

# The Sabbath Recorder

Now for the  
Denominational Building

Send Your Bonds

**W**HAT shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. We who died to sin, how shall we any longer live therein? Or are we ignorant that all we who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death? We were buried therefore with him through baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life. For if we have become united with him in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection; knowing this, that our old man was crucified with him, that the body of sin might be done away, that so we should no longer be in bondage to sin; for he that hath died is justified from sin. But if we died with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him.  
—Romans 6: 1-8.

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# SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

## THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held at Alfred, New York, August 24-29, 1920.  
**President**—Prof. Alfred E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.  
**Recording Secretary**—Prof. J. Nelson Norwood, Alfred, N. Y.  
**Corresponding Secretary**—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.  
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**Executive Committee**—Prof. Alfred E. Whitford, Chairman, Alfred, N. Y.; Prof. J. Nelson Norwood, Rec. Sec., Alfred, N. Y.; Rev. Edwin Shaw, Cor. Sec., Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. Alva L. Davis, North Loun, Neb. (for 3 years); Mr. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va. (for 3 years); Dr. George E. Crosley, Milton, Wis. (for 2 years); Mr. Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J. (for 2 years); Rev. Henry N. Jordan, Battle Creek, Mich. (for 1 year); Mr. Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I. (for 1 year). Also all living ex-presidents of the Conference and the presidents of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, the American Sabbath Tract Society, and the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society.

### COMMISSION OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

For one year—Corliss F. Randolph, Rev. H. N. Jordan, M. Wardner Davis.  
 For two years—Rev. Alva L. Davis, J. Nelson Norwood, Ira B. Crandall.  
 For three years—Prof. Alfred E. Whitford, F. J. Hubbard, Allen B. West.

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 Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited.  
 Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

**President**—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.  
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**Editor of Young People's Department of SABBATH RECORDER**—Rev. R. R. Thorngate, Salemville, Pa.  
**Junior Superintendent**—Mrs. W. D. Burdick, Duellen, N. J.  
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## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

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

# The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE NO. 3,925

**OUR FATHER**, we have special need of thy help just now. We can not do without thee at any time, but in this hour, when we are making important decisions, we ask that thou wilt grant us an unmistakable revelation of thy will. Looking out over the world for which Christ died, help us to share in the great love which brought him to earth and led him to the cross. As we think upon our indebtedness to those who have gone before us, may we be impelled to do our uttermost toward making a better world for those who shall come after us. As we pray for the coming of thy kingdom, may that kingdom be fully established in our own hearts, for only so shall we have grace to do thy will in this time of testing.  
*We ask this for Jesus' sake,*  
 Amen.

**The Servant's Plea and The Lord's Reply** Some one has written a little poem representing the heart-yearning of a soul weary of the earthly strife and longing to go home and rest. The complaint that with all the fighting against evil no headway seemed to be gained, was answered by the Master, that his servant was not yet fitted for eternal life, and he was told to "go and serve another day."

When that day was done, the toiler told the Lord how his enemies had only reviled him, and he felt that by faithful service he had surely earned a rest. But the dear Lord asked him if he wanted to be a coward, and told him that he had not yet been spit upon.

The next plea of the servant was that the vulgar, coarse ways of rude men were more than flesh could stand. But this time the question came: "Hast thou a nail-print in thy hand?" And the servant was made to feel that the coarse and vile of earth had not caused *him* to sweat drops of blood, as the Master did. Because the poor man had been so struck without cause he pleaded to be freed from his trials; but the answer came, "Where is thy crown of thorns?" They have not yet smitten thee with the reed of mocking.

Finally the faithful, suffering servant reached the point where friends forsook and foes jeered; but amid it all he was content if Christ would only abide. And when the last test came with the spear thrust into his side, the servant cried, "Forgive them all—and me, and renew my spirit until it is just like thine"; then came the Master's words, "I am preparing a place for you."

Then it was that the weary one could glorify his Master and he became willing to live or to die if only the Christ would continue to be his guide. Whereupon the assurance of longed-for rest came; for he had been crucified with Christ and heard the blessed words: "Well done; receive thy crown, and enter into thy rest."

**A Great Time To Be Living** In these times when great world-problems are to be solved; when policies are being devised for the betterment of the nations; when the progress of the entire human race is being sought by the world's greatest minds; and when Christians of all creeds are praying and working for the reconstruction that shall secure the ends for which America went into the World War, it is indeed a great time in which to be alive.

It almost makes the aged men wish they were young again that they might be able to have a part in making the history just about to be made, and to bear a full share of responsibility for work upon which the ages to come will look with approval, and which shall be well-pleasing to God.

The significant events of these passing years will be studied a thousand years to come with as profound interest as we now study the events of long ago that made this a free and independent nation.

It is a great honor to be an active man in the blessed work assigned by God to this generation. And we pray that God will raise up men and women for competent, consecrated, efficient spiritual leaders; men and women after his own heart, with true vision to discover the things which shall bring in the better day of God's kingdom on earth.

**Proclaim the Ever Present Truth** We hear much about the demand for present truth in these days, just as though the truths of nineteen hundred years ago were of no avail for the needs of humanity in these critical times. Christian preachers and teachers are being urged to discover and proclaim *present truth*.

We are glad that the days of controversial theology and speculative philosophy are passing away, and that practical questions of great moment are pressing to the front. It is well that the multitudes are looking for "present truth." If we pause to think closely on this matter we may see that present truth does not consist in philosophical theories; but is to be found always in the *Person* who said, "I am the Truth." He said it for all time. It is just as true in our day as ever it was. And he who would proclaim the present truth most needed in our time, must constantly press to the front the "contemporaneous Christ" not as having gone away or as one that is coming; but as *being right here*, an intimate Friend, a sympathizing Master, an exemplary pattern, a competent Savior.

He who said, "I am the Truth," is as surely present with men today as ever he was. He stands ready to lead the forces of righteousness, to build up the true brotherhood of man, to fill human hearts with noble and holy purposes, and to give more abundant life, if only his ministers will exalt him until lost men behold him in all his beauty.

The greatest need of our time is to have the Lord kept ever in view, and the preacher who can present him in compelling appeal as the one "altogether lovely and the chiefest among ten thousand," will be sure of preaching the present truth.

**A Real Crisis Demands Wide-Awake Men** Everything goes to show that the pro-liquor element of this country is leaving nothing undone that can in any way help to defeat the will of the majority on the prohibition question. The rum element has controlled political parties so long in this country it can not give up the hope that, by hook or by crook, it may capture the National Conventions to be held in June, and either force them to open declarations in favor of the liquor interests, or at least to compel them to remain silent upon the

matter of enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment.

The people of this nation should not fail to improve every opportunity to show political leaders that any party which favors repeal, or which fails to nominate candidates who are true to the will of the people on this matter, can not so much as hope to win in November.

It is up to the great dry majority in the forty-five States that ratified the amendment to be wide-awake as the crisis approaches, and never consent to allow the scheming minority, ruled by rum, to steal a march on prohibition.

Every church, every Bible school, young people's society, labor union, grange, or chamber of commerce in all the land, should insist that the conventions of 1920 must endorse platforms favoring the enforcement of the prohibition part of our fundamental law.

We understand that the National Committee having in hand the matter of enforcement has urged the adoption of resolutions by all societies and churches warning political leaders against the nomination of candidates who are not unequivocally committed to enforcement. These resolutions should be sent to Senator Arthur Capper, Senator Morris Sheppard and Congressman Charles H. Randall, all of Washington, D. C. There is no time to lose.

**What a Dry Town Did For "Walt Mason"** Nearly everybody knows now who "Walt Mason" is; for they have read his verses in prose form in many papers; but there are few who know that he was at one time down and out by strong drink. After he had tried every way to reform, even to taking every test given by the gold cure, he determined to go to the driest town he could find and see what that would do for him.

He had learned from bitter experience that his case was hopeless in a town of saloons and booze drinkers; so he chose Emporia, Kan. Here he found a town where the people had put King Alcohol out of business, where nobody invited him to drink, where he saw no drinking and heard no talk of drink, and where he could go to the post office or store without seeing signs of beer or whiskey displayed, or smelling the fumes of rum. In that town

he was able to stand, and that too after he had drifted about in rum towns for years, always trying to reform and never able to succeed.

Ten years of home life in Emporia enabled him to become well-to-do, the owner of two good homes, all the old longing for riotous living gone; and it is no wonder that Walt Mason pleads for a dry nation. After years of city life in East and West this man found his feet and restored his manhood only by seeking a home in a dry town. He is now proud of that town and the town is proud of him.

**Save Your Money And So Save Trouble** One hopeful feature of the Government's activities in these days is to be seen in the "Work and Save Movement" in which our people are earnestly solicited to adopt the plan of systematic saving now, in order to save trouble in days to come.

With great throngs of people rushing on in unheard-of extravagance, fairly slinging their money in pleasure-seeking, the temptation is great to go with the crowd. It requires good sense and stamina to resist the influence of this spending craze and to insist upon laying by a part of our income for the needs of days to come. But the one who is wise enough to save something now when money is plenty will undoubtedly be able to enjoy himself by and by when the lavish spenders of today are down and out.

Please don't say you can't afford to save, for that is where you deceive yourself. Indeed poor folks can't afford to spend all, and they make a sad mistake if they fail to save. It is far better to go without spending that quarter or dime now, than it will be to get along without it when you greatly need it but have it not.

Our Government is doing a great thing by encouraging thrift and saving on the part of the young people of today. Habits of thrift formed now will ensure a prosperous people a few years hence.

**Public Sentiment on The League of Nations** We were much interested in the results of a "straw vote" on the league question taken by Hamilton Holt in some of his meetings held in different parts of our country. Probably no man among the American people is better prepared to present an unbiased statement of the case, free

from the miserable "play of politics" than is Hamilton Holt. In a great mass meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y., he took an expression to discover the real sentiment of his audience, and found that seventy per cent of the people there favored the league just as presented; twenty per cent favored it with slight modifications; seven to ten per cent wanted drastic reservations made, and about three to five per cent wanted the entire league rejected.

Mr. Holt had addressed fifty meetings upon the League of Nations problem, taking similar expression of sentiment, and found substantially the same results in the voting. According to these showings seventy to ninety per cent of our people want the league ratified either as presented or with slight changes.

Only a small minority seem to favor the selfishness and narrow nationalism which threatens to rob America of what she gained in the struggle for the world's freedom.

**A Denominational Study** A plan for systematic study of all the organizations of our denomination has been worked out by Rev. William M. Simpson, pastor of the Second Alfred (N. Y.) Church, which commends itself to us every time we look it over. There are thirteen lessons with questions and blank spaces for answers, covering the entire history, which would make an interesting and helpful course for classes of young people in all our churches.

The topics of each lesson as shown by the "Contents" are: History of General Conference; of the associations; of the Missionary Society; of the China Mission; missions outside of China; of the Tract and the Educational societies; Woman's Board; Sabbath School Board; Young People's Board; Memorial Board; Board of Finance, and the Historical Society—thirteen in all.

The questions call for answers as to location of boards and churches, with blank maps to be filled out, dates of organization, names and time of service of the missionaries, with brief life sketches; data regarding our publications; officers of all the societies with their addresses; number of Endeavor societies and where located; data regarding the Memorial Fund, and Denominational Budget, and the Historical Society.

Pictures and sketches of officers and workers are to be given as far as can be,

and other interesting items are included in the study.

We have not been informed as to just what is to be done with this lesson plan beyond its use by Brother Simpson with his own young people. But from a little study of the typewritten pages we are sure that the young people in every church would do well to form classes and take the entire course. They would, we think, greatly enjoy such a study if it were taken up with enthusiasm. It would certainly supply much-needed information on denominational matters on which every loyal Seventh Day Baptist young man and young woman should be well informed.

**Nurses in Neuro-psychiatry Greatly Needed** It is estimated that no less than fifty thousand former service men are suffering from nervous and mental diseases, and needing care in hospitals throughout the land. While we have one hundred and fifty trained psychiatric social workers now on duty there is still a shortage of help in this line of service, and the American Red Cross is calling for two hundred volunteers from its members, who are willing to take courses of training this summer and to enter the service as nurses in neuro-psychiatry.

Those having a college education and some experience in nursing are preferred, and the salaries will range from \$1,500 to \$2,100 a year.

**Florence Nightingale Pioneer War Nurse Heroine of the Crimean War** Among the heroic personages whose births are being celebrated in these years, there is no one more deserving of honor than Florence Nightingale, the pioneer woman nurse and heroine of the Crimean War. Never has there been a more propitious time to study the results of her example and the outcome of her noble life than in these reconstruction days after the World War. The record made by women in army and Red Cross work—especially in that of nursing—may be regarded as the harvest of her seed-sowing. The spirit of Florence Nightingale is still marching on, and thousands upon thousands have caught the inspiration from influences set on foot by this self-sacrificing, brave-hearted woman. As pioneer in army nursing by women,

Miss Nightingale is the patron saint of the Red Cross of today. She had to face greater obstacles in her day in order to break away from social rules which debarred English women of refinement from professional nursing, than any obstacles that confront young women of our time. In these days the world has a broader vision, and a more enlightened view point as regards the mission of women.

While Florence Nightingale, reared in luxury, a woman of aristocratic birth, had to meet the deep prejudices of old England, break family ties that meant so much in her homeland, and launch out all alone in her noble work, the women of today in America who enter the blessed relief work of the Red Cross are encouraged and applauded by the entire nation. Their work is regarded as a noble work; but one hundred years ago the work undertaken by Florence Nightingale was looked upon as degrading to a true woman of the better class.

What a joy it would have been to Florence Nightingale, if she could have been given the vision of a hundred years and beheld the glorious work of the noble army of women who served humanity in its supreme need during the World War!

**William L. Clarke** The *Westerly Sun* of **Gone to His Reward** May 16 announces the death on the previous evening, of our aged friend and brother, Hon. William L. Clarke of Ashaway, R. I. For many years Brother Clarke was president of our Missionary Board, and a faithful, loyal worker in the causes we hold dear. He was in the eighty-fifth year of his age, one of the last of the "old guard" that served the denomination so faithfully a quarter of a century ago.

In due time we hope to be furnished with a suitable life-sketch of Brother Clarke for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.

**Rev. Clyde Ehret** We learn from the **Accepts Alfred's Call** church notes in the *Alfred Sun* that Rev. Clyde Ehret of Adams Center, N. Y., has accepted the call to the pastorate of the First Alfred Church; his labors there to begin October 1. Meantime Dr. Main will serve as pastor with Rev. Ira L. Cottrell as assistant.

## WORK ON THE SOUTHEASTERN FIELD

REV. JOHN T. DAVIS

When asked to do work on the Southeastern field, I was given to understand that the board would desire to know how the work progressed. By observation and report I have been made to feel that often the report has been more interesting and satisfactory to the reporter than to the reported, and have therefore tried to avoid sounding the trumpet. Unexpectedly I had the pleasure of meeting Secretary Shaw in Memphis the other day, when I was informed that my personal letters to him regarding the work were not enough, but I was expected to prepare something for the RECORDER.

So it's up to me to write the editor to publish or reject, and the people to read.

On the 12th of March, 1920, I bid farewell to the few friends I had in Battle Creek, Mich., and wended my way to Jackson Center, O., where I first beheld the light of day. Here for two weeks I was held up waiting for transportation. This time was filled up visiting lone Sabbath-keepers, old friends and comrades, as well as places dear to my memory because of the childhood and young manhood experiences.

I want here to express my appreciation of the assistance of Pastor Babcock who accompanied me on most of my trips to visit lone Sabbath-keepers. Could I be assured that the people whom I have served could say of me as Pastor Babcock's people say of him, I should be a happy man. I must not forget the kindness of Brethren J. D. Jones and Guy Polan, who gave of their time and the service of their machines to "tote" me over the country.

The points visited in looking up our Seventh Day Baptist interests were near Degraff, Lakeview, Stokes, Wapakoneta, Troy, Elden and Sidney. At two of those places we failed to find the people, although there are those in or near these places who observe or are interested in our people and Sabbath truth.

At the Seventh Day Baptist church I had the privilege of speaking three times and once in the M. E. church, where a revival effort was in progress, and at each place I had a cordial reception and the best of attention, especially when I spoke

on the law and on the idea of organizing a "Bible Study League."

While the Jackson Center church is feeling the depletion, caused by our schools, Milton and Battle Creek, taking away so many who are seeking education and employment, yet she gives evidence that she has many loyal workers.

My heart was made glad when visiting with one of my boyhood chums, just before leaving, to hear him say that it had been eight years since he had done any work on the Sabbath that he could avoid. This was a great surprise and joy to me, and also to Pastor Babcock, who was with me. As I have visited with people at various points on the way, I come more and more to the conclusion that deep in the hearts of many there is unrest on the Sabbath question, and that in all our history as a people, no time has been more opportune than this, for the presentation of Sabbath truth.

I had every reason to believe the people of Jackson Center were glad to have me come, and truly my stay was pleasant and I hope not without profit, and when on March 29 I received the transportation for which I had so long waited, and said good-by to the friends at the station, and started out to make friends and acquaintances among the unknown, in a strange land, there was the feeling of "a tie that binds."

My next stop was at Jacksonville, Fla., where I met Seventh Day Adventists and was taken out to their mid-week prayer meeting where I had the privilege of speaking regarding Seventh Day Baptists, their position on some points that Seventh Day Adventists hold as essential, and from the hearty Amens I heard on all sides, I can but feel that if we knew each other better, possibly we would love each other more.

More to follow.

Attalla, Ala.,

May 11, 1920.

## SEMIANNUAL MEETING

The semiannual meeting of the Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin Seventh Day Baptist churches will be held at Exeland, Wis., June 25-27.

LELLA COON,  
Corresponding Secretary.

### ALFRED OVER THE TOP AGAIN

The community of Alfred has been in the habit of going over the top in Red Cross drives and Liberty Loan campaigns, but the problem of meeting our quota for the Forward Movement of the Seventh Day Baptists seemed rather difficult. Many thought that the goal of \$5,890 a year was beyond our ability. But we never know what we can do till we try. After a vigorous campaign in December and January we still lacked more than two thousand dollars of our quota.

Reviving our energies and our enthusiasm by association with the Interchurch World Movement, we were almost within reach of our goal in that notable week April 25 to May 2, and needed but the finishing touches with were brought to the meeting of the committee on May 8th.

The leaders of the campaign have been congratulated and thanked, but we believe that especial credit is due to the rank and file of the workers who have written letters and made visits with unflagging energy, and our thanks are due to the people who have responded to the calls and have given so generously. We could not depend upon some large givers to furnish \$500 or \$1,000; and so have had to put ourselves to the wheel together, each one striving to do his part or a little more; and thus we have succeeded for the honor of our Master.

The following letter has been sent to the non-resident members:

*To the Non-Resident Members:*

DEAR FRIENDS: The First Alfred Church has subscribed its quota for the Forward Movement. To raise \$5,890 seemed beyond our ability, and certainly was a large undertaking; but by the grace of God we have subscriptions for more than six thousand dollars. The members of the committee wish to thank all the people who so generously co-operated and have increased their subscriptions when necessary.

We do not need to ask you for any more money this year, and we are sending you this letter particularly that you may be informed of the good news of our success and rejoice with those who have already heard that Alfred is over the top in this most important matter. Still if there are any who have not yet subscribed, who would be glad to have a share with us in the blessing and responsibility of making up Alfred's part in the new Forward Movement, the way is still open. We would be pleased to have your subscription.

It doubtless will be of interest to you to know that one thousand dollars of the six thou-

sand dollars are subscribed by the non-resident members. We are glad that you have so effectively demonstrated your fellowship in the responsibilities of this church. The people right here in Alfred have shown a very general interest in this movement. There are 328 names on the list; but this does not begin to tell the number of people that are interested. The Woman's Evangelical society, the Ladies' Aid, the Sabbath school, Organized classes, the Christian Endeavor society and various other organizations have given collectively. A good many people who are not members of the church have given. We have received subscriptions for a hundred and fifty-five dollars from people who are not even members of the congregation.

When we began on the last two thousand dollars a good many members who thought that they had given as much as they could before, raised their subscriptions 50 per cent and a few doubled their contributions or did better than that. Our success has cost us something; but shall we not rejoice to spend for the honor of our Master and the work of his kingdom!

The need is great, and we are anxious that you all may have a real part in the work of the First Alfred Church in particular, and in our denominational Forward Movement, and the Christian work of the world in general.

Yours for the work,  
CURTIS F. RANDOLPH,  
*Treasurer and Regional Director.*  
WILLIAM C. WHITFORD,  
*Chairman of Every Member  
Canvass Committee.*

### A MESSAGE TO CHRISTIAN TOURISTS IN EUROPE

The members of our churches who are to be in Europe during the coming summer are especially requested to visit the various Protestant churches and institutions in France and Belgium.

They are requested to make their arrangements with the Comite Protestant Francais M. Andre Monod, Secretary, 8 rue de la Victoire, Paris, France, and the Comite Belge d'Union Protestante, Dr. Henri Anet, c/o Eglise Chretienne Missionnaire Belge, 11 rue de Dublin, Brussels, Belgium.

Advance information, with handbook, may be obtained by prospective tourists on application to the Commission on Relations with France and Belgium of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, 105 East 22nd street, New York City.

ARTHUR J. BROWN,  
*Chairman.*  
CHARLES S. MACFARLAND,  
*General Secretary.*

## 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
- + ★ First Alfred, Alfred, N. Y.

An unchecked tongue scatters firebrands and death. Capture it; control it; consecrate it!—*Baptist Boys and Girls.*

## THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS—THINGS TO COME

DEAN ARTHUR E. MAIN

I. Beginning two hundred or more years before Christ, there appeared a great amount of Jewish apocalyptic, or revelation writings. Visions, animal and number symbols, angelology, and hope, are prominent characteristics. They deal, in a very materialistic fashion, with the past and present, but especially with the future.

The following are among the leading subjects of discussion: The two Ages; the present evil age, variously estimated to be from 5,000 to 10,000 years in duration, and soon to end; the coming age, when all wrongs are to be set right; impending crises, in the heavens, and upon the earth; God, who, as a monarch, has an army to fight his battles, and servants to do his bidding; Heaven, the dwelling place of God, and Earth, the abode of man, between which are six stages made of luminous matter, the abodes of angels, the heavenly bodies, nature-powers, and the Messiah; Satan, the arch-enemy, who takes the form of a serpent, king or prophet, as best suits his purpose; Man, for whom the world was created; Sin, the cause of all misery; the coming Messiah, the central development of this literature; the resurrection of the body for purposes of judgment; the Judgment, in a spectacular representation of the wickedness of God's enemies, the sentence being determined by record books; the punishment of sinful angels and men, including the giants of Genesis 6: 4, and of heathen opposers of God and his people; the reward of the righteous, in a blessed existence; the renovation of the world, in a new heaven and a new earth; and the Divine assurance of realizing in the future the good which was not found in the present.

In the histories of Adam and Eve, Satan once more tempts Eve after the expulsion from Eden; and, at Adam's request, he tells the story of his own fall. At the age of 930, Adam, calling his sons together, relates to them again the circumstances of the Fall, and then sends Eve and Seth to Paradise, that, with dust upon their heads, they may plead for him, and get some of the oil of life to anoint him. On the way the Serpent bites Seth, but is persuaded by Eve to let him go. At the gates of Paradise they receive, instead of the oil,

the promise of a blessing in the distant future.

In Part I of the Ascension of Isaiah, the prophet stirs up the wrath of Satan by predictions concerning Christ, the Church, and the overthrow of Antichrist; and Manasseh, possessed by Satan, causes Isaiah to be sawn asunder. In Part II an angel takes Isaiah through the firmament and the six lower heavens into the seventh, where he sees departed patriarchs and God himself, and learns that Christ is coming to the earth. Upon being led back into the firmament, he has a vision of Jesus from his birth to his ascension into the seventh heaven. Then, left by the angel, the prophet's soul returns into his earthly body.

In connection with the world's passing out of the first evil age, symbolized by beasts, there will be great changes in nature. The moon will alter her course and periods; the stars wander from their orbits; trees flow with blood, and stones cry out; dread signs appear in the skies; springs of water dry up, and the earth yield no harvest; wars and rumors of war, and private feuds and recklessness, prevail; and so on. —*The Hastings Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels, art. Apocalyptic Literature.*

Apocalyptic language-forms and subject matter are used in Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Joel, in the books of Daniel and Revelation, in Matthew 24, 25, Mark 13, Luke 21, in briefer utterances of our Lord, and in Thesalonians.

Compare Isaiah 13: 6-13 and Ezekiel 32: 3-8, with Matthew 24: 29; Daniel 7: 13, 14, with Matthew 24: 30 and 26: 64; and Joel 2: 28-32 with Acts 2: 14-21.

Jesus came into history in an environment in which nothing is more conspicuous and potent than this early Jewish apocalyptic literature, and its importance can not be easily overestimated; for its form and content shed a flood of light upon the teaching of our Savior. "The simplest way to describe the relation is to say that Jesus and the writers of the New Testament found the forms of thought made use of in apocalyptic literature convenient vehicles, and have cast the gospel of God's redemptive love into these as into molds."—*Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels, art. Apocalyptic Literature.*

But when one comes from the Jewish

apocalyptic literature to the apocalyptic writings of the New Testament, and from the literalistic interpretation of the latter into their inner, ethical, and spiritual meaning, one comes into a new and heavenly moral and religious atmosphere.

In the nature of the case it is difficult to understand any description of what is yet to come to pass, especially if the description is in pictorial language, and the inner meaning is quite unlike one's expectations.

If Matthew, Mark, and Luke so far misunderstood the teachings of their Lord as to be unable to give us an altogether correct report and interpretation; and if apostles, at first, thought the end of the present age to be at hand (Acts 1: 6-9); Paul developed a larger perspective; and John came to know that his Master's words were spirit and life; the Church entered upon her struggle for the moral conquest of the world; and in spite of continued predictions of the Second Coming, she is still engaged in her long holy war, confident of final victory.

2. The subject of this paper falls into four parts. And in the light of the nature, content, and purpose of apocalyptic literature; of our Savior's use of its language-forms in his pictorial prophetic teaching; of the experience of Christians and the history of the Church since his time; and of the nature of a rational, ethical, and spiritual religion, while we may not reach dogmatic conclusions, we ought to derive from their reverent consideration some good measure of satisfaction and profit.

#### (1) The Lord's Coming Again.

Jesus said to the twelve, "Ye shall not have gone through the cities of Israel, till the Son of man be come" (Matt. 10: 23). In Matthew 16: 27, 28, we read, "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then shall he render unto every man according to his deeds. Verily I say unto you, There are some of them that stand here, who in no wise shall taste of death, till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom." Mark (9: 1) has it, "Till they see the kingdom of God come with power"; Luke (9: 27), "Till they see the kingdom of God." When on trial before the Jewish authorities, Christ said, "Henceforth ye shall see the Son of man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming on the clouds of heaven" (Matt.

26: 64). Mark says, "Ye shall see the Son of man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds of heaven" (14: 62). Luke, "From henceforth" (from this time on) "shall the Son of man be seated at the right hand of the power of God" (22: 69).

The coming of Christ, and the growth and spread of his kingdom, are the same thing; for he himself is the King. It takes time for the growth of the blade, the ear, and the full grain; for the little mustard seed to become a tree; for the leaven to leaven three measures of meal; and to make disciples of all nations. It was after a "long time" that the lord of the servants came to reckon with them (Matt. 25: 19). And the man who planted a vineyard and let it out to husbandmen, went into another country for a "long time" (Luke 20: 9).

We must hold either (1) that the apocalyptic discourses in our Gospels are not essentially as Jesus gave them; or (2) explain away those passages which predict an Advent within the generation then living; or (3) regard Jesus as actually predicting during the lives of men then living a visible advent in the clouds, a prediction which was not fulfilled; or (4) understand the language of Jesus symbolically, as the prediction, in language taken partly from the Old Testament, partly from the Apocalypses of the time, or an advent which, while not without external features, is really to be understood after the analogy of Matthew 26: 64, John 14: 18-28, 16: 7, 16, 17, 22, Revelation 2: 5, 16; 3: 3, 11. (Substantially a quotation from the Hastings Dictionary of the Bible, III., 677).

Without any hesitation I accept (4) with its comfort and its warning.

A final and complete victory over sin and evil, and eternal citizenship in the triumphant kingdom of God, is, it seems to me, "the end of the world" for believers. If sin and evil get the final victory over one's soul, and one does not become a citizen of the heavenly kingdom, that, for unbelievers, must be the end of the world.

The "coming" of Christ then, is neither a near-by nor a far-off event; but a present and continued forward movement of his kingdom, in the hearts and lives of men, individually and collectively. Growth in personal spiritual experience, and progress in the world's moral and religious history,

is the coming of our Lord, on the clouds of heaven, with the angels, in power and glory. All who are ready, may well exclaim, Amen: come, Lord Jesus.

#### (2) The Judgment.

The Judgment, also, is not wholly a future event, but a present and continued movement of the Divine Providence, in the separation of men and nations into two classes, according to their attitude, in character and conduct, toward God; toward his Son Jesus Christ our Redeemer and Lord; and toward his Holy Spirit who seeks to guide the consciences of men; and according to our words and deeds, motives and purposes, in human relations. The supreme standards of judgment are the two great commandments, interpreted by the life, teachings and sacrificial ministry of Jesus.

The fruit of personal righteousness, and of social, industrial, and national justice, liberty, and good order; and the consequences of individual sinning, and of social, industrial and national injustice, oppression, and lawlessness, are the judgment of God. The Hebrew monarchy fell in two and went down, because of the judgment of God upon luxury, corruption, and cruelty. Jerusalem and Judaism were overthrown because of the stone which the builders rejected (Matt. 21: 33-46, 23: 29-38, 24: 34; Mark 12: 1-12, 13-20; Luke 9: 9-19; 11: 50, 51; 21: 32). The judgment upon Jerusalem and Judaism is so typical of other great judgments that it is not possible to separate the descriptions, in these passages, in any really satisfactory way.

Jesus Christ, then, in the power and Spirit of God, is now judging individuals, families, neighborhoods, cities, and nations; the wheat and chaff are being separated; but with God it is yet possible to change chaff into wheat, if men will love, trust, obey and serve.

#### (3) The Resurrection.

In our Lord's great answer to the Sadducees (Matt. 22: 29-31, Mark 12: 24, 27, Luke 20: 34-38), the doctrine of the resurrection is the doctrine of continued existence, unbroken by the death of the body. "Dead things may have a creator, a possessor, a ruler: only living beings can have a God."—*Plummer.*

The Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the just (Luke 14: 14), is the doctrine of an immortal personality (Luke 20:

36). The physical basis of our present personality is a mortal body; our reconstituted personality will be in harmony with the exalted heavenly life (Luke 20: 35). This comes from the power of God as taught in the Scriptures. And "No one can have a right estimate of his position and duty in this life who omits all account of a life to come."—*Plummer*.

(4) "The End of the World."

That the Kingdom of God, including the Coming of our Lord, the Judgment, and the Resurrection, is to reach a consummation, a complete victory, is an idea in accord with the teaching of Jesus, and with the nature and laws of spiritual and moral life. True life implies activity and growth toward completeness.

The Christian's ideal is that of a perfected personality (Matt. 5: 48). That not many reach perfection in this life, even in a relative sense, would probably be the testimony of the best of Christians. And it seems to me to be in harmony with the world's general process of development from lower to higher forms of life; with the Scriptures, themselves being a record and prophecy of redemptive progress (Matt. 16: 20, Mark 8: 30, Luke 9: 21), and with the principles of spiritual life, to believe that after death we shall grow in the likeness and power of our Lord, unto that completeness of being to which our Father has graciously called us.

In parable and discourse Jesus describes the condition of the saved and the lost, in the life to come, by the use of different figures of speech. The full meaning no one can tell; but we know that one is a state of blessedness, the other of misery. To teach, as some have done, that the wicked will be cast into fire, seems strikingly inconsistent with the Savior's other word that they will be cast into darkness.

Jesus teaches the possibility of sinning, beyond the hope of salvation (Matt. 12: 31, 32, Mark 3: 28, 29, Luke 12: 10). In Mark we have the philosophy of unpardonable sin: it is an eternal sin. It is possible, then, for one to resist the influence of the Holy Spirit, so long and persistently, as to become hardened in heart, and without the disposition or capacity to turn to God for his pardoning mercy.

While the words in Matthew, "It shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world,

nor in that which is to come," do not teach the possibility of any forgiveness in the world to come, as the meaning may be that of a sweeping never, they nevertheless suggest that inference and hope; which is favored, also, by the inequality of opportunity, in this life (Matt. 11: 21-24). I am as sure that God will never turn away a truly penitent sinner, either in this world or in that which is to come, as I am that he is my heavenly Father, infinite in love, compassion, and justice. My fear is that sinners will not repent in that world any more than they do in this.

All true and pure life, physical, intellectual, moral, social, and religious, naturally tends to continuance and progress; and sin and selfishness naturally tend to become more sinful and selfish, on the way to an eternal sin. It is therefore supreme folly, danger, and unworthiness, to refuse to obey the Holy Spirit, who says, "Today, if ye shall hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

#### ON HIS WAY TO FIGHT THE BOLSHEVIK

Sergeant Ralph Curtis Jones, of the 196th Western Universities Overseas battalion, who since his return from service overseas with the Canadian army has made a tour of twelve states, spent a week in St. Johnsbury. He left here for Alaska and after a short stay at Dawson will explore Siberia. After that he plans to join the Polish army to fight the Bolsheviki, prompted by Polish sympathy and by a desire for journalistic experience.

Sergeant Jones is an American of distinguished ancestry. He numbers John Hancock and Paul Jones among his progenitors as well as a long line of fighters for Irish and American freedom. The young man was with the United States Marines at Guantanamo Bay in the Cuban occupation of 1911 and before the great war was a minister and writer. He addressed an audience at the South church and visited the local places of interest.—*Toronto Record*.

What is weight? Anything that hinders my running toward the goal. Love may be a weight, learning may be a weight. I am mentioning the highest things of set purpose, feeling that perhaps it is not necessary to discuss the lower. Anything that dims the vision of the ultimate, that kills the passion, is a weight.—*G. Campbell Morgan*.

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### PROGRAM OF PRAYER

First week in June

THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

The Sabbath School Board must direct the Christian activity of those who will soon be the strong pillars of our denomination.

Pray for those who are carrying this important responsibility.

### COMPENSATION

The bud had reddened on the tree  
The lily of the valley held  
White bells suspended daintily,  
To greet the strengthening sun;  
The flicker and the robin passed,  
By hunger led from lawn to lawn—  
All wooing woke to life and joy—  
Frost came ere day was done!

White snow upon the lilies lay,  
The red bud blackened was, and dead,  
And blasted was each woodbine spray  
That hung about the eaves.  
The mating birds were frightened deep  
By such pale weather, and I sought  
The reason—why this sudden chill  
Such desolation leaves.

All living, loving, courting things,  
But newly quickened into life—  
The sap-filled branch, the flashing wings,  
Why need they bear this pain!  
O simple answer of my heart!  
This year, perchance, the harvest fails  
To give them rest, that years to come  
A fuller life may gain.

—*Marguerite Ogden Biglow*.

### DOES THE SABBATH HELP BUSINESS WOMEN? IF SO, HOW?

Very few business women keep the seventh day of the week unless they conscientiously believe that this day is the right day to keep. If they have strength to continue keeping the Sabbath in spite of disadvantages, they will also be strong enough to resist other temptations. Their faith will become greater as unexpected openings come or when seeming disadvantages are suddenly found to be stepping stones to greater things.

When a girl enters business college with the ambition to become a business woman and to honor the true Sabbath, she knows she must work harder than the others, as competition will be keen when she is trying to get a position with a firm who employs few or no Sabbath-keepers. A business college president remarked to a half-dozen pupils, "You will have to do your work a little better and put more thought and energy into it than the others, if you expect to keep a position with a Sunday firm, as giving you one day off will necessarily be inconvenient." In some lines of business it does not inconvenience other employes, in others the extra work must be made up by co-workers or left until the following week, perhaps delaying the routine of work.

If one is fortunate enough to be in business for oneself or to employ others, there are many advantages in a town where there are other Seventh Day Baptists. The people will naturally patronize one of their own denomination, or at least, they should do so whenever possible. It is a well-known fact that a Sabbath-keeping firm has a better class of employes than others and this is an advantage that should not be considered lightly. A firm which is controlled by Sabbath-keepers should endeavor to employ people of their own faith as far as practicable. And employes should consider positions with these firms before applying for work with Saturday and Sunday free, or five-day positions. There is a lack of cooperation between Sabbath-keeping employers and employes but perhaps this problem can be solved in time.

Many young people give up their sacred day for greater opportunities but it never pays in the end. They can always find a way out if they will be steadfast to their principles and believe that God will provide for them. A young man said that he had always been able to get positions with Sabbath free and now has a good position with Sabbath-keepers, with splendid prospects for the future. He remarked that if one did his level best, God would guide him, and his life has proved that his faith is well grounded.

A business woman has many opportunities for spreading the Sabbath truth. If her employers close their place of business on the Sabbath, it is a message to the world

and to each friend of the workers. If she is the only one, or one of a few, it is noticed by all her co-workers and discussed. When a new employe enters, she asks why her chair is vacant each week and some one tells of "keeping Sunday on Saturday." To some this is a new story, and perhaps she asks for information on the subject. We hope all Seventh Day Baptist business women can give a clear, concise reason for their belief, for who knows what might come of such a conversation?

If her life is all that it should be, it will give others a very good impression of the whole denomination. If she is ambitious she will rise in spite of all obstacles until she reaches her goal.

Milton, Wis.,

May 14, 1920.

#### A LESSON FROM A FAVORITE DOG

"Just twelve years and thirteen days," replied the master to the veterinary's inquiry as to age.

"Equal to four score years in man," said the director of the hospital stable.

"He doesn't look his age," said a bystander. "You ought to sell him rather than kill him."

Perhaps this was a compliment to "Rogie-boy,"—perhaps a jest,—perhaps just a bystander's value of all the virtues of a rare, true dog.

But it was not the master's day for jest, —and Roger was used to praise. He had come into this world of wonder with a pedigree as long as a yard stick. Both his parents had won an accumulation of distinctions on "the bench" on both sides of the sea. Roger, too, had found blue ribbons above his bench booth. But what cared he if his blood was blue. It was not what the judges thought of him, but what "his family" thought of him that pleased him, for he was an honored, loved and essential part of his home.

The doors of the veterinary's shop all but closed as the doctor filled his needle with the morphine-strychnine solution. Idlers filled the gap of the door to see a dog die. His master, who had been his pal for twelve years, stood beside him, and because the master was there "Rogie-boy" knew that the sting that bit his side a second was not a hurt—nothing with the master there could harm.

The doctor said it would be a matter of seconds, but when it proved to be minutes, he remarked, "He shows his blood—wonderful vitality,—beautiful animal that," and "Rogie-boy" feeling no pain, accepted the patting caresses of his master and with his clear eyes looked him full in the face with the question: "Isn't it time to go home?" And then the quick relief came and on the clean, soft bed of yellow bark he fell,—stiff, dying,—dead.

It was all part of the day's work with the veterinary. He explained the painless process of the deadly drug to the idle on-lookers, but Roger's master's ears were closed—he was adrift on a sea of recollection:

Twelve years and thirteen days ago a chubby, furry, closed-eyed puppy, shielded by a collie mother who cared more for her pretty pets than for her string of man-made medals, delighted the children on a Vermont kennel farm. And then the puppy came to the master and claimed the name the master gave.

For twelve long years they were pals. In the long winter evenings "Rogie-boy" took his place beside the fire. In the city streets, the country lane—with children playmates or thoughtful comradeship—"Rogie-boy" departed himself like the thoroughbred, democratic gentleman he was.

Much was given to "Rogie-boy"—every comfort and touch of contentment that a master's mind could invent. But, oh, he gave so generously in return: love, loyalty, fidelity, watchfulness, bravery, patience, never a touch of resentment—whatever is best—trust, truth (he never knew deceit), comradeship, faith. All the virtues that good men strive for were his.

Twelve years and thirteen days of benignant living. He gave his happiness and cheer. He wanted to help, and helped beyond his knowing. He did all that a dog could do to live a life nobly.

So his master failed to hear the doctor's and the bystanders' comments on the fact that a dog had lain down to die. On the tan bark lay the sacred evidence that even a dog may live all the virtues to which man aspires.

Trusting in his master to the end "Rogie-boy" believed that whatever was the master's will was best and if it be the master's

will that he go home in abiding sleep—so be it; it is best.

And so the pals parted. But in his going the master found that "Rogie-boy"—just a dog—had taught the master not only how to live but how to die. Just a dog had bequeathed to his master a blessed faith, and as companionless the master went his homeward way he hoped that when his Master called him home he might know how to go believing, trusting, full of faith even as his dog had done.—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

#### A CORRECTION

The letter from China, entitled "A Chinese Wedding," printed in this department May 3, was written by Mrs. Nettie West, and by accident her name was not printed. Mrs. West's letters are always interesting and we hope she will send us more.

#### EDUCATION SOCIETY—QUARTERLY MEETING

The Executive Board of the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society met in regular quarterly session at the Theological Seminary, Alfred, N. Y., May 9, 1920, at 7:30 o'clock, p. m., with the following members present: William C. Whitford, Mrs. William C. Whitford, Curtis F. Randolph, W. A. Titsworth, J. N. Norwood, C. R. Clawson, Frank L. Greene, B. C. Davis, Mrs. E. P. Saunders and E. P. Saunders.

Prayer was offered by Professor J. N. Norwood.

The Treasurer being out of town and having been unable to prepare his quarterly report, it was voted that such report, when made out, be referred to the auditors for approval, and that the matter of paying over the various balances due different institutions or interests be referred to the President and Treasurer with power.

In conformity with a request from the president of the General Conference that this board prepare a program for its session at the coming Conference, a committee, consisting of the President and Corresponding Secretary, was appointed to prepare such program.

The Corresponding Secretary, Paul E. Titsworth, was appointed to represent this society at the coming sessions of the Eastern and Central associations.

The President was appointed delegate to

a proposed council of church boards of education, soon to be called.

Action was taken changing the date of closing the fiscal year of the society from July 31st to June 30th.

E. P. SAUNDERS,  
Recording Secretary.

#### MAY

Oh, May, with the blossoms  
And fragrance you bring,  
And the beautiful songs  
The orioles sing,

The cold heart of winter  
Has melted to tears;  
And whispers of springtime,  
The violet hears.

Thy treasures are priceless,  
Thy riches are rare;  
Our hearts in thy gladness  
And music would share.

The tulip and lilies,  
Forget-me-nots blue,  
Are weaving a garland  
Of beauty for you.

And dewdrop that glisten  
In sunshine so bright,  
Are beautiful jewels  
Like rainbows of light.

No hues are too costly,  
No perfume too rare,  
For faith has awakened  
In beauty most fair,

And hope will mount upward  
On white wings of love,  
And peace is the message  
That comes from above.

With true admiration  
Our hearts sing to thee,  
With song of the songster,  
With murmuring sea,

With music of brooklet,  
And fountains that play,  
We welcome with homage  
The glorious May.

—Amanda M. Wallace.

#### THE EASTERN ASSOCIATION

The eighty-third session of the Eastern Association will be held June 10-13, 1920, at the Piscataway church, New Market, N. J. It is desired that a large number shall attend these meetings. Will those who plan to be present, please notify their pastor, or send their names directly to the undersigned?

MARJORIE J. BURDICK,  
Secretary of the  
Entertainment Committee.

Dunellen, N. J.



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

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER V *III*

On Monday Mr. LaForge arranged to see a real estate agent whom he knew and stating the situation they looked over some maps in his office locating here and there claims that were not taken and some that had been abandoned and were for sale.

"I am not in a condition to buy out any one," said Mr. Livingston, "I would rather look at some claims offered by the Government."

"Then we will all go to the government agent here and see what can be found," replied the real estate agent.

At the government agency they found that to the southwest of Monot were a number of unclaimed farms or ranches and also to the north, but a long distance from any settlement or post office.

"You will find nothing very near the town, Mr. Livingston, as all the choicest have been taken within a dozen or more miles," said the agent. "But we will take a spin in my auto and see what can be obtained. I know of two or three claims in the direction of Douglass and two towns west of there."

For two or three days they looked over the country, but all claims obtainable were miles from the station and none anywhere near a schoolhouse. Mr. Livingston's heart sank within him, and he returned to Mr. LaForge's and told his wife the results. They were sick at heart. What would they do? He was going to the post office to look for mail from the old home when a man accosted him.

"Stranger, prospecting for land in these parts?"

"Yes, but the outlook is poor," he replied.

"I thought so. I knew the condition of things in these parts. Now I don't want to push myself into any man's affairs, but I heard about you at the agency. From the description I surmised you were the man, and you have a look of disappointment. If it will be any help to you, I'll venture the suggestion that you go to Williston, a flourishing town west of here, and from there look south a few miles. I happen to have a son there who has taken a claim and he

feels quite cheerful over it. Don't know how long it will last; but he is quite an optimistic boy. He says that there is some very good land there yet unclaimed. He has lately been to a town called Cartwright and another named Alexander and some little bergs all about there, and though many claims were ten to twenty miles from the railroad, he was pleased with their situation. There are some very pretty buttes that relieve the monotony though good for nothing except for scenery and wind breaks. If you want to try that locality I will give you a letter to my son with request to show you around.

Mr. Livingston consulted his wife and it was agreed with Mr. and Mrs. LaForge that his family could stay with them a few days and he go to Williston.

"A little bit discouraging, Lura," said Mr. Livingston to his wife, as she was crying, "but cheer up and it will all come out right in a few days. My blunder was that I did not make a more thorough investigation before we started, through some one who knew the country, and knew just where to ship our goods. But we can't help that now. Just be brave and I'll have a place soon."

"Say, father, let me go along with you and if you have good luck I can stay there and await your coming back with mother and Leila."

"Well, Frank, I don't know but that's a good suggestion. Two boys here may be too much for Mr. LaForge and I may need your help. Get yourself ready and we will take the four o'clock train, stay all night at Williston and make our venture in the morning. Our stranger friend has already telegraphed his son to meet us. A merchant in Williston will get the telegram and watch for the son. That was very thoughtful. Frank, these western people are very kind to strangers. You see that the most of them have been in the same boat we are in now."

That night found them in Williston and the telegram had had its effect. But the merchant met Mr. Livingston at the station and saved them hotel expenses.

"You see, Mr. Livingston, I came here a poor young man a few years ago and among entire strangers and I was about dead with homesickness. I vowed I'd help every young man in trouble after that. I

secured my claim, proved up, but not being cut out for a farmer, I clerked it in a store and then was taken in as partner and now I own the whole show. So I am going to help you and I don't want you to think that I am fishing for future custom if you happen to locate near here. Every man trades where he can get best goods cheapest, regardless of race or religion or politics. I am a Baptist but I find that some Baptists trade with the Methodist man over there on the corner and I in turn get a lot of trade from Methodists and all sorts. I judge that you are a Congregationalist. Am I right?" asked the merchant.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. James, and I'll not forget it. But you will have to guess again as to my church relations. At Monot they had never seen such a freak as I religiously. We are Congregational in church government but we are Seventh Day Baptists. Now what do you think of me?" laughed Mr. Livingston.

"Is that so? Why, my grandmother was a Seventh Day Baptist way down in New Jersey. But my mother married a First-day Baptist and I was brought up that way. I have heard mother say very often that she was not keeping the true Sabbath in keeping Sunday, but I never looked into it."

"What was your mother's name before marriage?" asked Mr. Livingston.

"Burdick. Her people came from Rhode Island and I think in some way she was connected with Burdicks that first came from Newport. I know nothing of the family farther back. Well, I don't think less of you for that, in fact I feel a little bit more neighborly on account of it," said Mr. James.

"Do you know any people of my faith in these parts?" asked Mr. Livingston.

"Not personally. I heard the government agent tell about locating a man and his wife and her sister off southwest of Cartwright who asked him not to come to finish up the deal on Saturday, saying that they kept that day. He said that was the first time he ever knew of an American and not a Jew, keeping Saturday. However, the Jews in these parts keep open store on their Sabbath for the extra dollar they can make out of it. But that family had the moral courage to be frank with him about the Sabbath and save him a trip when they would not do busi-

ness. Then I heard of a school teacher north of here who kept the seventh day. She was a beauty and the pupils all loved her. Her reddish hair, bright eyes, rosy cheeks and pleasant voice were winners among the boys and girls. I had a friend up there who had two children in her school and they 'swore by her' every time. But she left after school closed and took up a claim somewhere. Those are the only ones I ever heard of in this State. To look for them would be like looking for a needle in a haystack."

The next morning young Mr. Kendall, son of the Monot stranger friend, was on hand to help Mr. Livingston locate a claim. He had a good span of horses, Hamiltonians, that could get over the ground double quick. But his wagon was a sight. No dash board and the bottom mostly gone and his harness a togglolation of straps and strings to hold together.

"You see," said Mr. Kendall, "We are not much on style out here when it comes to houses and traveling, but few of us do like a fast horse, especially as we have to travel so many miles to do little or nothing. One night not long ago my wife was taken sick and there was not a neighbor within two miles of us and the doctor was ten miles off. She begged me not to leave her, but I knew that if she lived and the baby had care I must leave her alone and make that ten miles post haste and bring back a woman to care for her a few days. These old nags made that ten miles around the buttes and over the little ravine which we will cross, in just fifty minutes. That is going some where we have no main roads and no fences or trees, and the horses seemed to know that it was a chase with death and they put in their best licks. I got that doctor out of bed and into his shoes in five minutes and then we had to drive an extra mile to get a woman, and three of us on this seat, which was better than it is now, managed to hang on and you would have thought that Ben-Hur in his chariot race was slow. But I tell you that we came near being too late. That trip cost me fifty dollars and money is not picked up at the foot of buttes. The doctor charged a dollar a mile and the woman made up the balance and my horses did not get hitched up to a cart again in two weeks after I had taken the doctor home. But say, you just take

a look at my little Susie and tell me if it did not pay to make that dash for life. You can imagine the agony of that little woman waiting all alone fearing that I might lose my way or have a mishap and be obliged to walk home without the doctor or nurse. It took ten acres of grain that year, as crops were, to settle that little trip. Susie had the measles later on and we did not know what it was and I had another trip for the medicine man, but that was in the day time and not in so great a hurry."

"Now, Mr. Kendall, you are getting me nervous. That is something I did not take into account when I pulled up and struck out for the Dakotas. I hope I'll find a claim within a hundred miles of town!" said Mr. Livingston.

They drove off to the southeast a little and then turned to the southwest having to go around two buttes. At first the way was through quite an open country with here and there a shack or newly made house and a few trees that had been imported and transplanted. Then they turned directly south over rolling lands into a ravine and then up on what seemed a plateau. The land loses its conquered appearance and almost uncultivated country dominates everything. A shack here and there had been abandoned and a sod house was occasionally passed. One sod schoolhouse came to view and the scholars, few in numbers, were playing, for it was recess.

"That teacher has to walk three miles from her boarding place and back again at night," said Mr. Kendall. "If your wife is a teacher, possibly she would like one of these schools. To be sure there might be a day now and then when she would have to lodge in the schoolhouse all night but there would be plenty of coal in cold weather. You see that hole up there at the base of that butte, that is a mine. The farmers do not sell coal, it belongs to the Government or State, but they get it for home use and you can handle it without soiling your hands. But I'd rather soil my hands and have the old Hocking Valley folks tell about in the east."

"Now I like to look at these buttes as you call them, but what under the sun are they good for?" asked Mr. Livingston.

"They are good to shut off ranchmen from one another, and from the world beyond," answered Mr. Kendall.

At the foot of a butte, as they passed along, was a shack with two rooms. They stopped to give the horses water and make some inquiries. The ranchman invited them into the shack a few minutes saying that he had not seen a man in three weeks. What was the news? What did the papers say about North Dakota prospects for the coming season? Was Congress tinkering with the tariff as usual?

"Say, stranger, if you are prospecting, I know of a boss piece just three miles from here that some one will gobble up soon. You go to the east of that butte you see yonder and you will hit a trail going south, follow that across a little gully that pretends to be a stream when thunder showers bother us. I lost a colt there one summer as she was straying away and attempting to cross it. But just now it is as dry as a Kansas river," said the man.

"How dry is a Kansas river?" asked Mr. Livingston.

"Well, I was there one summer and had to run the river through a clothes wringer to get a glass of water to drink," he replied.

"Quite a stunt," said Mr. Kendall, "but that land, is it rolling or flat, and is there a chance to get good water?"

"It is rolling and you will find a good spring of water and plenty of coal. A man was there last week to look at it, and he told me he was going back to Minnesota and tell his folks and induce them to come later and join him if he succeeded in making claim to it. I think you'll like it and then I'll have one more neighbor to add to the one I have four miles west of here.

Mr. Kendall drove to the claim and they looked it over. It seemed to be a choice piece of land and he said it would be doubtful if they found any better in that region. He thought the country would fill up in five years and land be worth several times what he would put into it while proving up. He had heard of bright prospects of a railroad being built from Williston south to meet the other branch going east and west in McKenzie County. Coal would be mined more or less and a good road built.

"How far from here is a schoolhouse?" asked Mr. Livingston.

"I am not sure, but think about three miles. But to the left will be one no doubt in two years about a mile from here. North Dakota is bound to have good schools and

plenty of them. Teachers get good wages and many come here from the central States to teach and take up claims. There was a young widow and some girls that settled west of us a few miles and I know of women above forty who take claims. I have never known a woman to be molested in these parts but once. They live alone and hire some one to cultivate their land and seem to be happy."

The school problem troubled Mr. Livingston and he knew how his wife would mourn for the children in losing up-to-date school privileges. Maybe he had made a serious mistake in bringing Frank and Leila out here, but the die was cast. He could not go back.

*(To be continued)*

### EZRA BRACE

Ezra Brace was born in Cattaraugus County, N. Y., October 11, 1835, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Cora B. Hill, North Loup, Neb., April 28, 1920.

He was the oldest of a family of children born to Elisha and Jane Bishop Brace, of this family two survive him, a brother Daniel, of Berlin, Wis., and a sister, Mrs. Melissa LaRue, of Waushara County, Wis.

When a boy of about nine years he moved with the family to Rock County, Wis. After a short residence at this place the family moved to a farm near Berlin, Wis., where he grew to manhood. At this place he was married December 4, 1862, to Matilda Larkin who died in North Loup, January 11, 1896.

To this union were born five children: Fred, William, Kate Gowen, Nora Pierce, and Mrs. Cora B. Hill, the last mentioned being the only member to survive him. This daughter, nine grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, together with other relatives and a host of friends, mourn their loss.

Ezra Brace spent much of his life on the frontier. With his family he moved from Wisconsin to Minnesota, from there to Brookfield, Miss. After a residence of twenty years at this place he moved to North Loup. A few years later he homesteaded in Colorado where unfavorable conditions soon forced him to return to North Loup. When No-Man's Land in Oklahoma was thrown open to homesteaders, though well past fifty years of age, he again an-

swered the call to the frontier, there among the hardships that turned back many a younger man he proved up on a homestead.

The last sixteen years of his life were spent at the home of his daughter at North Loup.

As a child his opportunities for education were very limited, but in after life through a habit of careful reading he became a well educated man, having a very good understanding and could discuss intelligently almost any subject. Lord Byron and Whittier were his favorite poets. He could quote many passages from their works, his favorite from Byron, "The Destruction of Sennacherib," from Whittier, "Snow Bound." He was also a great lover of nature, the trees, flowers, birds and the rocks were all an open book to him. To spend time with him beside a stream of water was always a source of pleasure and information. He was a man that could look into a tree and see more than leaves; could see more than water in a stream; whether the heavens were clouded over or fair he could see more than stars or clouds there; a stray dog would follow him about the streets; he loved to have children about him and always had their confidence. He was intensely loyal to his friends, and quick to forget injustice or injury to himself.

Ezra Brace never made a public confession of Christ, but when told that the hour of his departure was at hand he said he was ready and that he was not afraid to go. As I sat by his bedside I was often reminded of a favorite quotation of his:

So live that when thy summons come to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death  
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon—but, sustained and  
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
about him,  
And lies down to pleasant dreams.

After a life reaching over eighty-five years his summons came from that war in which there is no discharge. Let us forget the faults, and emulate the good that we can remember in his life.

Burial took place Friday forenoon after a brief service at the home conducted by his pastor, Rev. A. L. Davis.

CLAUD L. HILL.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### BIBLE READING

OLIVE WARDNER CAMPAGNA

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
June 5, 1920

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Bible reading equips workers (2 Tim. 3: 14-17)

Monday—It searches the soul (Heb. 4: 12, 13)

Tuesday—It comforts (Rom. 15: 1-7)

Wednesday—It brings salvation (John 20: 31; James 1: 21)

Thursday—It sanctifies (Ps. 19: 7-14)

Friday—It feeds the soul (Matt. 4: 4; John 6: 31-35)

Sabbath Day—Topic, What Bible reading will do for us (Ps. 119: 97-104) (Consecration meeting)

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

I once read a little story about a mountaineer who had never been away from his farm during his lifetime. He lived in filth, and, never having felt the necessity, had not learned to read or write. He could not conduct himself properly in the parlor, or at table, nor express himself in anything but the crudest mountain dialect, and had no knowledge of the customs, characteristics or names of people outside his little circle of ignorant hillfolk.

Then the draft came and he was taken, bewildered and sullen, to France in a company comprised of well-bred men whose superiority made his ignorance a source of humiliation and distress. Interesting experiences among many people, and in strange lands, broadened his horizon, gave him glimpses into better forms of existence, but except for the creation within him of an aching sense of his need for some means of communication with loved ones, they produced no visible changes. Finally he met a charming cultured young school

teacher who undertook to educate him. Association with her revealed to him his utter unworthiness, and love awoke in his conscience the idea of becoming eligible and spurred him on to an amazing zeal for "larnin," revolutionizing, transforming and illuminating life.

Hasn't this been like our experience in Bible reading? Before we met the "one altogether lovely," "The Rose of Sharon," "The Lily of the Valley," "The Fairest of Ten Thousand," and realized by comparison with his spotless life, our sinful condition, and yielded ourselves to him, we had been contentedly living in spiritual darkness. We were untrained for fellowship with an exalted company, unequipped for warfare, seeing only occasionally a glimpse of a better and richer life, but without definite knowledge of how to attain it. Having never been anywhere with Christ in the "heavenlies" and having had no new and wonderful experience in our souls, for lack of a message which burned to be told, we learned no means of communication. Now loving him we yearn to express ourselves in the heavenly language for prayer and to be able to testify of his love.

All the promises of God are fulfilled in Jesus. All the revelation of Jesus is in the Word of God. Only by memorizing and believing and stepping out upon the promises of God, through faith, can we ever walk with him, exclaiming, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee."

The Holy Spirit, the Comforter, who will "guide us into all truth," can not take of the things of Christ and shew them unto you, "teach you all things," and "bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you," unless we have meditated upon the Word and written it into the fleshly tablets of our hearts.

God has bountifully provided spiritual sustenance for us, manna from heaven. Physical food comes up out of the earth, but spiritual nourishment cometh down from heaven. "It is written that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God," "desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby," "taste and see that the Lord is good." "I am the bread of

life." There is the "corn and wine," "strong meat," that we may be vital and vigorous with keen spiritual senses, "nourished up in words of faith and good doctrine." "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom," "I commend you to God, and the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him. Rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving. Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ."

The tendency of our day, caused by the lack of knowledge of the Scriptures has been to take the philosophy of man such as are embodied in all the false isms of Satan as a substitute for the "faith once for all delivered to the saints." Jesus routed the devil in the wilderness by "rightly dividing the word of truth" by his ability to use the weapons of warfare, "the sword of the Spirit" against Satan's question which are still the same, "Hath God said?"

"For false Christs and false prophets shall rise and shall shew signs and wonders, to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect. But take ye heed: behold, I have foretold you all things."

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness, in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

Chicago, Ill.

### SUGGESTED PROGRAMS FOR THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, JUNE 5, 1920

I

#### Inner Circle Meeting

Poster: Two circles one inside the other and in the center a C. E. monogram, "Are you in the Inner Circle" or "Come into the Inner Circle"; or a candle lighting a path.

Arrange the chairs in two circles. All are seated first in the outer circle, but as they take part they move into the inner circle.

Use much of the time to prayer, quiet singing and memory Bible verses.

This would be a good chance to get Quiet Hour members, and Pocket Testament League signers who will carry and use a testament and read at least on chapter each day.

An illuminated Bible may be shown at the close. Turn off all lights and have a spot light or flash light turned on a large opened Bible.

Feature: A solo or talk by the pastor.

M. G. B.

II

Pre-prayer service

Announcements

Information Committee report

Song

Prayer service

Scripture

Giving of favorite Bible verses.

Special music

Leader's remarks

Bible Roll Call (leader hands the Bible to some one either in the front or the back of the room. That person takes part, then passes the Bible to the one next to him and so on through the society. Each member takes part when the Bible comes to him just as if his name were called.)

Song

Mizpah

Suggested hymns:

"How Firm a Foundation"

"The Bible"

"Sweet Hour of Prayer"

"More Like the Master"

"Spend One Hour With Jesus"

The present conditions of our country and of the world ought to arouse Christian believers to fresh loyalty and real devotion to the Bible. The fields are white to harvest; if the laborers are few the appeal is all the stronger to those who believe in the power of the Gospel message. If the Bible is to be given to the unbelieving and to the rebellious it must be by those who love it. —The Bible in New York.

**JOSHUA RESCUETH GIBEON**

ELLEN W. SOCWELL RAMSEY

(Written by special request of Mrs. John Hardie of Norman, Okla., and read by her before the Old Regime Club of that city.)

"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." Joshua 10: 12.

By a series of miracles the way had been prepared for the departure of Israel from their bondage in Egypt. By another series of miracles God continued to lead, feed and protect them during the years of their wandering in the wilderness. These years were lengthened from time to time as a punishment for their ungratefulness, complaints and open revolts. But God never relaxed his miraculous care and leadership. He raised up Joshua, the son of Nun, to take the place of Moses. And it would seem that after the weary years spent in their pilgrimage, they would have remained as a nation, true to the God who had led them. But as soon as they stood in the long desired Promised Land they began to forget God.

One trouble after another came upon them in consequence of their disobedience. In a few years they were involved in quarrels and wars with the people of the land who were very fierce and warlike. God, however, continued his miraculous care of his people and gave them many victories over their enemies, the most notable being the downfall of Jericho and the destruction of Ai and her king.

At length, Gibeon made peace with Israel and when the king of Jerusalem heard it, he was very angry as well as frightened. Swift messengers were sent to four kings to come to his aid. "Come up unto me and help me, that we may smite Gibeon: for it hath made peace with Joshua and with the children of Israel." Those four kings and other savage hordes came up to Gibeon to help the king of Jerusalem. Gibeon was a royal city and a mighty one. But couriers were sent to Joshua imploring his aid in this great time of need.

All night the hosts of the most high God marched from Gilgal towards Gibeon. All night the earth trembled under the tread of the marching thousands. And the night was full of the clinking of armor, shields and spears. They had no fear for God had told Joshua to "Fear them not."

Suddenly in the dim uncertain light of morning, they fell upon the Amorites who

were discomfited and fled before them. A terrible hailstorm followed them in their flight, slaying them by the thousand. Joshua saw that night would close around them before he had accomplished his purpose, so he spake with the Lord. Then, standing in the pride and triumph of his God-given power, he said in the sight of Israel, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon."

For a day this command was obeyed, and the hosts of Israel with redoubled fury avenged themselves upon their enemies. This miracle was the most wonderful one that had been performed. Never one like it before, and never one like it since, when God hearkened to the voice of man. "For the Lord fought for Israel."

So was Gibeon rescued; and Joshua and his hosts returned to the place where the five kings had hidden in a cave. They were brought out and hung and then in turn Joshua fought and overcame the cities of the four kings who had fought against Gibeon. Then the mission upon which he had been sent was ended, and he and the hosts of Israel returned to their camp at Gilgal.

The lesson which we may learn from this miracle as well as all others, is, that when we are in need, if we call upon God he is at hand to hear and aid. Not that we can neglect God and expect aid. But if we, like Joshua, fight for the right and ask God's help we shall receive it. If we say with Joshua, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord," then we may fight against the hosts of the evil one and say with Joshua again, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon," and it shall come to pass.

**ANXIOUS FOR A VISIT IN NORTH CAROLINA**

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

Pastor John T. Davis wrote to me some time ago, asking for a reply directed to him at Daytona, Fla., his first stop on his way to the Southeast. I replied, but the letter came back "unclaimed." If any of you will kindly find out from him his address for a stop during June I will try to write to him there because we would be very glad for him to visit us.

MRS. MARY E. FILLIYAW.

R. F. D. 4, Fayetteville, N. C.

**CHILDREN'S PAGE****PEGGY RAYMOND'S EXTRAS**

"Peggy Raymond, will you please come down from that stepladder so I can see your face? I do get so tired of talking to your back, and I'm quite sure that you've already dusted those alarm clocks four times this week."

"Oh, no, Bess!" protested Peggy from her lofty position on the top step of the old ladder. "I really haven't dusted them before, and I do like to see things shine. But I'm coming right down this very instant. Just watch me."

"Well, you'd better, for I can't stay more than ten minutes this time. And, oh, Peggy, you've decided to go on the strawride this afternoon, haven't you? Betty has promised to have some splendid big fires in the fireplaces when we get out to the farm. The girls will be dreadfully disappointed if you don't go."

Peggy put a warning finger to her lips, then pointed to the little stoop-shouldered man bending over a desk in the farther end of the tiny store. "I just can't go, Bess," she said, in a low tone as she began to brush an imaginary bit of dust from the counter. "I'd love to, but there are several cases to unpack, and I must help."

"Oh, Peggy, why will you do so many extra things that you really don't have to?" asked Bess Garretson, as she looked up at her friend. "What do you get out of it all but work, work, work, when you ought to be playing? And your father could hire more help. Even if he couldn't, nobody would notice whether everything in this store was always in apple-pie order or not. Look at the extra errands you do, too, and you don't get much thanks for them, either. Yes, I know, Peggy Raymond, so you needn't shake your head. If I were in your place, I'd just do the necessary things and let the others go. Why, you'll be grown up before you're hardly a little girl."

A low, rippling laugh escaped from Peggy's lips, but she suddenly checked herself as the frail-looking man at the desk half turned in his chair. "Why, Bess, you do say such funny things," she said, in the

same low tone she had used before. "Maybe you're right and maybe you're not. But some day some good fairy is coming to buy this store, and then I'm going to live in the country and play. Won't you envy me my green fields and orchards, though! Why, Bess Garretson, we paid five cents apiece for apples for father yesterday. Just wait till you see the bushels and bushels I shall have to give away."

But Peggy's smile had suddenly vanished. "Oh, Bess!" she whispered, "I'm so afraid that father's dream isn't coming true. No one seems to want this store and we can't go till it's sold. And he is getting weaker and weaker every single day. The doctor says he mustn't stay here another month. And he's so discouraged! I've almost strained my eyes out watching for that good fairy."

"I'm sorry, Peg," Bess replied, without daring to look at her friend, for she knew that the tears were ready to start. "But never you mind, something will surely happen before long. And maybe your good fairy is coming right now, though he doesn't look so very much like one;" and Bess laughingly pointed to the little old man who was just crossing the street. Close behind him came a little old woman.

"Which is the fairy?" asked Peggy, as she hastily took the old stepladder from its place behind the counter and started for one of the small rooms in the rear of the store. "Those folks don't look as much like merchants as that man did who just went by," she called back over her shoulder. "I know he'd make a splendid store-keeper. But he's not my good fairy, for he doesn't even glance this way."

But Bess Garretson didn't hear, so of course she couldn't answer. Her ten minutes had passed long before, and she must hurry. So, waving a farewell to Peggy, she opened the door and was soon halfway down the street.

"Oh, but Bess is a lucky girl," thought Peggy, as she returned to the window. "I know I'm just as selfish as I can be, but I do almost envy her that strawride. Why, I haven't had one in months and months, and it's just cold enough for that kind of fun. I wonder if I couldn't go. Maybe I am doing more than my share. Bess seems to do so little, and yet everything comes to

her. Her father isn't sick, and they've plenty of money, and—"

Peggy hadn't heard her father leave his seat at the desk, and his sudden appearance at her side startled her and sadly interrupted her sober thoughts.

"I'm sorry, little daughter," he said brokenly, "I couldn't help hearing some of the talk, though I didn't mean to listen. Now, I want you to make your plans to go on that strawride this afternoon. Yes, you must have that much pleasure. I'll hurry upstairs and get my lunch. I wish I didn't have to lie down, but I suppose I must. If I'm not back by one o'clock, you can lock the door and go. Perhaps mother will be home in time to help with the unpacking; if she isn't, I can manage somehow. You've been a great comfort to me, dear, but you mustn't give up everything. Life is too short."

Peggy stood there by the front window a long time after her father had climbed the stairs to their little four-roomed home. Business was always dull at this hour, and there were fewer passers-by than usual today.

"Shall I go? Ought I to do it?" she kept asking herself as she thought of the jolly crowd of girls and of Betty Bowen's big, beautiful farm home, with its fireplaces and its air of cheery comfort. When would such a chance come again? The big clock over her father's desk struck one just as she turned away from the window. Still father hadn't come, and the girls were to start at two. Would it be right to lock up and go?

Peggy was sorely tempted to do it, but she was still undecided when the door suddenly opened and in came the little old man and his wife, whom she had seen more than an hour before.

"They don't look much like fairies," she thought, as she hastened to wait on them. "Probably they only want needles or buttons or thread!" And she involuntarily glanced up at the clock. How long would it take to supply them?

But Peggy's sharp eyes soon discovered that something was wrong. "Why, you don't feel well, do you?" she asked as she looked at the little old woman, who was leaning against the counter. "Don't you think you'd like to lie down and rest a few minutes? There's a nice, comfortable couch

right in that little room, and you're perfectly welcome to use it."

"Thank you so much," faltered the little, white-haired woman as she pressed her hand to her forehead. "It's one of my terrible headaches, and I'm almost blinded. It'll be better after a little." And she followed Peggy into the tiny bit of a room where Mr. Raymond occasionally rested. There Peggy left her while she went softly up the stairs. Father mustn't be disturbed, whatever happened. All thoughts of the strawride were gone.

"I'll make her some tea," she said, as she opened the kitchen door. "That might help. And perhaps there'll be some cookies and something for sandwiches. The little old man looks as if he needed a lunch, too."

Father was still asleep, and Peggy moved so quietly that she didn't disturb him. "This is another extra," she thought, as she went back downstairs a few minutes later. "But I just can't help it. I guess I'd have felt mean enough to have gone off and left those poor people to suffer. Just suppose that door had been locked!"

Mr. Raymond, suddenly awakening from a much longer nap than he had intended to take, started up at the sound of voices in the little store below. "Why, this will never do at all," he said, as he hurried down the stairs. "Business going to rack and ruin and nobody there to prevent it."

Perhaps he didn't realize that he had spoken aloud, but he had, and Peggy—a bright-faced, laughing Peggy now—had heard.

"Oh, father!" she cried, as she ran to meet him, "we've had such luck. The old store is sold, or will be as soon as you get here, and Mr. Gibson has a farm he'd like to have us live on. Oh, isn't it splendid! And we can go next week. Why, we owe everything to these two good fairies!"

"Well, that's the first time I ever heard myself called a fairy," chuckled the little old man, who thought that it was his turn to say something, especially when the man whose desk chair he was occupying seemed to be dazed. "I reckon, sir, that you owe more to this generous little girl here than you do to me. Wife and I came to town yesterday to look for a store for our son, who doesn't like farming. Well, I never did see such cold, stuck-up folks as we've run in with. This morning we decided to

take the first train for home and give it up, but wife had one of her terrible headaches come on and we had to go to the drug store for medicine. But there wasn't a sign of a place there for her to sit down and rest in, except a great high stool. I didn't know what was going to happen to us. When I looked in at your window and saw this little girl, I said to my wife, 'She won't turn us out,' and she didn't."

"No, Peggy wouldn't," said Peggy's father, proudly. "But you don't mean to say that you want to buy this store?"

"Yes, sir, I'll take it now. Your daughter says it's for sale. I like the way things shine here. They show good care and my son wants a store that's worth buying."

Peggy waited to hear no more. Mother was coming down the street, and she must tell her the good news. "I wish Bess Garretson knew about my good fairies," she thought, happily. "Bess was wrong about the extras; I haven't done a bit too much. And I know that the girls out at Betty Bowen's haven't half as much to be thankful for as I have. Father is going to get well."—*Alice Annettee Larkin, in Baptist Boys and Girls.*

### YOUR LIBERTY BOND

The United States Government borrowed money from you to finance the war. You hold the Government's promise to pay you back. This promise is called a Liberty Bond or Victory Note. On this bond is stated the conditions under which the Government borrowed the money from you.

For instance: If you hold a bond of the Third Liberty Loan, it states that on April 15, and October 15, of each year until maturity, you will receive interest on the amount you paid for the bond. Other issues bear other rates of interest and other maturity dates, all of which are clearly stated on the bond.

Now, if you keep your bond until the date when the Government pays you in full for it, you do not need to worry if, in the meantime, the price is low one day or high the next. You and Uncle Sam are living up to your agreement with each other, and neither will lose by it.

On the other hand, if you sell your Liberty Bond now, you will find that the man you sell it to will not give you a dollar for

every dollar you paid for it. The price has been brought down because so many people are offering to sell their bonds. If the market is flooded with tomatoes, you can buy them cheap, but if every one is clamoring for tomatoes and there few to be had, the price goes up. The same is true of Liberty Bonds. Short-sighted people are dumping them on the market, and wise ones are buying them.

The best advice that can be given to the owner of a Liberty Bond is this: Hold the bond you bought during the war; it is as safe and sound as the United States Government itself.

Buy as many more at the present low rate as you can afford. If you hold them to maturity, you are bound to make the difference between what they sell at now and their face value. You will also receive good interest on your investment.

Hold on to your Liberty Bonds and buy more.

### WHAT IS THE NEED?

Most thinking men believe in religion. Many of us also help pay its expenses. It may be we are frequently or even regularly at church.

But those who are aggressively doing something more are not as yet sufficiently numerous to frighten the devil seriously in his campaign to "land" the young folks.

As soldiers of the allied defense we ought never to be meanly content safe back of the lines, merely making money and going to the movies, when our rightful place is at the front, at warrior tasks a deal more valorous than the comfortable occupancy of cushioned pews for an hour Sabbath mornings.

Church going should be the training preceding the battle not the dress parade of the Lord's idle.

By all means let's be regularly present at this drill ground preparation, but also let us ask the pastor commander for assignments and spend our fair share of time in the trenches.

Well wishing and money both help, but it takes the grim hardships and glory of real fighting to win.

This is the need.—*L. I. Bingham.*

"Brethren, let us not love in word, but in deed and in truth."

## Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

### LONE SABBATH KEEPER'S LETTER OF APPRECIATION

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

Having today (after our very small Bible class) read both issues of the SABBATH RECORDER, April 26th and May 3rd, (I was unable to read the former earlier), I wish to tell you something of the joy the RECORDER brings to me. However, I feel very unworthy of saying anything of value, yet it seems that it might be encouraging to you if you could know of the spiritual joy that each one receives from our denominational paper.

The fact is that I have grown to feel that I could not be without it. About a year ago Mrs. J. H. Babcock, of Milton, presented me with a six months' subscription, and my being indeed a Lone Sabbath Keeper, it has ever since been as spiritual food for me. It was through the reading of literature sent me by Mrs. Babcock (Aunt Metta) also, that I was induced to join the Home Study Bible class. This has also been a rich blessing to me. I feel very grateful to her. I often think how could I now spend the Sabbaths without them. (You see I have little time to read only on the Sabbath, as I am the mother of three small children, with all the duties of a housewife).

There are many things in the RECORDER that are food for my hungry soul; the editorials, the Weekly Sermon and many other good articles. Also the Bible lessons of the *Helping Hand* provide food, blessing and joy; Uncle Oliver's articles are always rich and beautiful to me. But with all these rich and glorious things to enjoy I often feel a longing for a message of the gospel (from one of our own denomination) to fall on my very ears, and those of my beloved ones, as I believe that any Lone Sabbath Keeper does, and I feel that I can sympathize with the friend who wrote that he was "hungry, thirsty, starving, famishing."

I wish that any Seventh Day Baptist minister traveling through the South, and finding it not too inconvenient, could feel like visiting us. Noticing sometime ago that

Elder Powell, of Hammond, La., is to assist in a revival at Attalla this year, I have been praying that it could be possible for him to visit us as we are only some sixty miles from Attalla. I also have a brother (Lone Sabbath Keeper) living near us, and my father, Rev. T. J. Bottoms, and another brother, both Lone Sabbath Keepers, live some fifty or sixty miles west. I feel sure they would all thoroughly enjoy the visit of any Seventh Day Baptists.

I have an idea to tell you how I spend the Sabbath and teach the Bible lesson to my little ones, which they always enjoy, but must not do so this time, as I am making this too long.

I am praying, hoping and trusting for a wonderful success of the Forward Movement and the RECORDER Drive, and hope that I can soon send my little mite as I feel a duty to do so if the dear Lord blesses me with the privilege.

If you consider this of any value to others you may publish it in the RECORDER.

My heart is full of sympathy for Brother and Mrs. Crofoot in her affliction and may she find relief is my prayer.

Brother Gardiner, may you live long to carry on your good work.

Yours in Christ,

MRS. R. L. BUTLER.

Woodville, Ala.,

May 8, 1920.

### THE WORLD'S LONGEST TUNNEL

The Simplon Tunnel is the longest tunnel in the world, being over twelve miles in length. The boring of this famous tunnel through the Alps occupied ten thousand men almost ten years, and cost over fifteen million dollars. The wonderful feature of this tunnel is the immense distance below the top of the mountain through which it runs. The tunnel climbs up into the heart of the Alps, and yet at the highest point there is over a mile of the lofty peak above it. It could have run nearer the top of the mountain, but that would have made the grade too steep for the trains to climb. On the Swiss side, the entrance to the tunnel is 2,249 feet above sea level, and on the Italian side it is 2,079 feet. The Alps are pierced by two other tunnels, the Saint Gothard and the Mont Cenis.—*From "Items of Interest," in Kind Words.*

### DAWN

DEAR SABBATH RECORDER:

"Whatsoever ye do, do it for the glory of God." These words filled my heart with a wish to know how I might understand and have courage to keep that saying. This is Sabbath morning, and at daylight I was up watching the tints of a lovely sunrise. I wrote down the thoughts that came to me, and as they seemed beautiful to me, I thought I would try to pass them on; maybe they might be helpful to some one.

I do not know how we can better keep the Sabbath than to glorify his name who taught us all we know that is worth knowing; for the things that are seen are temporal, even as the things that are not seen are eternal. It is true that in the early morning, which some call the Morning Watch, the soul of man seems to approach more nearly to its Creator, and to hold communion with him. It is out of this thought which I have felt rather than expressed often before, that the words of the following poem—if I may call it that—grew and took shape:

When the sun paints his canvas athwart all  
the east  
In riot of color, a glorious feast;  
When afar on the skyline, his gateway we see,  
A great golden splendor, a mystery,  
'Tis the herald of dawn, the presage of day,  
Angels of heaven, God's own delight  
Living in glory, dwelling in light,  
Gay are their garments of every bright hue  
As fresh as the morning, as sparkle with dew  
When the dawn dips her robes in the oncoming  
day.

How then, when God writes, when he paints  
in the sky  
For the eyes of a mortal such gay tents on  
on high,  
Can his thought be reflected to the heart of  
the world,  
Be written in purple or engraven in gold  
As bright as the sun in shining array?  
Angels of glory, living in light,  
Bathed in its beauty, sparkling and bright,  
High in the firmament, or just to us  
close by  
Their gateway is set 'twixt the earth and  
the sky,  
God's heralds of dawn, his more glorious day.

O would that some mortal so perfect might  
grow  
In beauty of holiness down here below:  
Perhaps the dear Savior would love him so  
much  
He would open his eyes with his kind, gentle  
touch,

To see through that veil, that grand portal  
on high.  
Spirits of angels, of beauty and love,  
Clothed in fine raiment, God's gifts from  
above,  
Beautiful as morning, their wings touched  
with light.  
More precious than rubies, are they in  
his sight,  
Their gateway is veiled 'twixt the earth and  
the sky.

We wish the dear Savior would open our  
ears  
To hear just one chord in those orchestral  
spheres,  
A chord we should love, we should long to  
hear more  
Like the dream of a sunrise on yon golden  
shore.  
O! chord most adored, O grand chord of love,  
"Angels of glory, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of night,"  
Lighten thy portal, gild its turrets and  
spires  
As the sun gilds the east with his own  
burnished fires,  
With your prayers for our souls, most pre-  
cious above.

For eye hath not seen, neither ear ever heard  
Nor the heart of mankind hath ever been  
stirred  
To know all the glory of treasure in store  
Which the Bridgroom prepares for his bride  
evermore,  
When he comes with his angels, with great  
shining wings  
Glory in heaven beyond our sight  
Color on color, and light on light,  
Joy of all joy and hope of all hope,  
Transcending all vision of all mortal  
scope  
Our Savior, our Lover, our dear King of kings.

Our Herald of angels, our Lord of light,  
Did he knock at your door, today or last  
night,  
Was his presence so sweet that it made  
you cry  
And tremble with joy, you know not why,  
Because he was love, he was all sympathy?  
O Love, we shall know you, I think, by  
and by,  
If we knew you on earth clothed in gar-  
ments awry  
Were they velvet or rags, or the gray  
garb of shame,  
We shall sing with the angels in praising  
your name  
And Love, we shall write in tints like the sky.

MRS. CLARA STILLMAN BURDICK.

Milton, Wis.,  
May 1, 1920.

In Java there are 25,000 Christian con-  
verts from Mohammedanism.

## SABBATH SCHOOL

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

### SABBATH SCHOOL

E. M. HOLSTON

The Adams Center Sabbath School has greatly increased the percentage of lesson study and attendance among its pupils by the use of the contest. Two leaders are chosen, one for the "Reds" and one for the "Blues" and the school is equally divided. Credit is given, one point for attendance each Sabbath and one point for the study of the lesson twenty minutes each week outside of the Sabbath school period. Each captain selects a committee of three to work for new scholars, to arouse friendly rivalry and to provide ways of transportation to those outside the village. Contests were held in November and February, and now a very exciting one is in progress for May, the three months the Sabbath School Board asks for a score of the schools. The "Blues" won by four or five points in November and the "Reds" by one point in February. Mrs. Clark Stoodley, who reported the matter says, "The results have been far beyond our expectations."

A fine example of class activity has lately been demonstrated by an organized secondary class of boys at Alfred of which Mrs. A. E. Main is teacher. On account of the large non-resident membership of the Alfred Church, their Forward Movement apportionment has been pretty heavy for the ones on the job, but every one, old and young, has been interested in helping to go "over the top." This class of five intermediate boys conceived the idea that they could help the cause by gathering old paper, rags, and other junk. They made an appeal through the columns of the *Sun* for donations of this stuff and set a Sunday for its collection. The teacher and the boys with a one-horse wagon worked faithfully all day and still there was junk not yet gathered. An appeal was made to a brother with an auto and the writer, happening to be there, helped to carry the last load into Dean Main's basement after dark. The

experiences of the boys and Mrs. Main during the day were varied, and the reason there is no picture of the boys and Mrs. Main riding up Front street on a load of junk is because the camera man was not on hand at the time. If Mrs. Main and the boys do not count that day one of the high spots in their religious experience the writer will be disappointed.

We have been asked recently by more than one if a Sabbath school may claim credit on the Standard for teacher training for attendance of any of its pupils at a School of Methods. We believe that credit should be given if the pupil has attended during the Conference year at least half the class periods of a five-day school regularly organized after the Standard of the International S. S. Association.

#### Sabbath School Lesson IX—May 29, 1920

JONATHAN AND HIS ARMORBEARER. I Sam. 14: 1-46

*Golden Text.*—Be strong and of good courage. Josh. 1: 6.

#### DAILY READINGS

May 23—I Sam. 13: 1-7. Enemies of Israel  
May 24—I Sam. 14: 1-13. Jonathan and his armorbearer

May 25—I Sam. 14: 15-23. Israel delivered

May 26—I Sam. 14: 47-52. Saul victorious

May 27—Psa. 62. God our defense

May 28—I Peter 4: 1-14. Rejoicing in trials

May 29—I John 2: 13-20. Overcoming

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

Lawyer—"Have you ever been in jail?"

Witness—"Yes, sir, once."

Lawyer (triumphantly)—"Ah! For how long?"

Witness—"Long enough to whitewash a cell which was to be occupied by a lawyer who cheated one of his clients."—*Literary Digest*.

#### THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM

##### Wants At Once

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

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

Permanent positions guaranteed to those who prove a success.

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

## OUR WEEKLY SERMON

### "BUT IF NOT—"

DR. J. H. JOWETT

There is a somewhat hidden phrase in the book of Daniel which always seems to me to be pregnant with the fires of a glorious courage. Three men have been threatened with destruction if they will not pay homage to a golden image which has been set up on the plains of Dura in the province of Babylon. "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king! But if not, be it known unto thee, that we will not worship the golden image which thou hast set up." It is the phrase "But if not" that fascinates me. It is the culminating word which marks the crown of their courage and reveals the quality of their sacred determination. How would the spirit of these men find expression in our own time? Well, let us begin with this.

Here is a familiar word of counsel which has become part of our proverbial lore. It was one of the copybook maxims which we had in our childhood, and much repetition was supposed to print it indelibly upon our young and receptive minds. "Honesty is the best policy!" When I was a boy I used to find the teaching everywhere. I found it was one of the shining peaks in the everyday philosophy taught by Dr. Samuel Smiles. His little series of books on self-help was forever insisting that his young readers must be honest, if they wished to succeed. Be honest and you will succeed. Honesty is the best policy! Who has not heard the maxim? And who has not received the teaching? The young novice in business is told by such counsellors that in the long run trickery eats away its own strength. Honorable dealings will multiply your clients. Honest advertising will bring your customers crowding to your doors. So be honest. Weave honesty into your fabrics. Work it into your threads and into your webs. Stamp honesty upon your products. Infuse it into your enterprise. That is the secret of success. As

a mere matter of policy, honesty is the best road to take!

Well, then, if that be so, the young business man's course is simple and clear. Let him take the fine scales of moral scrupulousness into all the relations of his business life. Let him carry into every concern the most sensitive conscience, and let him watch the exquisite balance with sleepless vigilance. Let him stamp everything with the seal of honor. Let him reverence his conscience as his king. And business will fly as doves to his windows!

Yes, "but if not"—how then? Suppose that honesty may lead to the fiery furnace of disastrous experience, how then? Suppose that honesty is not always the best policy for making and acquiring wealth. Suppose that the best policy, that is, the most successful policy, may sometimes be found by adding a little alloy to the pure gold, so as to make it durable and usable in the rough and tumble of common life: suppose a little unscrupulousness would give us better chances of commercial victory, what shall we do? If a little duplicity would ensure our escape from the flames shall we stand erect in bold defiance, or shall we fall down and worship the devil in whose unclean courts the foul counsel had its birth? That is one of the supreme tests in life, and that is the moral crisis which puts us by the side of the men who hugged their rectitude and defied the flames. It may be that honesty will fill our garners—"But if not?" Then thrice noble is the man who makes his choice, and journeys with comparative penury in the glorious companionship of Christ, rather than take an ignoble walk with the devil laden with the transient and corroding treasures of the world.

Let us turn to another moral maxim which is honored as a truism in our familiar speech. The maxim is this: "Truth is the only secret of enduring power." I wrote and rewrote that sentence when I was a lad at school. Truth is the only secret of enduring power! Well, then, give that counsel to some young fellow who is just about to embark upon the sea of political service and give his mind and strength to the government of his country. It is his ambition to enter Congress or to enjoy the distinction of being a member of parliament. Hand him the precept which we have just recalled,

and tell him to wear it like a girdle through all his days. Truth is the only secret of enduring power! Explain to him the implications of the precept. If you want power never be a trimmer. Do not be a stammerer. Do not be a ventriloquist, speaking in half a dozen voices, so that no one can be certain which voice is your own. Be perfectly frank with the public. Let your candor be like an open sheet of paper, without a single fold or crease. Hide nothing. Never prevaricate. Never use a term with a double meaning. Never juggle with words. Never resort to verbal camouflage. Say what you mean and mean what you say. And power shall be yours. Your constituents will gather about you with all the eagerness of a swarm of bees clinging about their queen. "Let all the ends thou aimst at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's," and thy political service will be attended with power and popularity, and thy majorities will overflow like the retinue of a monarch, and they shall increase with the measure of thy years.

Yes, "but if not?" Suppose that truth should lead you into the fiery furnace of political destruction! Suppose that truth should make your followers melt away! Suppose you are threatened with a share in the experiences of our Lord, of whom we read—"And when they had heard this, many of them turned back and walked no more with him." What if the truth should mean desertion? That is what it meant for Edmund Burke. That is what it meant for Lord Macaulay. Truth may bring you the willing franchise of your fellow-men; but if not, how then? Then, O young politician, budding statesman or diplomat, what shall be thy choice? Shall it be truth and the furnace, or shall it be disloyalty and the balmy flattery of the multitude? "But if not?" That is the statesman's crisis, and that is the statesman's test.

Truth is the only secret of enduring power! Well, go and tell it to some young divinity student who is just looking wistfully down the unknown road which he is to tread on the morrow. Let us counsel him to speak the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth. Do not have any secret chambers where your real convictions are hiding in quiet reserve. Do not express yourself in hazy and uncertain words which create a dozen different impressions on the

minds of those who hear them. Trim your vocabulary, not to deceive, but to make your meaning clear; and purify your speech until it has all the lucidity of diamonds and all the transparency of a crystal pool. Declare the whole counsel of God, O young divinity student, and your congregation will cling to you with fervor and unflinching devotion. Make truth your talisman and the people will follow you to the very end. Yes, "But if not?" Suppose you are so placed that you may probably keep their devotion better by a little skilful trimming. Suppose that a little diplomatic silence may serve your comfort and your peace. You may be in circumstances where it may seem wiser to practice a gentleness of emphasis whenever you touch upon certain themes. It might be more comfortable to use a lukewarm terminology that can not possibly scald anybody. How then, divinity student?

Suppose the truth should make Mr. — very exasperated, or render Mrs. — very restless in her pew? Suppose the truth should threaten to lessen the pew rents? What then, divinity student? Then let the young minister link himself in kindred spirit with the fearless three of the olden days. Let him embrace the holy presence of truth as the wedded partner of his ministry, and if need be let him go forth with her into emptiness. Truth is the only secret of enduring power, and it may be that the Lord will give me a following for my message. But if not, then be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not worship thy gods, nor will we bruise even a feather of the wing of the white bird of truth to gain thy unholy favor and to eat the unsatisfying bread of vain applause. "But if not" . . . . Then on with God!

Well, now, if we are to be among those who will do right whatever the issues may be, who will be honest, and true, and dutiful, even though it mean a fiery furnace, our souls will have to be strengthened for that testing road. And what shall we need? First of all we shall require a true sense of life's values. We shall have to hold the conviction that the treasures of the soul are infinitely more precious than the prizes of the world, that moral and spiritual possessions infinitely transcend material wealth and social honor.

One of the greatest things in life is to have a lofty scale of values, so as to know

how to classify things and distinguish real pearls from common paste. Have a fine scale of values. Distinguish joy and happiness. Mark the difference between peace and ease. Put satisfaction on one side and abundance on the other side. Discriminate between a hospitable mind and a large library. Mark the difference between a big heart and a big estate. Distinguish between life and living. The other thing we need is the assurance that we can possess and enjoy the fellowship of the Son of God even in the fiery furnace. That is life's great secret and that is life's crowning glory. In all the centuries men have walked with Christ, and have refused the lures of the tempting road. They have been contented to be deserted by the world if only they were attended by him.—*From The Continent, by permission.*

#### NEED AND CONDITIONS OF REVIVAL

A phenomenon probably without parallel in any modern chapter of history is the cry echoing all over this country, far more from non-church voices than from any source within the church itself, calling for a revival of religion as the nation's greatest need.

Editorials in newspapers, articles in magazines, interviews from leaders in trade, education and even politics, personal remarks which a listener may hear on every hand, emphasize the prevalence of an agreeing opinion everywhere that if the country could only have a great religious awakening its current difficulties would be solved.

There will be no big revival in America until a tremendous host of men slide shamefacedly down from their pinnacle of conceit.

And instead of the manner which says plainer than words, "See how much of the will of God we are willing to do," they will have to learn to ask:

"What remains to do in order that God's will may all be done?"

For the greatest saint, in order to be a potent Christian, must dwell not on his virtues but on his sins—not on what he has done but on the errors and omissions which still leave the measure of his duty scant.

But from all the symptoms one sees

about him, it hardly seems too strong to express serious doubt whether there is one soul left in all this country who is crying today: "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

Far the more typical American prayer—acted rather than spoken—is: "O God, aren't you delighted to see how good we're getting?"

Thousands and thousands of Americans just now are carrying round with them a highly complacent sense of having greatly obliged God by accepting some of his ideas.—*The Continent, by permission.*

#### REST AND RUST—A FABLE

There were once two ploughshares which had been made of the same iron in the same workshop. One of these became the property of a laborer, who used it constantly. The other was put aside in a corner, where it remained, forgotten eight or nine months, until it was covered with dust and rust. At last somebody thought of it, says *Chatter-box* magazine, and fetched it out of the dark corner into the light of day. Then the rusty ploughshare saw its brother and was astonished at that brother's appearance. For the share which had been used shone like a mirror and was even brighter than when it was new.

"Is it possible?" inquired the rusty one, "that we two were once exactly alike? How is it that you, in your hard life, have become so beautiful, whilst I have grown ugly in spite of my long rest?"

"It is that 'long rest,'" replied the shining ploughshare, "which had done the mischief."

It is not only ploughshares that suffer when they do not "shine in use."—*The Continent, by permission.*

#### A TRIBUTE

In loving memory of Frona Smith McClyman, who fell asleep on the night of May 14, 1919, without a chance to say good-by to those that loved her so. But her beautiful, kindly ways still live in the hearts of those who knew and loved her. She is gone from us but is not forgotten.

In the church yard softly sleeping,  
Where the grasses gently wave,  
Lies this one we loved so dearly,  
In her lonely silent grave, waiting  
But there is a hope. I Thess. 4: 13-18.

A tribute from those that loved her.  
She may be remembered by some as a student  
at Milton College in 1912.

M. M. S.



# ALFRED UNIVERSITY

## ALFRED, N. Y.

### Program for Raising \$100,000

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

This is about what was done ten years ago when The Betterment Fund of \$100,000 was raised by about 700 subscribers.

High costs of fuel, labor and supplies and increases in salaries made imperative by the high cost of living, necessitate a deficit of \$10,000 per year above present revenue.

By an annual subscription from many alumni and friends for a five year period, it is planned to provide for all the items of the five year program mentioned herein.

### What This Program Will Do

1. It will provide for the necessary annual deficit.
2. It will help provide more fair and equitable salaries for professors who have so long been underpaid, and will provide for retiring allowances.
3. It will clear the debt from the new heating plant.
4. It will provide an electric lighting equipment for the campus.
5. It will provide for miscellaneous needs and expenses for five years.
6. It will give Alfred a five year program of assured advancement and efficiency.
7. It will allow five years in which to increase the endowment funds sufficiently to provide a reasonable and adequate maintenance.

## MARRIAGES

**ROBINSON—BRISSEY**—On May 5, 1920, at the home of the bride's brother, Principal A. G. Thurman Brissey, Harrisville, W. Va., by Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond, of Salem, W. Va., Mr. Hayman Robinson, of Blandville, W. Va., and Miss Elsie Mae Brissey, of Berea, W. Va. They will make their home in Salem, W. Va.

**THOMPSON—ARBUTHNOT**—At the residence of the bride's mother in Hammond, La., May 7, 1920, by Rev. S. S. Powell, Mr. Lewis R. Thompson, of Hammond, and Miss Mamie Arbuthnot.

## DEATHS

**WOODIN**—Mary Luella, only daughter of Frank L., and Carrie Bliss Woodin, was born at Little Genesee, N. Y., February 28, 1900, and died of pneumonia following the "flu", at the same place, April 1, 1920.

Excepting the five years when her home was in Ceres, N. Y., her life has been spent on the parents' home which she loved so much. After finishing the work in the local schools she entered the high school at Bolivar, N. Y., and was a member of the graduating class of 1920.

When thirteen years of age she acknowledged Christ, followed him in baptism, and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Little Genesee, N. Y. Quiet, modest and pure, Mary was loved and greatly respected by many. Old people were among her dearest friends. Many and beautiful flowers furnished by her Mispah Class, and other organizations of the Sabbath school and church and friends were among the many expressions of love and esteem in which she was held and of sympathy for the sorrowing family. Loving nature dearly, she roamed much through the woods and over the meadows of her father's farm. Flowers, birds, and trees were her friends whom she knew and called by name. The never-ending life into which she entered early in her years will be richer and more full of joy because of her closeness to these beautiful creatures of the Father to whom she had committed her life.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor at the home, April 4. Interment was in the Wells Cemetery, Little Genesee. E. F. L.

**COBB**—Amanda Finette Barber Cobb was born in Scott, N. Y., January 17, 1843, and died May 8, 1920.

She was the third in the family of five children of Silas M. and Phoebe Burdick Barber. At the age of thirteen years she was baptized by Elder L. M. Cottrell, and joined the Scott Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she had been a loved

and loyal member ever since. Save for less than one year, which the family spent in Wisconsin, her whole life has been lived in this section of the country.

She was married to Calvin F. Cobb October 4, 1862, with whom she lived in happy and peaceful contentment for almost fifty-eight years. One little girl born in this home brought the sunshine of her presence into their hearts for nearly six years and then passed out.

About three years ago Mrs. Cobb was injured in an accident from which she never fully recovered. It marked the beginning of a gradual decline, and for several months preceding her death she was helpless in the loving hands of her husband and friends.

On Sabbath night, the 8th of May, 1920, she passed silently and peacefully into the realm of her eternal Sabbath rest.

Although quiet and unobtrusive in disposition and an ardent lover of her own household, she was always unselfish in her thought for those beyond the home circle. As a result every one loved Finette in return, whose beautiful life was a benediction to the community in which she moved. She was a faithful and helpful member of the Ladies' Aid Society, being for many years and to the time of her death treasurer of that organization.

The husband, Calvin F. Cobb, is left to complete the journey alone. Two sisters and a brother have now left to them only the memory of the pure life of a loving sister gone on before.

The funeral, conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. Mr. Ebert of the M. E. Church, was held in the Scott Seventh Day Baptist Church, and was attended by many relatives and friends.

T. J. V.

**PLACE**—Amy Elizabeth Irish was born in Alfred, N. Y., March 19th, 1841, and died in Syracuse, N. Y., April 28th, 1920. She was the daughter of the late James R. Irish, D.D., and Charlotte Irish.

Her school days were spent in DeRuyter, N. Y. March 28th, 1868, she was married to Mr. Thomas J. Place. For the past twenty-four years they have lived in Syracuse. They were, however, planning to move to Alfred and spend their remaining years among old friends. But that satisfaction was not to be theirs.

The brief funeral services, conducted by the acting pastor, were at the residence of the brother-in-law, Mr. Isaac M. Langworthy, in Alfred. Burial was in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

A. E. M.

**CRANDALL**—Albert Kendrick, son of Albert B. and Fannie Stillman Crandall, was born in Brookfield, N. Y., January 1, 1883, and died in the town of Genesee May 1, 1920.

He came westward with his parents when but a little child, and they settled in the town of Genesee, the settlement since known as West Genesee. Here his parents lived until their death, and here the son spent the most of his long and useful life. He was the oldest of a large family of children, none of whom survive him, except a foster sister, Mrs. Nettie Austin, of Olean, N. Y.

At nineteen years of age Kendrick was baptized by Elder Phineas Crandall and united with Third Seventh Day Baptist Church of Genesee, in whose membership he continued in faithful service until the church was disbanded a few years ago. For many years he was chorister and church clerk.

In 1855 he married Lovisa Maxson. To this union were born two children—Delwin, New Mexico, and Mrs. Elsie Cornell, whose home adjoins her parents. Mrs. Crandall survives her husband, in whose companionship she has walked or over sixty-five years.

Mr. Silas Burdick and his wife, Martha A. Irish Burdick, say of him: "Our dear Brother Crandall was a good man, a faithful Christian gentleman, a pillar of the church he served so long and well. We can not remember when we did not know him, and we never heard of any act or word of his that was unworthy of a Christian. We shall miss him very greatly."

Funeral services were held at the home May 3rd, conducted by Pastor E. F. Loofboro, of Little Genesee.

E. F. L.

**JOHNSON**—Eva Johnson, daughter of Byron H. and Maud Johnson, was born in North Loup township, October 17, 1895, and died at the home of her parents in North Loup, Neb., April 28, 1920.

Eva was the youngest of six children, and her death is the first to break the family circle. As a child she was never well. Though she grew to young womanhood, she never knew the blessings of good health, and was always protected in the home from heavy work. On the morning of her death she arose and was about her tasks, in usual health, when she was suddenly stricken with heart failure and died almost instantly, without a struggle.

She was converted under the labors of Rev. George B. Shaw, was baptized and received into church membership July 9, 1910.

Aside from her father and mother, she is survived by three brothers and two sisters—Glenn and James, North Loup, Neb., Herbert, Hinsdale, Ill.; Mrs. Dora Seivers, Marquette, Neb., and Alice, North Loup, Neb. All, save Mrs. Seivers, were present at the funeral.

Farewell services were held from the home in North Loup, Friday afternoon, April 30, Pastor A. L. Davis officiating. The floral tribute was very beautiful. The bearers for the occasion were her three brothers, a sister and two sisters-in-law. The body was laid to rest in the village cemetery.

A. L. D.

**FLINT**—Charles Frederick Flint was born in the town of Amity, Allegany County, N. Y., June 30, 1843, and died at Milton Junction, Wis., April 30, 1920.

In early life he came with his family to Wisconsin and settled in Waushara County, where he took up the occupation of farmer. When the war broke out he responded to his country's call and joined as a private Company G, 38th Regiment, Wisconsin Infantry Volunteers. He served to the close of the war and

## THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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then returned to his farm in central Wisconsin.

When just a young man he was baptized by Elder Hiram Babcock and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Coloma, Wis. A good part of his life was spent at Dodge Center, Minn., where he was perhaps best known during the active years of his life.

On December 7, 1861, he was married to Miranda Randolph. To this union were born nine children—Nellie, Clarence, Melvin, Cora, Elmer, Eva and Adelbert, of whom only Cora and Adelbert survive.

In the spring of 1917 he with his wife came from New Auburn, Wis., and settled at Milton Junction, where they lived when Mr. Flint died.

Never quite well or strong since his service in the army, Mr. Flint experienced much hardship and struggle in the rearing of his large family and others dependent upon him. He was infinitely patient and seemed to be born for service as he went about caring for those dependent upon him.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. D. Van Horn. The G. A. R. and Woman's Relief Corps attended the services, the former conducting the ceremony at the grave. The Sons of Veterans acted as bearers and the body was laid to rest in the Milton Cemetery.

E. D. V.

**BRACE**—Ezra Brace, son of Elisha and Jane Bishop Brace, was born in Cattaraugus County, N. Y., October 11, 1835, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. L. Hill, North Loup, Neb., April 28, 1920, age 84 years, 6 months, 17 days.

A. L. D.

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We are not here to play—to dream, to drift.  
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.  
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!  
Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?  
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O, shame!  
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!  
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong.  
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;  
Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.  
—Maltbie D. Babcock.

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