

The Sabbath Recorder

Now for the
Denominational Building

Send Your Bonds

AN ODE TO MOTHER AND TO MOTHERS' DAY

Her arms, first cradled me with mother love and care;
Her eyes, first beamed their welcome to my sight;
Her voice, was sweetest lullaby by day and night;
Her faith, taught me to lisp the name of God in prayer;
Her ear, alert to catch my cry of grief or pain;
Her hand, outstretched with cheer, our feeble steps to guide;
Her heart, so quick to note our growth, with joy and pride;
Her hope, full high that we should wear the wreath of fame;

And yet, my mother, it was not the pomp of earth,
You longed to know that in life's battle I had won,
You rather wished for me the Master's word, "well done";
You on his altar placed my life from hour of birth;
You caught the glint of holy things, the things unseen;
You taught my feet to tread the paths that upward go;
You gave me strength to breast the tides that ebb and flow;
You held before my eyes the Christ life, goal supreme.

"All that I have and all I hope to be" in life,
I gladly lay in loving tribute at your feet,
And on this Mothers' Day my heart doth hail and greet
You, queen! and pledge its fealty mid peace or strife.
Your feet are growing weary, for the path is long,
And silver threads gleam white where the dark tresses lay;
A few more years to cherish here—then break of day
As heaven's glory greets you with its welcome song.

—Samuel N. Wilson.

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Next session will be held at Albany, N. Y., August 24-29, 1920.
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 Recording Secretary—Prof. J. Nelson Norwood, Plainfield, N. J.
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 Secretary—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
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 Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited.
 Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

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

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 Southwestern—Mrs. R. J. Mills, Hammond, La.
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The Sabbath Recorder

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Memories Awakened By Mothers' Day

There lies before me a small morocco-covered testament so rich in pleasant memories that when asked to speak on Mothers' Day I began immediately to look for the precious treasure, thinking it would serve me well as an illustration to enforce the thoughts I wished to express.

Seventy years ago this coming autumn our father brought to our home the one he had chosen to be a mother to his three motherless children. Filled with the spirit of mother-love, this good woman soon won our hearts and during all the years of her life was in every way a most devoted mother. No one could ever see any difference in her treatment of the two classes of children in that home.

About this time of the year, in the first spring after she came to us, one Sabbath morning she made me ready to go to Sabbath school for the first time. It was one of those balmy spring days that makes the world beautiful. It seems to me I can feel the glow of that sunshine yet, made all the brighter by the revelation of mother-love given me as she fixed me up with a pair of her own shoes and stockings, a plaid tunic, made with her own hands and the first white collar I remember of having.

On the stand lay this old testament. It was new then, and prized very highly by my mother as a gift to her when a young lady, by her old "friend and former pastor." The book with its gilt-edges had seemed so precious to her—so sacredly cherished—that I held it in a sort of reverence myself, and would not think of handling it without permission. When she had tied my bow and put in the finishing touches needed to make me presentable at the Sabbath school, to my surprise and great joy, she turned to the stand, took up this precious testament and said: "You may take this if you will be real careful of it."

If I were to live a hundred years I could never forget the surprise of that moment. My dear mother enthroned her blessed self in my heart by that one act more than by any other that I remember. She trusted

me, and loved me well enough to let me carry her own highly prized testament which I had hitherto scarcely dared to touch! As I took it and marched away two miles to the church, as proud as a king over her confidence in me, it seemed as though the birds were happier and the sunshine brighter than I had ever known them to be before.

In after years, when it fell to my lot to help nurse that suffering mother during her last week on earth, and when I had closed her eyes in death, I could but say: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord . . . that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

One other scene in mother's life and mine abides with me still, though more than half a century has passed since it brought its lesson of the heart-yearning mother-love for a wayward boy. It was on the eve of my twenty-first birthday; also on the eve of the Sabbath. As the shadows of night began to gather, I had started for town where I expected to spend the day with friends, having what boys call "a good time." When only a few rods down the road I heard mother's voice calling my name. As I turned around I saw her on the piazza, stooping low in order to see me under the boughs of the trees, and speaking low so no others could hear, she said: "Theodore, tomorrow will be your twenty-first birthday, and I hope you will spend it as you will wish you had when you come to die."

I did not spend the day as mother would have had me spend it, but that voice and the words she spoke could not be forgotten. I hear them yet, and many, many times during the years that have flown has the memory of that hour stirred my heart. When, after several months, I found the Savior, and in him the peace that comes from a sense of sins forgiven, the quiet consistent ways of mother, revealing her solicitude for my salvation, seemed all the more precious. The light has gone out in the old farm home on the hill. The sancti-

ying influences that made it a precious place to seek as the years of long ago went by are no longer there. Strangers now dwell beneath that roof. Over the grave of mother the grass has grown green for twenty-seven years. But the sweet savor of her precious life, with its patience, its faithful and wise ministries of motherhood, has lost none of its fragrance. Love never dies while memory lives. Though the dear ones are no longer in the old home, but are separated far and wide, fond memories of mother still move her children to "rise up and call her blessed."

Origin of Mothers' Day Mother's Day is one of the new "rally days" of recent years. In the city of Philadelphia there lived a Mrs. Jarvis and her daughter, Anna. The love ties that bound mother and child together had been peculiarly strong, and when the mother was taken away, Anna decided to set apart the anniversary of her mother's death as a sacred memorial to her. Out of this grew the plan to honor all the mothers in the land whether living or dead, by setting apart each year a special day devoted to their memory.

Miss Anna Jarvis thus wrought better than she knew when she led the nation in establishing a day in which old and young shall unite in paying tribute to motherhood. It was Miss Jarvis who selected the white carnation as the special emblem to be worn on Mothers' Day, because "its whiteness represents purity; its form stands for beauty; its fragrance, love; its lasting qualities, fidelity."

Miss Jarvis urged all Americans to improve the opportunity for paying tribute to our country-women, many of whom as pioneers, colonists, and best citizens in war and in peace, have given valiant service through many privations and heroic sufferings.

We need not specify deeds of valor performed in the eyes of the world as reasons for paying tribute to mothers. We do not need to place special emphasis upon the names of those who have been fortunate enough to be mothers of great public men, in order to stir human hearts to bring their homage of love and appreciation of American mothers. The simple fact that in the humbler walks of life, amid the ordinary duties of home, millions have faithfully

and devotedly accepted the behests of honorable motherhood and spent their years in self-sacrificing service for the good of their children, should furnish incentive enough for any one to celebrate Mothers' Day.

The dignity and divineness of motherhood accepted without any special burst of fine sentiment, but with a devotion true and constant, should stand back of all we do on Mothers' Day. The very day itself should enforce a needed rebuke to the growing disinclination of the modern woman to accept the restrictions of parenthood. It is a disgrace for mothers to clamor for freedom from their God-given duties as to training their own children, and for women to regard the sacred estate of motherhood as chiefly a badge of serfdom.

Some one has said: "Mother—the holiest thing alive." The most beautiful and sacred thing in life is a good, true mother.

God thought motherhood sacred enough to use that mysterious agency in bringing his Son into the world as the Savior. Jehovah has entrusted to mothers the greatest and sweetest of all ministries.

We have read of a mother whose sons and daughters had gone out into the world's work, who said to a friend: "I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do." There is no greater work in all this world than that of a faithful mother who has brought into being and trained for a good life, a family of sons and daughters who can always be counted on the right side.

Acknowledge the Debt Though You Can Not Pay There is a pathetic story of a dear mother left poor with four children to support. Bravely she toiled for years, teaching, painting, sewing—anything to keep the boys and girls in school.

Finally, when she was a worn-out old woman after they were through college and doing for themselves, she lingered a little time in a severe illness and then died. Just before her death the shock of losing mother seemed to arouse them to an appreciation of what she had done for them. And when they supposed the end had come, they hung over her in great grief. Her oldest son took her in his arms and cried: "You have been a good mother to us."

Suddenly her face kindled again, and opening her eyes she said feebly: "You never said so before, John." Then the light faded and she was gone.

Too many young men and women allow mother to sacrifice and toil, giving her very life for them year in and year out, without a word of gratitude or appreciation! They take all that a loving mother can give as a matter of course, and let mother's heart starve for some signs of loving tribute. They save all the flowers for the coffin.

When father and mother become feeble and walk with faltering step, and, with dimmed eyes begin to look toward the land of rest after their years of toil, it would be well for their children to consider, in whose service they have grown old, and, although unable to pay the debt they owe, to at least acknowledge it before it is too late.

When toil and pain have left their mark on hands and heart and brow of the one we have called mother from infancy, it is gracious indeed to recognize the beauty of the hands that have ministered unto us. Many a grown-up son and daughter would do well to learn by heart Ellen Gates' beautiful stanzas entitled, "My Mother's Hands":

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are those wrinkled, aged hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad;
I always weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how those hands rested not,
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark
On hands, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But oh, beyond this shadow land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;

Where crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

Mothers Helped Win the War Those who are familiar with the part the mothers took in the perilous days of the World War will not be slow in giving the motherhood of America its rightful place as a winning power behind the boys our nation sent to France. The noblest soldiers felt that they owed all to her who had suffered and prayed and sacrificed alone, while they went forth keeping step with a mighty army and touching elbows with marching men whose purpose to conquer was strengthened by numbers. The soldier drilled and dared in a great company moved by martial music. His mother retired alone in silence, and endured the strain unseen by mortal eye, where her every thought and heart burden and prayer by night and by day was for her boy at the front. Indeed, the heroic Spartan mothers of America must be recognized as part of the fighting force that won the war. Mothers said: "Go, my son, it is your duty. We have tried to raise you to be true men."

It was Secretary Daniels who said: "Had it not been for the splendid spirit of service and sacrifice of the good mothers the war could not have been won." Back of the boys were their mothers, and so the boys had confidence, and were given strength that carried them through temptations and that nerved their arms for victory.

We are told that among the songs the soldiers called for most were: "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight," and "Tell Mother I'll be There."

A Loyal Pastor Glad to Boost A pastor of one of our churches writes that he is expecting to visit two of our smaller congregations soon, and if we will fit him out with the subscription lists for those communities and a few extra copies of recent RECORDERS, he will be glad to present the matter of subscriptions for the denominational paper and "boost for the RECORDER" all he can. He will have with him a male quartet of singers, and proposes to ask the boys to aid in other work besides singing.

This message was received on a postal

card and though given in few words, it brought good cheer that came like a ray of sunshine to brighten the editor's corner in our new office room.

These dark, drizzling, chilly April days that have hung on so long this spring, are suggestive of certain chilling conditions in the world of spirit-life. And we all know how welcome is every ray of sunshine in nature, that gives promise of a brighter, warmer day, with flowers instead of frosts. Never were we more glad to see the spring than in these days of budding and blossoming after the long cold winter. Every ray of sunshine revives hope and brings assurance of a better day to come.

So it is in the realm of soul-life, where men toil in all good conscience to bring in the better day of the kingdom of God. Just a little smile of sunshine from some genial, sympathetic heart makes rifts in the clouds that have gathered, gives a brighter outlook, and puts new life into hearts that have felt the chill.

Thank God for the many loyal friends who are so ready to "boost" when the load is heavy. The heavy loads can not be carried without boosters. When it is hard, up-hill work at best the traces should all be tight rather than the "hold-backs." Men who boost and who try to get others to boost are the ones most needed in these critical times if God's cause is to go forward.

Essentials of Good Leadership How Are They Secured?

Good leadership in every department of life is admitted by all to be the demand of this age. The church needs good leaders. The business world must have them, and politics is sure to go to the bad if good and true men do not lead.

Sometimes a successful leader comes to the front suddenly, as though by some magic he had been made to order, "for such a time as this." Of some we say: "He is a natural born leader," but men who say it seldom stop to analyze the qualities of true leadership, or to consider the ways in which leaders are made. While it is true that some qualities essential to good leadership are inborn, the fact remains that most of the essentials must be cultivated and developed through years of service. One thing is certain, lordly airs and

dogmatic bossiness are by no means essential to good leadership. Right here is where many would-be leaders fail. Many an officer in the army fell down as a leader because he mistook these characteristics for essentials to one who would be a leader of men.

Those who really become leaders are usually men who have commanded the respect of their neighbors for years because they have lived simple lives of brotherliness among them until every one sees that they are not seeking self-aggrandizement or personal gain. The true leader will not be selfish. An apprenticeship of brotherly helpfulness, a life of sympathy and cheerful burden-bearing is one of the surest ways in which to prepare for leadership among men. Jesus said: "Whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant."

Notice the word "become" in this text. It suggests a growth or attainment through patient disinterested service for the good of others. If we study the process by which the greatest leaders of our time secured their power, we shall find that for years they placed themselves unselfishly, humbly, whole-heartedly at the service of their fellow-men.

Any young man who would like to become such a leader as the world needs today will find no better way to become so, than to follow the Master's own rule of humble, unselfish service.

A Great Denomination Speaks For Enforcement of Law The reception given to William H. Anderson, state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York State, by the Quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist denomination held May 1, at Des Moines, Ia., is significant. For one thing, it shows that the recent attacks made upon Mr. Anderson by the Legislature at Albany, N. Y., have resulted in calling to his support, not only the Methodists of the Empire State; but the great body of that denomination throughout the entire country. The following resolution presented by Mr. Anderson brought out tremendous applause and was unanimously adopted by 850 delegates who rose in a body at the close of its reading. Even the visitors in the galleries sprang to their

feet in a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm.

Here is the voice of a convention in which over four million members were represented. The Methodist adherents number about ten millions all told; making a factor in the political problems which politicians will do well to consider.

The resolutions follow:

WHEREAS, There is now in progress a flagrant attempt by and in behalf of the brewers to nullify the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and the liquor interests generally are engaged in an effort to bring back the saloon by using beer of low alcoholic content as the entering wedge; and

WHEREAS, The opponents of prohibition are openly avowing their intention of securing, if possible, from the coming national political conventions a declaration in favor of beer, and to that end are endeavoring to give the impression that there is a general popular reaction against prohibition, therefore be it

Resolved, By this General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, assembled at Des Moines, Ia., representing more than four millions of actual membership, that we respectfully but urgently call upon the national conventions of both major parties to uphold the supremacy of law and defer to the moral convictions of the American people by incorporating in their respective platforms, a plank declaring not only for obedience to and enforcement of the law, but also recognizing that prohibition is now the settled policy of this nation through the placing of it in the fundamental law of the land, and specifically declaring against any weakening of the Federal Enforcement Act which would legalize the sale of beer, or wine for beverage purposes.

When prohibition is enacted the brewers do not go out of business, they go into business. We voted our saloons closed in Oregon. One great brewery is going to manufacture furniture. Heretofore we have raised the lumber in Oregon, shipped it to Michigan, and bought our furniture from there at a third more than it ought to cost us. Another brewery is going to become a shoe factory. For seventy years Oregonians have purchased their shoes in Boston, although we raise the hides and everything needed for shoes in Oregon. The furniture factory and a shoe factory will cause them to employ from twelve to sixteen times as many men as they formerly employed, and incidentally the western price on shoes and furniture will be reduced, possibly by a third.—Clarence True Wilson.

"AN ITEM OF UNUSUAL INTEREST"

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

A remarkably interesting little item appeared on page 401 of the March 29 issue of the RECORDER that was set up in such small type that I fear you may have overlooked it.

Just a word of explanation before I tell you which item I refer to. You will recall that last autumn there appeared in the RECORDER, in the form of a report, an article admonishing certain gentlemen of the Executive Commission to be very careful about how they spent the denominational funds, and criticising some of them for certain expense items.

Now, Brother Gardiner, for fear that you may not have thought of it, let me remind you that some of these men who were so admonished habitually spend hours and days which run into weeks annually, to say nothing of stenographer's time, frequent telephone calls, etc., for all of which they never dream of making any charge to the denomination. If each of these men made a charge for the time and expense so spent on denominational matters, upon the same basis on which they receive their secular income, there would be many bills for from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars annually that as a matter of fact no one ever thinks of presenting or of receiving.

Now to return to the small type on page 401, which is a detailed statement of the way a portion of the estate, lovingly bequeathed to a denominational cause, was spent. Please note the carefully prepared details, including the item "services." Please note also, that, judging the future by the past, this bequest will be invested safely and the income turned over to the Tract Society forever, without another cent being spent for "services" or other personal gain.

Of course all of these items are perfectly proper charges, if the brother who made them wishes them that way, but in view of all the circumstances, only a part of which are referred to above in the briefest sort of way, particularly the admonitions and a plea or two for gratuitous services, coming from the same source, I found the report on page 401 of very unusual interest.

C. W. SPICER.

THE LONE SABBATH-KEEPER, A STORY OF HARDSHIP AND ENDURANCE

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER IV

The Livingston family was to start on a Monday so as to reach their destination the same week before the Sabbath came on. It might be that Mr. Livingston would be two weeks with his freight car and so he would go ahead a few days and meet them on their arrival. It was planned by the neighbors to give them a farewell party to show appreciation and to express regret over losing so valuable a family from the community. The pastor and the most of the immediate neighborhood and some from more remote sections of the community were present, for the Livingstons were social and active in many of the enterprises of the neighborhood. The party was held at the Rusk home and they were to remain there while Mr. Livingston was on his way.

After all the guests had arrived and had "passed the compliments," the pastor arose and asked attention for a few moments.

"We have assembled here this evening," he said, "to greet our friends, the Livingstons, who are about to depart for the great Northwest for a new home, and who will not return to us perhaps in many years, if they succeed in their plans to establish a new home of their own. We are also met to show our great appreciation of their worth to us and our sincere regrets that they deem it best to make this new venture. We can not forget their activities and earnest endeavor to help make this neighborhood what it should be for all. We will not forget how they have put self out of sight always that they might minister to our happiness and well-being, both in the church and society at large. We shall miss all this when you are away, dear friends, and as time passes on will more and more appreciate the energy that you have expended for others which has resulted in more good than any of us can just now realize. When public matters were in hand and some doubt was entertained, your energies always arrested attention and urged us forward to the task of doing things and doing them right. Some people are willing to float with the tides as do men on icebergs in the Arctic waters and in a very dim twilight, but you have always come

to the rescue and risen above the dead level of stupid monotony and feeble effort, and given zest to enterprises that meant progress in our community. It is dangerous any where to have a galvanized corpse to stop useful and approved methods. In many of our public and social gatherings, when we were inclined to get into ruts and were satisfied with a dim twilight, you were there to give us light and enthusiasm, and so you enabled us to put new strength into our energies. We are grateful for such influences and examples. I am hoping that your mantles may fall on some of us who remain; for we have need of friends who are inspired by what I term holy energy, and may your zeal kindle our enthusiasms and arouse our energies so that we may continue to make advancement in the physical, moral, social, political and religious world.

"We are sorry that you will not have the religious privileges you now enjoy, but we hope that you may be instrumental in building up new interests where you locate. In a new country, homesteaders at first usually have only the broad canopy above as a roof for assembling places. You are farmers, but you are also the heralds of truth needed every where on the prairies and in the mountains. You will not have electric lights and the house of brick for a worshiping place. The shacks of the Northwest are not large enough for congregations, but the sun will be your light in the open, and the plains at the foot of the buttes will furnish accommodation for your gatherings. There will be no piano or organ to lead you in song service and devotion, but there will be the Aeolian harp of nature to accompany you. In a figure, the mountains and hills will break forth into singing and the trees clap their hands (that is, if there are any trees) 'The Lord is in his holy temple,' but the roof of that temple will be the vaulted heavens above. In the open air the mind and heart have free play and there is inspiration in the scenes about us. While you lose some important things here you may gain other important things there, so it may not be all loss or all gain. The great Northwest will have to be peopled and the virgin soil so rich will have to be broken for the nation needs the products of all its soil. But I must say, changing the subject, that in

your case most peculiar temptations may come to you, and struggles inevitable that would not seem great to others of other faiths. But we will not dwell on that phase of your going. We bid you God-speed and pray that you will keep a warm place in your hearts for the old friends who remain here. Do your best and take with you the same God and the same truth that have nerved you all these years. In behalf of this gathering of loving friends I extend to you hearty wishes for your health and success."

It was with greatest effort the friends, and especially Mr. and Mrs. Livingston controlled their feelings during the pastor's remarks, while Leila went out of the room sobbing as though her heart would break. Poor girl, she already knew what this move would mean to her and her brother, of hardship and tests in the years to come. Why must it be? Was it necessary? Was not her education, and her mother's happiness and opportunities for greater service, as it looked to her, of far greater worth than the owning of a big farm at such a cost? But "the die was cast," and she would, for her parents' sake, be as brave as possible. Had Mr. Livingston been a younger man and no family, it would have seemed different, but she could see no hope in this venture, while it might prove a failure in more ways than one. Getting a farm and a house is not always success. Lone Sabbath-keeping may result in the spread of truth. It may be the eternal ruin of souls. That depends.

Frank did not take it so seriously. He had become somewhat enthusiastic and dreamed of great experiences, new ventures and material success. While Frank was a good boy and nominally a Christian youth, he was not able to discern the decline in religious living and its consequent results among strangers who were not at all in sympathy with his parents' faith, men who cared so little for the church of the living God and its ordinances.

Mr. Livingston left with his car of household goods and stock, the rest of the family remaining at Mr. Rusk's, spending the time in farewell calls. Many little gifts of friends were stored away in their trunks. These were days of painful waiting and much anxiety. A card came from Mr. Livingston, dated at St. Paul, saying that

everything was all right thus far, that if nothing serious happened he would be at Monot, N. D., in four or five days; and told them to join him there at a certain date. He would wait for them if he arrived first and they were to go to a hotel and wait for him if they were first to arrive.

There was no definite location for a home selected, and upon his arrival Mr. Livingston was to look about and see what could be found on easy terms, that was most suitable for him and family. And so the rest of the family started, expecting to arrive on about the same day with him, as near as they could estimate.

With tearful eyes and sad hearts they bade good-by to friends that came to the station to see them off. Frank tried to be jolly, but as the boys came and took his hand to say good-by he could not speak in the effort to keep back the sobs. The train pulled out of the station and in five minutes passed the old farm that had been home to them for several years. It had been home though owned by others. Good-by old home. Good-by dear old church and pastor and friends. Good-by Sabbath school, church socials, Ladies' Aid Society, everything that had made life so pleasant and full of hope for the future. To Leila Maud it was good-by to schoolmates and educational advantages as well, and so they passed out of sight of all these scenes now so sacred in memory, and on toward the unknown.

In the evening the cry of a child two seats in the rear attracted Leila's attention. The mother looked ill and sad and it was difficult for her to give full attention to the wants of the child.

"Mamma, I am going back to see that child and mother and perhaps I can help her," said Leila.

"All right, daughter," said her mother, "but come back before we reach another station and arrange for the night, lest you lose your seat. We may be crowded and wearied for we have a long journey."

As soon as Leila reached the child and mother she recognized a woman she had met in Connecticut when she was at Mr. Sherman's.

"Why Mrs. Dennison, is this you? And where are you going?"

"Oh, Miss Leila Livingston, I am so surprised and so glad. I have wept myself

sick the past twenty-four hours. I am going to Minneapolis to my sister. My husband died two weeks ago and left me and my baby penniless and without real friends in the East, that is, those who could look out for my interests. My sister sent me the money and so we will go there until we know what else to do. And where are you going?" she asked.

Leila told her about the trip they were making and the new home they hoped to obtain. And so they helped each other to pass away the lonely hours. At the next station passengers in the seats between them left, and so they doubled up seats together for the night. Mrs. Dennison told all her troubles to Mrs. Livingston and found a ready sympathizer, and was comforted; for Mrs. Livingston did not unload her sorrows to the sad young mother. This trip to St. Paul helped take their minds off the recent painful parting. But one incident led to almost serious experiences for the Livingstons later on. On the last stretch when a new conductor came to collect tickets, Mrs. Dennison found that in some way she had lost her ticket. Where and how she could not tell. Possibly a passenger who had been in the seat back of her could reveal the secret, but he had gone to the smoker. The conductor found him there and asked:

"Did you not get on at Elroy and pay your fare in cash to this station we just passed? How is it you now have a ticket through to Minneapolis and from such a distance east?"

The stranger in the smoker said. "How do you know that? You were not on the train until now."

"The former conductor told me of a man like you who failed to get off when the train stopped at Elroy and he was in a hurry and asked me to see that you were off."

"Well, sir, the former conductor failed to tell you that I had, as supposed, lost my ticket and he made me pay to Elroy, but I found it again while waiting at that station," replied the stranger.

"Looks a little fishy, but as I can't disprove it we will have to let it pass."

Reaching Mrs. Dennison the conductor was informed by her that she had lost her ticket. The conductor asked Mrs. Dennison where she was going.

"To Minneapolis," was the reply, "and this lady and daughter saw me give my ticket to the last conductor and he punched it and gave it back."

Mrs. Livingston and Leila verified the statement. But he insisted that she pay her fare as far as St. Paul and she had not sufficient money. Weeping, she asked Mrs. Livingston if she could help her, and her sister would send her the money as soon as she could write back her address. Mrs. Livingston could do nothing less in her sympathy, and yet she knew that should her husband fail to arrive at Monot when they did she would not have sufficient money for hotel bills. At St. Paul they parted, Mrs. Dennison giving her the Minneapolis address. The rest of their journey was among total strangers. They passed through northern Minnesota and had a glimpse of what pioneering meant though hundreds of miles east of their destination.

(To be continued)

QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE MEMORIAL BOARD, APRIL 11, 1920

The regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund was held in the church parlors, April 11, 1920, at 10 a. m. There were present: Henry M. Maxson, William M. Stillman, Frank J. Hubbard, Orra S. Rogers, Edward E. Whitford, Clarence W. Spicer, William C. Hubbard, and Accountant Asa F. Randolph. President Maxson was in the chair.

The minutes of the last quarterly meeting were read. A communication from the Treasurer of this Board was read, relating to the bequest of the late Mrs. Neppie P. Harbert, of Memphis, Tenn., item 5 of which will read as follows: "I direct that my said executors shall, out of the proceeds of my estate, use of the sum of \$2,750, for the benefit of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination in the United States as in their judgment, after consultation and conference with the official body of said denomination, may seem best." It was voted that we execute a bond of the Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund and have the local bank write a letter setting out our financial responsibility and probity, and forward same to the executors, that we may receive the bequest.

Dean Main advised that John F. Randolph and Miss Elizabeth Randolph are still in the Theological Seminary, and it was voted that \$75 each be sent them, through Dean Main.

The Treasurer reported the receipts from the estate of Elizabeth R. Davis, widow of Oliver Davis, of Nortonville, Kan., of \$1,224.69 to be placed in the corpus of the Fund for Superannuated Ministers, now designated Ministerial Relief Fund. Mr. O. W. Babcock, of Nortonville, Kan., was the executor of this estate.

A special committee presented the following memorial to the late Joseph A. Hubbard:

Resolved, That we place in our minutes the following memorial of Joseph A. Hubbard, who passed to his reward on December 14, 1919.

Mr. Joseph A. Hubbard was a member of this Board for forty-two years, acting as Treasurer for the last twenty-four years.

In all his relations he was dependable and prompt. In his service as Treasurer he was painstaking and careful, devoting himself thoroughly to the interests which the Board represents. All our denominational interests received his loyal and liberal support.

We hereby record our appreciation of his service and of his faithful life and loyal effort for the advancement of the faith.

HENRY M. MAXSON,
WILLIAM M. STILLMAN,
CLARENCE W. SPICER.

The Treasurer read his third quarterly report, showing disbursements and income up to February 29, 1920, which having been audited, was approved and ordered on file. The Treasurer also read the report of the Finance Committee, showing changes in securities during the quarter. The report was signed by the committee and was approved and ordered placed on file. The Treasurer reported that all interest to date has been paid except that owed by Charles Sebring and advised that this mortgagee would either pay promptly or be requested to repay the loan.

The estate of Mary Hebron mortgage is under foreclosure and the property has been sold, and we agreed to continue the mortgage of \$4,000 upon payment of \$500 per year for two years. The Memorial Board is followed by a second mortgage for \$1,000.

It was voted that Attorney William M. Stillman be instructed to proceed to foreclose the mortgage against the estate of A. S. Prudhon.

The income from the Discretionary Funds was divided as follows:

Delos C. Burdick Fund: Equally divided between the American Sabbath Tract Society and Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, \$38.29. The George H. Babcock Fund: To Salem College, (Salem, W. Va.), \$151.70. The Henry W. Stillman Fund: To Milton College, (Milton, Wis.), \$44.63.

Minutes read and approved, and the Board adjourned.

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD,
Secretary.

DISBURSEMENTS

Alfred University	\$1,028 08
Milton College	628 88
Salem College	313 92
American Sabbath Tract Society	454 14
Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society	300 53
Plainfield, N. J., Seventh Day Baptist Church	81 11

REV. WILLIAM L. BURDICK GOES TO DENVER, COLO.

Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Burdick left Alfred yesterday enroute for Denver, Colo., where Pastor Burdick is to be employed for a time in the government surveying party. This step is taken to enable Pastor Burdick to recuperate from the strain of a long pastorate at Alfred, where the work is too much for one man. This heavy work, coupled with his position last year as president of Conference, left him in a very run-down condition. His friends here trust that a few months spent in the open in that beautiful and health-giving western country will completely restore him to health, and that he will be back in the harness as a pastor at a not far-distant date.

The best wishes of his former parishioners go with Dr. Burdick and his estimable wife. He has done a great work here, which will show more and more as time goes by.—*Alfred Sun.*

THE AGE OF BIRDS

Some birds live to a great age. The age of ninety is known to have been reached by a gray parrot, and there are many statements of birds of the parrot family having lived for more than a century. The raven is also credited with having reached one hundred years. The domestic geese are also long-lived. Many have been known to live forty years.—*Selected.*

THE COMMISSION'S PAGE



EVERY CHURCH IN LINE
EVERY MEMBER SUPPORTING

*"Without me ye can do nothing."
"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."*

ROLL OF HONOR

- + ★ North Loup, Nebraska
- + ★ Battle Creek, Michigan
- + ★ Hammond, Louisiana
- + ★ Second Westerly, Rhode Island.
- + ★ Independence, New York
- + ★ Plainfield, New Jersey
- + ★ New York City, N. Y.
- + ★ Salem, W. Va.
- + ★ Dodge Center, Minnesota
- + ★ Verona, New York
- + Riverside, California
- + Milton Junction, Wis.
- + Pawcatuck Church, Westerly, R. I.
- + Milton, Wisconsin
- + Los Angeles, California
- + ★ Chicago, Illinois
- + ★ Piscataway Church, New Market, N. J.
- + ★ Welton, Iowa
- + ★ Farina, Illinois
- + Boulder, Colorado
- + ★ Lost Creek, West Virginia
- + Nortonville, Kansas

FORWARD MOVEMENT RECEIPTS

The Treasurer of Conference has received for the Forward Movement from March 26 to April 25, 1920, as follows:

Churches:	
Attalla	\$ 12 00
Battle Creek	300 00
First Brookfield	63 64
Second Brookfield	88 75
Cartwright	45 94
Dodge Center	84 80
Farina (Church, \$174.95; Sabbath School \$20.00)	194 95
Friendship	100 00
Gentry	75 00
First Hopkinton	160 00
Second Hopkinton	56 00
Independence	100 00
Marlboro	45 00
Mill Yard	35 00
Milton Junction	260 00
New Auburn, (Minn.)	10 00
Plainfield	165 25
Pawcatuck	534 98
Rockville	46 00
Salem	467 65
Shiloh	372 25
First Verona	103 00
Waterford	102 00
(Name later)	10 00
	<hr/>
	\$3,432 21

Other receipts from August 1, 1919, to April 25, 1920:

GENERAL FUND	
Books sold	\$ 8 68
Interest	15 85
Major and Mrs. Elmer Kemp	2 35
Churches:	
Cosmos	4 00
Berlin	34 00
Richburg	10 00
Milton Junction	37 76
First Hebron	10 00
Nortonville	56 00
First Verona	20 50
First Genesee	49 25
Battle Creek	23 50
DeRuyter	22 75
Adams	38 25
North Loup	23 77
Albion	15 00
Lost Creek	22 75
Fouke	18 00
Roanoke	10 00
	<hr/>
	\$422 41

EXPENSES OF FORWARD MOVEMENT	
Churches:	
Nortonville	\$62 16
Battle Creek	34 75
North Loup	35 19
Lost Creek	33 67
Fouke	8 42
	<hr/>
	174 19

SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS	
Churches:	
Nortonville	\$21 00
Battle Creek	16 75
North Loup	11 89
Lost Creek	11 38
Fouke	4 61
	<hr/>
	65 63

FOR VARIOUS BENEVOLENT FUNDS	
Collections at Battle Creek Conference	\$332 50
First Verona Sabbath School	81 23
Mrs. Olive Stillman	2 00
Churches:	
Second Brookfield	8 55
Albion	5 00
First Hopkinton	64 00
New York	50 00
Hammond	5 00
Lost Creek	97 37
First Verona	10 00
Independence	50 00
	<hr/>
	705 65
Total	<hr/>
	\$1,367 88
	WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, Treasurer.
Alfred, N. Y., April 26, 1920.	

TEACHINGS OF JESUS—THE CHURCH

DEAN ARTHUR E. MAIN,
ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Religion, fundamentally, is life; and life reveals itself in organized activity. Out of the possession of common salvation and discipleship, more or less thoroughly organized congregations of Christians would necessarily grow. These congregations would be related to the kingdom of God both as effect and cause. A spiritual kingdom manifests itself in congregations; and the mission of the congregation is not only self-development, but the extension of the kingdom, as the world's moral salt and light, by the preaching of the gospel. Jesus gathered round himself a company of followers; and anticipated an increase of laborers to carry on the compassionate work of salvation that he commenced (Matt. 9:35-38). His message was a call to repentance, belief in the Gospel, and salvation. They who heeded the call received his kingdom, and were prepared for membership in the congregation of disciples.

Under Jesus' remodeling hand many Old Testament molds of Hebrew religious thought and life might have been made capable of containing the Gospel; and I believe he would have been glad to have connected his life and work with Moses, the Prophet, and the Psalms, more closely than he did. But most of the social and religious leaders of his day did not understand their own Scriptures; and while he had to break with contemporary Judaism,

he did not break in spirit and purpose, with the noble Hebraism of the Old Testament. For example, he did not condemn the letter of the commandments (Matt. 5:21, 27), but the spirit and conduct of those who stopped at the letter. He was not opposed to ceremonies as such; but to the substitution of the external for the inward. He believed in a spiritual and ethical, but not a Judaized Sabbath. He would have led the people out of their narrowness into the universalism of their own prophets, and from the Levitical sacrificial system to a holy conception of his own sacrificial life and death for the whole world; but they would not. The Christian congregation and Church ought to have grown out of the Hebrew "congregation" as naturally as the full grain comes from the blade and ear. But he was so misunderstood and opposed, that he could only plant new moral and religious forces in the minds and hearts of his followers; teach great foundation principles; and leave them to work out, in the providence of God, in that grand though still imperfect organized movement and society known as The Church of God.

There are two great passages (Matt. 16:13-19, 18:15-20), that give to us precious doctrine concerning the origin, nature, power, and destiny of the Christian Congregation and Church. (1) It is built upon rock. "Thou art Peter [Petros, in the Greek], and upon this rock [petra] I will build my church." The rock is confession of the divinely revealed truth that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God. But a confession requires a confessor. Therefore Peter himself, and all (Matt. 18:18) to whom the revelation comes that Jesus is the Christ of God, are the rock foundation of the Church. This is a noble recognition of the dignity and power of personality; and the real successors of Peter are those who truly believe in and confess the Christ. (2) Christ himself is the Builder of this spiritual edifice; and it is his possession. (3) The gates of Hades shall not prevail against it. Death and the place of the dead overthrow and receive men and nations; but the Church, having the power of an indestructible life, shall never yield to the power of death. (4) Peter, and men like him, carry the keys of the kingdom of heaven, as stewards of its treasures and blessings. And when they bind and loose, that is, forbid or

permit, in connection with the things of the kingdom of God, their words have the approval of heaven. This almost startling promise will not seem so startling, when we shall have studied our next passage.

With regard to the teachings of Matthew 18:15-20, let me say, (1), that even if one thinks we have no specific and unalterable rule of procedure, here, the principle, at least, is rational, fraternal, and Christian. (2). The congregation has the right to be heard by a trespasser who will not yield to individual and brotherly efforts to restore him. (3) As a Gentile and Publican he is not to be deserted: but to be counted among those who still need to know the glad tidings of salvation. (4) Agreement of desire and purpose; united asking, in dependence upon the Father in heaven; a coming together out of reverent regard for the Name and Person of the Lord; and his own spiritual presence and power, these are conditions of prevailing prayer. And we are to believe that such a praying congregation, of two, or of two hundred, would be counted worthy to carry the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and would wisely bind and loose, in the sphere of Christian character and conduct.

Here, therefore, was a new moral legislation; it was necessary to discover what was consistent and what was inconsistent with citizenship in the kingdom of God, and who could discover this but the community of believers? They must determine what was morally permissible or not permissible, by the principle of faith in him and spiritual communion with him, and thus they would discover thoughts of God which he himself could not utter beforehand in detail (John 16:12); that is, they would bind and loose with heavenly approbation; and this right of binding and loosing must be the presupposition of their exercise of discipline and their essential acts of excommunication. (Beyschlag, N. T. Theology, I., 168.)

The Church is like a family (Matt. 5:44, 45, 12:50); God is our heavenly Father, and we are his children. It is like a school; Jesus is our Master or Teacher, and we are disciples or learners (Matt. 10:24, 25, 26:18; Mark 14:14; Luke, 6:40, 22:11). And our unselfish interest in one another ought to be that of brothers and sisters, and of mutually

kind and helpful scholars. We are under such laws as love, forgiveness and service. An ideal family or school is a good ideal for a church; and the church is partly a human organization, and partly an organism grounded in a common spiritual life.

The Church is called to evangelize and teach, and to love, obey, and serve, with self-sacrificing devotion; but not to the function of judgment. That belongs only to her Lord (Matt. 13:36-43).

To escape the danger of becoming one-sidedly mystical or ethical, the Church has a few symbols of religion and holiness: the Sabbath, a symbol of the sacredness of all time; Baptism, a symbol of that purifying change which brings us into the kingdom of God; and the Lord's Supper, a symbol of the Church's spiritual nourishment through communion with a crucified but now living Savior and Lord.

Physical, intellectual, moral, social and religious differences, in the kingdom and Church of Christ, are inevitable; but there are no official classes or ranks, in the sense of lordship rights over the congregation. Leadership is a matter of personal fitness, not of mere official station. The great in the Church shall be its servants; and the first, its Lord's bondsmen (Matt. 20:26, 27).

Alfred, N. Y.

DEEP CALLETH UNTO DEEP

Deep calleth unto deep;
But depths and heights are thine,
The angry waters sleep,
Hushed by thy voice divine;
The stormy winds thy word fulfill,
And at thy bidding they are still.

Deep calleth unto deep;
The world's foundations rock,
The fires of hell up-leap,
Our fairest hopes to mock;
But firm amid the swelling tides
Thy purpose stands, thy throne abides.

Deep calleth unto deep;
The floods would overwhelm;
But thou art not asleep,
Thy hand is on the helm;
And winds and waves of this dark hour
Obey the whisper of thy power.

O Christ, we cry to thee!
Rebuke this hate and strife;
Say, Let the new earth be—
The better, nobler life;
Thy ways of peace to men make known,
And bind all people to thy throne!

—Christian Advocate.

MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

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

A LETTER FROM BROTHER LOYAL HURLEY

Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.

DEAR BROTHER SHAW: I have waited several days before replying to yours of the 6th inst., hoping to have a little bit of definite information to give you, which I have not yet received.

In the first place, I have not resigned here at Battle Creek, although I expect to do so in the immediate future. However, many rumors have gone out about my quitting the Sanitarium and quitting the ministry, which are as amusing as they are unfounded. I have heard that I am going to Welton, Ia., as the pastor, also that I am going to work for my brother on the farm. Other rumors of different kinds come to our ears every few days.

Several letters have come my way, criticizing me severely for thinking of dropping out of the ministry. Some have even insinuated that I was forsaking the Lord because I am planning to go on a farm for a year or a year and a half. Of course, I will let the Lord judge that.

We do plan to go to the Waterloo Jersey Farm, at Waterloo, Ia., for a year or so in the hope that I will not have to quit the ministry as some think I am doing. Those who know my condition tell us that we are showing only good horse sense in trying to save my nerves from a complete collapse. We are just as sure of God's leadership in going from the Sanitarium to a farm as we were in coming to Battle Creek.

You see, I have overworked ever since I first decided to study for the ministry, and for about seven years I have carried practically double work. In January I experienced a partial nervous breakdown from which I rallied somewhat when I stopped work right off short. But as I take up the work again I feel the trouble returning. So it would seem to be the most foolish thing for me to go on till I am not only worthless as a minister, but also a burden to my wife. Hence our plan.

It seems unwise to think of doing quartet

work this summer. Of course, I would enjoy it. I have written Middle Island, declining the call there and expect to write Walworth the same answer today. I trust no other churches will call me at the present as I dislike very much to decline.

I trust that this personal note will lead you to see that it is not my desire to get out of the ministry, but my desire to stay in it that leads me to make our present move.

With kindest personal regards, I remain your brother.

L. T. HURLEY. L.T.H.

Battle Creek, Mich., April 18, 1920.

A LETTER FROM MR. CROFOOT

MY DEAR MR. SHAW:

It is a little uncertain just what I ought to say at this stage of affairs, but the fact is that three doctors here who have examined Mrs. Crofoot seem to doubt very much whether she has cancer. They advise an operation, which she will probably have in a few days, though they say the line between advising an operation and advising radium is a narrow one. The use of the microscope after an operation seems to be the one way to determine which diagnosis is right.

Mrs. Van Horn and Miss Wells met us here and had secured a boarding place for us. We went at once to the clinic where one doctor made an examination and yesterday she was examined by two more. On Friday I went through the mill myself, for a skin disease for which I had been having treatment for five months in Shanghai. About all the encouragement I got was the statement that it is one of the most resistant diseases one ever has. It is a kind of ring worm they think.

We asked one of Hannah's doctors whether it is likely that we can return in the fall and she answered in the affirmative.

The day we landed we read in an American or Canadian newspaper that a million (or was it 3,000,000?) Chinese students are on strike again so I fear our school work is much broken up. It was by no means easy for me to drop it and leave, but it seemed the only thing to do.

Of course I shall write again in a few days.

Yours faithfully,
J. W. CROFOOT.

312 Third Ave., S. W. Rochester, Minn.
April 25, 1920.

MONTHLY STATEMENT

April 1, 1920—May 1, 1920

S. H. Davis
In account with
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society

Dr.	
Balance on hand April 1, 1920.....	\$1,692 07
Collection on Southwest field.....	2 89
Young People's Board, Gen. Fund.....	50 00
Hammond Church, special help on Forward Movement	5 00
Ministerial Education Fund, help for Monsma	25 00
Haarlem Sabbath School, China Miss'n	22 00
Haarlem Church, gift for China Mission	6 40
Grand Marsh Church:	
Missionary Society Budget	27 54
Girls' School	3 78
Boys' School	3 78
Georgetown Mission	90
Memorial Board:	
Sarah P. Potter bequest	24 26
Missionary Society Fund	33 82
E. L. Babcock bequest	162 23
Delos C. Burdick bequest	37 22
E. K. Burdick Fund	41 93
Delos C. Burdick Farm	1 07
Conference Treasurer:	
Georgetown Mission	25 27
Boys' School, Shanghai	101 07
Girls' School, Shanghai	101 07
Missionary Society	745 77
Contributions Southwest field	
D. N. Newton, General Fund	10 00
T. C. Newton, General Fund	10 00
Young People's Board, Dr. Palmborg's salary	75 00
Income from Permanent Fund	1,500 00
Interest on checking account	66
	\$4,715 73

Cr.	
Rev. L. A. Wing, March salary	\$ 37 50
Charles W. Thorngate, Jan.-Mar. salary	50 00
Rev. S. S. Powell, March salary.....	25 00
James M. Pope, salary W. T. Randolph	25 00
Rev. J. J. Kovats, Hungarian Mission.	20 00
Jesse G. Burdick, Italian Mission.....	29 16
Rev. George W. Hills, March salary..	53 34
Rev. M. C. Pennel, March salary and traveling expenses	73 68
Rev. R. R. Thorngate, March salary..	25 00
Dr. E. S. Maxson, March salary, Rev. Clayton	25 00
Rev. W. D. Tickner, Jan.-March salary	50 00
Rev. R. J. Severance, March salary and traveling expenses	88 34
Mrs. Lena G. Crofoot, March salary, West Edmeston	25 00
Rev. W. L. Davis, March salary	25 00
Stephen J. Davis, salary P. S. Burdick	25 00
Rev. T. L. M. Spencer, April salary...	83 34
Marie Jansz, April-June salary and exchange	50 50
Rosa Palmborg, March salary	42 34
Anna Crofoot, account J. Crofoot.....	12 50
Edwin Shaw, March sal., postage, etc.	91 00
Anna M. West, balance salary	119 48
Dr. Grace I. Crandall, balance salary.	119 48
Dr. Bessie B. Sinclair, balance salary..	119 48
Susie M. Burdick, balance salary.....	75 73
Rev. H. E. Davis, balance salary.....	150 74
Girls' School account	44 80
Evangelist account	74 67
J. W. Crofoot, balance salary	106 64
Extra for exchange	75 96
Mrs. Zilpha W. Seward, two weeks' salary	27 00
G. Velthuysen:	
Salary (Less 75 guilders).....	71 60
Holland and Java appropriation..	150 00
Help for Monsma and exchange..	26 21
W. C. Whitford, special from Hammond Church	5 00
General Fund for Haarlem Church....	28 40
Rev. T. L. M. Spencer, May salary....	83 33

Industrial Trust Co., draft for Rev. Crofoot, traveling expenses.... 727 93
Treasurer's expenses

\$2,888 15
1,827 58
\$4,715 73

Bills payable in May, about

Notes outstanding, May 1, 1920

SABBATH EVANGELIST'S LABOR

REV. E. H. SOCWELL

Leaving Hitchcock, I closed my labor in South Dakota and went direct to Fargo, N. D., where I was entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Clement. These friends are members of the North Loup Church and while Mr. Clement is engaged as president of an extensive potato association in Minnesota, he and his family occupy their home across the Red River in North Dakota in the thriving city of Fargo, the "Chicago of the West." I enjoyed this visit very much and was made to feel that it was appreciated by Mr. and Mrs. Clement who gave me a liberal contribution to our Tract Society and renewed their subscription to the RECORDER.

At Ulen, Minn., thirty-eight miles from Fargo, I visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Coalwell, members of the Dodge Center Church. While at this place Mr. and Mrs. Arre drove over from their home fifteen miles distant and remained over the Sabbath and Sunday. Mrs. Arre is a sister to Mrs. Coalwell and is also a member of the Dodge Center Church.

On Sunday I preached to a small company of people in Mr. Coalwell's home, who enjoyed the services and who also expressed themselves as thankful for the visit made them.

Mrs. Carrie Green, a member of the Dodge Center Church, resides at Mora, Minn., and here the next stop was made. Mrs. Green is a prominent W. C. T. U. worker and for many years has held the important position of district president, her district comprising seven counties in that part of the State. She is widely known throughout the State as a W. C. T. U. worker and as a faithful Sabbath-keeper, and wherever she is known, she is respected. A pleasant visit was enjoyed at this home and the next stop was made at Grandy, Minn. Four miles east of Grandy

is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carlson, loyal Seventh Day Baptists and the only members left of our Danish church which once existed near here and was known as the "Isanti Church." The visit in this home was most pleasant and especially so since it was so highly appreciated by these loyal friends who had not been visited by any of our Seventh Day Baptist people for more than twenty-five years. These friends remember with tender feeling the visits made them many years ago by Brother J. W. Morton and Brother O. U. Whitford, who are held in grateful memory by them, and during all the years that have followed, Mr. and Mrs. Carlson have remained faithful.

Leaving Grandy, I stopped on my way to Minneapolis at Anoka and Champlin, where several calls were made on old friends, one family of which are Sabbath-keepers, and later I arrived at the home of my daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Hall, in Minneapolis. Several days were spent in the city and contiguous country. A trip was made to Frederic, Wis., where I was most heartily welcomed to the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Green, members of the Dodge Center Church. On the last evening of my visit at this point, Mr. and Mrs. Green took me to the home of a Mr. Norton, five miles west of Frederic, when on the spur of the moment, a congregation of almost thirty persons were assembled and I preached to them. At the close of the service Mr. Green took the first steps toward organizing a Bible school at this rural point, and the plan met with hearty approval of all present and they pledged it their support. An appointment was made for the following Sunday at one of the homes in the community, at which time a Bible school was to be organized and I trust the plan was a success. Mr. Green is to be commended for the consecrated spirit he evinced in entering into this missionary labor in this very needy field, and I trust he will receive the support of the entire community.

I enjoyed the work at Frederic very much indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Green were very much pleased to have me visit them, and the strangers to whom I preached in that remote home expressed their grateful appreciation of the service held in their midst and urged me to visit them whenever I could

make it possible. I am much pleased with the results of this visit.

At Robbinsdale, a few miles from Minneapolis, I called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Saunders. Mrs. Saunders is a faithful Seventh Day Baptist and is a member of the Farina, Ill., Church. The visit at this home was enjoyed very much, for several reasons, one of which was the fact that when he was a child, I knew Mr. Saunders at West Hallock, Ill., and it was a pleasure to visit with him and talk over the events of past years in which we were mutually interested. I also visited New Auburn, Minn., and spent a few days in visiting the few Seventh Day Baptists left there, and other old friends. On Sunday morning and in the evening I preached in the Baptist church to fairly good audiences and on Sunday evening a deep interest was manifested in the sermon, and at the close of the service, when an opportunity was given for the people to express their desire for a better life and to get nearer to God, several stood on their feet who had never before evinced any interest in Christian living.

Mrs. Abbey is leaving this field after having labored there for four years, and the future for both our Seventh Day Baptist church and the Baptist church, holds but little promise. Almost all the members of both of these churches have moved away and others are going, and it is probable that no more services will be held in either church. This is sad to contemplate, but it seems to be the fate that awaits both churches.

Returning to Minneapolis I visited the few families in the city in whom we as a people are interested and closed my labors for this time.

I have been from home since February 15, laboring nine and a half weeks, during which time I have made calls upon one hundred and thirty-two families, preached eleven sermons and have done all I could in other ways to promote the cause of Christ and of the Sabbath he loved.

Dodge Center, Minn.,
April 24, 1912

"Love will reach higher, lower and deeper, farther out, stay longer and do more, stick tighter in anything and for anybody than any and all things else."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

A MOTHER

Your throbbing heart gave up a part
Of life to give my life its start
And so, as long as life endures,
Your heart is mine as mine is yours.

Your tender breast was heaven blest
To lull my little cares to rest,
So let me fold you now and keep
You harbored till the last long sleep.

Your hands which served, nor ever swerved
From service more than I deserved.
Now that they tremble in their clasp
Shall feel my firmer, stronger grasp.

Your loving eyes of gentle guise
Looked ever on me tender-wise,
So all the love which I have known,
Be mirrored in them from my own.
—Edmund Vance Cooke.

THE OTHER MOTHER'S TONIC

*What came of a call by the Rested Mother
upon the Tired Mother of Son-Bun*

The two mothers gazed at each other for the smallest fraction of a second before the polite interchange of greetings between caller and caller-on. The mother in the doorway was cool and clean and rested, the one on the floor mending a huge rug was soiled and very weary, but managed to achieve a nervous smile.

"Good afternoon; I'd get up if I could, but I can't to save me! The wires are down between me and my feet. If you don't mind finding a chair—"

"Two chairs—three! Don't you dare to stir, Josephine!"

"Well, you'll have to sit 'back to,' as Son Bun says. I wouldn't have you see the smudge on my nose for the world."

The Rested Mother laughed coolly and cleanly. "There isn't any smudge, my dear," she said.

"Then it's on my soul—I feel a smudge somewhere," sighed the little Tired Mother. "Almost anybody would have smudges that had to mend this old raggedy rug again. That's Son-Bun's name for it."

"'Son-Bun' has names for everything, doesn't he? I expect he has one for me."

"He has,—the Noddy Lady. He says you *look* so nice and noddy; he bets if you had a little boy you'd say 'yes' instead of 'no!'"

"Josephine, don't! It—hurts." The eyes of the Noddy Lady were full of tears. At the soft cry of her voice the woman on the floor turned quickly, distress in her face.

"Oh, what have I said? I'm so sorry, dear. I'm always—"

"You're always all right. It was that little Son-Bun that hurt me—he hurts me every day, coming home from school. Mine used to come home, too—No, don't say any thing! Let me say it. I know what you were thinking when I came in. Dear soul, you were envying me!"

"Yes, I was. You were so clean and rested. You'd got your work all done, and your raggedy rug wasn't all to pieces again, and your baby hadn't cried all the morning, and your Son-Bun—"

"My 'Son-Bun' is sitting still and behaving beautifully, dressed up in his best little clothes. On the wall—he never moves nor gets soiled or naughty like yours—Josephine, if I could wash his little hands! It's two years since I did, but I can hear him now, laughing because the water was so black."

"Son-Bunny laughs," murmured the Tired Mother; her weary face under its tumble of soft hair had lost its sharp lines. "He thinks it is a joke—the water's *always* black."

"Josephine, it is a joke. You laugh, too—you and Son-Bun together. Anything you can do *together*. Laugh at his little harmless accidents and jokes—don't lose a precious chance to laugh! I lost so many. I remember them all now, Josephine,—I can't forget one!"

The Rested Mother leaned forward in her chair and placed a pleading hand on the other mother's crumpled sleeve. "We don't laugh enough with little sons—little Son-Buns," she said sadly. "But you've got time enough to begin now. Some of us can't. Josephine, begin—*begin!*"

The raggedy rug lay unmended and forgotten, its faded colors beautiful in the soft afternoon light. The Tired Mother's face took on creases of thought. "But I'm always so tired," she said presently. "I don't have *time* to laugh, either,—so I

scold. It never occurred to me that it took time to scold!"

"I know." The other woman's smile was curiously tender. "Sometimes it takes two years for things to 'occur.' It never occurred to me then."

"But it's so much—*handier* to scold instead of laugh," the soiled little mother sighed. "You do it before you stop to think."

"Yes, I know—I know. It comes so easy—Josephine, if I had a chance now to *stop and think!*"

The raggedy rug dropped in a heap, forgotten. Mother drew close to mother. There was no need for words now. A link of little sons bound them together. It was very still in the homely little place, until a baby's imperative call broke the gentle spell.

"There's baby! he's had a regular *nab* at last. I'll go and get the little howler." She was back in a moment with the child, appeased and smiling, in her arms. The eyes of the other mother rested on the two of them, wistful-sad. One mother to have two little sons and the other none!

"I must go." She rose to her feet. "Are you going to forgive me, Josephine, for preaching?"

"I'm going to kiss you for it! Helen, may I come over some time and look at—yours? His little picture on the wall? I would so like—"

"Not that way, Josephine—not in his little Sabbath best! I'd rather tell you how he looked with scratched bare legs and little hands that made the water black. I'd rather you saw him in his little *everydays*, Josephine."

"Like Son-Bun—yes, dear. So I will look at Son-Bun instead." She nodded softly, her arms tightening about the baby figure in her arms. They two watched the neighbor go back to her lonely home.

"I'm going to laugh, baby! I've turned over a new leaf," the Tired Mother whispered. But she could not foresee the long, hot, hard days ahead, when worn and harassed nerves would refuse to laugh. The year-old baby fretted by day and night with rebellious little teeth, and seven-year-old Son-Bun got in and out of mischief with dizzying leaps. They were days to try a Tired Mother's soul. She forgot she was going to laugh.

It was late June, so close to July that be-

ing June scarcely mattered; the hot blight of its successor was upon it. Josephine Chatham toiled in the shabby little house and scolded in very desperation. Looking out of the window one afternoon she saw Son-Bun tearing up the road from school. It was the last-of-all day, and she watched him anxiously, remembering his precious best suit that she had dressed him in so carefully. He had looked so nice—Son-Bun had a handsome little face and the straightest little legs!

"He ought not to run like that, he'll fall down—he's *doun!*" she groaned. She watched him pick himself up and come on slowly with guilt in his gait.

"He's torn something! he's all over dust, anyway. Those nice best stockings; as likely as not there's a great hole in his knee!"

Two great holes. It had been a stony spot that Son-Bun had chosen for falling down. A three-cornered tear in his sleeve added to his ruin; he kept it close to his side as he trudged on slowly. Son-Bun was not happy. The gay whistle had frozen on his lips. Josephine-mother would scold like everything.

"Griffith Chatham, come here to me! Are you all in rags?" Griffith instead of Son-Bun; the portent was bad. Your best clothes; will you ever learn—"

The sharp voice suddenly stopped. Josephine had suddenly remembered another little son dressed up in his nice best clothes—a little, quiet, well-behaved one, who sat still with clean little folded hands.

The boy, hugging his little torn sleeve forlornly, gazing with rueful, half-defiant eyes down at the ruin of his knees, looked up in surprise at the cessation of the scolding voice.

"I must laugh! I must laugh," thought Josephine, hurriedly. It seemed a herculean task; she could so easily have cried. But that other mother who had forever lost her chance to laugh—

Josephine Chatham uttered a short, determined sound meant for a laugh. It was a queer, unearthly little croak. The noise of it in her own ears was irresistible. She caught up Son-Bun in a sudden whirl of the real thing.

"Son-Bun, didn't you hear me—I was laughing! That was a laugh, that creaky-croaky noise!"

His small, solemn mouth widened and opened; the little white blocks of houses on Tongue Street gleamed in the sudden sunshine. Son-Bun's laugh was not creaky-croaky; it pealed, shrill and delighted, through the hot little kitchen.

"F-funny noise!" he spluttered, going off afresh.

The Tired Mother collapsed into a convenient chair and laughed now whole-heartedly. They laughed together, son and mother.

"S-sounded jus' like a f-frog!"

"Son-Bun Chatham, you baddy boy, to laugh at you poo-poor mother!"

"You're a-laughin' at her, *too*,—you are!"

"Just because she laughed a nice little laugh—"

"Jus' 'xactly the way frogs laugh!" Son-Bun started in afresh. He had forgotten to hug his injured sleeve—forgotten his knees. His piquant little face was alive with joyous mirth. Josephine caught him suddenly into her lap and laughed on, with his warm, soft body against her breast. There was a new note to her own mirth. Tears had stolen into her eyes; she was thinking of the Other Mother.

"I came over to see what was the matter. I couldn't help coming." It was the Other Mother standing the doorway. "I kept hearing such a nice, funny sound—"

"It was Josephine-Mother makin' the froggiest noise!" shrilled Son-Bun from his mother's lap.

"I did my best, Helen,—you told me to laugh, yourself!"

"You seem to be having grand success. I never saw two people harder at it."

"Helen! Son-Bun! Why, it *was* a success, after all! I never thought of that! She gently dispossessed herself of the wriggling little body and rose to her feet. Her face had a curiously rested look.

"Sit down, Helen,—no, in this chair. Son-Bun, you run upstairs and get into your little everydays, and bring your best knees and blouse down to mother to mend. I'll sit here,—no, we'll go out on the porch where baby's asleep in his carriage. He won't wake up, and I'll patch and darn out there, while you talk to me, Helen. I've got it all beautifully arranged!" She laughed softly. "And Son-Bunny," she called after the retreating child, "be sure to see if you've scratched your poor little

knees through the stockings. If you did, bring those to mother too!"

"Josephine, tell me—now didn't it work?"

They were out on the narrow, shady porch with the sleeping baby. The vines made a delicate green tracery on the floor; the baby's small face was rosy and sweet.

"It's a laughing little world, Josephine, dear,—"

"It's a dear, good world," the Tired Mother said tenderly. "O Helen, if only your poor world—"

"Don't, dear,—don't call it 'poor.' I have so many beautiful times to remember—playtimes and little bedtimes when I undressed my little Son-Bun, and we said, 'Our Father' together. I can remember just how sweet and high his little voice sounded, keeping step with mine. The dear Lord is good to let me remember *exactly*, Josephine. And that we prayed *together*—that is best of all. I hold on so tight to all the together-things. Little sons and mothers—oh, that was why I was so glad when I heard you and your little son laughing together, dear! I saw him go by all dusty and damaged."

"And you thought—I know what you thought. 'She will scold him, poor little thing!' I did scold him, Helen—poor little thing. That is, I started in, full swing, and then I remembered that I ought not to scold, but laugh. He hadn't been naughty, you see. I remembered all your little preachment and—and the little picture on your wall. I just said to myself, 'You've got to laugh—*now go ahead!*'"

She paused and gazed outward through the vines at the hot world. A little laugh was already under way.

"Maybe you think I felt like laughing—his only good suit and his little fine-as-silk stockings. But I 'went ahead,' Helen. I made the funniest noise you ever heard in your life. Then it just came over me all in a heap how funny it was to call that thing a laugh—then there we both were up to our ears in the real, genuine thing. I didn't know Son-Bun could laugh so hard!"

"I didn't know *you* could. It was splendid!"

"It was truly, Helen. I feel as if I had taken a dose of medicine. Oh, yes, I shall try it again. You can have my letter of recommendation to put in your Laugh Tonic advertisement, if it works a real cure:

'I have suffered for years (I ought to say Son-Bun has suffered) from the scolding disease, but one bottle of your tonic has cured me. I shall feel thankful (Son-Bun will feel thankful) to you always.—Josephine Chatham, Mother.

"You can refer anybody to me, Helen. It's a dear good tonic, and after the first puckery sip very palatable. Leaves the nicest taste in your mouth.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in *Christian Herald*.

CONFERENCE ON WOMAN'S WORK

Woman's Board, Milton, Wis.

DEAR FRIENDS: My January letter to you was never written. In that I was going to tell you of the conference in Shanghai on woman's work. The members of the conference were representatives of the Federation of Women's Boards in U. S. A. and missionaries and Chinese workers from Hongkong and ten of the provinces of China.

The preliminary work was done in seven commissions: collegiate, religious, education and evangelistic, secondary schools, literature, social service, administrative and medical; after which they met as a whole to vote upon the resolutions made in the different commissions. They all emphasized the need of higher standard of work and workers and a greater extension of Christian service towards meeting the life needs of the Chinese people.

It was requested that two women specialists, one on Child Welfare, and one on Women in Industry in connection with a national social service council be sent out by the home boards. A Home Economics expert was also asked for to adapt the principles of home economics to actual needs of the homes in China. Courses on practical home-making were suggested for mission schools. The needs of Chinese women in literature were considered.

A resolution was passed "that the China for Christ Movement take a definite stand and actively educate public opinion against polygamy, forced marriages and slavery, and that it work for an equal moral standard for men and women."

The social service commission endorsed the program of the China for Christ Movement including (1) community surveys, (2) moral reform, actively opposing gambling, alcoholism, opium and prostitu-

tion, (3) education of all Christians and establishment of half day and night schools, (4) public hygiene, and (5) child welfare program.

They recommended graded courses in religious education in the secondary schools and that a religious education specialist should be sent out to give intensive courses to mission educators on the field.

It was urged that private and secondary schools should "fit for life" and that more elective studies be offered. They also insisted on higher qualifications for teachers—that Chinese teachers in high schools should have had college training; in upper primary schools, high school training; and in lower primary, upper primary and at least one year of normal training. At present few schools can live up to that standard. Co-education was even discussed, but no agreement reached. It seems that it is being tried in one or two mission schools, but there is very strong feeling against it on the part of many.

The medical commission spent much time discussing the establishment of a medical college. The people in this section are very eager for a college in the Yangtze valley, in which English would be the medium of instruction, and I might add, were much disappointed when at the medical conference at Peking in February, it was decided that one should be established in Peking in which Mandarin shall be the language used, but no other medical school in any other locality until that is thoroughly equipped and manned.

As one resolution said, "This conference marks a new era for women's work in China." Last Thursday we had a very interesting afternoon. Two young Korean women came out to our church and talked to the students in this neighborhood on Korea and the efforts of the Korean people for independence.

It was like a tale from the Middle Ages. While the Japanese have in some ways developed their country they have deprived the Koreans of all semblance of liberty. Not even church services can be held without the subject being first announced to the officials. Then a Japanese must be present. Schools must have Japanese oversight and no one can teach who can not speak Japanese. One of these women had been a teacher but since she could not speak Japa-

nese and found it very difficult to learn she came to China for study and later became a Chinese citizen. She is still loyal to her native land and feels it a duty to help her people there. In talking with her she spoke often of working "for country." Her husband went to Paris to represent Korea at the conferences and she immediately set her face towards Korea to carry this news to their fellow countrymen since it could be carried in no other way. The Japanese keep a very close censorship over mails.

Because it has been largely Christians who have been active in this move for independence the authorities have done all they could to persecute them. These young women told how a pit was dug and Christians put into it and smothered to death; and of gathering Christians into churches or mission buildings and setting fire to the buildings.

A year ago now there was an attempt to declare independence and as a result hundreds were imprisoned. A little booklet which the Korean Red Cross recently sent out says that "over 10,000 lives have been destroyed and nearly 30,000 men, women and children have been arrested. Most of these prisoners have received physical injuries at the hands of the Japanese, and their lives are slowly ebbing away in the overcrowded prison cells."

One of these young women was put in prison in March, 1919, for six months. She told of it and the indignities she suffered at the hands of the Japanese officers. After her release she escaped to China by dressing as an old peasant woman. The Japanese do not allow the Koreans to leave the country, though recently many have done so in one way or another. Our Shanghai daily paper sometimes mentions the underground railway connecting Korea and Shanghai.

These two young women are very devout, earnest Christians and do not believe in using force to obtain their independence. They trust that God will return their country to them. Now they feel it is their duty as well as opportunity to warn China of her danger and of what will happen to her if she comes under Japanese control.

Our students scarcely needed the warning for they are as keen as ever in their

anti-Japanese work. The Students' Union is by no means letting the matter of Shantung and Foochow drop. We are glad for an element demanding honesty and righteousness, but we pray that the head-strong leaders may be restrained and that what is done may truly be for the good of the nation.

Yours in his service, in this great and needy land.

ANNA WEST.

Shanghai, China,
March 25, 1920.

JACKSON CENTER CHURCH

DEAR SABBATH RECORDER:

We have talked for a long time about writing to you of the Jackson Center field, but since we did nothing but talk it has never been accomplished.

We can give no great report of the accomplishments here. So will have to tell of some of the things that ought to have been done.

First, Where our numbers had ought to have been very greatly increased, only one has been added to the church. This we are beginning to feel very much. During the last year and a half we have lost by death and by letter, etc., over thirty members. Some had been very faithful for many years.

Second, Some of the branches of the church have been growing less and less active since the coming of the present pastor, which gives a poor coloring to his service. This we very much regret. However, not all the branches are so inactive. The Ladies' Benevolent Society has been doing things, and it is to be hoped they will give a report in the near future. Our Christian Endeavor Society started in at the beginning of 1920 to do more efficient work during this whole year. We are not using the chart, but shall expect to begin the new Conference year with it.

Third, The "budget." It is indeed painful to see with what little enthusiasm the majority of this church have responded at this crisis. We feel that we are bound to be the loser in more ways than we can possibly think of at this time.

The director general has written many earnest, urgent appeals to us, to press on in our drive. Yet at our last regular business meeting the Convassing Committee

was discharged as coolly as though we had done a great work, when in truth the amount subscribed was so little we refrain from naming it. Now the pastor feels as though he may have been neglectful of duty some where along the line. What ever the truth may be we are in great need of a spiritual awakening.

Fourth, The future of our church can be very easily determined by these things. Some have gone so far as to make predictions, along that line. But we are determined to go forward in the hope that by divine help the efforts of a few faithful ones may redeem the cause here, then better and brighter days lie just ahead.

One thing that is sadly lacking here is prayer. Prayer at the family altar, prayer when we are happy, as well as sad. I wonder how many of our Seventh Day Baptist churches are experiencing this same famine? I wonder how many of the members of other churches are guilty of this same neglect? I wonder how many are satisfied to let this condition continue. The writer for one is hungry to see this condition improved.

Now Jackson Center has taken enough space for this time. Pray for us.

WRITER.

REPORT OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CLASS OF THE CHICAGO SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOL

For Quarter Ending March 20, 1920

The Christian Endeavor Class of the Chicago Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath School was organized November 8, 1919, with eleven charter members. On that date the constitution was adopted and officers elected for the first quarter of 1920, as follows: President Rua Van Horn; secretary, Margaret Kimball; treasurer, Dorothy Larkin; Executive Committee chairman, Rua Van Horn; Teacher and Topic Committee chairman, Courtland Davis; Membership Committee chairman, Helen Titsworth; Social Committee chairman, Mrs. George Post Jr.

Since its organization the class has met on each Sabbath afternoon, with one exception, having had nineteen sessions in all. At these meetings we have discussed the Sabbath-school lesson and learned by the experiences of each other how to meet the various problems that have been presented.

Through these discussions and lessons we have gained much that is of permanent value. The lessons have been taught by the various members of the class in turn. It has been voted that beginning with the second quarter of nineteen twenty, the class shall take up the study of "The Meaning of Faith," by Harry Emerson Fosdick.

As a young people's social club the class has functioned most successfully. We have had three jolly social evenings together—at the home of Mrs. Post, and of Miss Butterfield, and down town. The gratitude of the class as a whole is hereby extended to these hostesses for the pleasure they have given to us.

The class now has enrolled fifteen members. The average attendance has been from nine to thirteen for the Sabbath days of this winter's quarter. During this time we have covered the Sabbath-school lessons as outlined in the *Helping Hand*. Each week a collection has been taken and money from the treasury has been withdrawn at various times to pay the apportionment to the Young People's Board, to send flowers to members of the class who have been ill, and for the work of the American Commission for Relief in the Near East.

The Christian Endeavor Class had charge of the Christmas program in the Sabbath school, and has also supplied the music for the church services each Sabbath Day. Grateful acknowledgment is made for the services of Dr. and Mrs. Post, Dorothy Larkin, Mr. and Mrs. Burdick and others who have served the church in this way.

The secretary wishes to take this opportunity to express her regret that she has not been able to attend more regularly and that as a consequence her duties have not been discharged more efficiently.

This first quarter has been largely in the nature of an experiment, but the value of the class has already been proved in the increased interest in the work of the church and the things of the Spirit, which it has brought into the lives of its members. Trusting in Him for strength and guidance for the future we will press onward toward the goal that lies ahead.

Respectfully submitted,
MARGARET KIMBALL,
Secretary.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. R. R. THORNGATE, SALEMVILLE, PA.
Contributing Editor

ROBBING GOD

NELLIE HULL

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
May 22, 1920

DAILY READINGS,

Sunday—The first tither (Gen. 14: 17-24)
Monday—The first withholder (Matt. 26: 6-13)
Tuesday—The cheat (Acts 5: 1-11)
Wednesday—The generous (Acts 4: 32-37)
Thursday—Systematic giving (1 Cor. 16: 1-3)
Friday—Missionary gifts (Phil. 4: 10-19)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Will a man rob God? (Missionary meeting) Mal. 3: 7-12

STEWARDSHIP

The church has largely forgotten the responsibility of its stewardship.

Throughout the Scriptures divine ownership is taught. God has recorded for us how David, a man after his own heart, felt when he offered his prayer of thanksgiving after the people had "offered willingly with perfect heart":

"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; . . . Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou reignest over all . . . But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of thee, and of *thine own* have we given thee . . . O Lord, our God, all this store that we have prepared . . . cometh of thine hand, and is all thine own (1 Chron. 29: 1-16).

"God allows man to use his possessions, but he never surrenders his ownership."

What each Christian individual needs is a recognition of the truth that God owns all—not merely material things but *us*. We are not our own. We are bought with a price. That does not mean our souls alone, but all that we are—our head, our heart, our hands; our time, our talents and our substance. Since we are wholly his, purchased by the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, the products of our life and labor are his, and we are stewards. We can not claim to be more, nor can we be less. A steward is "one entrusted with the management of estate or affairs of another."

"It is required of stewards that a man be found faithful" (1 Cor. 4: 22).

In the parable of Matthew 25 the nobleman entrusted his servants with money that he expected them to make the best possible use of, not for themselves, but for him. For one servant there was condemnation and judgment, not because he had unlawfully used that which was not his, but because he had not put the talent to use and returned it with interest. God is expecting the same of us.

Tithing is a part of stewardship. Every Christian feels that God has some claim upon his money; just how much is not always decided—perhaps a tenth, usually less. Some object to tithing because we are not under law but under grace. The first record of tithing is given of Abraham in Genesis 14. This was before the race of Israel was founded, when Abraham was living his life on a basis of faith and grace. He is held up as the example of previous history, of men being saved by grace, not works. (Rom. 4).

Tithing is not an obligation of law, but a tribute of love. It is the innermost, not the outermost limit of a Christian's giving.

In leading men God first separates them, separates them from the world, and the idols of the world. God does not intend that men should be in bondage to anything. He wants to loose men so that they may come into their inheritance in him; that in their dependence they may experience the loving tender mercy of God. That is one reason he asks men not to give grudgingly nor of necessity, for the man who does that is thinking of his own likes and dislikes, and not finding and acting upon what God wants him to do. The man separated unto God desires above all else to know the mind and will of God in all that pertains to his daily walk.

When we see the love of God for us as expressed in his crucified son; when the Holy Spirit witnesses with our spirit that we are the sons of God, joint heirs with Christ, will we count the transient things of earth so dear?

God wants men to let go that he may pour back into their lives. "Not because I desire a gift: but I desire fruit that may abound *to your account*" (Phil. 4: 17). "He which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully" (2 Cor. 9: 6). If you sow

missionaries and ministers, gospels and tracts, what a harvest of souls you will reap!

Some would say "We must be practical." The practical man has nothing but his own poor wretched judgment to rely upon. We must be *Spirit-led*. The widow's mite was composed of two small coins. As Jesus watched her, he did not charge her to be practical. "Just a moment. Aren't you a little rash? Don't you think it would be more practical to put in one coin and invest the other at seven per cent?" She had ministered the "scattering which increaseth." Throughout the Scriptures we are told that blessing accompanies giving. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6: 33). "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work; being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness" (2 Cor. 9: 8, 11).

God's loving heart yearns to have us meet the conditions of blessing, that we might know the love of Christ and be filled with the fulness of God, who is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think.

"Bring ye the tithes into the store house, . . . and prove me now." He asks us to put him to the test—"and see if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it" (Mal. 3: 10). A man can not be poor who gives as the Spirit tells him to.

What proportion of our money should go to God's work? Why? What spiritual benefits accompany generosity? What truths does stewardship suggest to you?

Chicago, Ill.

Alabama leads the nation in the production of peanuts. The peanut crop of 1918 for that State was 17,500,000 bushels, worth \$21,000,000. When the boll weevil made its appearance in Alabama from Texas, disaster stared the cotton planters in the face. The peanut came to the rescue. Now as a result of the introduction of this crop prosperity has come in abundance. In one county the crop brings in \$4,500,000.—*Kind Words.*

EASTERN ASSOCIATION

The time for the convening of the Eastern, Western, Central and Northwestern associations is rapidly drawing near, and doubtless a good many people are planning to attend these meetings. It is to be hoped that a larger number than usual will be in attendance this year. Several questions that are of momentous importance to the future welfare of our denomination are before the people for consideration—matters that have come to the front since the last Conference—questions that need friendly discussion, in the interest of denominational unity and growth.

The Eastern Association meets the second week in June, and the program has been definitely arranged. The committee has put a good deal of thought and time into the program to make it an especially interesting one.

We have aimed to make this session a "Young People's Association" but to make this literally true we must have help from outside of the committee. There must be a hearty co-operation on the part of all the churches. They must be represented by as large a number of delegates as can possibly attend. To make it a young people's association there must be young people in attendance to give their inspiration and enthusiasm—and also to take part on its program. Quite a number from the Juniors *ap* have assignments on our program.

We have asked the Sabbath schools and Christian Endeavor societies of the several churches to send regularly appointed delegates from their membership to the association. Thus a large share of the responsibility for the success of the association rests with them.

Another very important and contributing function to the success of the scheme is that those who are to have a place on the program must catch the spirit of the underlying thought and have a message that will appeal to the present-hour needs of our young people.

Our plans do not in any way bar any who may not class themselves as "young people" from attending the association. You are all included in our plan and are urged to come and get the help and inspiration that you can get in no other way.

SPECIAL FEATURES

This association will be held with the

oldest Seventh Day Baptist church in America.

There will be a "picture pageant" to which every church in the association is expected to contribute pictures, showing anything of interest that has to do with the present and past history of Seventh Day Baptist churches and persons. These pictures will be on exhibition during the sessions of the association. This feature can be made exceedingly interesting if all of the churches will enter heartily into the matter.

One evening session will be devoted to a "missionary pageant" prepared and managed by the ladies of one of the churches. This will be well worth seeing.

There will be a paper by a business man on "Vocational Opportunities for Seventh Day Baptists." This will appeal to all young people. You can not afford to miss this address.

The president of the Conference will be in attendance with a message.

The field secretary of the Sabbath School and Young People's boards is expected. Come and get acquainted with him.

The members of the committee sincerely hope that their efforts to make this association a "Young People's" association will prove so successful that the following associations will catch the spirit and "carry on."

JESSE G. BURDICK,
President.

HOME NEWS

MILTON, WIS.—Although it is late in April, people in southern Wisconsin are still shivering, and overcoats, rubbers and umbrellas are the prevailing fashion. But little headway has been made in the spring's work either in gardens or fields. The trees and shrubs are still barren of foliage and the industrious housewife is anxiously looking for a sunshiny day when she may begin her pet diversion of house cleaning.

While things are at some what of a standstill in this way they are by no means so in the social and religious life of the community. If any of our societies have more ways to engage the time and attention of their members, both young and old, than Milton has, please tell us about them.

Among the special occasions that deserve particular mention we would note the five-

day School of Methods that was held recently. This school was conducted by Mr. Finn, the district S. S. superintendent for this portion of Wisconsin. The school had as members, teachers and workers from all the Sabbath schools and Sunday schools of Milton and Milton Junction. Mr. Finn was assisted by prominent state S. S. workers, but depended mainly for his help, on local workers. In this he was ably assisted by Professors Barbour and Inglis, of the college, Pastors Carr and Hamilton, of the local M. E. churches, Mr. E. M. Holston, Dr. Rosa Palmberg and Mrs. E. D. Van Horn. Simultaneous classes were held in the chapel and Davis room of the college and work in all departments of the Sabbath school was taken up. Those who were privileged to attend the school were much impressed with its importance.

On April 2 and 3 a two days' meeting in the interests of the Interchurch World Movement was held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. of the college. The speakers were Dr. Robert A. Ashworth, a Baptist pastor from Milwaukee, who spoke on "The Necessity for Students to Think in World Terms," Dr. Donald D. McLaurin, pastor of a Baptist church in Madison, who spoke upon "The Purpose of the Interchurch Movement" and "The Call to Unselfish Service"; and Ray V. Sowers, state student secretary of the Y. M. C. A., whose topic was "World Needs and World Opportunities." Dr. McLaurin preached from Pastor Jordan's pulpit Sabbath morning.

Another important address that we have had the pleasure of listening to was given on a recent Sunday evening, by Secretary of State Merlin T. Hull, of Madison, upon the subject of "The Church as a Business Institution." Mr. Hull came as the guest of the Brotherhood and spoke at an open meeting. He has been very active in the politics of the State as an anti-saloon advocate, and as a champion of other progressive measures. He will be a candidate for the nomination for governor of Wisconsin on the Republican ticket at the next primary election.

Among the many social affairs that have held sway we would mention in particular a social that was given by the ladies of Circle No. 3, for their husbands. This

(Continued on page 605)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A CHILD'S PRAYER

God, make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow,
A little flame that burneth bright.
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

God, make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

—The Children's Treasury.

A LONG WADDLE

A pair of wild ducks recently built their nest on the northern side of the boating pond, in the middle of Central Park in New York City. That is no place, however for a mother duck to bring up a family, for on spring and summer afternoons a gasoline launch goes chugging round the lake, and young people paddle boats here and there with splashing oars, and little children play near the water; yet in due time eight timid ducklings appeared.

The little brown mother must have had some terrible fright one spring afternoon. She hastily decided that she would lead her family to the "breeding pond," nearly a mile away, at the lower end of the park. There her ducklings would be safe, for the park authorities have inclosed the water with a fence of wire netting, so that the swans and other varieties of aquatic fowl may rear their young in comparative seclusion.

But the little ducks could not fly, and the entire distance to be traversed was through the most frequented part of the park. Because the journey had to be made on waddling little feet, it called for confidence in man that was appealing and wonderful.

The straggling downy line formed at the margin of the boating pond, and started to waddle across the broad circular esplanade. In the center of this promenade there is a splashing fountain. When the

duck and her little ones had reached that point, a crowd of children, and men, and women began to form; and as the procession continued on its way, the escort grew larger and larger.

When the little brown mother had led the ducklings as far as the great arch beyond the fountain, she confidently piloted them through the ice cream restaurant and past the soda water fountains, where many people sat at tables.

Then came one of the most difficult achievements in the journey. For after the family had passed the restaurant, they encountered two long flights of steps. Up these the bunches of fluffiness, encouraged and urged forward by the mother, fluttered, with many a tumble. At last the line of nine waddlers reached the top of the stairs, and here policemen formed themselves into an escort; henceforth the procession had an official guard of honor.

Beyond the stairway, is a park road, on which many automobiles and carriages passed rapidly up and down. These the police halted until the mother had led her family across.

Then came the asphalt-paved mall, with countless baby carriages, hundreds of children at play, and donkeys dragging little cartloads of girls and boys. Through all this teeming press the police opened a narrow canon for the trusting little mother and her quacking brood. The crowd jostled behind, but no one offered any hindrance. And all the while it was clearly evident that the wise brown leader knew exactly what she was about, and where she wished to go.—*Presbyterian Standard.*

MOTHER'S BOY

Sometimes in the hush of the evening hour
When the shadows creep from the west,
I think of the twilight songs you sang,
And the boy you lulled to rest,—
The wee little boy with the tousled head
That so long ago was thine.
I wonder if some times you long for that boy,
O little mother of mine!

And now he has come to man's estate,
Grown stalwart in body, and strong,
And you'd hardly know that he was the lad
Whom you lulled with your slumber song.
The years have altered the form and the life,
But his heart is unchanged by time,
And still he is only thy boy as of old,
O little mother of mine!

—*Wesleyan Literary Monthly.*

ALFRED UNIVERSITY

ALFRED, N. Y.

Imperative Needs for the Next Five Years 1920-1925

	Per Year
To meet existing deficit, 1919-20 due to increased salaries, and high costs of operation	\$ 5,000
To further increase salaries and meet additional miscellaneous needs annually	10,000
To take care of retiring allowances, annually	3,000
	\$18,000
INCOME TO MEET THESE NEEDS	
Income from new endowment, increased tuitions and Interchurch budget, estimated	8,000
Annual deficit, 1920-25, to be made up by Alumni.....	\$10,000

Five Year Program

Estimated annual deficit, 1920-25, \$10,000 a year for five years....	\$50,000
Debt on heating plant	30,000
Additional Boiler and Lighting Plant	20,000
TOTAL (\$20,000 a year for five years).....	\$100,000

Program for Raising \$100,000

	Total Five Year Subscriptions	Total Annual Subscriptions
20 subscriptions of \$2,000.....	\$40,000	
(\$400 a year for 5 years)		\$ 8,000
20 subscriptions of \$1,000.....	20,000	
(\$200 a year for 5 years)		4,000
20 subscriptions of \$500	10,000	
(\$100 a year for 5 years)		2,000
20 subscriptions of \$250	5,000	
(\$50 a year for 5 years).....		1,000
40 subscriptions of \$125.....	5,000	
(\$25 a year for 5 years).....		1,000
400 subscriptions of \$50.....	20,000	
(\$10 a year for 5 years).....		4,000
520	\$100,000	\$20,000

REV. ROBERT LEWIS

Rev. Robert Lewis, son of Samuel H. and Jane Darnell Lewis, was born in Clay County, Tenn., May 12, 1832, and died at Stone Fort, Ill., December 6, 1919.

His mother died when he was about twelve years old. His father, a school teacher, then broke up housekeeping, bringing his children to southern Illinois, placed them in good homes near Stone Fort, teaching in the vicinity. He kept in touch with his children and gave them a common school education.

Robert came before the people in early manhood as a singing school teacher, and a little later taught common school in the rural districts, teaching winter terms over a period of thirty-four years.

He showed a decided preference for rural life, being a practical farmer and stock breeder. He was converted to the cause of Christ in 1852 and entered actively into the Christian duties. In that same year he was married to Miss Sarah Joyner with whom he lived until her death, twelve years later.

He was ordained a minister of the gospel by a General Baptist Presbytery at the Little Saline church, in Saline County, Ill., October 23, 1858, remaining with this denomination for thirteen years, serving various churches as pastor and assisting in evangelistic meetings, severing his relations with the General Baptists when a Seventh Day Baptist church was organized at Stone Fort. He took active interest in the politics of our country, both local and national, and filled various county and township offices. It was his habit to meet the political issues without compromise. In the presidential campaign in 1856 it was very unpopular in southern Illinois to express anti-slavery sentiment, the weight of public opinion being with the South. At that time, although endangering his life, he in public debate, condemned human slavery and was one of only seven men of Johnson County who cast votes for the Republican nominee, John C. Fremont. Again in 1860 he was with the minority of only seven of his precinct who cast votes for Abraham Lincoln.

At the opening of the Civil War he volunteered for service in the Federal Army, enlisting with the 31st Regiment, Illinois Infantry, Company B; was appointed first

sergeant August 10, 1861; commissioned second lieutenant February 26, 1862. He participated in the battles of Belmont and Donelson, receiving promotion to first lieutenant September 3, 1862, for meritorious service rendered at Fort Donelson.

Owing to factional strife in his company and failing health of his wife, he resigned and left the service of the army March 27, 1863. His wife died February 17, 1864. He was married to Miss Minerva Oshel, April 7, 1866, living with her until her death, February 11, 1908.

The Stone Fort Seventh Day Baptist Church was organized March 5, 1871, by Elder M. B. Kelly, a pioneer Seventh Day Baptist of southern Illinois, assisted by Elder James Bailey. Elder Robert Lewis entered it at its formation and was at that time formally recognized by the church as an ordained Seventh Day Baptist minister. He lived on the farm less than two miles from the church, retaining his home in the community from its organization until his death, making him a resident minister of the church for more than forty-seven years. He often supplied the pulpit when the church had another pastor and was the regularly elected pastor many terms of one year. He maintained other preaching points near-by and assisted in the organization and pulpit supply of the churches of Bethel and Aeon. His mental and physical forces were wonderfully preserved, permitting him to continue preaching until eighty-four years of age and to attend the meetings of the church and assist in the services for a year later.

He was married to Eugena Martin, January 31, 1909. He is survived by his widow, one daughter, Mrs. Cora Green, of Grand Marsh, Wis., six sons, Howell, John H., S. A., Oliver, Robert I., and Ellis R. Lewis, all of Stone Fort, Ill., also generations of younger descendants.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. H. Hurley, of the Farina Church.

O. L.

"Such help as we can give to each other in this world is a debt to each other; and the man who perceives a superiority or capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses nor assists it, is not merely the withholder of kindness, but the committer of injury."

SABBATH SCHOOL

E. M. HOLSTON, MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.,
Contributing Editor

OUR NEW RECORD BOOKS

E. M. HOLSTON

For some time the Sabbath School Board has been considering the question of uniform records in all our Sabbath schools, and definite action was finally taken at the last board meeting, approving a plan worked out by the secretary, Dr. A. L. Burdick, and the writer.

Blank record books have been prepared, covering all phases of Sabbath-school work, with full explanations and instructions to the secretary. One of these books will be furnished to each of our schools without charge, to be used for its own permanent records, each book covering the Conference year, beginning July 1. A duplicate book will also be sent, in which the secretary will be asked to make a complete copy of the year's records immediately after the close of the year and send it to the secretary of the Sabbath School Board. If this is properly and carefully done the book will contain all the information the board has been asking for in the past, including the score card.

The new book will be going out to the superintendents very soon, by mail, and it is hoped that pastors and superintendents will co-operate with the secretaries in keeping these records complete and that the duplicate copy is mailed to the secretary of the board at the close of the year without unnecessary delay.

The books going out now are for the next Conference year, which begins July 1, 1920. Dr. Burdick will ask you for a report of the past year on the old form used in the past, but don't fail to send this immediately after the last Sabbath in June. To keep complete records and send full reports promptly is an important Christian service.

Our people will be glad to know that the Hammond Publishing Company, of Milwaukee, Wis., are now putting out a pretty line of promotion certificates which read "Bible School" instead of "Sunday School."

Field Representative Holston made a recent visit to the Exeland, New Auburn and Grand Marsh churches in northern Wisconsin. Bad weather and bad roads have seriously handicapped Sabbath-school work in these places this winter, but the spirit of work is excellent. In spite of the worst kind of roads and weather there was a fine attendance at the Sabbath services both at Exeland and New Auburn on the occasion of the writer's visit. These schools will be well up on the standard, if not claiming a banner at the Alfred Conference.

New Auburn is temporarily without a pastor, but Rev. C. B. Loofbourrow, of Walworth, has accepted a call to that church, and his work is to begin there in the autumn.

The writer prepared these items on an Erie train enroute to Alfred, April 27. He will be among the eastern churches during the months of May and June, attending the three associations at New Market, DeRuyter and Alfred Station.

A LETTER FROM THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

DEAR FELLOW-WORKER:

The Sabbath School Board invites your careful attention at this time, to three important matters.

First, You are reminded by the enclosed score card, that the schools are to be scored again in May. This is the last time for this Conference year, and we earnestly hope that your school will give it careful attention. The only way that schools can become *banner schools* is by conforming to the Standard and by carefully observing the score cards. May we not have a generous response from the schools for the May scoring.

Second, The observance of Decision Day. This is the time of the year that is considered most fitting for this important exercise. If you have not already observed the day, nor made arrangements for its observance, will you not take up the matter at once and make this one of prominent features of the Forward Movement work in your school?

Third, We wish to urge your fullest co-operation with the Tract Society in preparing for the observance of Sabbath Rally

Day. This will occur May 15, 1920, the third Sabbath in the month.

This is an important service and calls for the enthusiastic support of all superintendents and other Sabbath-school workers. The Tract Society will provide each school with sufficient copies of suggestions for programs, including the responsive exercises to be used in the Sabbath schools. Write to Secretary Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J., for further information and printed matter to be used, and watch the SABBATH RECORDER for further details.

We hope that nothing will interfere with making this a great uplifting service in the life of each Sabbath school. Its importance and value can not be over estimated.

In the phraseology of our most prominent American statesman, "May we not hope" that these three interests will engage your most hearty support and co-operation.

In behalf of the Sabbath School Board,
A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

April 22, 1920.

Sabbath School. Lesson VII—May 15, 1920

VICTORY UNDER SAMUEL. I Sam. 7: 2-17

Golden Text.—Direct your hearts unto Jehovah, and serve him only. I Sam. 7: 3.

DAILY READINGS

May 9—I Sam. 7: 2-17. Victory under Samuel
May 10—Ex. 18: 13-26. Jethro's counsel accepted
May 11—Josh. 1: 1-9. Strong in the Lord
May 12—Acts 6: 1-8. Selected for service
May 13—Acts 27: 20-25. A servant of God
May 14—Joel 3: 9-17. The weak becoming strong

May 15—II Cor. 2: 12-17. Triumph in Christ
(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

(Continued from page 600)

was held in the church basement and was enjoyed very much by the large number present. Besides the inevitable "feed" an impromptu program of new and unusual "stunts" was provided which not only furnished entertainment but called out the original talent of every one present. Those who attended say "it was the best ever." For stunts of this sort, commend us to Circle No. 3.

A social gathering of all the members of the church and society will soon be held for the purpose of welcoming to our membership several new families. We are glad

to have them with us, but are sorry for the churches from which they came.

The pastor's preparatory class is being well attended and great interest is shown in the topics covered. It is expected that visible results will soon appear.

The Sabbath school is preparing for Decision Day the first Sabbath in May.

Professor L. H. Stringer has reorganized the Choral Union earlier than usual this year. Work will be begun at once, preparing the "Messiah" which will be presented late next fall. The college orchestra, under the direction of President Daland, will assist in rendering it and it is expected that a chorus of one hundred voices will participate in the oratorio.

We wish to assure the brethren throughout the denomination that we do not "feel sore" because the referendum vote did not locate the publishing house at Milton. The records show that we "also ran" and we are much elated over having secured third place. This suits us better than first.

BROTHERHOOD SCRIBE, No. 2.

"It is not altogether strange that many sober minded men resist reforming impulses when they contemplate where some men land who surrender themselves to reform enthusiasms. It is almost as hard in reforming as in drinking to stop at the right place. That is why it so often happens that a man who has killed an actual snake in the garden is shortly after found, like a new Don Quixote, valiantly slaying an imaginary hydra in thickets beyond."

"Nothing can separate a man of God from the love of God, things past, things present nor things to come can not separate us from God's love."

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM AND HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

Medical, Surgical, Obstetrical, Children, Di-
etetics, Hydrotherapy and Massage. (Affili-
ation three months Children's Free Hospital,
Detroit.)

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 1920, April, June, August and September 1st. For catalogs and detailed information apply to the Nurses' Training School Department, Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Michigan. 3-4-21.

Another Recorder Drive Is On

WHEN

For the week beginning Sabbath Day, May 22, 1920.

WHERE

In every Seventh Day Baptist church and community in the Denomination.

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA

To place the Recorder in every Seventh Day Baptist home.
To awaken a deeper interest among our people in the denominational paper.

A larger subscription list.

These Churches Have Pledged Their Support:

S
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ROCKVILLE
VERONA
JACKSON CENTER
HAMMOND
DODGE CENTER
SECOND WESTERLY
NEW YORK CITY
NEW MARKET
STONE FORT
LOST CREEK
NILE
NORTONVILLE

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LET'S HAVE EVERY CHURCH IN LINE

MARRIAGES

HAMILTON-WITTER.—At the home of the bride's father, Rev. E. Adelbert Witter, in Hopkinton, R. I., April 5, 1920, by the father of the bride, Sergeant James Hamilton, Jr., of Westerly, R. I., and Isabel Witter, of Hopkinton, R. I.

CRANDALL-CRANDALL.—At the home of the bride in Ashaway, R. I., April 19, 1920, by Pastor D. Burdett Coon, Julian Titsworth Crandall and Mrs. Mary Hill Crandall, both of Ashaway, R. I.

FLANNIGAN-DAVIS.—On April 14, 1920, at the home of the bride's father, Chesley Davis, near Salem, W. Va., by Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond, Ernest Flannigan and Miss Isabel Davis, both of Salem.

CAMPBELL-FOGG.—At the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist parsonage, January 14, 1920, by Pastor L. D. Seager, Mr. H. Ernest Campbell, and Miss Carrie R. Fogg.

DEATHS

CRANDALL.—Sophia A. Crandall, daughter of Daniel and Rhoda B. Shefford Larkin, was born on the Larkin homestead farm near Bradford, R. I., March 22, 1822, and died at her home in Hope Valley, R. I., January 25, 1920, in her ninety-eighth year.

She was united in marriage to Joseph Crandall in 1866. The following year they moved to the house in Hope Valley where she died. Mrs. Crandall survived her husband by about twenty years.

Mrs. Crandall was one of a family of twelve children, three of whom are living: Jonathan Larkin, of Ashaway, R. I.; George Larkin, of New Market, N. J., and Mrs. Jane Cottrell, of Westerly, R. I.

In early life she accepted Christ, and for fifty years or more she was a member of the Rockville Seventh Day Baptist Church. "As a neighbor and friend she was known as one of the best."

The funeral was conducted at her late home, Rev. Harlan J. Ballentine, pastor of the First Hope Valley church officiating, and burial was in River Bend Cemetery, Westerly, R. I.

W. D. B.

SAUNDERS.—Ann E. Crandall Saunders was born in Rockville, R. I., and died in Rockville, R. I., April 22, 1920.

She was the daughter of Nicholas V., and Nancy Davis Crandall. She was married September 18, 1860, to Silas C. Saunders who died June 10, 1898.

Sister Saunders was baptized by Elder Phineas S. Crandall and united with the Rockville Seventh Day Baptist Church April 28, 1855, and continued an active, devoted member until her death.

Two brothers and two sisters survive her: George N., Charles O., Phebe C., and A. Janette Crandall, all of Rockville, R. I.

Burial services were had from the home of Charles O. Crandall on April 26, 1920, conducted by Rev. E. A. Witter, who spoke from Psa. 121: 1-2.
E. A. W.

SUNDERLAND.—Mary Kenyon, daughter of Jedediah and Elizabeth Burdick Kenyon, was born in Rockville, town of Hopkinton, R. I., July 7, 1834, and passed from this life in Rockville, R. I., April 7, 1920, aged 85 years and 9 months.

She was the last of seven children, five of whom passed more than three score and ten years of age. On April 18, 1861, she was united in marriage to J. Weeden Burdick, who died serving his country in the Civil War, in Mississippi, in 1863. April 6, 1871, she was united in marriage to Dr. Robert K. Sunderland, of Wickford, R. I., who passed away November 14, 1892. Since her marriage to Dr. Sunderland she has made her home in Wickford till the last few years she has spent the winter months with her brother and family in Rockville, R. I. For six months of her last days she was in the home of her brother's widow at Rockville, where she was tenderly cared for by her nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Kenyon, during her long and serious illness. She bore her sufferings with much patience, trusting in her Savior till the end came.

In September, 1846, at the time of a great revival, she was baptized by Elder Alfred B. Burdick, and united with the Rockville, R. I., Seventh Day Baptist Church. Some seventy members were added to the membership of this church at this time. She continued faithful and loyal to the church during all the years of her Christian experience, nearly seventy-four years.

Her funeral services were conducted from the home of her brother's widow, Mrs. Phebe Kenyon, in Rockville, by Pastor D. Burdett Coon, of Ashaway, R. I. Burial was in Elm Grove Cemetery, Allenton, R. I.
D. B. C.

ALLEN.—Deacon John Greene Allen was one of Alfred's oldest and most respected citizens. He was born in the year 1837, in Alfred, N. Y., and passed on to the other world April 20, 1920.

He had been failing in strength for several months, but his last sickness was very brief. At the age of sixteen he was baptized by the late Nathan V. Hull, and has been an honored member of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred for about sixty-seven years; and prominent in the community's business life.

That he filled such positions as the following, shows the measure of confidence placed in him by his fellow-citizens: school teaching; for forty-two years a deacon of the church; church treasurer; president of the Board of Trustees of the Union High School; a charter member of the Loan Association and one of its directors; a

bank director; and the president and general manager of our cemetery association.

Thoroughness, a great evenness of spirit and action, industry, integrity, sociability and great friendliness, were among his many good qualities. The widow and a son, Nathan Frank, of Ann Arbor, Mich., survive the husband and father.

The funeral services were held at his late home on the afternoon of April 22, conducted by Acting Pastor A. E. Main. Two beautiful pieces were sung by Messrs. V. A. Baggs, Henry Pieters, Curtis F. Randolph and Paul E. Titsworth. Burial was in the Alfred Rural Cemetery, in the care of which he had long taken such great interest. A. E. M.

CAMENGA.—Emma L. Kenyon, daughter of Pardon C., and Abbie Burdick Kenyon, was born in Greenfield, Pa., August 7, 1850. After great suffering, patiently endured, she entered into rest at Alfred, N. Y., April 19, 1920.

August 25, 1869, she was married to Mr. Sanford C. Stevens, of Clifford, Pa., who died May 26, 1896. Four children, Grace, wife of La Verne D. Langworthy, of Westerly, R. I.; Vernon E., and Thomas D., of Wellsville, N. Y.; and Lucile, wife of C. E. L. Steele, of Delavan, N. Y.; seven grandchildren, and one brother, D. C. Kenyon, of Carbondale, Pa., survive her.

In 1902 she was married to John D. Camenga, of Brookfield, N. Y. She was loyally and intelligently interested in the community and the church, and was an efficient and faithful worker in various religious, literary and social societies and clubs.

Many words and acts of kindness before her death, and large and beautiful floral offerings at the funeral, showed the appreciation of many friends.

The funeral services were conducted by Acting Pastor A. E. Main, and a beautiful solo was sung by Miss Ruth Phillips. The burial was at her early home, Clifford, Pa. A. E. M.

SPICER.—Elizabeth Ross, daughter of Austin F., and Phoebe Titsworth Ross, was born at Metuchen, N. J., September 14, 1836, and died at Plainfield, N. J., March 30, 1920.

She lived in this section of the State all her life, except for a brief time when her home was in the State of Rhode Island. She received her education in the public schools and at DeRuyter Institute, DeRuyter, N. Y.

It was while attending school at DeRuyter that she met J. Denison Spicer, to whom she was married October 7, 1857. They both united with the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist Church of Christ in 1866. They were very devoted to Christ and his church, and it was their happy privilege to live and work together for fifty years in this church; he having served the church as deacon for forty years prior to his death four years ago.

Three children came to bless their home: Ida, Ealenor, and Arthur. Ealenor, familiarly known as Nellie, was an invalid much of her life until God took her home. The true motherly devotion of Mrs. Spicer to her left a deep impression upon those who were most familiar with the facts. Ida and Arthur survive their mother.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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Mrs. Spicer's interest in the varied activities of the church and her sweet, patient, determined disposition won for her a large place in the affection and confidence of those who were privileged to know her.

The farewell service was held at the family home, 125 West Fifth Street, Plainfield, April 1, 1920, and was conducted by Pastor James L. Skaggs, Rev. Edwin Shaw assisting. Interment was made in Hillside Cemetery. J. L. S.

SUTTON.—Ellsworth Sutton, son of Jeriel and Tacy Jane Sutton, was born near Blandville, W. Va., January 28, 1883, and died at his home at the same place, March 4, 1920, aged 37 years, 1 month and 3 days.

He was united in marriage with Miss Ina Ross, October 31, 1906. To this union were born eight children, six of whom are living. He was baptized by L. D. Seager, and united with the Middle Island Seventh Day Baptist Church during the Lick Run meeting in 1897. He remained a member till death.

Besides his wife and children, his aged mother, five brothers and one sister are left to mourn their loss.

Funeral services were conducted by L. D. Seager at the church and he was laid to rest in the cemetery near by. L. D. S.

DAVIS.—At Shiloh, N. J., April 10, 1920, Edith May, infant child of Louis and Luella Davis. Services were conducted at the home by Pastors E. E. Sutton and L. D. Seager and the little sufferer was laid away in the beautiful Shiloh Cemetery. "Some day he'll make it plain to me." L. D. S.

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This ideal of "the kingdom of heaven" is the comprehensive expression of the redemptive forces at work in the affairs of this world. The vision of the growing Kingdom is one of the most inspirational visions that can come to the prophet and servant of God. It is larger than any one form of organized Christianity, than any single branch of the Church of Christ, larger, indeed, than all the organized forms of Christian propaganda together. For the movement of the Spirit of God is in larger circles than human effort or human conception or human organization. The rivers of the water of life are not confined to the channels which men dig.—Bishop Anderson.

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