	<i>Selected</i>	challenged as the one approach, the one straight
A Group of Classics	<i>Arranged</i>	and narrow path leading to this high expression
Cello Solo—"Berceuse"	<i>Godard</i>	of consecrated manhood. It is for this reason
Vocal Solo—"A Dream"	<i>Bartlett</i>	that I have chosen to speak on this baccalaureate
Reading	<i>Selected</i>	occasion, upon the theme suggested by the text,
Violin Solo—"Scene de Ballet"	<i>de Beriot</i>	viz., "Education for Service."
Popular Group	<i>Selected</i>	In the earlier stages of our civilization, oppor-

ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY COMMENCEMENT

Alfred Theological Seminary commencement exercises were held in the church, Sunday afternoon, June 15th, at 3 o'clock. The program follows:

Organ Voluntary	Professor Ray W. Wingate
Invocation	Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell
Solo	Miss Ruth L. Phillips
Graduating Address—"Thy Neighbor as Thyself"	Rev. William M. Simpson
Dean's Address	Rev. Arthur E. Main, D. D.
Benediction	

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

On Sunday night, June 15th, President Davis delivered the annual baccalaureate sermon at the church. Faculty and seniors in academic costume, marched to the church led by Adolph Vossler, president of next year's senior class. The sermon follows:

"I am in the midst of you as he that serveth."
Text, Luke 22: 27.

I wish to place before this senior class and this congregation tonight, the example and the ideals of Jesus Christ as the pattern and goal for education as applied to the individual, the educational institution, the enlightened community and the nation.

Christ sets forth in this text himself as an exalted pattern for every human soul; to be emulated by us as individuals and as groups of people associated together for common ends.

He sets forth also the ideal of service, which was his own goal of purpose and attainment. He holds up before men and women of the highest education and qualifications, and of the finest attainment and purpose, this same goal for their aspirations and achievement.

In him all that is holiest and divinest, as well as every physical energy, was consecrated to service. He may therefore most fittingly be taken as the model and his ambition as the goal for the best trained minds, the most efficient communities, the most self-sacrificing institutions, and the most ambitious states. In him we find the type toward which humanity must ever struggle.

Education in its broadest sense, including the

physical, the mental and the spiritual, stands unchallenged as the one approach, the one straight and narrow path leading to this high expression of consecrated manhood. It is for this reason that I have chosen to speak on this baccalaureate occasion, upon the theme suggested by the text, viz., "Education for Service."

In the earlier stages of our civilization, opportunities for education were greatly restricted. Only the privileged classes were commonly believed to be entitled to education, and only choice individuals among these. Furthermore the subject matter of education was essentially limited, and included only those classic elements of culture which, little by little, won their place in the primitive curriculum. It was not unnatural, therefore, that education should have been associated with aristocracy, with privilege, with wealth, with artificial accomplishment, and with those classical ideals of a "literati" which are exclusive, effeminate and impractical.

Yet, notwithstanding this natural trend and popular estimate of education, there arose out of the educated classes, from the days of the Greek philosophers down through the medieval and modern times, the real leaders of thought and progress. In government, in religion and in the fine arts, education gave the upward and the forward look. It gave the keen edge to faith and the clear eye which made the prophet and the reformer. The earlier colleges in Europe and America sprang into existence through a zeal to supply such leadership, notably in the realm of religion.

But the field of education has now broadened and enriched in a thousand new and unforeseen channels of culture and power. The modern physical sciences and their limitless application to industry, the new civic and social sciences which modify the structure of society, have laid new tasks upon modern education. The widening of the angle of culture in the great sweep of public education, in universal training, compulsory school attendance, the modern free high schools, and the college, university, technical and professional schools, open for rich and poor and for men and women alike—all these things are giving education a new meaning and significance as well as a new breadth and efficiency.

I. Education for service.

Education for service must take all the above factors into account. It must reckon with vast changes in the social structure of the nation and of the world wrought by the war. The startling outlines of these changes we are just beginning to comprehend. War is a penetrating and relentless teacher. It tests persons and ideals and institutions. It disciplines men and nations. It reveals. It rejects. It makes harsh and irresistible demands. But the outstanding truth in all this vast avalanche of fact and feeling with which the war has deluged the world is that there is no goal but service. Any other purpose or dream or fancy is merely hallucination. Service remains "The gold tried in the fire." All else is drosswood, hay or stubble. The ashes of these perishable substitutes lie on every battlefield of Europe, in every capital of the world. Only service abides. In Germany and Austria self-seeking autocratic governments fought freedom to the last ditch, only to be an-

nihilated and have their shattered fragments buried in the great upheaval of oppressed and downtrodden peoples.

The selfish tyranny of Bolshevism, nourished by German treachery and vandalism, which has wrecked democracy in Russia and is threatening civilization like a "black wave," is only a transfer of government from one form of self-seeking to another even more conscienceless, cruel and dastardly. But its passing will be more swift than the old autocracy, because it is more ignorant, more unscrupulous and more merciless. It is wanting in every element of service, of self-sacrifice and of love, and will the sooner eat out its own life by its own rottenness.

But these phases are passing modes of selfishness and terrorism. They demand a new evaluation of education and a new interpretation of the goal of all human endeavor.

Science is showing us that health, like disease, is contagious. Fresh air, sunshine and sanitation multiply themselves. Song and laughter and ruddy health spread from heart to heart and from face to face.

We no longer need to look in dark alleys and pest-holes and to incubation beds of disease for the laws of infection and contagion. The good is contagious as well as the bad. It is now only a question of giving the good a chance that has been so freely accorded to the bad.

If, therefore, love and disinterested service are infectious and need only the opportunity to contact to spread and replenish the earth, how shall we make education, educated individuals and educational institutions, ideal agencies and centers for the propagation of these most worthwhile characteristics? Jesus' example and his philosophy of life answer that question; the answer is this, "I am in the midst to serve."

For him the only explanation of existence is service. The only satisfaction of life is service. The only reward to be sought is the consciousness of service rendered. Here he placed his stamp of approval upon an ideal, upon a mission, upon a social relationship. Here he measured character and evaluated education.

To make this ideal and this philosophy of life contagious, is the mission of education. It is its only excuse for detaining young men and women for four years of college study and training, in the midst of their most active and impressionable life. It is the only object of the vast benevolence which college buildings, endowments and equipments represent. It is to transmute this ideal and this theory of life's existence into effective living on the part of the educated youth of the land, that the most loyal, competent, well-trained, though underpaid and self-sacrificing of all public workers in the whole country, are unstintingly devoting their energies and their talents as professors and instructors in colleges and universities.

It is for this reason that a widening emphasis has been put upon education by the war. An enlarged nation-wide movement for the better endowment and equipment of the colleges is now being planned and will be in operation within the coming year. Every college community has an enlarged responsibility placed upon it, and shares increasing glory as it measures up to its great privilege in this vision of service.

II. Conspicuous way-marks of failure.

The most obvious lessons of the past fifty years in education are the evidences of defeat that have attended every system of self-seeking in education. For technical efficiency only, for naked dexterity and mechanical skill merely, no education of the last half century has equalled the German. In technology it seemed to have left nothing to be desired.

But that education was shot through and through with the passionate dream of power. Unbridled ambition became a mad passion. As such, it degenerated into venomous poison. It became a burning insanity. It inflamed its youth with an imagined glory of conquest.

The rude barbarism by which the Northern German hoards over-ran and conquered Roman civilization, was gilded and heralded as the inauguration of World Empire by the one nation that should succeed to the glories of ancient Rome. Every German boy was taught to inflate himself with pride that his ancestors overthrew the mightiest power of the world. That it was done by spreading the black pall of barbarism over civilization for five centuries, did not matter. Enveloping humanity in the Dark Ages was no discredit to the Vandal race, so long as it was making itself powerful.

Young Germany was taught that it was Charlemagne, king of a German tribe, who having conquered neighboring tribes, was crowned "Roman Emperor" on Christmas Day 800 A. D., and so gave to the "Holy Roman Empire" world dominion, with a right to levy tribute upon all civilization.

A Prussian autocrat, in order to be a true successor to the Cæsars, taught his subjects to call him "Kaiser," as the symbol of world dominion. With his "Gott mit uns" blasphemy, he set out to blast and burn and devastate and kill until all humanity should bow to him.

Not only were the assumptions of government through fifteen centuries of history transmitted by German education, but the positive teachings of philosophers, historians and educators of fifty years, amplifying that history and drawing prejudiced conclusions, crystalized the self-seeking and voracious ambitions of Germany into the poison which bred its own downfall.

Von Treitsche, a worshiper of power, taught the supreme right of the state to trample individual right and conscience in the dust. Nothing which advances its power, is immoral for the state. "The end justifies the means." The makes right." For him, German Kultur, the strong may crush the weak, because "Might *sunum bonum*," justifies the nullification of treaty obligations, wholesale murder, pillage and slavery, and the effacement of every vestige of human brotherhood.

Nietzsche, the accomplice of Von Treitsche, in this nefarious education, heralded the "superman," a being whose power and daring lifts him above the common herd of his fellows whom he need not serve but may rule and crush and destroy, because they are the "unfit." This "superman" may disregard law and convention and even morality. Nietzsche declares conscience to be a despicable survival of slave morality.

Because the good lies in the pride and joy of

remorseless triumph, the "Will to Power" is the supreme good.

The gentler Euchen in a more refined philosophy of "Activism," exalts "German Kultur" as a spiritual idealism, deprecates the modern mildness and humanitarianism of religion, and promotes the egotism of the German character.

All the world has read Berrhardi, the German military exponent, who preached "Militarism"; "Might makes right"; "The state can do, without immorality, whatever may appear to be to its advantage to do"; "Treaties are not sacred"; "Offensive warfare is a sacred right"; "War is a sacred institution"; "War is a divinely ordered process of evolution"; "Germany has a divine right and duty of world conquest"; and so on and on!

This education in Germany, so utterly destitute of the spirit of service, has finally broken down under a united world protest; and Germany with her technical efficiency, and her astounding egotism and selfishness, is left with her people and her institutions to stew in her own juice until something that is unselfish shall be born within her to save her.

If German education could have had inbred within it, the Christ ideals and the vision of service, her technical efficiency might have made her the outstanding success of the ages. But without that element of service in her education, in her thinking and in her life, she has become the most colossal and stupendous failure ever recorded upon this earth.

France and England, less technical, but more altruistic, have demonstrated that they have a soul, and that the things they do and seek are not for self alone.

And America, big overgrown child of the modern world, has justified her existence and saved her soul by blundering into the struggle at a late hour, but in time to drive off the international burglar, rescue from assassination the parent nations, and deliver from slavery the defenseless weaker children of the household. And so the morning light from the eastern sky breaks over the bleeding world. The house has been pillaged. The inmates are bruised and crippled. But the robber is beaten off and lies outside, bound, disarmed and awaiting the further penalty of his crime.

And now to America most of all, and to every man and woman of our land comes the glorious opportunity to proclaim the motto of our faith and him who gave that motto: "I am in the midst of you as he that serveth."

III. How shall the service be rendered?

1. First, in promoting a League of Nations for the enforcement of peace. If any nation could stand aloof from the webs of international struggle and conflict, it is America. But this big overgrown youth, whose heavy hand felled the burglar, is the most able-bodied member of the family. As it has the more ability to stand alone, it has by so much the more ability to "lend a hand" to any in need of defense and protection.

A conflict in educational ideals for this nation has for months been waging. There are not wanting those who proclaim the solemn duty of America to hold aloof from any and every "entangling alliance." We can well afford, they say, to let the peoples of Europe stir their own

broth to drink it. We are sovereign and must preserve our inalienable and sovereign rights, no matter what may happen to the rest of humanity.

I need hardly remind you that this is treason to the ideals of Christ, whose only aim and purpose was service to others. In some form, through some necessary concessions and compromises, America should continue the big brother service which we have so nobly begun. The four millions of our brave sons who entered the service—the thousands of their graves in France, and the unselfish soul of our great people all cry out "No! No! We will not live for self alone. We will live for others. We will help to stabilize government and to safeguard the peace of the world, and we will do it by leadership in the League of Nations."

Not one will deny that America is in the midst of the world today more than any other people. She is in the midst, and she can not escape the obligation that her position involves. Either she is in the midst to serve, or she is in the midst to be served. Which will our people choose to follow—him who said, "I am in the midst to serve," or him who said, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

God forbid that we may be content to live in the midst only to fatten and enrich ourselves out of the misfortunes, the agony and the distress of others. May we as a nation be brave enough and unselfish enough to remain in the midst to serve, by helping to keep the peace of the world; and by promoting international cooperation, fellowship and brotherhood through a League of Nations to enforce peace.

2. The second practical method for rendering service which I wish to mention, is through the college and the college community.

No two years in the history of our country have we so clearly demonstrated the asset which the college is to the country as the two years just past. The noble service which our brave college men have rendered, has justified every hope and expectation, every gift in endowment or building, every self-sacrificing service consecrated to college upbuilding. If never before, the justification of the colleges of this country stands now forever unchallenged. Not alone in hundreds of thousands of patriotic men who became the chief source of officer material, but in scientific knowledge and skill, in rich and boundless equipment, the college poured its infinite supply of resources into the lap of the country with the very first call to arms.

But now that the war is over, an ever-widening area of service opens before the college. The training of our youth in world-visioned Americanism, is the mission of the American college. To render this service adequately, the college must be adequately equipped with means.

Alfred pays its professors the smallest salaries of any college in the State of New York. They are not inferior men and women. The service which we are called upon to render in education is not an inferior service. Alfred has a large parish in western New York and northern Pennsylvania that is wholly dependent upon it for convenient and well-adapted college, technical and professional training. It has a still wider parish of appreciative patronage. I appeal to the citizens of this community and to the alumni and friends of this college so to rally to

its support as to enable it to stand in the midst of its constituency equipped to serve to the highest possible degree of efficiency. In order to do this, Alfred's endowment should be increased from less than half a million to one million dollars, and the annual income for the college alone should be raised from \$40,000 to \$75,000 or \$80,000. A campaign for the realization of this result must be our aim and goal until it is accomplished.

But of even more importance than great wealth is the spirit and tradition of the college. Alfred is fortunate in the spirit and traditions which its founders bequeathed to it. No college ever had a more profound sense of the obligations and rewards of service than Alfred had in its simple beginnings. Alfred as an institution, must now grow larger and richer; but as its days multiply, and its numbers increase, may the spirit of unselfish service wrought into its traditions by the labors and sacrifices of all who have gone before, keep verdant and pure and strong, the motto of our Lord, "I am in the midst of you as he that serveth."

3. Time fails me to add but one other of the practical methods of service which might find a place in a baccalaureate sermon. That third must necessarily be the personal service of educated men and women.

Before the war, I was sometimes asked: "How much more salary can I earn with a college education or with a year or two in college?"

Since the war I have more frequently been asked: "What can I get in college that will help me most to be of service?" The various war emergency courses that have been given were attempts to answer that question. Now a new emphasis is laid upon the power for service which a college training gives men and women.

Everywhere in the world there is the evident need of leadership in service. The ignorant, selfish, suffering millions who are an easy prey to the designing propaganda of Bolshevism, are echoing throughout the earth their unconscious cry for an ethical, social and spiritual leadership. Never was that service of wise and humane leadership so tragically needed. That great task must fall upon the pure-minded men and women of college training; men and women who have knowledge, enlightened conscience and Christian faith and hope; men and women whose education has been acquired without making increased dollars and cents their chief aim, but who have been preparing first of all for a life of ministry; men and women who can love and pity, but who can understand and know and do.

As education takes on more of the social sciences, more of the economic, the industrial and the vocational, it the better equips men and women for this service, if the spirit of service lies at the foundation of that science.

Young men and women of this senior class, you have had rare and valued opportunities in your course in Alfred to secure both this spirit and the technical training to fit you for service. When you entered college in 1914, the great war had just broken like a tornado over the world. Some of you, whose graduation has been delayed by the war, had already entered college before the breaking of the storm. In these years, empires have crumbled and fallen. Autocracy that has braved the protest of humanity for centuries, has been made to bend and break

before the firm resistance of democracy. New evaluations of government have been given to the world.

All this achievement has cost much blood and treasure. Four millions of the youth of our country have been called to the colors. Many thousands have given their lives. Half of the membership of this class responded to the call. Some who would otherwise have graduated with you are not yet discharged. Some are still in France with the Army of Occupation.

These great and stirring events have left their impress on the college and on the class. No other generation or class has had a like opportunity to breathe so deeply a world spirit or to feel the heart throb of so many millions of men. The quiet retreat of college days has been invaded and thrilled by the tramp of armies and the consciousness of participation in world events. Every college woman has equally well responded to the country's need, and has supplied every heart and hand service within the power of womanhood.

Your education has been modified and your ideals have all been broadened and deepened by these events and experiences unknown to the generation which preceded you.

By these experiences you are the better fitted for the special service and leadership which now devolves upon you as college-trained men and women. Your Alma Mater sends you forth with pride and confidence. We have watched your labors, your progress and your adjustments with peculiar solicitude and pleasure. We have faith in you. We love you. Our prayers and sympathy will follow you as you step forth from college. You go, more than any class which ever preceded you, into the midst of the world's work and need. We wish for you the largest opportunity for service. We pray that the richest of heaven's blessings may abide with you; and that the Great Master's motto may ever be yours—"I am in the midst of you as he that serveth."

PRUNELLA, PRESENTED BY FOOTLIGHT CLUB

On Monday evening at Firemen's Hall, the Footlight Club of the university presented the delightful fantasy, Prunella. From the moment when the curtain rose upon the quaint old Dutch garden, with its three gardeners "trying to keep nature in order," to the last tableau, the audience fell under the spell of that intangible something called "atmosphere." From this secluded, straight, Dutch Garden, Prunella, a demure wisp of a maid who has known only the careful, correct instruction of her three aunts, Prude, Prim and Privacy, glances over the grim hedge one day to see a glad, careless, irresponsible, most forbidden Pierrot and his rollicking band of mummies. In the moonlight night he returns to serenade her and Prunella, reluctantly, half tearfully, but held fascinated by

the loveliness of a new and beautiful dream, runs away with the gay adventurer to become his Pierrette. But Pierrot forgets his love, as he always forgets, until at length he loses Pierrette and his songs become mockeries; he can't dance or laugh. When he can't forget, he attempts to remember and wanders back to the old Dutch Garden, empty now, and deserted. And there, having learned at last unselfishness, he finds once again, almost unbelievably, the Pierrette he thought was dead.

Hilda Ward made a most fascinating Pierrot, graceful, airy and passionate. Dorothy Baxter was a winsome, delightful Prunella. Indeed, the entire cast was well chosen and interpreted their parts admirably. The scenery which greatly heightened the artistic effect of the play was painted by Mr. Nash, Miss Fosdick, and Mr. Hildebrand. Much credit is due to Mr. Nash, '19, for his able coaching of the play.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Pierott	Hilda B. Ward
Scaramel, his servant	Vincent Axford
Mummers—	
Hawk	Clesson Poole
Kennel	Fritjof Hildebrand
Callow	C. Milton Carter
Mouth	Adolph Vossler
Doll	Iola Lamphere
Romp	Hollice Law
Tawdry	Bertha Fassette
Coquette	Jean Baxter
Tenor, a hired singer	C. Milton Carter
Prunella	Dorothy Baxter
Prim, her aunt	Ethel Larson
Prude, her aunt	Mary Hunting
Privacy, her aunt	Catherine Langworthy
Quaint, the servant	Hazel Humphreys
1st gardner	Clifford Potter
2d gardner	Fritjof Hildebrand
3d gardner	Adolph Vossler
Poy	Alfred Pollock
Love, a statue	George Ford

CLASS DAY

Of all the days in the year, Class Day is the one which most entirely belongs to the seniors. On Tuesday, a most picturesque and delightful play of the gods, Pandora, was given, with a background formed of the great pines at the Gothic. The costumes were brilliant against the dark green of the trees, and the scenic effect was admirable.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Epimetheus, one of the gods	LeRoy Fess
Vulcan, smith and artist of the gods,	Earle Burnett
Mercury, messenger of the gods,	Vincent Axford

Boy, slave to Epimetheus Wayland Burdick
Pandora, a woman made by Vulcan,
Gertrude Wells

Minerva, goddess of wisdom
Mary Elizabeth Wilson
Iris, goddess of peace and hope, Elizabeth Davis
Chorus of Hours—

Hazel Truman	Alice Ayars
Gladys Pidcock	Ruth Canfield
Hilda Ward	Dorothy Stevens
Ethel Larson	Hazel Humphreys
Dorothy Baxter	Lelia Spencer

Hazel Stillman Truman gave the Mantle Oration and the cap and gown were received by Marion Reed Roos, president of the junior class.

MANTLE ORATION

Somewhere today in far-away fields rest noble boys who have gone "Over the Top." There have been sorrow and sacrifice and intermingled joys in attaining this worthy cause for which they fought. We, here today, have not been called upon to make this supreme sacrifice. At first, they too were inexperienced like freshmen; but in their striving for the end they were not learning for their own benefit, but for ours. With this splendid example before us, we should better fit ourselves to serve humanity.

As irresponsible, joy-loving freshmen we were traditionally green, each with his or her chance for growth. Not until we were sophomores did we begin to be impressed by our lack of wisdom. Then finding we should have a medium for all activities, more study with some social and recreational life, we became juniors. And as juniors with broader views we looked forward to the wearing of the cap and gown as the height to be reached.

The true symbolism of the mantle is more clear to us, as seniors. It stands for a new beginning, a new commencement into the world-life with its vast fields to be conquered.

We have been green plants growing and changing in the sunshine and rain; and now we are about to blossom forth, and the fruit of our blossoming depends upon the richness of our ideals which we will carry away with us. Ideals which have been formed and remolded through four years of work with the patient guidance of those over us.

Classmates, as we step out into the tomorrow with its ever increasing responsibilities let us go on "Working for Alfred all the time," and let us remember that we are also world-workers.

And now, members of the class of nineteen-twenty, it is our pleasant duty to leave the mantle with all for which it stands, to you. Forget not the traditions behind it, forget not its symbol of honesty and dignity. Be even more proud than we have been to wear it because of these symbols, not what it is but because of what it means and stands for. It means success and achievement and better chances to "Go Over—" It is the height which is, with the ever awakening world, becoming more desirable, more sought for and to which comparatively few reach.

With the best and heartiest wishes for success, from the Class of Nineteen Nineteen, we leave to you, the Class of Nineteen Twenty, the

privilege of wearing the cap and gown, as seniors of Alfred University.
HAZEL STILLMAN TRUMAN, '19.

The alumni song was sung by the seniors, and, before the library, the Ivy Oration was given by Donald Hagar. The little green vine was planted by the seniors and the Alma Mater closed the program.

IVY ORATION

Five years ago, in the fall of 1915, the present senior class entered college. Then it boasted of being the largest class of all, with an enrolment of nearly sixty members. At that time the great war was in its infancy and it seemed to be but a matter of a few months before it would all be over. Surely no one thought that America would be embroiled in the struggle. Because of the enormous demands for war materials this country was enjoying a state of prosperity never before equaled. Little did we feel the war or any of its effects. But as time passed on the war situation began to look dubious for us until finally America was in imminent danger of being forced into the conflict. April, 1917, saw us at war with Germany, fighting on the side of the oppressed and the right. Many of the members of our class responded to our country's call; some of them are still in military service, both here and abroad, some have made the supreme sacrifice and given their lives for their country.

Now, nineteen of us are left; nineteen are here to participate in these last activities of our college days. In former years it has been customary for each graduating class to plant a class ivy. This year the planting of the ivy represents to us much more than mere custom.

First, it is a message to the absent members of our class, remembrance by which they will understand that they were not forgotten. And as some of these members return next year and in the years to follow, this ivy will serve as a remembrance of the time when our whole class was together. And now as we, the members of this graduating class, go out into the world we leave behind us, among other things, this little vine. As it takes firmer root into the soil may we as men and women take a firmer hold on the real and worth-while things of life. May this ivy grow until it entwines this whole building with its branches.

DONALD HAGAR.

COMMENCEMENT

Never has Alfred had more impressive or more perfect commencement exercises. The weather all the week was excellent, and Wednesday an ideal June day. The exercises began at 10.30, in the beautifully decorated Academy Chapel. The program follows:

University Processional	Orchestra
Invocation	Rev. Oliver P. Barnhill,
Associate Pastor	Marble Collegiate Church,
	New York City

Senior Oration—"The Voice of the People"
Hazel M. Humphreys
Vocal Solo—"Spring is Awake"
Hazel Stillman Truman

Commencement Oration—Theme: Making the Most of What You Have
Hon. Charles Allen Prosser, Ph. D.,
Federal Director of Vocational Education
Senior Ladies' Chorus—"Spring Love Song"
President's Annual Address
Conferring of Degrees
Alma Mater Song
Benediction

The conferring of degrees was especially impressive due to the conferring of doctor's degrees on Dr. Prosser and on Dr. Barnhill. Rev. William M. Simpson was also given a diploma as having successfully completed the theological course.

The seniors who received their degrees are:

Axford, Vincent
Ayars, Alice Annie
Baxter, Dorothy Belle
Burdick, Wayland Harold
Burnett, Earl John
Canfield, Ruth Ella
Crawford, George Eugene
Davis, Elizabeth Randolph
Fess, LeRoy Ernest
Hagar, Donald
Hildebrand, Emmet Fritjof
Humphreys, Hazel Marie
Hunting, Mary Lucetta
Larson, Ethel Anna Eleanora
Nash, Harold Siegrist
Pidcock, Gladys Gray
Poole, Clesson Orlando
Spencer, Lelia Marie
Stevens, Dorothy Eliza
Truman, Hazel Isabel Stillman
Ward, Hilda Baker
Wells, Gertrude Lucy
Wilson, Mary Elizabeth

The Senior Oration was given by Miss Hazel M. Humphreys.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

"Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful," says Emerson, "we must carry it with us or we find it not." It is a commonplace that the truest beauty and touch lie in those things which are nearest to us; it is even more commonplace that we often miss the beauty in them. But at least, in this respect we are not as we were. For once, when man felt moved to write, he wrote of gods and kings and heroes—but now, it is the plowman, the shop-girl and the common soldier whose lives are dwelt on in our books. And once, when man painted, he painted Madonnas, saints and angels—but now it is the mothers and children who walk upon this earth who receive homage. Those older men "dwelt in dim regions, penetrable only to the most practical of imaginations; they soared to the farthest regions of the spirit, leaving behind

all accidents of place and time." But now artists "walk in the world, and, like the sun, shine everywhere."

Still, even yet, the common and everyday does not receive its due. For if I were to ask of you, even now, to name some of the most beautiful things upon earth, no doubt your imaginations would soar to the uttermost parts of the universe, and you would recall grand scenes of nature, famous buildings, or the heroic deeds of men. Or again, if you were called upon to tell of the most wonderful inventions of man, doubtless the minds of all would turn to—say, the wireless, the telephone, the aeroplane and other wonders of the material world.

But the greatest invention was not any of these, nor does beauty chiefly dwell in them. Man's greatest invention was language—the expression of his soul; and more beauty lies in common words than in any other thing. Have you ever thought of the splendor that lies within the words we use? Have you ever considered what we would be without them? If no spoken or written word lived on this earth, truly, what a void desert—what a barren waste it would be! Even beasts have language, but they lack the greatest beauty of all—the charm of words.

Look at many of our commonest words; visualize their original meanings. In some we find the savage growls of wild beasts; these were born of bitter hatred and of red revenge; and others come forth from love and large self-sacrifice. Some breathe only of hope; "the stars have fashioned them"—others are sighs of despair, echoes of agony, terror and defeat. Again, there are some that shine like gold and seem like silk. A few are dancing sprits of joy; and many are moans of old grief. Words of passion and imagination have been called "winds of the soul"—and there are others that seem like heavens, in which darkness touches lips with dawn. Some words are crystals of human history—in them we heed what man has suffered and enjoyed; we hear the shouts of victory and the bugles of retreat—we see again the battles lost and won!

Go back with me, you who can, to the time when man first dwelt upon the earth. His enemies fast closed upon him, his life was a succession of weary battles. But even when he had overcome for a time, when food, shelter and peace lay ahead of him, we know that man was not content. Something within him struggled for expression—"into his heart high yearnings came welling and surging in." So he lifted his head—"a thought was married to a sound, and a child-word was born." To us, now, what he uttered would be confusion; to him, then, that which his soul required—words, the outer expression of his triumph.

So in the beginning the finding of words of joy was greater to man than the joy itself. And always words have accomplished more than deeds could know. Even in the far-off days when none but heroes were upon the earth, and the mightiness of one's arm was his greatest boast—even they understood the magic that lies in common words. They loved physical beauty and physical frames then, yet one of the greatest heroes of antiquity was one who was neither lovely in manner nor strong of arm—only ready of speech. "But whenever he stood up to speak,

he stood and looked down, with eyes fixed upon the ground, and waved not his staff whether backwards or forwards, but held it stiff, like to a man of no understanding; one would deem him naught but a fool. But when he uttered his great voice from his chest, and words fell, thicker than snowflakes of winter, then could no mortal man contend with him; then marveled we not, thus to behold his aspect."

Let us take another example of the magic power of words. When Socrates was condemned to die, there came to him in his cell an old friend, armed with money and influence, to offer him means of escape. He was determined to save his friend from the fate that threatened—but Socrates, calmly, gently and with few words, painted such a picture of righteousness and justice, that the other man's worldliness slipped away from him, and, prevailed upon by little speech, he was shown the glory of meeting one's fate bravely, and reconciled to the passing of his friend's life.

There are even stories told of generals, who would rather have uttered great words than have captured cities. For "Words make eternal beauty that might otherwise be evanescent; cause to preserve 'beyond chance of change' joys that are in themselves of fleeting order."

But enough of the past—what about us, now? We surely pride ourselves on being a nation of actions, not words. Besides, we have just witnessed some of the most heroic deeds the world has ever known. Can mere words—intangible symbols—be compared with them? Can they have any place besides those wondrous acts?

What was it that drove us, as a nation, into war? Not merely the pillage of a defenseless country—not alone the sinking of ships and killing of women and children. How many of those men of ours, who gave themselves so gladly, were able to see with their own eyes any of these things? Not the deeds themselves alone, but deeds clothed with a garment of words—blazed and trumpeted over the land, aroused them. What was it that encouraged these men when, foot-sore, and weary, they tramped long marches; when they were in the "far countries of the soul, in utter pain and weariness and the continuing feet of death—when they crossed the eternal mystery of the sea?" Some sang of home, some battle hymn of victory, some prayer uttered for lasting peace. What but words kept them steadfast amid the cannon's roar and thunder—words of courage and hope,—words which kept before their mind's fame and life immortal.

It is said that "Nothing great has come from reflection." On the other hand, you can not fail to see the power of mere words; such words as Glory, for instance, or Pity—shouted with perseverance, with ardor, with conviction, these two by their sound alone, have set whole nations into motion. "The facts of life change and falsify and pass utterly away, but the truth lies in poetry and shall prevail."

"For know, that vile as this world is, and mean as we are, you have but to invest all this vileness with a magical garment of words, to transfigure us and uplift our souls till earth flowers into a million heavens. I tell you there is no word yet coined, and no melody yet sung,

that is extravagant and majestic enough for the glory that lovely words can reveal."

Again—"The magic of literature lies in the words, and not in any man. Witness, a thousand excellent, strenuous words can leave us quite cold or put us to sleep; whereas a bare, half-hundred words breathed by some man in his agony, or exaltation, or in his idleness, ten generations ago, can still lead whole nations into and out of captivity, can open to us the doors of three worlds, or stir us so intolerably that we can scarcely abide to look at our own souls."

There is a story written of a man who once found beauty and happiness only in material things, so, carelessly, he parted with a word, thinking it nothing but emptiness. Afterwards there came a time when he wished to give thanks for great joys that had come to him—but the words he sought were not there. Only a word, a breath of nothingness, was lost. And yet—

"As a soaring bird, struck by an arrow, falls headlong from the sky, so the song of Hermas fell. At the end of his flight of gratitude there was nothing—a blank, a hollow space. He looked for a face and saw a void. He sought for a hand, and clasped vacancy. His heart was throbbing and swelling with passion; the bell swung to and fro within him, beating from side to side as if it would burst, but not a single note came from it. All the fullness of his feeling that had risen upward like a fountain, fell back from the empty sky as cold as snow, as hard as hail, frozen and dead. There was no meaning in his happiness"—for he lacked words to express the joy within him.

Some time after Hermas' little son lay ill. Terror-stricken, he begged back the word which would enable him to relieve his grief. But his enemy refused. "A word," he sneered, "What is that? A thing of air, a thing that men make to describe their own dreams and fancies. Who would care to rob any one of such a thing as that?"

But a true prophet helped Hermas in his hour of need, only chiding him gently. "My son, the word with which you parted so lightly is the keyword of all life. Without it the world has no meaning, existence no peace, death no refuge. It is a word that purifies love, comforts grief and keeps hope alive forever. It is the most precious word that ever ear has heard or mind has known or heart has conceived.

And slowly, he spoke the name Our Father. 'Twas but a word, but the cold agony in the breast of Hermas dissolved like a fragment of ice that melts in summer sea. A sense of sweet release spread through him from head to foot. The lost was found. The dew of peace fell on his parched soul, and the withering flower of human love raised its head again."

Through a word, he had found happiness.

In a most inspirational address, Dr. Prosser told the graduating class and the commencement guests "How to make the most of what they have." The oration was so interesting and had such a power of human interest behind it, that the audience sat spell-bound. Dr. Prosser punctuated his address with little stories of life. No

one having once heard it could ever forget the story of the crippled man who said to the man who helped him read the high sign, "Call on me when I get my new legs and perhaps I can do something for you." The cripple had a Golgotha every day, but he made the most of what he had left.

"The star of the unconquered will rise serenely in my breast." Dr. Prosser emphasized this again and again. The war has left handicapped men who can't go back to their old work. The problem confronting them is "What am I to do to succeed?" They must work—it would be awful to be supported entirely by the Government. And these men will work. Their spirit is wonderful. Take the story of Smithy, the soldier whose leg was cut off below the knee. He refused to use crutches and why?—Because he was learning to be lame and be master of that crutch. He was learning to make the most of what he had. He wanted no help, no charity. He was happy because since he had to lose a leg, he lost it just where he wanted to. And he needed no man's pity, but rather his envy for his indomitable courage. He had the whole thing fixed!

People of today are losing their hold on faith; they are drunk by this material life of ours. Yet in this war men went to their death smiling because they believed they were doing it for the Most High. People waiting at home believed that even if their boys were killed, they should find immortality in a sacred realm. The last few years have brought about a renaissance in faith. There are new tenets of belief now. There is an immortality this side of the grave as well as beyond the grave. No man may live apart. Every well-built act and deed never dies, but becomes immortal here and now. Hearts are made happy by having lived. Not to achieve, expect, strive, not to make the most of self, is to be lost and to be without immortality both here and there.

Dr. Prosser advanced the belligerent philosophy, that he has no use or patience for lazy Christians who pacifically accept the philosophy of life, who dream and contribute nothing to their country or to nature. As we purpose and achieve, we become godlike: God lives in human lives and achievements and aspirations.

What is the meaning of "Making the Most of What You Have?" There are

three necessary things. The first is making due preparation. This has to do with the vocational educational movement. It is based on the idea of saving democracy and making efficiency. The second is paying the price. There aren't flowery beds of ease for all of us, unfortunately. You can't have a free distribution in this world. "I'll get by" is a remote cry now. "Efficiency" is the watchword which has taken its place. The third is playing the game. We have to keep to the rules in a game—not only the rules for honesty, truthfulness and sobriety, but the rules of the game of life and our social order. A man must be economically, politically and socially independent. The ills of the I. W. W's, and the Bolsheviks want to turn the world upside down, and reverse the rules of the game. But when the rules are reversed there is no game left. Men such as these are those who have failed under the present rules and, in chagrin, want to start another. They are out of joint with the times.

Reward comes to most men according to their nature, abilities, qualities and merit. Of course some of the rules of the life game are wrong, but change them—secure equal justice and fairness to all—"Play up and play the game." You've got to make the best of what you have.

Men, who are really children, have always sought for a symbol to guide their wavering feet. They have waited for signs, as did Constantine and Joan of Arc. Now there is a call to us for service. All that it means spells Opportunity, and with the cross and the flag we can make the most of ourselves. Opportunity knocks at every man's door and makes him one with the gods. The greatest thing man can do is to climb day by day the world's great altar stair, into the unknown.

THE PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL ADDRESS

The annual report of President Davis given commencement morning is reproduced in the *Fiat* only in part. There were tributes to Dr. Daniel Lewis, Rev. Lester C. Randolph (who was the author of our "Alma Mater"), Mrs. Lucia Weed Clawson, Professor Frank Jones Weed, and to the four students who died during the past year in Alfred: Mildred Stillman, Elouise Smith, Harry Hemphill and John Thomas. He spoke of the recollections of the S. A. T. C. The Government allowed nothing for tui-

tion, Brick rental, and but little of Brick repairs, but had the college to make over again the sacrifice of last fall, it would do it cheerfully and more than willingly.

President Davis then spoke of the service flag of both college and agricultural school.

The college registration for the year has been as follows: college, 252, seminary 3, specials 9, ceramic students 56, agricultural 119, summer school 45, making a total registration (including music students) of 546. Excluding duplicates, the total is 365. Prospects for next year's registration are splendid.

At the trustee meeting it was decided that an investigation committee be appointed to look up the teacher's annuity fund and report at the autumn meeting. The resignations of Professor L. B. Crandall and Professor Katherine Porter were regretfully accepted at the meeting. Professor Paul E. Titworth was transferred from the Modern Language to the English Department.

There have been no very large gifts this year but a campaign is sure to be started to make Alfred a college with a million dollar endowment. There is also to be another attempt to increase the salaries of professors in Alfred.

ALUMNI SESSION

Invocation
 President's Address—"Alfred's Service in National Crises"
 Mrs. Jessie Mayne Gibbs
 Appointment of Nominating Committee
 Civil War Colonel William Wallace Brown Audience
 America
 Spanish War Captain John D. Groves
 Vocal Solo—"The Cheery Song"
 Professor Ray W. Wingate
 The World War
 Major Frederick P. Schoonmaker
 L. Roy Quick
 Battle Hymn of the Republic Audience
 Our Gold Stars
 Mrs. Sophie Reynolds Wakeman
 Ladies' Chorus—"Beside the Old Steinheim"
 Sixty Years an Alumna
 Mrs. Sarah Humphreys Bliss
 Vocal Solo Mrs. Ethel Middaugh Babcock
 Business

CERAMIC EXHIBITIONS

A greater interest is being shown yearly in the Ceramic School. And well it might for ceramics is still very young in America. And this year the exhibit is arranged still finer than it ever has been before. On the first floor examples of the work done and the methods used in the scientific branch

are displayed. But the main exhibit comes from the Art Department. On the second floor there is a collection of old tapestries, hand woven rugs, spreads and quilts, old china and pewter and some old furniture. These interesting things have been kindly loaned by the townspeople, and have been collected to create an interest in visitors. On the third floor is the work of the art students, one room being given over to design, drawing and craft-work, illustrating the work in all stages. The studio is filled with the more advanced and finished products.

There is a certain difference in the exhibit this year which arouses our enthusiasm. That is the introduction of more and better colors in design and pottery. It gives us the realization that we are changing our art with the times and are holding our place with the modern work of this kind.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION

Wednesday evening, the last night of commencement week, the President's reception was held in the library. The reception committee was: President and Mrs. Davis, Hon. and Mrs. Isaac B. Brown, Hon. and Mrs. Leonard W. Gibbs, Dr. Charles A. Prosser, Dr. Oliver P. Barnhill, Professor and Mrs. George A. Bole and members of the graduating class. The ushers were members of the class of 1920, and refreshment committee, members of the class of 1921. Punch was served in the library, and cocoa and wafers in the president's office downstairs.

C. BURCHARD LOOFBOURROW ORDAINED

Pursuant to the action of the Walworth Seventh Day Baptist Church, inviting delegates from the Seventh Day Baptist churches of southern Wisconsin and Chicago to sit in council for the purpose of ordaining C. B. Loofbourrow to the gospel ministry, delegates from these churches met with the Walworth Church, Sabbath, June 21, 1919, at 10.30 o'clock.

The council was organized by the election of Rev. H. N. Jordan as chairman and Mrs. E. H. McLearn as secretary. Representatives from the various churches were present as follows: Deacons of the Walworth Church, O. P. Clarke, W. R. Bonham, H. I. Coon; Milton, Rev. H. N. Jordan and wife,

Rev. George W. Burdick and wife, Deacon George Boss, Grant W. Davis and wife; Milton Junction, Rev. E. D. Van Horn; Albion, Deacon George Babcock; Chicago, Dr. George W. Post Sr. and wife, W. M. Davis and wife.

Rev. Mr. Jordan called for a prayer service and then called on Pastor Loofbourrow for a statement of his Christian experience, his call to the ministry and his fundamental beliefs. On motion the council unanimously voted to accept the statement of the candidate as satisfactory and proceeded with his ordination.

The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. Edgar Van Horn, the theme of his sermon being "The Opportunities of the Christian Ministry." The ceremony of the laying on of hands was performed by the ministers and deacons present and Rev. George W. Burdick offered the consecrating prayer. Welcome to the ministry, hand of fellowship and charge to the candidate were given by Rev. H. N. Jordan. The charge to the church was given by Rev. E. D. Van Horn. The Walworth Church choir rendered appropriate music.

The council adjourned and the impressive service closed with the benediction by the Rev. Mr. Reynolds of the neighboring Baptist church.

REV. H. N. JORDAN,
Chairman,
 MRS. E. H. McLEARN,
Secretary.

Did you ever think of tithing your letters—one in every ten at least sent to somebody who needs a bit of volunteer friendship sent to help over a rough place in the road?—*The Continent.*

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM WANTS AT ONCE

Fifty young women between eighteen and thirty-five years of age to take a six-months' course in Hydrotherapy with practical experience in the Hydrotherapy Department of the Sanitarium.

Requirements: Good character; physically able to work; at least a grammar school education.

Permanent positions guaranteed to those who prove a success.

Those interested in this course of training are requested to make application to the Battle Creek Sanitarium, c/o the Nurses' Training School Office, Battle Creek, Mich.

MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

REV. EDWIN SHAW, PLAINFIELD, N. J.
Contributing Editor

LETTER FROM JAVA

MY DEAR FAITHFUL FRIENDS:

It is time to write my monthly letter but I can not write very much as there is so much to do, and I have to make the best of my spare time. The two boys who used to help me in the school and in dressing the sores of the people, making the medicines, etc., have left me; and a girl I loved so much, who used to do the work in my house and did some Javanese writing, etc., I had to send away as I wrote you in my last letter. I have had an awful time, and all seemed upside down. Now I take the little ones, who just are beginning school, in my house from 9 till 11 a. m., and one of the big girls is looking after them when I have to leave them for other business. And the highest class comes at 11 a. m. and stays with me till 1 p. m. I do not know how I can keep it up like this, because there is so much other work to do, but I am waiting for the Lord day by day. He knows all, and he will arrange for me. Just this morning he comforted and encouraged me with his word: "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?"

The love and sympathy of so many dear friends also is a great comfort to me. Here in Java, too, I have many friends, and often I get a cheering letter or some one sends me all sorts of good things for my poor people and for me, as sugar, tea, salt, eggs, coffee, dried meat, beans, etc. One lady I have never met sends me now and again all such nice things. And our gracious and faithful God sends me every month the money I need for so many poor and miserable creatures. A few days ago I also received a packet from Mrs. N. O. Moore, at Riverside, Cal.; and oh, what a happy surprise it was to open the packet and to find all those nice pictures and booklets and handkerchiefs. I called the little ones who live with me in my house, and oh, they were delighted!

I gave them each a picture, and they have

stitched it to the wall near their bamboo beds. The rest I shall keep till next Christmas. The fashion sheet is very pretty; I think the Javanese should like them, if I had some more to give next Christmas.

"The Endeavorer's Daily Companion" Mrs. Moore sent me, I am using now in my "Quiet Hour" and I do value it. And the monthly notes for Bible reading I sent to a dear friend of mine. Her name is Mrs. B. Davids; she lives in Soeraboja, Java, and she is a faithful Christian; she keeps the Sabbath and is baptized (immersed); but she does not belong to the Seventh Day Baptists, neither to the Seventh Day Adventist Church. She likes little booklets like that.

I have very many sick people just now, as the malarial fever is always on its worst here at this time of the year. It is the time the rice crop comes in; so just now food is cheap almost everywhere; and for this reason those who have regained their strength go away from here to find other work, where they get more payment. But within a few months the prices for food will go up again, and then the poor creatures will come crowding in again. I am trying to buy rice as much as I can get; but it is really a hard job. So many rich merchants are buying rice, trying to make great profit out of it when in the future they sell it at a high price; and I can not afford to pay as much as they, because for me it is not a matter of making profit. And another difficulty is the rain, whilst now we ought to have the dry season. Much rice I have bought on the fields (to be sure to get it, and also to get it a little cheaper) is spoiled because we have no sun to dry it. And as there are so many sick, we have not enough hands to do all the work.

So you see the difficulties and cares keep coming; and I do feel old and tired. But your prayers will not be in vain; they will be the channels through which God will send me his mighty help. So dear friends, keep praying! Also for the conversion of these poor dark creatures. And may our God send a man, full of the power of his Holy Ghost, to stand at the head of this work. This is a very urgent thing, and I hope you will continue to pray for that.

I do thank you all for your help, your money, your sympathy! May our Father

pour out his richest blessings upon you all.
This is my daily prayer for you.

Yours to do God's will,
M. JANSZ.
Pannocngsen, p. o. Tajoer, Java,
May 14, 1919.

NEW AUBURN, MINN.

ANGELINE ABBEY

Work at New Auburn has been progressing the past few months, apparently more than for the past year or so. About six months ago we began to see some results. The people seemed to be awakening spiritually, and were more eager to hear the gospel, and seemed to be more willing to help in the work of the church and in that of the various other religious organizations.

The church voted to ask Claud Hill and his mother, Mrs. Eva Hill, to conduct a series of evangelistic meetings last November. We felt that the personal work they could do and the music they could render was just what was needed. They could not come at that time, so we postponed making any special effort until spring. During the interval, at the prayer meetings, the needs of the field were discussed, and many prayers ascended for a special work of grace.

In March the services of Pastor A. L. Davis and Claud Hill, of North Loup, were secured and we looked forward to a revival of religion in this place. From the increasing interest of many of the people, we felt that the time was ripe for such work. A number of special prayer meetings were held in preparation and the meetings advertised. The brothers came; the attendance and interest were good until an epidemic of influenza broke out, making it impossible to continue. There was universal regret that the meetings had to cease, and some said: "Have them come back when the danger of the 'flu' is passed."

When the disease had subsided, the matter of having some one come and finish the work so well begun was discussed, and the Christian Endeavor society said, "Mr. Davis is just the one to pick up the work where it was dropped, and carry it on. Let us get him to come back." I told them that the only obstacle would be the expense, that we could not ask the Missionary Society to pay his expenses again thus doubling the

expense to them. It was then moved, and carried unanimously, to invite Mr. Davis to come and to guarantee the expenses.

For some time I had felt that the only work in New Auburn, if we would progress, was community work—all the Christian forces co-operating to help one another and the community at large. We have had for the past three years a community Christian Endeavor and a community Junior Christian Endeavor, which have done good work. Pastor Davis and Mr. Hill felt that community work was what was needed here now, and suggested that we perfect some sort of an organization for carrying on such work. So before the special meetings in May, we discussed the feasibility of such work, and appealed to all the people to work to make this a success, should such a project be launched. All the American people who stand for the best things were heartily in favor and even enthusiastic for such work. The two Baptist churches, the Seventh Day and First Day, have become so weakened by removals and by death that it is very discouraging to try to work alone. There is a large number of unchurched people whose interest of late has been increasing and they are reaching out for higher things. These are willing to help both churches. Some of these have helped in my support but will do more from now on.

We organized a "Co-operative Christian Society," the members of which are pledged to help maintain religious services in the English-speaking evangelical churches of the village, and to help in other works of civic betterment. This organization does not interfere with the churches as organized, which will have their business meetings as formerly, and endeavor to raise funds to help the denominational boards and for their own expenses.

In April the people of the community made me a surprise donation party which they called a "pounding," though many more pounds of choice groceries and fruit than people present were left, besides some money. A pleasant evening was spent. It was a surprise, not only that the people came, but that so many outside our own people were eager to give.

At the annual meeting in May the following church officers were elected: Moderator, Mr. M. A. Campbell; church clerk,

(Continued on page 61)

WOMAN'S WORK

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

ONE WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

The day was done, and a woman tired and weary signed her name to the last note to be written as the clock struck twelve. "Another day gone and what have I done?" she said.

She read over the two notes:

"DEAR MISS BLANK: There comes to me so constantly the feeling that the nurses in our hospitals are so over-worked and that they have so little relaxation from their constant association with a world of sickness and suffering that I just long to snatch them away from it all for a little while into an entirely different atmosphere which would put a new song in their weary hearts and a new spring in their tired steps. I have engaged two seats for all the orchestra concerts this season which I want to place at your disposal, as you are in charge of the nurses. I can not do the work they are doing but perhaps this strain of music in their lives will help them to do it better."

She sealed this and then glanced over the other note.

"DEAR PASTOR: I am sending you a line to let you know that a little bird flew past and whispered to me that my pastor and my pastor's wife were tired and needed a rest. The same little bird flew on up to Poland Springs and engaged a room for you for a month on the very spot you said you would choose of all spots for a vacation, and tells me that the bills are all paid in advance. It was a blue bird, by the way, and I am sure if you follow its leading you will find happiness and new strength."

Before she went to sleep, her thoughts traveled back over the busy hours of the day. No great task had been done. She had attended a meeting of the Orphan's Home Board and had succeeded in getting an assistant for the superintendent. She had gone by the hospital to make sure of the delivery of the Victrola and the records the nurse had told her would be such a wonderful help. She had lost time there because one of the young doctors looked so tired and worn she had stolen him away for a little ride in her automobile.

Then she had mailed to a missionary friend in Japan a number of dainty little dresses which her own little daughter had

outgrown, and had sent them with a batch of late magazines. In the evening she had given a birthday party for one of the deaconesses at the mother house. For years it had been her custom to be hostess for the birthdays of the sisters, most of whom were far away from their families. Then she had finished up with the dressmaker who was working on a dress for her friend. She thought of this friend as she went to bed, and prayed that God would speak through her his messages as she traveled through the land addressing important meetings. Several years ago she had proposed that she would become "Lady of the Wardrobe" to do her friend's shopping and look after all the time-consuming details, so that her full time might be released for missionary service.

* * *

She slipped out of bed to write yet another note to assure this friend of hers that she was following her schedule with prayer. Then she went to sleep, little dreaming of what she had done that day.

* * *

In the dim light of a hospital room a doctor and a nurse sat by a patient's bed.

"We lose," whispered the doctor to the nurse, as he admitted the hopelessness of the long, hard fight by a sigh and sat down dejectedly by the patient's bed.

No relaxing was evident in the nurse's face. The lines about her lips tightened, her eyes flashed the spirit of the conqueror. By sheer force of her will she seemed to hold her patient back from the out-reaching arms of death. In defiance of the doctor's sigh she continued her ministrations, not submissively but combatively, until, as the hours of the night broke before the coming of the dawn, the doctor whispered exultingly: "You win!"

As the patient breathed evenly and regularly he said, "I marvel at your endurance and your unconquerable spirit. You simply held this man back from death tonight, after I gave him up."

The eyes of the nurse became dreamy. "I would have given up too if it had not been for the concert. I was completely exhausted last night but today some one sent me a ticket for the concert. It was wonderful and it put new life and spirit into my work. I just could not give up with that music in my heart."

* * *

A pastor came back to his work after a month's vacation with a new light in his eye and a new energy in his planning. Throughout the parish it was evident. New members were enrolled, and far-reaching plans were projected. The church officials were full of joy. Now he seemed to be getting a masterful grip on the situation. He had been very tired and his vacation had made a new man of him. A woman who could not do a pastor's work had made it possible for a pastor to do his work more efficiently.

* * *

At an orphan's home a superintendent was carrying out her dream of years to give more time to some of the things she counted most vital, but which had been impossible for lack of assistance. Now, with her new assistant, had come new hope and new courage and dreams come true. With grateful heart her thoughts turned to the woman who had made this possible. "If there is any success in my work just about half of the reward is hers, because her hearty support and understanding sympathy have made my work possible."

* * *

A nurse rolled a Victrola into the ward on Sunday morning. As the soft strains of "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me" came to each ear the drawn faces in the beds relaxed and an air of peace pervaded the room. Then followed others of the old hymns, bringing blessing and assurance to those who listened. From room to room the Victrola was taken and in each it gave its message and accomplished its work. "It is one of my first and one of my last aids," said the nurse. "It has helped many back to health and has comforted some in the valley of the shadow. This dear, dear friend of mind little knows how many hearts she has reached through her gift nor how much easier she has made my work."

* * *

A young doctor met his patients with a fresh breath of air in his lungs and a new light in his eyes, just because of a little spin around the beautiful driveway of the park.

* * *

Over in Japan a woman unpacked little dresses while a deep wave of thanksgiving swept her heart. She hugged her little daughter impulsively. "This means, pre-

cious, not only that you can have these lovely dresses, but that mother can go right on with the kindergarten work instead of having to stop to sew as she had planned. And these magazines! We must begin right away to divide them up among all the missionaries who are so hungry for a sight of them. They will bring joy all along the line. I wonder if that friend across the ocean knows that she makes it possible for me to do many things that could never have been done but for her?"

* * *

A deaconess had gone to her work with a new glow about her heart. It made such a difference to know that some one actually remembered a birthday and cared to celebrate it. The few hours of happy relaxation had bound all of the guests closer together and put a clearer note of fellowship and joy in their work. "Bless her," whispered one, "she just seems to live to help other people to live up to their best and to do their work."

* * *

A missionary secretary faced an invitation to address a great gathering. "No more this year," she said as she glanced at her suitcase, "I must go home for rest and repairs." Then there came a letter written at midnight.

"I am following you with my prayers as you speak. Then, my dear, I am worldly-minded enough to follow you with the new dress you had fitted several weeks ago. Never get it into your head that the Lord can speak better through a woman who is carelessly dressed than through one who is hooked up straight with no buttons dangling. I know how little time you have to give to details, and I count it a real privilege to relieve you of as much care of your wardrobe as possible; and while I can not address the audiences you can, yet I hope you can get in more meetings than you could if you had to be bothered with this shopping."

At a meeting next day four young people decided to give their lives to missionary service and a gift of five thousand dollars was secured for the work.

"These are *her* trophies," said the speaker to herself, "for I could not have accepted this invitation nor a host of others if she had not taken on her shoulders so many details of shopping and planning for me."

* * *

The day was done. A woman tired and weary fell asleep. What had she done? No newspaper recorded any great achievement with flaring headlines. No audience thronged around her in appreciation, yet she had made possible work which reached the ends of the earth.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

WORKER'S EXCHANGE

A WORD FROM THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY OF BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

The Battle Creek Ladies' Aid Society has just completed another year's work. As we look back over the records, while conscious of the fact that more might have been done, we feel to rejoice over what has been accomplished.

The society has earned very little money and for this reason some of our number feel that we have not done much. We have held no suppers or fairs but have met the calls for money as they came to us with voluntary gifts. This plan has left us free to give our time and strength to the Lord's work in other directions. We have tried to do our part to relieve the suffering overseas and while doing this we have not been unmindful of the suffering in our own midst. The sick, the sorrowing and the needy have been visited and given substantial aid where it was needed. In many instances burdens have been lightened by words of sympathy and many flowers, those evangelists of hope and good cheer, have been sent by loving hearts to brighten the hours of the shut-ins.

In the opinion of your committee, while she does not condemn earning money under certain circumstances, she feels that we have come nearer reaching the ideal mission of a Ladies' Aid Society the last year than ever before.

Our social functions, while fewer in number than usual on account of the stress of the times, have not been money-making schemes but have been conducted from a purely social standpoint and thus have brought us nearer to each other and to God.

The attendance at our regular meetings has not been as large as we have desired but several of our number are doing outside work in addition to their many household duties. Taken all in all we are a very busy people.

We greatly miss in our meetings the inspiring presence of Mrs. D. B. Coon, Mrs. Bigelow and Mrs. H. N. Jordan, who have entered upon other fields of labor.

Early in the year we were saddened over the death of one of our youngest members who was cut off in the beginning of her young motherhood.

We are facing the new year with hope, courage and determination, confident that the prospects before us are "as bright as the promises of God."

MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER,
Press Committee.

ANIMAL'S EARS

If you ever see a rabbit running, notice its ears, and you will see that they are laid back flat on its neck. That is not a chance position, nor is it due to the weight of the ears; it is a provision of nature for the little animal's protection. It is one of the hunted, you see, and not one of the hunters.

It is different with the fox and the wolf; their ears as they run are thrust sharply forward, for they are of the hunters. As the rabbit must run away to escape danger, its enemies are always behind it, and therefore nature has given it large ears to catch every sound and the habit of throwing them back, because its danger comes from that direction. As the fox and the wolf must run after their prey, nature has given them the habit of thrusting their ears forward.

Just how careful nature is in these matters and how she suits conditions to surroundings may be seen in the jack rabbit of the western prairies. It is the natural prey of the wolf, and, as it is in more danger than our rabbits are, its ears have been made a good deal larger and longer, the better to hear the sounds made by its enemy.

You have seen a horse thrust his ears forward quickly when anything startles him; that is his instinctive movement to catch every sound of a threatening nature. A dog raises his ears in a similar way.—*Congregationalist.*

"By a vote of 280 to 117, the students of the Minnesota State School of Agriculture recently decided to ban the cigarette. All students have agreed to adhere to the decision."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. HENRY N. JORDAN, Battle Creek, Mich.
Contributing Editor

CONFESSING AND DENYING CHRIST

REV. GERALD D. HARGIS

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
July 26, 1919

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Confess with the mouth (Romans 10: 1-11)

Monday—With the life (Matt. 5: 14-16)

Tuesday—By our behavior (1 Peter 2: 18-24)

Wednesday—Denying by rejection (Mark 15: 1-15)

Thursday—Religious infidels (2 Tim. 3: 1-9)

Friday—Denying by selfish life (Jude 3: 11)

Sabbath Day—Topic, Confessing and denying Christ (Romans 10: 9; Luke 22: 55-61)

BY WAY OF SUGGESTION

In declaring ourselves for or against any great issue we use the mouth. "For with the mouth confession is made." To confess with the mouth is simply our acknowledgment that we are willing to stand for a principle or a person. Confessing Christ means more than mere mouth confession. Yet confession with the mouth is a part of our professing to follow him.

In the marriage ceremony two individuals confess to the world their love and devotion for each other and the law seals that love. Their after-life is constantly a confession or a denial of that tie. There come trials and disappointments and a testing fire is necessary for refining any pure metal. In the same manner, only still more beautifully, is the individual bound by his confession of love for Christ, and afterwards come the confessions and denials daily, also the testing of trials and disappointments.

BY WAY OF EXAMPLE

Peter stands out as the greatest character to deny and then confess his Savior. Peter failed his Master in an hour when he needed him most. But after seeing his mistake Peter rallied and his penitent confession reinstated him.

Paul denied Christ through persecuting the Christians, but he confessed him on the road to Damascus and by his wonderful service as a missionary.

Our hours of devotion and worship are confessions of Christ, but our human

weaknesses, if allowed to master us, are denials of him. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Nothing confesses Christ more than a daily, honest, straightforward, moral Christian life, and nothing denies Christ more than dishonesty, unfairness, either in business or daily living, immoral living.

TESTIMONY

How many people fail when they have an opportunity publicly to testify for their Savior. Such a neglect is denial, such an opportunity taken advantage of is a great confession. By testimony don't think only of a public meeting where testimony is made verbally, but think of such acts as when the crowd said, "Let's drink, or smoke, or do some unmanly deed," or the demand that was made against our Bible teaching and training. "Quit yourselves like men."

The causes of denial are lack of Christian companions, neglect of a close secret prayer, conceit and thinking ourselves independent, and a desire to see how far we can delve in sin and yet return. Many took a peep, unnecessarily, over the trench in the great war and lost their lives. So many are chancing with sin and falling deep into its mire.

"As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and if needs be, giving him supplies."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

MINUTES OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD, JUNE 23, 1919

The meeting was called to order at the home of Associate President C. H. Siedhoff.

Members present were: Mrs. Ruby Babcock, Miss Edna Van Horn, Dr. W. B. Lewis, Dr. B. F. Johanson, Mr. Siedhoff, Mr. E. H. Clarke and Ethlyn M. Davis.

Prayer was offered by Dr. W. B. Lewis. Minutes of the last meeting were read.

The Corresponding Secretary reported correspondence from Dr. A. L. Burdick and Miss Verna Foster, also a letter from William Shaw of the United Society regarding the formation of an Alumni Association.

The Budget Committee wish to recom-

mend to the societies for *consideration before* Conference the following items:

PROPOSED BUDGET FOR 1919 AND 1920

Salem library	\$ 75 00
Fouke School	200 00
Fouke principal	200 00
Fouke teachers (3)	300 00
Dr. Palmborg	300 00
Young People's Board expenses	200 00
Emergency Fund	125 00
Missions	100 00
Total	\$1,500 00

The completed program for the Young People's Hour for Conference was read by Mr. Siedhoff, also letters from President Jordan, William Shaw and Rev. W. L. Burdick concerning a delegate to be sent to the National Christian Endeavor Convention at Buffalo.

After a free discussion, the Board decided to hold the Treasurer's books open this year until August 1st, with the expectation that the delinquent societies will come up with their apportionments. But hereafter it is advisable for *all* societies to pay their bills *early*, as the books must be closed July 1st, the end of the fiscal year.

On motion it was voted that Mr. E. H. Clarke and Dr. B. F. Johanson be a committee with power to obtain booklets or suitable posters to be sent throughout the denomination encouraging young people, as well as all others, to come to Conference.

The minutes were read and approved. Voted to adjourn to meet at the call of the President.

ETHELYN M. DAVIS,
Recording Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Your treasurer wishes to thank the young people's societies for the unusual rush of business they have been giving him in the last few weeks, in keeping record of the incoming cash. The receipts since June 1 have amounted to \$343.05.

There are sixty-nine societies listed in the seven associations. Twenty-five have paid in full, eight of these having paid a total of \$14.61 more than their apportionment. There are only twenty-seven societies having paid nothing to the Young People's Board for the 1918-19 Conference year, and seventeen having made partial payments on their apportionment. Below is a statement of the 1918-19 apportionment

showing the amount credited to each society.

EASTERN ASSOCIATION

Church	Appor.	Paid	Bal. Due	
Piscataway	\$14.40	\$15.23		83c over
1st Hopkinton	49.20		\$49.20	
Shiloh	54.40	54.40		In full
Berlin	16.60	16.60		In full
Waterford	7.20	8.00		80c over
Marlboro	16.40	16.40		In full
2d Hopkinton	10.60		10.60	
Rockville	21.80	8.00	13.80	
1st Westerly				
Plainfield	36.40	25.00	11.40	
Pawcatuck	64.00	64.00		In full
New York	10.00	11.38		\$1.38 over
2d Westerly	3.60	3.60		In full

SOUTHEASTERN ASSOCIATION

Salem	\$55.80	\$40.80	\$15.00	
Lost Creek	14.00		14.00	
Middle Island	10.60		10.60	
Ritchie	12.60	6.75	5.85	
Greenbrier	2.40		2.40	
Roanoke	2.50		2.50	
Salemville	7.20	7.20		In full

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION

1st Brookfield	\$22.20		\$22.20	
DeRuyter	14.20	\$ 9.00	5.20	
Scott	4.80		4.80	
1st Verona	13.20	13.20		In full
Adams	24.80		24.80	
2d Brookfield	20.20		20.20	
West Edmeston	6.00	6.00		In full
Syracuse	4.00		4.00	

WESTERN ASSOCIATION

1st Alfred	\$70.00	\$25.00	\$45.00	
Friendship	16.00	16.00		In full
Independence	15.20		15.20	
1st Genesee	26.60	35.00		\$8.40 over
2d Alfred	39.60	10.00	29.60	
1st Hebron	4.00		4.00	
Scio	1.60	1.60		In full
Hartsville	8.20		8.20	
Hebron Center	2.20		2.20	
Andover	9.00		9.00	
Richburg	7.80		7.80	

SOUTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION

Little Prairie	\$ 2.00		\$ 2.00	
Attalla	3.40		3.40	
Fouke	8.80	\$ 9.00		20c over
Hammond	6.40	6.40		In full
Gentry	6.40		6.40	

PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

Riverside	\$13.00	\$15.00		\$2.00 over
Los Angeles	2.00		\$ 2.00	

NORTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION

Milton	\$59.40	\$51.67	\$ 7.73	
Jackson Center	16.20		16.20	
Albion	31.20	10.00	21.20	
Walworth	14.60	14.60		In full
Southampton	1.60		1.60	
Welton	9.40	9.00	.40	
Dodge Center	16.20	16.20		In full
Carlton	13.60	13.60		In full
Nortonville	31.80	27.50	4.30	
Farina	29.60	30.00		40c over
Stone Fort	6.60		6.60	

North Loup	61.60	40.00	21.60	
Milton Junction	30.20	30.20		In full
Cartwright	14.00	14.00		In full
Chicago	9.60	10.00		40c over
Boulder	12.60		12.60	
Farnam	2.00		2.00	
Grand Marsh	3.80		3.80	
Battle Creek	31.80	32.00		20c over
Exeland	3.60		3.60	
Cosmos	1.60	1.60		In full
White Cloud	1.60	1.60		In full

Below is the treasurer's report for the period since the last report in the RECORDER:

Dr.

Balance on hand	\$115 20
March 21, West Edmeston	6 00
March 12, Scio, N. Y.	1 60
March 18, Piscataway	10 00
March 20, White Cloud, Mich.	1 60
April 1, Milton Junction	8 00
April 1, Shiloh	10 00
April 1, Verona	13 20
April 6, Berlin	10 00
April 7, Riverside	10 00
April 8, Battle Creek	7 00
April 11, Marlboro	8 20
April 20, Mr. and Mrs. T. Swenson, L. S. K.	25 00
April 30, Special collection, Battle Creek C. E.	12 50
May 1, Rockville C. E.	8 00
May 1, Milton Junction	17 00
May 2, Second Westerly	3 60
May 2, Milton	7 84
May 18, New York	5 00
May 23, Pawcatuck	20 00
May 26, Little Genesee	35 00
May 29, Salem	10 00
May 29, Second Alfred	10 00
May 29, Plainfield	25 00
June 6, First Alfred	25 00
June 15, Berlin	6 60
June 18, New York	1 00
June 19, Cartwright	14 00
June 19, Shiloh	44 40
June 22, Salem	30 80
June 23, Waterford	4 00
June 24, Fouke	9 00
June 25, Carlton	13 60
June 26, Central Association	7 85
June 26, Welton	9 00
June 27, Friendship	16 00
June 28, Cosmos	1 60
June 28, New York	5 00
June 29, Eastern Association	6 87
June 30, Walworth	14 60
June 30, Dodge Center	16 20
July 2, Farnam	30 00
July 2, Piscataway	5 23
July 2, Milton	38 30
July 3, Pawcatuck	34 00
Total	\$712 78

Cr.

March 6, Fouke School, General Fund	\$ 25 00
April 1, New ledger	2 25
April 1, Dr. Palmborg's salary	25 00
April 10, Salem library	50 00

April 10, Verna Foster, envelopes, postage	2 40
April 10, Elder Jordan, postage	1 20
May 1, Special collection for Fouke School	12 50
May 15, Dr. Palmborg's salary, April and May	50 00
June 1, Stamps	1 00
June 1, Receipt cards	3 00
June 25, Dr. Palmborg's salary, June	25 00
June 30, Fouke School, General Fund	100 00

Balance	\$297 35
	415 43
Total	\$712 78

D. M. BOTTOMS,
Treasurer.

INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONFERENCE

BUFFALO, N. Y., AUGUST 5-10, 1919

The conference will open Tuesday evening, August 5, with a key-note service. Forenoons will be given up to conferences under expert leadership; afternoons, to business sessions of the United Society, the board of trustees and the field workers; and the evening, to strong platform addresses by speakers of international reputation.

A Seventh Day Baptist Christian Endeavor

**SUGGESTIONS
METHODS
IDEAS
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vor Rally will be held at 8.45 Sabbath morning in a room assigned by the management of the conference. Pastor William M. Simpson, of Alfred Station, is asked to lead that rally.

The registration fee for the conference will be \$2, which should be forwarded with application for enrolment to the United Society of Christian Endeavor, 41 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Reduced Railroad Rates. A rate of a fare and one-third for the round trip on the certificate plan has been granted from all parts of the United States. Your registration fee entitles you to the reduced fare, to the official badge admitting you to all sessions, to the official program, and to a copy of the official report when issued.

FROM GENTRY TO VERONA

REV. T. J. VAN HORN

The dream of that quiet leisure time for writing up adequately for the RECORDER that memorable trip, will have to be abandoned. But I must by force take a few moments to acknowledge the many kindnesses shown me along the way.

In the middle of the night of April 1st the K. C. S. train bore us away from the little group of friends saying the final good-by at the Gentry depot. Twenty years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Wheeler were patient members of my West Hallock congregation. Since then they have made for themselves a pleasant home in Kansas City, and more than once their cordial hospitality has cheered the missionary of the great Southwest in his journeyings. I have entreated them not to tell *all* the reasons that conspired to keep me in that city twenty-four hours longer than my program allowed, but their unfailing generosity overcame any regret that I might have felt for a provoking delay.

After all I reached West Hallock in time for my Sabbath appointment. The old time hospitality in the home of Brother Eugene Hakes and wife wakened tender memories of the days of my first pastorate. I had the joy and the sadness of speaking Sabbath morning to a company of 30 people. This was much less than half the number that made up the congregation that used to meet me here, and some of these were born and grown up since then. Only in memory

did the most of the dear old faces appear, as I stood before them that morning. The message was intended to inspire hope and courage in the hearts of those remaining, and give the vision of the important task this church has yet to perform. There was a generous response to the appeal for help in our great missionary enterprise and the \$50.00 I asked for was in hand when I left them. Such is the financial prosperity of the people in this garden spot of central Illinois that "Bert," son of my faithful friend George Potter, was able to offer me a seven-months-old pig for \$400.00. I promptly allowed him to still own the pig.

The autos of Herbert Hakes and George Burdick were generously contributed to my pleasure and convenience, the first to get me from Princeville and the second to take me to see my friends in Peoria. Miss Grace Runner, now efficient teacher in the Whittier School of that city, was a very little girl at the time I succeeded in bringing to my aid in the West Hallock work a wife. She ventured a correct guess, when she responded to my knock at her door, as to who was calling on her. She related to me what we have remembered about her. After calling at the parsonage to see the minister's new wife, she ran home and excitedly told her mother, "Oh, mamma! I have seen Mr. Van Horn's wife and she's just a woman!" Other memories, some pleasant, others sad, came trooping as I called on the dear friends I sought out in this great city.

Similar emotions were aroused as I found some of the acquaintances of long ago in Chicago. My old college chum, C. U. Parker, found me listening to the gospel service in the place where I had so often worked in the old seminary days, at the Pacific Garden Mission. Here again, it was only on the wall of the room and on memory's wall that the faces of dear Mrs. Clarke and Harry Munroe appeared, as also those of Brother and Sister Ordway and Ella Covey.

It was a memorable time the dear people of Albion gave me during the two nights and day I had the great pleasure of spending with them. There was the reception so warm and cordial given at the church on Thursday night, when the former pastor had the great joy of greeting the people and listening to the fine musical program presented to gratify his longing to hear their

voices in song once more. On invitation of Pastor Sayre the retiring missionary laid upon their hearts the cause of the Southwest. I can not pass without notice, the pleasure of calling upon dear old "Uncle Paul Palmiter" who last January celebrated his centennial. This great age has not dimmed the smile with which he was wont to welcome his friends, nor cooled the generous impulses of his heart.

These good things in southern Wisconsin were made possible for me by the people of Milton, who invited me to preach for them on the Sabbath. Sabbath eve prayer meeting, Junior and Christian Endeavor in the afternoon, and the Brotherhood Sunday night gave me the opportunity of telling about my recent work as missionary. It was not an easy task, with the thronging memories of college days and the dear faces in the great congregation before me, to stand in the place of their lamented pastor and my beloved classmate, Dr. Randolph, and try to give my message that Sabbath morning.

The sickness of my family in Alfred called me from Jackson Center to catch the last trolley from Bodkin to Lima the night after the Sabbath. But the two days and a night here in this place where my mother was born and spent her girlhood days, assured me that here was a live church under the pastoral care of our young brother, John Babcock. Important repairs on the church are under way. Attentive audiences listened to the messages on Sabbath eve and Sabbath morning, and a hastily gathered company listened with the deepest interest to a 20-minute account of work in the Southwest, before I made my auto dash for the aforesaid trolley.

It will make this letter too tedious to make adequate mention of my visits to Alfred, Alfred Station, Little Genesee, Nile, Andover and Independence, during the ten days I spent in western New York. But it must bear in few words, at least, my sincere appreciation of all the many kindnesses shown me, the deep interest manifested in assuring ways, including generous contributions, in the Southwestern field. It was very encouraging to me to note the effective pastoral service of our pastors, Burdick, Simpson, Greene, Loofboro and Randolph in their respective churches. I was glad to improve the opportunity to listen to the

college assembly exercises on Wednesday morning, to attend and participate in Dean Main's classes one afternoon, and was sorry on account of a pre-engagement to decline the kind invitation of the Y. W. C. A. to speak to them on Sunday night.

My term of service for the Missionary Board ended with a pleasant evening with the good people of Independence in a community social at their parish house April 30, where I once more told of the Southwest.

The next day we were on the way from Alfred to Verona, the end of this long journey. A later word must express our appreciation of the cordial reception tendered us by the fine people here.

DANIEL POLING ON "NO BEER, NO WORK"

The "No Beer, No Work" program of a few citizens of the eastern portion of the United States of America already gives unmistakable evidences of having lost the initial momentum that every movement that starts at all, has at the beginning. Men of character could not support it, because men of character are not anarchists. The name of its principal proponent had the unmistakable accent that associated it at once with another propaganda that at an earlier date gave comfort to Mr. Bernstorff and his fellow-conspirators. Even some of the very wet "wets" hesitated to pass under the insinuation. No man will lightly assume the stigma of the traitor. But in the last analysis, the "No Beer, No Work" program fails because America lives. If this or any other plan like it could succeed its success would be the final evidence of the decay and death of government of, by, and for the people.—*National Enquirer.*

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This school offers unusual advantages to those who recognize the noble purposes of the profession and its great need at the present time, and are willing to meet its demands. Enrolling classes during the year 1919, April, June, August and September 1st. For catalogs and detailed information apply to the Nurses' Training School Department, Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Michigan.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes;
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You can not make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know
Who pout and mope and sigh.—*Exchange.*

PLAIN WHITE

Mary Jane caught sight of the tired little figure by the big range as soon as she reached the kitchen door. "I'll dish up the potatoes, mother," she called out, cheerily.

Mother turned. She was a little frail woman, with soft brown eyes.

"That you, dear?" she said, with a relieved sigh. "Run in, please, and see if the table is all right. Mrs. Jackson is bringing a friend to dinner today and I do want everything to be nice."

"Poor little mother!" she whispered. "She's forgotten to give Mr. Snodgrass a napkin and Mrs. Willets hasn't any fork. It's just a shame she has to work so hard. Boarders are no fun and she has had them so long. If father had just lived," and then Mary June, supplying the missing napkin, sighed a little.

Father had *not* lived and mother had been obliged to work, and work very hard, to keep food in their mouths and a roof over their heads and Mary June in school.

After seeing that the table lacked nothing Mary June went back to the kitchen, and for the next few minutes both were so busy that neither spoke. It was just after dinner that the opportunity came.

"Marjory Mills has invited me to her party," said Mary June, suddenly.

"She has?" answered mother, and then just a little shadow crept over the sweet, tired face, for Mary June would have to have a new dress if she went to the party, and with the high cost of living, how was she to give it to her?

When her bills were met there was scarcely anything left. For boarders, to be permanent, must be well fed, and Mary June's mother could not economize at *their* expense.

Mary June saw the look, and when she came back from the pantry she put both arms about her mother. "Now, mother," she said, fondly, "if that party is going to worry you, I won't go."

"But your dress," protested mother, faintly.

"Well," replied Mary June, with a practical air, "I've about figured out the dress. What the other girls wear must not influence me. Wasn't it grandma who used to say that we must not 'measure our oats in other people's half bushels'? In other words, what the rest of the world has need not concern us."

"And I thought," added Mary June, in her sweet young voice, "that if you could get me a few yards of plain white goods I could make it myself after school."

Mother looked at Mary June. "Plain white!" she repeated.

Mary June nodded. "Plain white and nothing else. The goods won't cost much and the making nothing. And I can go to the party after all.

"You remember the little rhyme of the 'Birds' Ball' you used to tell me about, and what Jenny Wren said? The other birds were all going to dress up, but Jenny Wren said:

"I must wear my brown gown,
And never look too fine."

"I'm Jenny Wren and my mother keeps boarders, but when I get to teaching after I have my diploma, *she's* going to rest. We can both have better clothes then, but just now it has to be plain white. Why, mother, I don't care a bit, really. That Alice will wear pink chiffon and Edith blue messaline and Mildred lace does not matter to me. If my mother is willing I will be happy to go in the plain white."

For a moment mother did not reply. She could not. Mary June was such a help, and so unselfish, asking for so little always.

And then she saw Mary June in the plain white, with her sweet, glowing young face and her brown curls, and she knew that even in a plain white dress Mary June would still be Mary June—the sweetest little daughter in the world. It was worth all her struggles to feel that. A tear ran down the pale cheek, but there was joy in her heart.

"We will get the plain white, dear," she said, huskily.—*Susan Hubbard Martin, in Baptist Boys and Girls.*

STANDING OF THE DENOMINATIONS

(Compiled by H. K. Carroll, LL. D., for the "Christian Herald," New York)

An analysis of the gains of 1918 reveals some interesting facts. The Methodist group usually shows a considerable advance. The largest member of the group, the Methodist Episcopal, with upward of 3,800,000 members, reports the past year a net loss of over 19,000, where it had 125,000 gain the year before. Dr. Baketel, the statistician of the church, says this astounding change is largely due to lack of leadership in the churches. Pastors went into the war, leaving their flocks without shepherds, and the centenary movement took many others into its campaign service, and it was not possible to fill all the vacancies promptly. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, also had a very moderate increase, due probably to the same causes, and the whole Methodist group, with more than seven and a half million members, reports a net gain of only about 50,000 or two-thirds of one per cent.

The Baptist group did better, reporting an increase of 128,507 on a basis of seven and a quarter million members. The Lutheran group gained 17,211, and the Presbyterian, 38,271—a small figure. The Protestant Episcopal Church, whose growth is seldom interrupted, reports a net loss of nearly 11,000. The Roman Catholic Church also comes in for reduced gains, of considerably less than 100,000 on a membership of 14,891,321, which is 85 per cent of its church "population," 15 per cent being deducted for infants and children not admitted to communion. Many dioceses made no revision of their figures for the year.

The total increase for the ten years, 1909 to 1918 inclusive, is 7,680,621, which is little short of 23 per cent for the period. The

average annual increase is 768,062, and the increase for 1918 is nearly half a million below the average. The churches must bestir themselves the present year to make good.

GAINS IN THE PAST TEN YEARS

The following table gives the total of members for all religious bodies from 1908 to 1918 inclusive, and the annual gains. Note the fluctuations in the last column year by year—the leap from 323,391 in 1908 to 818,534 the next year; from 528,777 in 1912 to 1,235,513 the following year; and from 756,867 in 1916 to 1,339,557 in 1917, when the results of the decennial census of 1916 were incorporated:

Year	Total members	Gains
1908	33,885,287	323,391
1909	34,703,821	818,534
1910	35,245,296	541,475
1911	36,095,685	850,389
1912	36,624,462	528,777
1913	37,859,975	1,235,513
1914	38,641,982	782,007
1915	39,184,944	542,962
1916	39,941,811	756,867
1917	41,281,368	1,339,557
1918	41,565,908	284,540

The United States is prolific of denominations and divisions. There are 170 denominations. Some are only fragmentary, like clusters of asteroids, and they come and go without observation. Of the 170 denominational titles, 67 stand for very small bodies, ranging all the way down from 4,800 members to 97. Twenty-five have less than 1,000 members each. Together the 67 bodies have a total of 113,552 members, or an average of 1,695. These denominations constitute 40 per cent of the entire list, but they have only about one-fourth of one per cent of the aggregate membership.

THE EVANGELICAL CHURCHES

The evangelical churches, about 140 in number, have a total of 25,137,138 members; the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox, 15,400,260; the non-evangelical, 656,099, and the non-Christian, 372,411. That is to say: more than 60 per cent of the aggregate membership of all religious bodies belong to the evangelical churches, upward of 37 per cent to the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox churches, somewhat more than 2¼ per cent to the non-evangelical Christian bodies, and less than one per cent to the non-Christian bodies.

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF

REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON

(Graduation Address, Alfred Theological Seminary, June 15, 1919)

When Jesus said that the second of the two great commandments is "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," a certain lawyer asked, "And who is my neighbor?" That question was asked for the purpose of justifying unneighborly conduct. It was like the question of Cain of old, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Such questions are not asked for information, but to shift responsibility, or to escape deserved blame, or to make wrong seem right. Selfishness is the motive.

It is said that self-preservation is the first law of nature. This is doubtless true for physical organisms at least. But our bodies are not ourselves. The brute saves its life by taking the life of rivals. The law of the spirit rises above the law of the brute. We save ourselves, not at the cost of others, but by saving them along with ourselves. The laws of life and growth in the spiritual realm recognize the value of human life. Human interests are so intertwined, no one can take an unearned advantage without harming others in such a way that eventually as much or more harm comes back to himself. By stealing from others he robs the society of which he himself is a part.

Few today need to ask, "Who is my neighbor?" or "Am I my brother's keeper?" On every hand it is seen that the life of any one may affect more or less the life of any other one. This is becoming increasingly true. Inventive genius is so rapidly conquering the barriers of time and space, that we are within a few hours' time in speaking communication with almost any one any where on earth. Or within a few weeks we can visit almost any place we choose to visit. We get our provisions from many parts of the world, and our products are widely distributed. What we say and do helps to form the standards of thought and action in our community, and our community is a part of the nation. Now that the nations are becoming more

and more democratic, still greater becomes the influence of the private individual. Every one knows this. The question of one's conduct towards a neighbor is not a question of knowledge. German and Austrian militarists in 1914 *knew* that their policy would bring misery to countless thousands but they did not care. Capitalists *know* how their decisions affect the laborers and the families of the laborers, but some of them do not care. Laborers *know* that a day's work should go for a day's pay and that inferior workmanship will harm somebody but some laborers do not care. Producers *know* what are good products and what are fair measures, but some of them are glad to market inferior goods for top prices, if they can do it without getting the reputation which they deserve. Consumers *know* what are fair prices but many selfishly seek to buy goods for less than they are worth. Citizens *know* that they should help to keep in health for the sake of others as well as themselves, and that their own disregard of sanitation may work immense harm upon others but some do not care. In fact, every one *knows* that in any relationship in life, his own actions affect an inestimable number of people. Therefore, the essential question with reference to the second of the two great commandments is not, "Who is my neighbor?" but, "Do I love my neighbors as myself?"

Selfishness holds far too prominent a place in individual and social life. In saying this, we should not forget the great amount of altruism in the world. But the fact remains that selfishness decides many things. And selfishness called by more honorable names, is selfishness still. We may call it frugality, or business ability, or patriotism, or love of home, or the desire to get justice, but no change of name can alter the character of selfishness. Unchecked, it leads eventually to theft, cheating, lying, murder, war, anarchy.

The proverb, "Competition is the life of trade," has been uttered so often that it almost seems to be regarded as a self-evident truth.

However, in the long run it proves itself to be the rule of gold rather than the Golden Rule. Friendly co-operation, when given a fair trial, will prove itself the superior principle. A glance at the headlines in a current newspaper will reveal the con-

flict which is being waged between these two principles—competition and co-operation. We read of Bolshevism and a peace conference, strikes and a labor bureau, sectarianism and church federation, race prejudice and a society for the promotion of international good-will. Bolshevism is a grotesque perversion of the idea of brotherhood. It has the faults of autocracy without autocracy's wisdom of experience. It demands rights without assuming any responsibility. It calls a fellow-Bolshevist, "brother," excluding all others as Jews of old limited the meaning of that word to fellow-Jew; as various nationalities try to limit it to their country-men; as members of one religious denomination disregard members of another denomination; as people of one color feel privileged to disrespect those of another color. Thus competitive systems in business, politics, diplomacy and religion engender jealousies, hatred, strikes, mobs and wars without giving an adequate return for the human values invested. It is time to give co-operative systems a fair trial.

But selfishness can never give co-operative systems a fair trial. The world's great need is to be able to substitute for selfishness, self-sacrificing love—the noblest of human emotions, the love that suffereth long, and is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked, rejoiceth with the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, never faileth, is greater than faith or hope (1 Corinthians 13). Such a love recognizes a neighbor of any land, any occupation, any color, any station, any religion; such a love does an honest day's work, pays an honest wage, markets a standard product, pays an honest price, knows its responsibility, has the courage to undertake a difficult task, saves self by sacrifice for the good of others.

Such love can not be weighed or measured. Neither can it be mechanically imposed upon an individual life or injected into society. It is a vital thing, it must be implanted into the life. "Ye must be born again," said the Master of men. A new impulse is needed—a worthier motive, a broader fellow-feeling, a keener sympathy, a love that determines conduct towards a neighbor by wishing him the same welfare

that is wished for oneself. When the world is in the turmoil of war, crime, anarchy, strikes, surely the thing most needed is that to men should be given new hearts. Nothing short of a true religion can accomplish this; and then only by a long and steady process. Proclaim to all the world the Christian gospel at the heart of which is the injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

(Continued from page 49)

Miss Flora Hall; treasurer, Mr. James Crosby; chorister, David Lawton; organist, R. F. Hall. As Mr. Crosby is about to remove to Colorado, the office of treasurer will need to be filled by someone else.

Sabbath services are well attended by those who remain. The Christian Endeavor meeting on Friday night, though attended by only a few, is very helpful to those who do attend and take part. There is a good congregation on Sunday morning. Some of the Seventh-day people attend frequently, and some of the First-day people attend on Sabbath Day. There is a strong fraternal feeling, and prejudice seems to be broken down on both sides.

Pray that we may carry on the work as the heavenly Father would have us do it, and that the work may prosper until many souls may be gathered in.

Sabbath School. Lesson V.—August 2, 1919

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP. Matt. 6: 5, 6; John 4: 1-10, 19-24; Heb. 10: 19-25; Rev. 7: 9-12

Golden Text.—"God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and truth." John 4: 24.

DAILY READINGS

July 27—Psalm 84. Longing for God's house
July 28—John 4: 1-15. Preparation for worship
July 29—John 4: 19-26. Christian worship
July 30—1 Cor. 14: 10-19. Intelligent worship
July 31—Heb. 10: 19-25. Drawing nigh to God
Aug. 1—Matt. 18: 15-20. Removing obstacles
Aug. 2—Psalm 122. Joyous worship

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

Courage is just strength of heart, and the strong heart makes itself felt everywhere, and lifts up the whole of life, and ennobles it, and makes it move directly to its chosen aim.—*Henry van Dyke*.

"For good ye are, and bad, and like to coin, Some true, some false, but every one of you Stamped with the image of the King."

MARRIAGES

BURDICK-SHAW.—At the residence of the bride's parents, 65 Elliot Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., on June 23, 1919, by the bride's father, Rev. George B. Shaw, Harold O. Burdick, of Dunellen, N. J., and Hannah Shaw, of Yonkers, N. Y.

TERHUNE-CHIPMAN.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. C. C. Chipman, 10 Stanley Place, Yonkers, N. Y., on June 9, 1919, by Rev. George B. Shaw, Russel B. Terhune and Frances M. Chipman, all of Yonkers.

ORMSBY-HANCHETT.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Ormsby, at Alfred, N. Y., June 12, 1919, by Pastor William M. Simpson, of Alfred Station, N. Y., Mr. Robert William Ormsby, of Alfred Station, N. Y., and Miss Reba E. Hanchett, of Wellsville, N. Y.

TALBOT-BENNETT.—In Milton, Wis., at the home of the bride's parents, by President William C. Daland, of Milton College, Mr. Harry E. Talbot and Miss Geneva E. Bennett, second daughter of James B. Bennett, Esq., all of Milton.

RICHARDSON-TULBERG.—On June 4, 1919, at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Alice Hall, New Auburn, Minn., by the Rev. Alva L. Davis, of North Loup, Neb., Mr. James M. Richardson and Miss Lefie E. Tulberg, both of New Auburn, Minn.

DEATHS

SAUNDERS.—William Curtis, son of Charles and Era Saunders was born at Richburg, N. Y., May 3, 1919, and died of pneumonia May 5, 1919. E. F. L.

FRINK.—Maude Adell Dangerfield, eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dangerfield, was born April 9, 1889, at Walworth, Wis., and departed this life at the Cottage Hospital, at Harvard, Ill., May 22, 1919.

November 12, 1912, she was married to William R. Frink, of Milton Junction, Wis., which place they made their home for about a year and a half. Then they returned to Walworth where they have since resided.

On November 29, 1902, she united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Walworth, of which church she was a faithful consistent member at the time of her death.

Besides her husband and little son, Roland, she leaves her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Dangerfield; five sisters and four brothers; her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Clarke,

and many other relatives and friends who will miss her, but are comforted with the thought that she expressed a readiness to go, regretting only the brief separation from the loved ones.

Funeral services were held from the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Walworth, Wis., Sunday, May 25, at 12 o'clock, conducted by Pastor Loofbourrow, and the remains were taken to Milton Junction, Wis., for interment. C. B. L.

WALTERS.—Eugene A. Walters was born in the town of Linn, Walworth County, Wis., April 28, 1848, and passed into eternal rest Tuesday morning, April 22, 1919.

Mr. Walters was the son of Thomas and Alzina Walters, and was a member of a family of six own brothers and sisters and two half brothers. With the exception of a little more than two years spent at Juneau, Wis., when he was a boy, his entire life has been lived in, or in the vicinity of Walworth.

September 28, 1871, he took for his bride Miss Elizabeth Emma Swinney, of Walworth, and to this union were born five children, two of whom, Wilbur and Harold, preceded him to their future abode.

Brother Walters had been almost a helpless invalid for eight years or more, but seldom spoke of his own condition, exemplifying his faith in the Savior by keeping cheerful and greeting his friends with a smile rather than with despondency.

His devoted wife and daughter, Mabel, who have so tenderly cared for him through all of his illness, one son, Wilfred, of Chico, Cal., a daughter, Maud, who is an invalid, two grandchildren, two brothers and two sisters, in addition to a multitude of friends, are left to look forward to the time of the great reunion.

Funeral services were conducted from the house on the afternoon of April 24, by C. B. Loofbourrow, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Walworth, of which Mr. Walters had long been a faithful member, and interment was made in the Walworth Cemetery. C. B. L.

HUMPHREY.—Laura Grippin was born in Barton, Tioga County, N. Y., and passed away at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crandall in Walworth, Wis., June 11, 1919, aged nearly ninety-seven years.

She came to Wisconsin in 1865 and was united in marriage to Andrew D. Humphrey, November 21, 1867. To them was born one son, Ira D., of Albion, Wis.

She was baptized and united with the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church October 11, 1915, and manifested during these few years a fond hope for the life beyond.

She was possessed of a loving, gentle disposition and was a devoted wife and mother, greatly esteemed by her many friends. Besides a host of friends and other relatives she leaves to mourn her departure her husband and her only son and his wife.

Funeral services were held at the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church, conducted by her pastor, Charles S. Sayre and interment was made in the Evergreen Cemetery. C. S. S.

CLARKE.—At the home of her daughter, Mrs. Nathan Whitford, May 4, 1919, Mrs. Annette Amelia Clarke.

Though in poor health for some time and the end was expected, death still brings its shock, as we are never ready to yield this life. Mrs. Clarke was the daughter of Deacon Thomas and Elizabeth Rogers Holmes, of Preston, N. Y., at which place she was born May 30, 1841. She was married November 21, 1861, to Edwin C. Clarke, of Westerly, R. I., whose death occurred January 23, 1882. To them were born two daughters, Angie Elizabeth, the wife of Nathan Whitford, and Althea Edwina, the wife of Fred C. Langworthy, both of whom, with an only sister, Mrs. William J. Whitford, survive.

In early life she joined the Preston Seventh Day Baptist Church, later uniting with the Pawcatuck Church at Westerly.

Funeral services were held at the home of Nathan Whitford Tuesday afternoon, May 6, conducted by Pastor Hutchins. Passages of Scripture of her own choice, Psalm 121 and John 14, were used. Interment was made in the Brookfield Cemetery. N. S. W.

CRANDALL.—Lucinda E. Cottrell, eldest daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth McHenry Cottrell, was born at Almond, Allegany County, N. Y., September 5, 1846, and died at Milton, Wis., June 5, 1919.

When about the age of six years, soon after the death of her mother, she with her father and younger brother Ormanzo, moved to Utica, Wis. Early in life she was baptized by Rev. A. B. Prentice, and joined the Utica, Wis., Seventh Day Baptist Church.

March 18, 1868, she was married to Henry F. Crandall, at Milton Junction, Wis., where they made their home for several years. Leaving Milton Junction they moved to Dennison, Ia., then to North Loup, Neb., and later to Farina, Ill., making their home at each of these places for several years. In March, 1900, they moved to Milton, Wis., where they resided up to the time of her death.

Soon after reaching Milton she removed her membership from the Farina Seventh Day Baptist Church to the church of like faith at Milton, and has since been a faithful member of this church.

She leaves to mourn her death, her husband and five children, Wilmer H., Harry B., Fred A., Mrs. Maud Hurley, and Mrs. Floyd Coon—all of Milton; thirteen grandchildren; a step-mother, Mrs. Rebecca Cottrell; and a half-brother, Eldon Cottrell; besides a large number of other relatives and friends.

She was a woman of sterling qualities, though quiet and modest in her ways. She possessed that inner power which enabled her to win many friends, and was loved and respected by all. Her ideals were of the highest type. She was never satisfied with merely existing, but was constantly striving to live up to her ideals and make life worth the living.

In August 1918, her health began to fail, but not until about nine weeks ago was she confined to her bed. Her suffering was intense, but

through it all she manifested that same sweet patient, unselfish spirit and strong faith in God, which constituted her character. When she realized she could not recover, and up to her last conscious moments, she was still planning for the future of her husband and children, and looked forward with happiness to the meeting with her loved ones gone before.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. George W. Burdick, assisted by Pastor Henry N. Jordan. Remarks were suggested by the last part of the fourth chapter of 1 Thessalonians, principally the last verse.

The pall bearers were her sons, William, Harry and Fred Crandall, her son-in-law, Floyd Coon, her grandson, Rex Hurley, and Loyal Hull.

She was tenderly laid to rest in the Milton Junction Cemetery, amid a profusion of flowers, to await the coming of her Savior.

G. W. B.

BABCOCK.—Louisa J. Davis Babcock, daughter of William C. and Mary Stearns Davis, was born in Sullivan County, Ind., December 1, 1847, and died at her home in North Loup, Neb., June 9, 1919, aged 71 years, 6 months and 8 days.

On September 22, 1866, she was married to N. W. Babcock, at Welton, Ia. To them were born seven children: Mrs. Winnie Clement, of North Loup, Neb.; Mrs. Carrie Van Horn, of Tory Island, Fla.; Walter O., who died in his thirteenth year; Rolla O., North Loup, Neb.; Eunie, who died, aged seven months and sixteen days; and twins, Ray dying in his fourth year, the other in infancy.

When about fourteen years old she was baptized by Rev. Charles A. Burdick and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Welton, Ia. On moving to North Loup, in 1872, she, together with her husband, became a constituent member of the North Loup Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Sister Babcock has lived a very beautiful life among us. As a deacon's wife she nobly did her part. She was a faithful wife, a loving mother, a true friend, always loyal to and deeply interested in the work of the church and denomination. And above all these, shone her love for, and her serene faith in the Christ whom she was ever ready to confess before men.

She is survived by her husband, Deacon N. W. Babcock, and three children above named; also one brother, T. C. Davis, Alva, Florida; one sister, Mrs. Rocelia Babcock, Gentry, Ark.; and three half-sisters,—Mrs. Mary Evans, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. Belle Henry, Nortonville, Kan., and Mrs. Susie Terry, Meriden, Kan.

Farewell services were held from the Seventh Day Baptist church, June 10, conducted by her pastor, Rev. A. L. Davis. Music was furnished by the choir that had sung so often for her on Sabbath mornings. The body was laid to rest in the village cemetery under a profusion of beautiful flowers.

A. L. D.

What we need is a law that will make an unjust strike impossible and a just strike unnecessary.—*Greenville (N. C.) Piedmont.*

SPECIAL NOTICES

Contributions to the work of Miss Marie Jansz in Java will be gladly received and sent to her quarterly by the American Sabbath Tract Society.
FRANK J. HUBBARD, Treasurer,
Plainfield, N. J.

The address of all Seventh Day Baptist missionaries in China is West Gate, Shanghai, China. Postage is the same as domestic rates.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church, of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in Yokefellows Room, 3rd floor of Y. M. C. A. Building, 334 Montgomery St. Preaching service at 2.30 p. m. Bible school at 4 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Friday evening at homes of members. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Rev. William Clayton, pastor, 106 West Corning Ave., Syracuse. Miss Edith Cross, church clerk, 1100 Cumberland Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, Pastor, 65 Elliott Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

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

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Moneta Avenue every Sabbath morning. Preaching at 11 o'clock, followed by the Sabbath school. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Pastor, 264 W. 42d Street.

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

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

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of White Cloud, Mich., holds regular preaching services and Sabbath school, each Sabbath, beginning at 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor and prayer meeting each Friday evening at 7.30. Visitors are welcome.

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

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

There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.—Prov. 11: 24.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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An eminent writer said, "Clever men are as common as blackberries; the rare thing is to find a good one." The saying does not give justice to mankind, but nevertheless mere cleverness is too often preferred above goodness. The greatest possible achievement is to be a good man. Worldly education is to make men clever but the sum of the church's work in the world is to make men good. Religious workers are the highest educators known in the world because they are working to this end.

But it is not accurate to think of cleverness and goodness as mutually exclusive terms. The properly developed man will be both. The parity of intellect and heart should always be maintained. The merely clever man is likely to be unscrupulous, the good man weak. The clever good man is the Christian ideal.—*The Christian Evangelist*.

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