

# The Sabbath Recorder

Now for the  
Denominational Building

Send Your Bonds

## THEY THAT WATCH FOR THE MORNING

M. E. H. EVERETT

"I weary of dreams and sleep,  
And long for the day that I might leap  
Suddenly wide awake."

—From an unpublished poem by E. C. Wright.

A path winds upward through the pasture  
To where the flock is fed today,  
In and out where rocks are stranded  
The lambskins call and play,  
Oh, I could follow up that pathway  
If but the joyful sun would rise,  
But all the hill is dark and cheerless,  
And shadows fill my eyes.

I hear the horned owl's challenge ringing  
From some high cliff above the glade,  
But all the little birds below him  
Are silent and afraid.  
Long burning shafts, all rose and golden,  
Should surely pierce the eastern sky;  
From the green bowers of the forest  
The winds of morning cry!

Why should I fear to trust my shallop  
To the great billows of His sea,  
My pilot being He who silenced  
The waves of Galilee?  
Then blow sweet winds from off the coast land  
To speed me on my happy way;  
I leave the land of dreams and slumber  
To find the glorious day.

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Alfred, N. Y.

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

# The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 88, NO. 24

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JUNE 14, 1920

WHOLE NO. 3,928

**"We Walk by Faith"** Have you ever considered the importance of faith in regard to the commonest things of life and knowledge? If you have, you will be careful not to make the sweeping assertions sometimes heard: "I will not believe in things I can not see or handle."

In point of fact, we act upon faith in almost everything we do, and much of our knowledge depends upon our faith in the testimony of those we have never seen. Stop if you will, and review the things you do, and the things you know, and you will be surprised to see how literally you have been walking by faith all your life.

There is a good deal of force in the questions of the Quaker to a skeptical young man who had boasted of his unbelief:

"Dost thou believe in France?" "Yes, though I have not seen it I have seen others that have; besides there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country exists." "Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?" "No, to be sure I won't." "Did thee ever see thine own brains?" "No." "Ever see anybody that did?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?"

**Accepting the Bible Transformed the Man** In one of the Rescue Missions of this country a man who years before had been a notorious drunkard was celebrating the anniversary of his conversion to Christ. Many flowers were piled about him on table and platform, given by those he had helped to rescue. Finally a special messenger brought in a box of roses. As these were handed him he exclaimed: "The flowers were not coming my way fifteen years ago, boys." Then he picked up a Bible from the table, and holding it high said: "But this did. Boys, that is why I am here today."

Millions have been transformed in life and character simply because the Bible did come their way and they were willing to accept by faith the divine Christ and his message of salvation. There is nothing like faith in the gospel message to change grievous thorns into beautiful roses.

**Songs of Victory To Them That Trust** In every dark and cloudy day of anxious care, God's children may test for themselves the certainty of the gospel promises. Faith in the "Word of the Lord which endureth forever," brings near to us the Christ who came to reveal the Father of infinite love searching for his lost and erring children.

At unspeakable cost to himself he comes into our lost estate to show mercy and forgiveness to all who will trust him. In him, the harsh and discordant notes of life are changed into songs of love and peans of victory.

The weak in faith may always find in Christ adequate power to overcome; for his help is always available. It is wonderful how literally he enables the trusting child to say in perfect confidence: "All things works together for good to them that love God."

When evil seems to triumph in us as it so often does, and sin seems victorious until we say with Paul, "When I would do good evil is present with me," we should remember that the fault is in us and not in the Christ. Our hold on him is not strong enough to give us the victory. No child of God ever laid strong hold on the Savior in full assurance of faith, without being able to join in real songs of victory. Christ is stronger than our enemy. In him we overcome.

**"As Thy Days, so Shall Thy Strength Be"** God's merciful plan for his children is seen in the way he gives his sorrowing ones strength according to their day. We are never given more trouble than we have the God-given grace to bear. What if the trials of many years were all gathered into one? They would certainly overwhelm us in our weakness. It must be in pity for us in our little strength that our Father distributes our sorrows through years of time, and measures them all so wisely according to our ability to bear. To the bruised reed which he will not break, he says: "Thy strength shall be according to



thy need," and then he waits for time to work its healing, and for his grace to supply ability to endure, before he allows another trouble to come upon his loved children.

**"In Everything Give Thanks"** What a happy world this would be if every heart could be keyed to the note of praise and thanksgiving! It is God's will that his children shall "in everything give thanks," and this is by far the best way to live. The thankful heart can not be miserable even in days of adversity. For such a soul the darkest cloud will have its silver lining. And although the near-by clouds may darken the day, the eye of faith sees sunshine beyond the clouds, and through it all, an indescribable peace fills the thankful heart.

Friends, it is not enough to put, now and then, a sentence of thanksgiving into our daily prayers. This is very good as far as it goes, but it is our privilege to do better than this. Living day by day the spirit of thanksgiving and praise opens the saddest heart to receive the sunshine of God. And he who said, "In everything give thanks," must be especially pleased with the thankful child.

The reason why some lives are filled with gloom is because they go to God only with their burdens and worries. They go pleading for new blessings, begging for help in time of trouble; but forget to thank the Father for the many, many blessings already received, and to praise him for his goodness in sad days as well as in glad days. If we can remember that our God is just as near with blessings when clouds are in the sky as when sunshine bathes our world we shall avoid most of the worries that shorten our days.

**The World Needs You Is Anybody Thankful For You?** It is a great comfort and a real source of strength to feel that others are thankful for you. There is a difference between being thankful to you and being thankful for you. One may be thankful toward a person for some favor or gift without feeling any special need of him; but when one comes to feel his need of another until he realizes that he can not do his best if that other were absent, then he knows what it is to be thankful for him.

It would be a wonderful help when in deep trouble, if instead of commiserating with you, your friends would say: "We need you," and make you feel that you were a great help to them.

A woman whose loved one had passed through the portals of death was inconsolable in her grief. Finally, a friend who was bidding her good-by gave the bereaved one just the soul tonic she needed, and the whole outlook was changed. As this friend took her by the hand she said: "I am not only thankful to you, but I am thankful for you." Almost instantly the wall of selfish grief crumbled, and the smitten one realized that others needed her, yes, they even wanted her for what she could be to them.

Two kinds of people should find help by this beautiful thought: those whose hearts are being consumed by sorrow, and those whom the sorrowing one can help. Let those in the first class catch the vision of a troubled world's need of them, and let the others frankly and lovingly say to them: "We do need you, and we are not only thankful to you, but we are thankful for you," and this old world will be brighter for everybody.

**What Will Your Tomorrow Be?** "Tomorrow shall be as this day." These are the words of an ancient seer, whose vision of life was far-reaching and clear. He saw that the future could not be regarded as an actor, but only as a result. Just as today is the result of the yesterdays of life, so will tomorrow ever continue to be. Show us your today and we can judge pretty nearly what your tomorrow will be when it comes into its kingdom and becomes your future "today."

If tomorrow is to be filled with good deeds; if in your coming day the graces of strength, beauty, sweetness, devotion, and the characteristics of true manhood and womanhood are to be yours, then today must be devoted to the cultivation of the graces desired.

We must not forget that today is our golden age, and tomorrow can not be golden for the one who persistently works into his present only the baser metals. If we ever expect to possess the riches that endure unto everlasting life we must be seeking those riches now. If we ever expect

to be worth something to the church, we must show some interest in its welfare today. If we hope to be found living on a higher spiritual plane tomorrow we must be looking up and not down today. Every day we live without a "title clear to mansions in the skies," diminishes our prospects for any better world than this.

If, after all our yesterdays with their golden opportunities unimproved, we find ourselves today in a state of spiritual bankruptcy and fail now to take a new start, what hope have we for tomorrow? Every wasted today of life makes eternal bankruptcy all the more certain.

**What Will God's Great Masterpiece Be? Shall We Be in It?**

Some of the most wonderful masterpieces of art we ever saw were composed of little worthless bits of glass and pieces of stone that might have been trodden underfoot unnoticed, had not some master hand gathered them up and worked them into some beautiful mosaic. Never can we forget the magnificent polished table-tops in mosaics found in the Pitti Palace at Florence, Italy. They have led us to wonder what God's great masterpiece will be, when he has gathered up all the little worthless scraps of humanity and polished and fitted them into it for his kingdom above.

Each individual part of a mosaic has but little beauty in itself. But with each one in its place according to the design of the artist, the whole becomes a thing of unspeakable beauty. Shall we have a place in God's eternal masterpiece?

**Those Denominational Studies Are Being Used**

We are glad to note that the Young People's Board has been quite successful in introducing the Denominational studies mentioned in an editorial recently. Several societies are already using the studies and others are planning to use them.

We hope that every society in the denomination will use this excellent course of study. All our young people should be better informed in matters pertaining to our history and our present work.

The studies can be secured for eight cents a copy by addressing Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, Battle Creek, Mich., R. F. D. 7, Box 208.

**Let Pulpit and Pew Change Eyes**

Once upon a time we received a communication from a pastor who criticised his flock quite severely for their indifference and inactivity. But when the members of his flock read it there was quite a stir over the matter and forthwith there came a letter of protest from the pews, claiming that the pastor was inclined to be too pessimistic and, by looking on the dark side of things, seemed to magnify the bad and overlook the good, and so failed to give his people credit for their well-meant efforts and to extend to them the encouragement they sorely needed.

The conditions in the church did not seem so utterly hopeless to the interested ones in the pews as they did to the disheartened one of the pulpit who had made the write-up out of an overburdened heart.

We could but wish that in all such cases, for this is by no means an isolated case, the pulpit and the pew could change eyes for a time and come to understand each other better. The pew can make or mar the pulpit, and the pulpit can take the heart out of the pew. Not every church can have a Timothy for a pastor with his "faith, charity and peace," enabling him to "be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient," and "in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves" to his work.

Not every pastor can have a flock all of whom will heed Christ's command: "Take heed how ye hear." Some are likely to "turn away their ears from the truth." Some may not heed the words of Paul to "do all things without murmurings and disputings," and others for some reason will fail to "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another."

What is needed for a better understanding in most cases of controversy is for each party to put himself in the other's place, and to learn the influences and the heart-tendencies that have caused the action of his opponent, in order to pass righteous judgment upon what he does.

We are reminded here of three stanzas entitled, "If We Only Understood," by Rudyard Kipling, which would, we think, be helpful to all who are inclined to be over-critical of their fellows:

If we knew the cares and trials,  
Knew the efforts all in vain,



And the bitter disappointment,  
Understood the loss and gain—  
Would the grim eternal roughness  
Seem—I wonder—just the same?  
Should we help, where now we hinder?  
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,  
Knowing not life's hidden force—  
Knowing not the fount of action  
Is less turbid at its source;  
Seeing not amid the evil  
All the golden grains of good;  
And we'd love each better  
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives  
That surround each other's lives,  
See the naked heart and spirit,  
Know what spur the action gives,  
Often we would find it better,  
Purer than we judge we should,  
We would love each other better  
If we only understood.

**Rev. E. Adelbert Witter** The old Berlin, N. Y., Church is no longer pastorless. Rev. E. Adelbert Witter, late of Hopkinton, R. I., began his work as pastor there on Sabbath, May 22, and has spent three Sabbaths with that church before the Eastern Association. We were glad to welcome Brother Witter at the RECORDER office for a little visit while on his way to New Market as delegate from Berlin to the association. He is looking forward to his work in Berlin with high hopes, and trusts that God will bless his efforts for the upbuilding of the kingdom in that community.

**Brother Holston Returns To Plainfield** Brother E. M. Holston of the Sabbath School Board, who has been doing some good work in New York, New Jersey and Rhode Island, is again in Plainfield on his way to the Eastern Association. When this paper reaches its readers he will probably be in DeRuyter, N. Y., ready for the Central Association. After attending the Western Association at Alfred Station, N. Y., he will return to his Wisconsin home the first week in July. Brother Holston has made many friends in the churches visited during this trip.

**DeRuyter Over the Top** A brief note from Pastor Harold R. Crandall of the church in DeRuyter, brings the word that his church "has pledged its quota in the financial campaign of the Forward Movement";

for which he feels very thankful and says: "Praise the Lord!"

Pastor Crandall is looking for a great blessing to come from the association soon to meet with his church. Let everybody pray that he and his people be not disappointed in their hopes.

**Mrs. Crofoot Recovering** We are glad to announce that Mrs. Crofoot is recovering rapidly from her serious operation, and has been permitted to leave the hospital some days ago. She and her husband made a brief visit at Dodge Center, Minn., and then went to Milton, Wis. It is not yet determined where they will spend the summer. They are planning to return to China in the early autumn.

### FIELD WORK IN THE SOUTHEAST

REV. JOHN T. DAVIS

Sunday, April 18, I took a train for Ocala, Fla., where I found the three daughters of the late Brother James Hull, and nieces of Rev. J. L. Hull, of Little Genesee, N. Y. When I saw the loyalty of these girls, raised without Sabbath privileges, one of them married and raising a family, yet standing alone, the question came: Why this loyalty? This is so different from the history of many Seventh Day Baptist families that a mist of wonder almost engulfs me, till there is a rift in the cloud and the staunch and rugged features of Elders Nathan, Varnum, Hamilton and O. P. Hull come to mind; yes, and not so very dimly in the distance appears "Aunt Martha" and I am led to say the name Hull stands for *something*. Would to God we had more of such fiber in Seventh Day Baptist families.

While passing through this country I was not only permitted to be "Way down upon the Swanee River," but to actually cross the miserable dirty thing; and yet there is a glimpse of poetry in the towns of "Romeo and Juliette"; but if we are to judge, Juliette takes the ribbons for her beautiful springs. Reaching Mayo I commenced the search for Professor U. P. Davis, whom I found comfortably situated, and highly esteemed as an educator, as well as citizen, if I can believe the testimony of the people. I also found Brother T. C. Davis, father of the professor, who has done so much in tracing out the history of

the Davis family. The loyalty of Professor Davis, wife and father, seems too well-known to need comment. Yet here I was again brought face to face with the need of independent methods of work.

Reaching Cottdale on the way from Mayo to Panama I learned that a bridge had been burned, and so took an auto through a country with questionable roads, and darkness so dense that I shall probably never know whether I ran against the mule or the mule ran against us, but we were "sure glad when *we alls*" reached Panama safely. Failing to find our people in Panama I went to St. Andrews to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Otway Ware, Mrs. Ware being formerly Miss Mary Whitford, of Farina, Ill. These good people took in the wanderer and cared for him during his stay in these parts.

Hearing that Rev. Mr. Feldman, a converted Jew, a noted scholar, master of seven different languages, a D. D. of note, was to speak on the resurrection of Christ I was interested to know how he with other wise men of modern times could have Christ crucified on Friday, lie in the grave three days and three nights and rise Sunday morning. Therefore in company with Sister Ware and others I wended my way to the Baptist church of which he is pastor. Behold our surprise when he told us that Christ was not crucified on Friday. Because: Palm Sunday was the time of the triumphal entry; Monday, the fig-tree was cursed; on Tuesday they saw it withered; on Wednesday was the feast of unleavened bread; and on Thursday was the Passover, when he was crucified at 9 a. m. and died at 3 p. m. I give this for the benefit of our scholastic friends who have been trying to make three days and three nights between Friday evening and Sunday morning, for counting a part of a day for a day, we have in this four days and three nights; and this, I can but think, is a better theory than the other. He told us also that there was only one reference in the Bible (and that very slight) to Sunday as the Sabbath, that Matthew 28: 1 should read, "In the end of the Sabbaths."

At the close of the service I had the opportunity of saying to him that I would be glad to talk with him, but he seemed to have other pressing business. Finding that Sister Ware was a Seventh Day Baptist he expressed a desire to call on her, but when

she urged him to call while I was there, and though some of his own people were anxious for us to meet, for some unknown reason, business seemed urgent at such times, but I am thinking seriously of asking him to explain some of the mysteries that he has discovered, for the benefit of the RECORDER readers.

Sabbath morning Mr. Ware took me in his motor boat across the bay to see the Forbeses, (relatives of the late Mrs. Gardner), who live near Crompton. Mr. Forbes being from home, I only saw his wife, mother and sister, but had a very pleasant visit, and they regretted very much that they had not known in time so they could arrange to attend our afternoon service. This service was held at the home of Mrs. Mattie Galtman, who with her husband embraced the Sabbath some time ago and determined that they together would follow the Lord in the ordinance of baptism at the first opportunity. It was their desire to be baptized by a Seventh Day Baptist minister, but while they were waiting for one to come her husband was called away. Yet, though thus bereaved, on hearing that I was coming to St. Andrews, she planned to go alone, meeting the duty she had hoped to meet with her husband. Therefore, after the service at her home Sabbath afternoon, in company with Sister Ware, Sister M. A. Ayers, of Panama, and several children, we repaired to the bay and I had the privilege of administering the ordinance of baptism for her. The next day I attended the M. E. Bible school and church in the morning and, in the afternoon waited in vain for the meeting with the learned D. D., of whom I have already spoken.

Our next stop was at Hammond, La., where I was cordially greeted and cared for during my stay, by Brother S. S. Powell, the pastor, and a number of other friends I had met before, as well as with a few new acquaintances I was permitted to make. It was a pleasure to meet with these people, and find them not only interested but loyal to our cause. From what I saw I was impressed that they expect to attend the prayer meeting, preaching service and Y. P. S. C. E., and at each of these services your humble servant was asked to speak.

On Sunday morning Brother Tompson, with his son, Ernest, as driver, took Brother



Powell and myself out near Baton Rouge to see a Brother Cotton, a Seventh Day Baptist who with one son stands alone on the Sabbath, the rest of his family observing the First Day.

A few miles from him is Brother Muse and family who observe the Sabbath but have not identified themselves with us. This was a trip of some thirty-five or forty miles over roads that in some places the bottom was hard to find. But after some shoving out, prying out, and pulling out, we made the trip, which I feel sure we could not have done but for the careful driver we had.

Reaching Hammond before night, in company with Pastor Powell I visited a Brother and Sister Good, who frankly admit the Sabbath truth and talk that they will keep it.

Our stop at Hammond was a bright spot on the journey.

Chattanooga, Tenn.,  
June 1, 1920.

**A BOY HERO**

A TRUE STORY

The boys and girls of the Day Nursery and Baby Shelter of Newark, N. J., marched quickly into the dining-room where the long white tables were spread for their supper. Of course not all the fifty children who lived in the house were there. The fourteen babies, too little to come to the table, had already had their bottles of warm milk and been tucked in their cribs. But thirty-six children fill a room pretty full.

They were all seated at the table, and supper had begun when the matron saw that one of the boys was missing. "John," she said, "Richard is not here. Will you go and hunt him up?"

John—John Savage is his full name—at once left his supper. He went into room after room, and at last went into the kindergarten room on the first floor. As he opened the door a stifling smell met him; then he began to choke, and, looking round he saw smoke coming out of the large closet in which the kindergarten material was kept.

John was frightened when he saw this, for he knew at once that the house was on fire; and his first impulse was to cry "Fire!" as loud as he could. But though John was only eight years old, he thought

of the other children in the home, and he remembered—what older boys and girls do not always do—what the teachers had told him at the fire drill. So, instead of screaming and throwing all the house into a panic, John went quickly and quietly back to the dining room, tip-toed his way up to the head of the supper table, where the matron was sitting, and whispered to her about the fire.

As soon as the matron heard this she called a man from across the street, who turned in an alarm. Then the signal for the fire drill was given, and all the older children, though they hated to leave their supper, marched safely out of the building while the nurses carried out the babies. All this was so quickly done that by the time the firemen had come all the children were fathered in a pavilion in the rear; and through it all there had not been the least bit of a panic, and no one was hurt, as so often happens when people become frightened.

Now there are two especial things that John did. Though he was only eight years old, he didn't lose his head when he came face to face with danger; and he remembered what had been told him when the time came to act on it. And it was because of this, because no older person could have acted with more coolness or more wisely, that John is counted a hero.—*Adele E. Thompson, in Boys and Girls.*

**SPRING**

MARY S. ANDREWS

Yesterday I slowly wandered  
In a woodland kissed by Spring,  
Over hills and in a valley  
Where the trees their leaf buds fling.

To the breeze so softly blowing;  
There the happy goldfinch dwells,  
The cardinal in the tree-tops  
His throat with music swells.

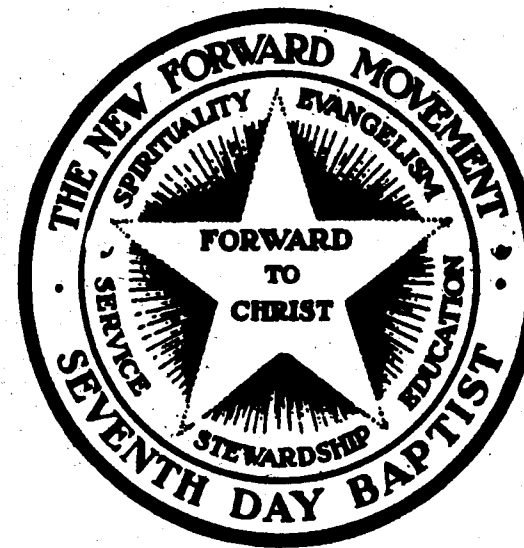
Ferns and violets add beauty  
To the bluffs, and sloping hills,  
And a winding brook is flowing  
Over rocks and where it wills.

On its banks are velvet mosses,  
There the phlox and bluets grow,  
Bluebells on their stems are swaying  
As the gentle zephyrs blow.

The bluebells softly called to worship,  
And my spirit bowed in prayer,  
There in God's own sanctuary  
Who would doubt his love and care?

Farina, Ill.

**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
- + ★ Waterford, Conn.
- + ★ 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.
- + DeRuyter, N. Y.

**NOTES FROM DIRECTOR GENERAL**

THE FINANCIAL STATUS OF THE FORWARD MOVEMENT UP TO DATE.—EXCELLENT WORK HAS BEEN DONE BUT MORE IS NEEDED TO PROVIDE ADEQUATE SUPPORT.—THE SHOWING BY ASSOCIATIONS

That our people may have a correct understanding of the progress of the Forward Movement in relation to its support of the denominational budget the accompanying outline is given. This shows the total number of churches in each association, the number that have subscribed their quotas in full, with the total membership of these churches.

The statement is as follows:

Associations	Number of Churches	No. Subscribing Their Quotas	Membership of These Churches
Eastern	13	1	865
Central	8	1	77
Western	12	2	697
Southeastern	7	2	402
Northwestern	23	10	1990
Southwestern	5	1	58
Pacific Coast	2	2	123
	70	24	4212

This report speaks for itself, it shows that much work is needed in each association. The relation between the total number of churches and those that have subscribed their quota is disproportionately small. A considerable larger percentage must be secured to assure the success of the undertaking. Each week from now on with earnest, systematic work should materially improve this condition.

The twenty-four churches as named on the Roll of Honor have completed their canvass with an oversubscription. Numerically they constitute one-third the number of churches and in subscriptions more than one-half. While this list includes most of our larger churches it also numbers several of the smaller ones. There yet remain forty-six churches from which about 3,800 sustaining members must be obtained. Two facts enter into the calculations here.

Included in the list of seventy churches are at least ten that in some instances are



wholly extinct and in others partially so. These churches are suffering the fate of slow extinction common to every denomination in depleted and neglected rural sections, yet their membership goes to make up our total of 8,100.

To overcome this loss a few of our churches have fortunately continued their canvass after their quotas had been reached, thereby considerably oversubscribing their allotment. In this worthy service are Pawcatuck, Independence, Salem, Chicago and Farina, possibly others of which information is not at hand.

This reduces the number of unreported churches to thirty-six, and from this list there must be secured the 3,800 full quota members. And the delightful prospect of it all is that these churches not only can make their quotas, but that they will.

The list includes churches in every section, from Adams and Ashaway in the East to Garwin and Gentry in the West and Southwest. Many of these are our denominational strong-holds from which a hundred per cent response may rightfully be expected.

The time is now come when intensive work is required. The director general believes there are now eight churches in which a little further canvassing and slightly enlarged support will reveal full subscriptions. There should be at least eleven additional names on the Roll of Honor, making a total of thirty-five churches, just one-half of the denominational membership.

If any church hesitates or questions its ability to "make good" please turn to pages 615-16 in the RECORDER of May 17, and there read the method employed by the Alfred Church in meeting its big task, as stated by Curtis Randolph in these words: "Canvassed entire membership second time—many increased first subscriptions fifty per cent—five communications in all to non-residents—Y. P. S. C. E. and Sabbath school subscribed their quotas—organized classes, Ladies' Aid and Evangelical societies subscribed liberally—every one worked faithfully—over \$6,000 for Forward Movement—more expected—Co-operation and determination win."

Remember that the result of the first two months canvass in this church was entirely unsatisfactory, slightly in excess of one-half its quota, and handicapped with a non-

resident membership of nearly 300. The obligation to do its full part was so keenly felt that nothing was allowed to defeat this effort. If every church with an unfinished canvass will adopt similar methods and follow them as earnestly as did Alfred and several other churches the result will be much the same.

The full support of every church is needed just at this time. The pleasure of achievement may be worth more than the extra time, effort and increased support that are required.

General conditions are much alike everywhere and fairly favorable. Success calls for re-canvassing, re-writing and for every agency sustaining, with each member doing a little more. Such is life, and these extra efforts are what give it its zest and relish.

That old adage, old as the hills of central New York or even those of West Virginia, is in working order today as much as it was when the first Seventh Day Baptist landed on these shores: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

The opportunity that comes to these thirty-six churches is both exceptional and enviable. With every church in line, every member supporting, the financial consideration of the new Forward Movement is an assured fact beyond all question with a hundred per cent support. Let's make it such.

WALTON H. INGHAM,  
Director General.

Intoxicating liquors will not be sold on Shipping Board passenger liners plying between New York and South America, Chairman Payne announced December 23, according to the Associated Press. The first of these ships, the *Moccasin*, sailed recently from New York.

Despite assurances from the Board's legal department that the prohibition laws would not be effective outside of the three-mile limit, Chairman Payne holds that, since the sale of liquor in the United States is prohibited, its sale should not be permitted on government-owned vessels.

Formal orders prohibiting use of liquor on the *Moccasin* and other vessels of the New York or South America line were issued later by Chairman Payne.—*Union Signal*.

## MISSIONS

### MONTHLY STATEMENT May 1, 1920, to June 1, 1920

S. H. Davis,	
In account with	
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society	
	Dr.
Balance on hand May 1, 1920.....	\$1,827 58
Dr. William H. Tassell .....	15 00
DeRuyter Church:	
Georgetown Chapel .....	6 83
Shanghai Boys' School .....	27 30
First Hopkinton Church, Missionary Society .....	8 20
Rockville Sabbath school .....	10 00
Alice A. Peckham, General Fund.....	5 00
F. F. Randolph, General Fund .....	5 00
DeRuyter Church:	
Girls' School .....	27 30
General Fund .....	23 00
Offering, Little Prairie .....	21 87
Milton Church, General Fund .....	20 00
Conference Treasurer:	
Georgetown Chapel .....	17 21
Boys' School, Shanghai .....	68 82
Girls' School, Shanghai .....	68 82
General Fund .....	504 38
Adams Church, Java Mission .....	3 00
West Hallock Church:	
Missionary Society .....	20 02
Girls' School .....	2 70
Boys' School .....	2 70
Permanent Funds, return special loan..	1,100 00
May interest on checking account.....	1 12
	\$3,785 85
	Cr.
Stephen J. Davis, April salary, P. S. Burdick .....	25 00
Rev. W. L. Davis, April salary .....	25 00
Rev. George W. Hills, April salary, traveling expenses .....	61 39
Rev. J. J. Kovats, Hungarian Mission..	20 00
Rev. S. S. Powell, April salary .....	25 00
Jesse G. Burdick, April salary, Italian Mission .....	29 16
Rev. R. J. Severance, April salary, traveling expenses .....	98 84
Rev. Luther A. Wing, April salary and increase, January-March .....	54 17
Mrs. Zilpha Seward, April 18-May 1 salary .....	27 00
Dr. Rosa Palmberg, April salary .....	41 67
Rev. Edwin Shaw, April salary, traveling expenses, advertising .....	140 53
C. C. Van Horn, April salary, traveling expenses .....	72 50
Rev. M. C. Pennell, April salary .....	66 66
Temporary loan to Permanent Fund..	1,100 00
Treasurer's expenses .....	25 00
	\$1,811 92
Balance on hand June 1, 1920.....	1,973 93
	\$3,785 85
Bills payable in June, about.....	\$2,500 00
Notes outstanding, June 1, 1920.....	\$2,000 00
	S. H. Davis, Treasurer.
E. & O. E.	

Over five thousand little Belgians with hearty appetites are fed daily by the Junior Red Cross of America at an average cost of fifty meals for a dollar.—*Red Cross Bulletin*.

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

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

### CHAPTER IX

Several days passed and they had all the things they had shipped west nicely placed in order and handy to get. They knew the limitations and had not brought all they had in the old home, but the choicest and best, and especially books and keepsakes. Other things were sold and some stored away at a friend's until they might be able to send for them. The flower seeds had been sown, and Mr. Knutson, a settler, had been hired to break soil for grain and corn. He proved a kind and helpful neighbor and his two daughters came over to make the acquaintance of Leila. There was to be a short term of school and the girls were so glad to be acquainted before the opening week. The schoolhouse was very near the Knutsons.

"I tell you what," Mr. Livingston," said Mr. Knutson, in his broken English, which we will not try to imitate, "Your children can ride horseback and put the horse in my shed during school hours, and if any storm comes up that is too severe, you need not worry for we'll have them stay with us over night."

"Thank you, neighbor, that will take a great deal of worry away from my wife," replied Mr. Livingston, "and I will try to make it right by some extra work we can give you."

"Could you spare your boy Frank a couple weeks to work for my neighbor Poppandrikopolous? He is looking for help."

"Possibly if Frank is willing, but I'd not like to have him stay out of school just now. Is your neighbor all right for a boy to be with?" he asked.

"Good hearted fellow, but he swears a little in his own language. Probably would not hurt the boy any, not knowing what he said," replied Knutson. "But there would be good pay, and good living at his table. He had quite a bit of money before he located here."

Mr. Knutson reported the matter and Mr. Poppandrikopolous came up to see about it. Frank would not consent to stay out of school, but help being so scarce the man said he might get along if Frank would stay there two or three weeks and do chores mornings and after school; that would help



out a great deal. So it was arranged that way.

"It will help Frank with a little money for clothes or his gun, and harden him to work," said his father.

"I hope it will not harden him to profanity," replied his mother.

Friday afternoon came the first week Frank was away and his employer planned for Frank to shell corn that evening. Here was the first test and a mistake made in not having a distinct understanding that he was not to do any work Sabbath evenings except the necessary chores, or that he was to be at home by Friday evening. What should he do? Frank mused to himself. He well knew what his mother would want him to do, and what was right, but he might anger the man and lose his job. Could he not just this once do it and after that make it plain that he could not work on the Sabbath? It was a struggle for the boy. It would not have been a struggle for the sister, she had shown more moral courage than her brother. Finally Frank told the man what his parents would say and that he could not do what they would forbid. The man gave some sort of ejaculation in his own language and showed anger. But at once he calmed down knowing he could not get help elsewhere, and consented for Frank to return home with his sister after school and to be sure to return for work Sunday morning.

"I just did not know at first what to say or do," said Frank to his mother, "but I knew how you would feel, and I could not make you sad or disobey you."

"But, my boy, while you were to obey me, would you not want to obey God? Is not his wish or command of greater importance than mine? Does not his love exceed mine and ought you not to be glad to honor and please your Savior and suffer for him? Had you worked Sabbath Day you would have grieved the Holy Spirit of God, reproached your church and the truth and dishonored your parents. You must do right because it is a pleasure to do so, and because you love him who saves you and keeps you. That should be your motive. You do well to please your parents but it is better to please your heavenly Father also. After this we will see that men know the Sabbath we keep before you hire out and there will be no misunderstandings." And

the dear mother put her arms around her boy and kissed him affectionately. Could you ever displease such a mother as that?

"Mamma, the Knutsons have a lot of pigeons and they are tame. They say I may have a pair if you are willing. May I?" asked Leila.

"I suppose so, though that means more grain to feed them and a dovecot to live in," said her father as Mrs. Livingston had interceded for the girl.

"Oh, I can make that," said Frank quickly, "and put it up on a pole. It will be such fun to feed them out of our hands; and say, we might take one some day to school and send a message back home after they have been well mated. That will be like what we read about."

"We must give the children all the pleasure we can," said Mrs. Livingston to her husband after they had gone out. "That will make them more contented to be at home."

The three weeks of staying away from home had ended and Frank had his gun and Leila her pigeons. Between the shack and the shed Frank put up the dovecot and the pair at once made themselves at home. Though shy at first they learned to come at the call of Leila and ate out of her hands. One day she tried the experiment of taking one to school and tying on a message for her mother. In twenty minutes after school commenced the bird came flying into the Livingston yard and Leila's mother received this: "He sent forth a dove from him to see if the waters were abated." Genesis 8: 8.

"Bless her heart, dear child; and it was a verse from the Bible she thought of first. That dear book shall be the guide of her youth and her comfort in old age."

The thought of her daughter's little message brought such comfort to the mother's heart that all day long she went singing in faith and hope. At five o'clock that day she walked down the road where her boy and girl would be riding home and that act brought joy to the children.

The old-fashioned ideas of happiness, where are they? Where are the boys and girls that can ride two on a horse back and forth to school and be natural and enjoy life with out an automobile or movie picture show? Where are they who can find greatest happiness at home with father and

mother and in the little duties of the home? Where is the refinement of youth that can talk naturally without slang and the by-words of bums? Where is the girl that wants her friend to visit her in her home and find her as she really is, and act as she really is?

Two girls were walking to the movie and one said: "You know Dick L—? Just home from the army. Sakes! Ain't he some grape juice? Too sweet to drink, but my! these frills got him. He said I was the prettiest piece of flesh in seven counties."

"Some guy, ain't he?"

"Got lots of money. His dad is rich. Says he'll take me out next Sunday. Ain't you jealous?"

"Oh, do introduce me, he's sure some take."

"Not while I have these frills and these cheeks fixed up with powder. Hm-men. But Ill give you a find soon. Big catch if he will be introduced to you. Oh, love o' Mike, I'm dizzy thinking of it!"

Who taught that stuff to those girls? Did mother use such language? Or brother? Does it come from the thought of being smart and up-to-date? Were those girls really happy? Do you suppose they take an interest in school studies? No doubt there are excellent girls who affect this thing but at heart hate it yet are in company where it is too common. It is destructive of true womanhood and the company of men who like that sort is not of a healthy kind. Even such men have little respect for the girl of this sort. A natural boy or girl finds truest friends, but a good home influence must prevail and unnaturalness and affectation must be cast away from the young people who are to save society from corruption.

The school closed after eight weeks and would not open again until September. On the last day they had some exercises and the parents came for miles. There were not many such days when the people could get together for acquaintance. Distances were too great, but when children give an entertainment there is nothing like it to draw a crowd. The children of the Cejkas, Knutsons, Turovicks, Poppandrikopolouses, Chriczanevicz and other foreigners were "Americans All." The stars and stripes waved over the schoolhouse and were saluted every day. "America" and the "Star

Spangled Banner" were sung often. The Declaration of Independence was read by the teacher on state occasions, and pictures of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Garfield and other great men were hung upon the walls. At this time there was an exhibit of the scholars' work that greatly pleased the visitors, and the county superintendent was there and gave a short talk, and each scholar received a pretty present. The teacher was from Minnesota, a high school graduate and normal student, who was well drilled in practical teaching. After the "exhibition" she was invited home with Frank and Leila to stay a day or two until she could get to Williston to start for home. She had boarded at Mr. Knutson's and had been once to each home of the patrons. But at the Livingston's she felt most at home. They were her kind of people she said. She was only twenty years of age and had had at heart the welfare of the children and their homes. She had made arrangements to take a claim herself as many teachers had done in the Dakotas. She would go home for a vacation and be back to move into her shack five miles southeast of the Livingstons. There were two families within a mile of her claim. It was a great undertaking for one who was still almost a girl; but she would be twenty-one by the time she arrived and then the papers would be completed.

"You will certainly come and see me," she said to the family, "and cheer me up a bit. I am going to bring my Scotch Collie and parrot and phonograph and we will have a time."

"And I'll bring my doves and send messages to my mother if I can stay a week with you," said Leila Maud.

"I'll certainly want the messages if you stay that long," said her mother.

"On Saturday afternoon we will have all the present scholars come to a party I'll make, and we will have basket ball, for I am going to fix up a suitable place for it and have community gatherings to Americanize these foreigners. Oh, I must not say that. They are all here to become Americans and I hope Christians," said the teacher.

"I am afraid that Frank and Leila can not be there to your party as much as we would like to have them and honor you on such an occasion. You see that is the



Sabbath Day," replied Mrs. Livingston.

"Oh, that's so. I forgot what Leila told me about your religion. But I can't do without you. I must make some other arrangements."

"Wouldn't want it on Sunday probably. It might make a difference with you, but with nine-tenths of these settlers they would prefer Sunday for amusements and parties and ball games," said Mrs. Livingston. "I heard that twenty-five young men had a ball game last Sunday at Mr. Turovick's."

"No, I would not want to desecrate Sunday like that. I am the daughter of strict Presbyterians. Of course I respect the convictions of others and I have a kind feeling for you people for we had neighbors in our town who were members of a church at Dodge Center, Minn. I thought they were the most consistent folks I had seen though some of their children did not act as though their parents ever kept that day," said the teacher.

"Did those people ever give you any tracts on the subject to read?" asked Leila.

"Yes, I read one and got so disturbed that I would not read the rest of them."

"What were you disturbed about?" asked Frank. "If you believe you are right, what others say need not disturb you."

"The fact is I found my arguments growing weaker as I read, and so I concluded to wait until our minister came and have him prove up. I knew he could explain it all right."

"Did he explain it?" asked Leila.

"Oh, don't get me in a corner. He was unwilling to talk about it, saying that it was of no importance and people went to heaven keeping Sunday and that was enough to consider," she replied.

"Is your minister authority on who goes to heaven?" asked Mrs. Livingston. "I never dared to be the judge. 'All have sinned' and need repentance. How do I know who has truly repented? Besides, 'many will say in that day, Lord, Lord, we have done this and that in thy name' and he will say 'Depart, I never knew you.'"

"Do you think all Seventh Day Baptists or Adventists will go to heaven? And will Sunday people go to the other place?" asked the teacher.

"I do not think that all Seventh Day Baptists or Adventists will reach heaven. And I am of the opinion that many Sunday-

keepers will reach there. But that proves nothing as to the truth concerning the Sabbath of the Lord. The Bible alone decides that and not human opinions. God will save all who truly repent of sin with the light they have and who probably are in error on many things. But when one has light and convictions and finds that God commands a thing they do not do and they continue to disobey without repentance I am not so sure of their salvation. Is not that gospel truth?" said Mrs. Livingston.

"Maybe that is true. I can't deny it, the way you put it. Unbelief and known disobedience is the sin that kills. But I do wish I knew all these things," said the teacher.

"If you do not know the Sabbath truth, then study it. It will not hurt you, and may be a blessing to you when you decide from Bible teaching. I'd be willing to leave you to your own sincere convictions but only after you have thoroughly investigated the matter. It has now been called to your attention. You will be held responsible for any wilful ignorance when you might have known. But supper is ready. You'll be glad when you get home and have a square meal."

How tactfully Mrs. Livingston sowed the seeds of truth. Her voice was pleasant and her kindness plainly observed. She was not harshly dogmatic nor did she show fondness for controversy. And best of all she was an example of Sabbath-keeping that preached louder than words. But she did not neglect the opportunity to testify for her Lord when that opportunity came.

*(To be continued)*

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And Stay to  
Conference

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1920

College preparatory Work—College Make-up Work—Course for Rural, Graded, and High School Teachers—And Courses for Folks who want to know.

Send for illustrated announcement.

PAUL E. TITSWORTH Director  
Alfred, New York

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### PROGRAM OF PRAYER

Third Week in June

Pray that young men who are willing to give themselves to the gospel ministry may have the encouragement and moral support of the Christian people of our churches which will help to give them power, and courage to continue in service.

### MEDICAL MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION IN CHINA

DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME:

According to schedule I should have written you some weeks since but I seem to be a proverbial procrastinator. I am sorry, too, like most habitual sinners, but that does not help the fact that the news I now have to write is old.

As I wrote in my last letter I was planning to go to Peking at the China New Year time. I was very undecided for a time, for one reason because I did not want to go alone. Miss Burdick seemed to be the logical one to go with me and it was only after much maneuvering on my part and that of others that I finally got off with her.

We started on a Wednesday night, February 18, with a car full of doctors. It was to attend the biennial session of the China Medical Missionary Association that I was going. There were in our party Dr. Garner, of the Woman's Union Mission Hospital in Shanghai; Miss Burdick and myself. At Nanking as we were about to board the train on the north side of the Yangste the next morning who should I spy but Dr. Robbins, of Chinkiang, with whom I studied in the Post-graduate Medical College in New York most two years ago. She made the fourth of our group so that we just filled one of the little four-berth cabins which make a section of a second class sleeping car over here.

My meeting with Dr. Robbins in New York is one of those funny things which

we meet in this rather small world of ours. We had been going around for several days before she asked where I came from. When she did we were surprised to find that all of our younger days we were practically neighbors for she was born and brought up in Ord, Neb., only fourteen miles from North Loup, where I was living at the same time. The North Loup people will recognize that she is a daughter of Lawyer Robbins, of Ord, whose name was well-known all over the country.

I was glad to meet her again and to have the pleasure of her company for the two days before we reached Peking. We had to change cars again at Tientsin and reached Peking Friday evening.

A gentleman came on the train at Tientsin and made our assignments. Miss Burdick not being a doctor had written our friends the Chows, and was met at the train by Dr. Chow who took her to his home where she was entertained. I was met by a Miss Boring, a teacher in the new Rockefeller Preparatory Medical School. She took me to the Ving Compound, the dormitory of the women students of the medical school. The teachers also live there. It was a most interesting and pleasant place. It was formerly some prince's home and had been fitted up with modern conveniences but preserving the Chinese style. It would not, however, have been a very economical investment for a poor mission. They had stoves in every room and were burning a half-ton of coal a day just for that one compound. But, of course, the coal which comes to town on the camels' backs there is cheaper than what we get in Shanghai.

I was given a most pleasant roommate later. She was a Dr. Wallace from a place some six days' journey up country from Canton. Our six hours from Lieu-oo to Shanghai ought to seem short after this. (By the way, we hear that within the year we are likely to have a road with a motor bus or two which will take us to Shanghai in an hour or a little more.)

Dr. Wallace is a Reformed Presbyterian or Psalm-singer, as they are called. Their denomination is only 5,000 strong. They have over twenty missionaries in China and as many more on other foreign fields. Her fellow worker, a Dr. McBurney, was also at the convention. She was a large framed,



virile appearing Scotch woman, very silent, but I heard from others of the work she is doing. She goes right out among the people for days at a time and is doing much to help them in health education and I am sure also spiritually, for she is one whose spirit shows in her face.

No doubt the spirit of this people helps the missionaries and the spirit of the missionaries inspires the people, and that spirit is the Holy Spirit.

But I am putting too much time on asides. The convention was a great one. The arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of the guests was fine, the meetings were also very helpful. The main idea seemed to be to make a general survey of the missionary hospital and see where we are, and then think up methods of improving our status. The papers were most helpful. It was most encouraging to hear others talking of the same problems that we face here and to hear their ways of overcoming them.

I was relieved to find that our hospital with all of its shortcomings was not the least ideal. I was also glad to see that there were ways in which I could do my own work better and I came back with many good resolutions.

One of the pleasant features of the convention was the fact that the National Medical Association of China was holding its meetings at the same time and in the same building. The evening sessions were all joint sessions. Many were the helpful and instructive papers given by the Western-educated Chinese of this Association. Many of them are brilliant men, good all-around scientists, splendid surgeons and they are doing splendid work for their country. I have been impressed many times that the Chinese are not mere imitators. They take a new idea and improve upon it, and then use it effectively. The medical men are no exception to this rule.

The convention meetings were all held and many of the guests were entertained in the buildings of the new Rockefeller school. The machinery of the school was all turned in to make the convention a success and for that reason it was doubly a success. Papers which otherwise would have been a dull series of statistics were made alive by clear charts which were made by the college charter. Large rooms in the new buildings

were used for exhibits of different kinds. The afternoon sight-seeing and the 4.30 teas were all engineered by the same ever-present generalship. The five days of meetings were full every minute and often the sessions did not close until 10.30 at night, but it was all worth while and one could not afford to lose any of it.

Of course, the scientific side of all questions was always to the fore and sometimes one felt that we were rather leaving out the larger reason for our coming to China. But the final session Friday from 5-6.30 p. m. was devoted to evangelism in hospitals and that was a meeting to comfort one's heart. In many ways it was the one meeting that furnished real inspiration and strength to go on with the struggle whatever the odds.

The trip was worth while and was a most helpful vacation, I feel.

Since my return to Lieu-oo I have been very busy with many things. I have given up my educational work for I found that if I kept it up I had to neglect the hospital. I can now spend more time on the teaching of our pupil nurses and in general hospital supervision. The teaching requires a good deal of study on my part for many of the books are in the difficult Chinese classical language which I do not know at all well. We are not having a very heavy number of in-patients, but there are always some. As it is we are always busy and later in the spring the work will be heavier.

We have decided to put in an electrical plant of our own. Alfred Davis is to put it in for us and we hope in time to have numerous devices for using the electricity for treatments.

We have all been greatly pained by the necessity of Mr. and Mrs. Crofoot's sudden departure for America. We hope that all will be well so that they can soon return to us.

Yours in his work,  
GRACE I. CRANDALL.

#### SIGHT-SEEING IN PEKING

MY DEAR MRS. CROSLY:

Dr. Crandall has written an account of the Medical Missionary Association at Peking in February and has decreed that I write of the sight-seeing in connection with that expedition. As I listened to her in the matter of going to Peking—and thank

her now for insisting—it may be all right to obey her again.

Certainly the country between the Yangtse River and Peking is dreary, at this time of year at least; wide stretches of brown soil, an occasional low, rough road, and groups of straw-thatched, mud-houses make up the landscape, a country that has known flood and famine. The strange yoke-fellows pulling the carts and plows amused us, a donkey and an ox, a donkey and two milch cows followed by their calves, an ox, a horse and a donkey, and other combinations abreast or tandem.

This country was particularly interesting to us because only a month before one of our girls had been married and had gone to live at one of the stations on the way. On the return trip this young bride and her husband came on the train and rode with us for thirty-five "li" (three "li" make one mile) then caught a train back. There is a Catholic church in the place where they live, but no Protestant Christians nearer than thirty-six "li." Conditions, language and customs of the people are very different to what this young woman has known in Shanghai. She seemed to be meeting it all cheerfully, however.

It was to the home of another of our old girls that I went in Peking, reaching there the first day of the Chinese year. This "daughter," Li Kwe-iung, has often been mentioned in the RECORDER. Her father, Li Er-low, will be remembered by many. He was the son of Dr. Carpenter's first convert in China and for many years one of our preachers. After leaving our school Kwe-iung studied medicine, first with Dr. Swinney and then with Dr. Palmberg. Her husband, Dr. Chow, is in the Bureau of Agriculture and is much interested in animal husbandry. He seems to have made good. Upon request he prepared and presented a paper, which was well received, before one of the section meetings of the Medical Association.

A few years ago when the Germans were in trouble in Peking, as well as elsewhere, one who had a fine dairy was negotiating with the government to take it over. Everything had been arranged, papers drawn up, when it was discovered that there was no money with which to pay for it. Dr. Chow was greatly chagrined. Some official in the Agricultural Department persuaded

him that he might well take it on himself and prove to the doubting Chinese that a dairy could be run on sanitary and scientific lines and made to pay at the same time. So a stock company was formed and the dairy bought and it has been a profitable proposition. Dr. Chow is generous enough to give much of the credit to his wife. "Without her it could not have been done." I had not been long in the house before being taken to see the cows. Fine animals they are, Swiss, Ayrshire, Siberian. Dr. Chow gives much attention to the feeding and care of his cows. "I am faithful to my cows and they are faithful to me," he often said. When I was there they were sending out two hundred and twenty bottles of milk a day, and they write me that amount has since been greatly increased. It is interesting that half of their patrons are Chinese who are supposed not to like milk.

I spent eleven very happy, comfortable days with this family. The eldest daughter, who was also in our school for six years or more, was at home, and there are three dear little children.

The program of the Medical Association was such that from half-past one until four was set aside for sight-seeing, and trips had been planned and made easy as possible. Committee meetings and section meetings did encroach upon this time to some extent still many interesting things were seen.

The first expedition was to the Art Gallery and Museum inside the Forbidden City. The pictures and wonderful porcelains and cloisonne and other treasures are indescribable. Many of them are hundreds of years old, but they were gathered together in these buildings of the Palace inside the Forbidden City by Yuan-hyih-kai. The throne room and the throne which he was having made ready for himself—but never occupied—was also on exhibition. The part of the Forbidden City set aside for the little ex-Emperor and where he is said to still hold court each morning, was pointed out but that is still a "forbidden city."

One snowy afternoon Dr. Crandall, Dr. Chow and I walked over to the Observatory from which the Germans, in 1900, took the famous old astronomical instruments which it has recently been decreed are to be restored. The esteem in which this build-



ing is held is evidenced by the careful way it is kept. A long ride by ricksha to the Confucian and Llama temples was taken on the one day it snowed from morning to night. The temples do not seem to have impressed me so much as did the fine old trees laden with snow, and the shaggy camels. The snow and the dry cold air of Peking were a constant and pleasant reminder of my dear Alfred home.

The trip to the Great Wall was appointed for Sabbath Day so Dr. Crandall and I had to go there on our own. An early morning start, a long ricksha ride from the southeast part of the city to northwestern corner and a train ride for two hours or more. Every tree, bush and blade of grass along the way was bewitching by reason of being covered by a "frozen mist," and long before we reached our destination the Great Wall was visible. On top of mountain crests it would appear to be lost sight of, then come into view again. Once there, men eager to serve as guides and donkey boys with their little donkeys were on hand to pilot us, but we chose to walk. The ground was covered with snow but we followed the well-beaten Kalgan road, at least they said the road went to Kalgan, but it seemed to come from nowhere and to be going to the same place. We met two groups of travelers, however, in each case a woman dressed in gorgeous garments and faces painted beyond anything of the kind we have seen, riding donkeys and followed by attendants—brides possibly, going home, or guests going somewhere for a wedding.

The "frozen mist" which made the trees so fairy-like also made the walks icy and cut short our purpose to climb the wall to the top of one of the mountain peaks. For a few minutes one seemed not to belong to this day and generation. We were trying to imagine the conditions under which the massive wall was built and the men who made the large bricks and who put them in place, hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Before returning we passed through the gate and stood for a moment on Mongolian soil.

Of all the places we saw, the Altar and Temple of Heaven would easily rank first. One enters the ornate gateway to find a quiet grove of trees which are very satisfying. At one side are the buildings where the Emperor came to make ready to offer

the yearly burnt sacrifice for the sins of the people. There was here a night of fasting and abstinence. From these buildings, now very delapidated, it was quite a walk to the Altar, an imposing pile of white marble. Steps lead up to the top where the burnt sacrifice was offered, everything open to the sky, so blue the day we were there. Beyond this is the round temple with its dome of blue porcelain tiles. There is no idol in this temple but there were cages in which it was said the animals to be offered were kept. Many find here the proof that sometime, many, many years ago, the Chinese have known of the one true God and of the forms of worship which the Israelites knew.

The day before we left Peking was a red letter day. Dr. Chow had insisted that we must by no means miss the Government Agricultural Station located at the Western Hills and of which he is superintendent. We were leaving on Tuesday and Monday had been set aside for this expedition. Sunday the weather was most unfavorable, but Monday came bright, clear, warm, with roads, while a little muddy still in good condition—a day made for us it would seem. We were going by auto. First came the long ride through the city with many public buildings, and places of interest pointed out, many questions which had been growing during the week answered, finally out of the city, past the International Golf Links and other places it was interesting to know about and always nearer the snow-covered Western Hills. The caravans of camels stirred us in a way to prove that we were little more than children after all. In one caravan alone we counted forty-seven camels. They were laden with coal, charcoal, and Dr. Chow said, fruit which abounds in these hills. Now and again we were halted by determined men demanding toll. Dr. Chow's card worked wonders and on we would go. A halt at the base of the mountain gave an opportunity to locate Dr. W. A. P. Martin's beloved Pearl Grotto and the temple where he passed so many of his days.

From this point our way lay over and around the foot-hills. We passed quarries—white marble and other stone in these mountains—and a large plot of ground where were many ruined houses which more than twenty years ago were being built for

the members of the British Legation but were destroyed by the Boxers. Finally we came to a region dotted over with interesting-looking old stone towers—an old training ground for soldiers. It was here that soldiers in the eighteenth century were trained to climb mountains, to give and receive signals and whatever else they needed to know in order to go into Turkestan and conquer it.

A part of this old training ground had been given for "My Station" and we soon drew up before a grove of white-barked pine trees. In the *National Geographical Magazine* for July, 1919, there is an article, "A Hunter of Plants," which has a picture of such a tree, three centuries old. It was a moving experience to stand in a grove of such trees. Dr. Chow says it is a famous grove and one does not doubt it. The trees are very difficult to propagate.

In this grove stands a little white marble house, originally officers' headquarters but destroyed in 1919 by the Allied troops. It has been restored under Dr. Chow's supervision. He points with pride to some inscribed marble slabs which were written by the Emperor K'ang Hsi. In one room of this building there is an exhibit of foods which are fed to the stock on the place, also samples of wool. The other room is a reception room and it was there, after seeing the place, we had our lunch, supplemented by eggs from "the best hens" and milk, likewise of excellent quality.

The station covers quite an area on the hillside. The shelter for grains and fodder is a one-time temple, resplendent with color in the sunshine. Dr. Chow finds this an ideal place for his alfalfa, cornstalks, sorghum leaves, sweet potato vines, beans and other things. Everything seemed finely kept. First came the flock of "best hens," then farther up the hill flocks of sheep merinos and other pure-breds, all showing excellent care. After this came the pure-bred cows, Aryshire, Herefords, Holstein, the latter not proving very well adapted to this climate. One of the objects of the station is to improve the cattle of that region, an object Dr. Chow says is being realized. He rejoices that his station is self-supporting or better. But it is the grove of white-barked pine that will live longest in memory.

Time fails us to tell of the places of in-

terest which were pointed out to us as we hurried along, at some of which we tarried for a little, famous gardens, interesting Manchu villages, the Jade Pagoda and, what was much more interesting, the Jade fountain from which flowed the stream of clear water which is conducted to some of the palace buildings and has been sacred for the use of royalty. The Summer Palace held us for a little but Dr. Chow did not care to go in there. "China's shame," he calls it because the Empress Dowager expended upon it large sums which had been raised to restore China's navy after the war with Japan. A short run about the campus of Chin Hua College, built with indemnity money and from which so many students go to America to study. The Zoological Garden interested us for a time. In a building here I was glad to see some of the Empress Dowager's own paintings. This finished the day.

Just why in telling this story of the visit to Peking I should have left out what was a most notable occasion I do not know. That was the President's reception. One afternoon we were admitted to the Winter Palace and after walking about among the buildings and peering through the windows of the buildings where the Emperor was practically a prisoner for so long—a sad bit of history—the Medical Missionary Association and the Chinese Medical Association which was meeting in Peking at the same time, indeed many of the meetings joint sessions, and many of their friends were received in the fine modern building which the Empress Dowager had built not long before her death. After a short wait the President came in and delivered an address to which the presidents of the two associations replied. There was a further inspection of palace buildings and that day was finished.

I have said nothing of the mission buildings in Peking nor of the work there. It was not a very good time to see anything of that kind for it was China New Year and every one was so busy with the great meetings which were going on at the time. The buildings were so new that it brought to mind how they had all been razed to the ground in 1900 and rebuilt since that time.

This story will not be quite complete without mention of the pleasant evening spent with one of our former school girls who



was married last year to the son of a high official, and of the night spent on the return journey, in Tientsin, in the new home of the adopted daughter of the Chows, a girl who for several years was in the Lieu-oo Hospital as student and nurse. She has recently been married to a young man who studied in the United States for twelve years. They have a very pleasant home and we greatly enjoyed our stay there.

The many cares that seemed to descend upon us immediately after our return, the changes, Mrs. Crofoot's illness, students' strike, and all make these things of which I have written seem like ancient history, and I wonder if any one can care to read this account. It was a bright spot in our experience, however.

SUSIE M. BURDICK.

West Gate, Shanghai,  
May 4, 1920.

### WORKER'S EXCHANGE

WALWORTH, WIS.

Sabbath Rally Day was observed by the women of the Walworth Church with a program consisting of prayer, singing, Bible reading, "Sabbath and Sunday," and interesting talks upon the topics suggested by Secretary Shaw for the occasion. Mrs. O. U. Whitford who was with us, gave many helpful thoughts. She spoke particularly of the influence of consecrated women through all the ages; of the great need, in present-day conditions of worldliness and Sabbathlessness, for women to recognize their influence and responsibility in maintaining high Christian ideals and living the principles of the religion of Jesus Christ, Christ in the heart, the life of true Sabbath-keeping. A very interesting article, "Woman's Place in the World," by Mrs. Lucy Peabody, was read. Although the attendance was not large, all felt that the effort was well worth while. Would it not be profitable, in these crucial days, for Christian women to meet more often and consider together the things pertaining to the kingdom of Christ?

SECRETARY.

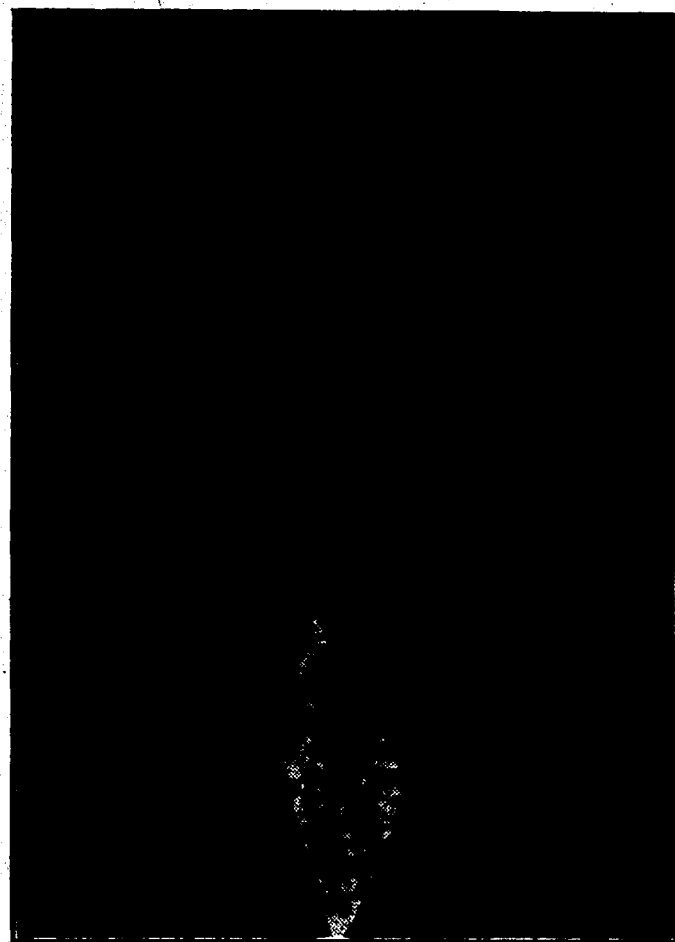
If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me.—Luke 9: 23.

### JOHN LELAND SHAW

John Leland Shaw, a resident of the village of Milton for the past twenty-nine years, after an illness extending through eight weeks, entered rest on the afternoon of May 24, 1920.

Mr. Shaw was born in Cattaraugus County, N. Y., August 5, 1838. His parents were Benjamin and Almira Bly Shaw who had formerly been residents at Stephentown, near Troy, N. Y.

In 1854, when he was sixteen years of age, his parents emigrated to Wisconsin. In common with other pioneers of those early days they endured the privations and



suffered the hardships of the long tedious journey by boat and lumbering wagons. But they were people of faith, courage, determination and strong physical endurance, who labored hard and sacrificed much that they might gain a competence and enjoy the advantages of education, religion and true citizenship.

The family settled on a farm on Wheeler Prairie, near Stoughton. While living in this locality Mr. Shaw alternately attended Albion Academy and taught district school. After a time the family moved to southern Minnesota where both Mr. Shaw and his father took up claims of land.

During his school days at Albion, Mr. Shaw met Catherine Amanda Burdick.

This acquaintance grew into a strong attachment and on October 21, 1862, they were married at Berlin, Wis., by Rev. Russell G. Burdick, the father of the bride. Immediately following their marriage the young couple went to their Minnesota home and began their happy wedded life on the claim near Freeborn. Neighbors were few, distances were long, toil in the new country was hard and conveniences and comforts were few. Notwithstanding these forbidding conditions there was joy in the heart and home; the altar to the living God was constantly maintained; and the children, all of whom were born in this Minnesota home, were reared in an atmosphere deeply and joyously religious and spiritual.

In 1886 the family returned to Wisconsin and located on a farm at Fulton. In 1890 they came to Milton Junction. A year later they moved to Milton. Here they built the house which was to be their home until they were called to the heavenly home. For a time after they moved to Milton Mr. Shaw was engaged in the furniture business.

Mr. Shaw was reared in the faith of the Baptist church. When he was about seventeen, he made a public profession of faith in Christ. It was during the time of special religious interest that he one night went by himself into a grove not far from where the meetings were being held and there under the power of deep conviction wrestled with God until he found peace through Christ Jesus. While he was living in Minnesota he began the observance of the Sabbath of Jehovah and of Christ and became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Alden, and later at Trenton. In 1887 he transferred his membership to the church of the same faith at Milton. This relationship he has honored by an upright, earnest Christian life, and irreproachable character and a devoted service to his fellow-men and to his God. While he was living at Trenton he was called to the diaconate of the church but he moved away before an opportunity for ordination came.

Six children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Shaw: Rev. Edwin Shaw, of Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. George Bly Shaw, of Yonkers, N. Y.; Dighton W. and Frank Leland Shaw, both of whom died in 1899; Russell Burdick, who died in infancy, and Adaline Almira, the wife of Rev. Herbert L. Polan, of Nortonville, Kan. Mr. Shaw had four

brothers and one sister who grew to maturity. Only the sister, Mrs. Amanda Wellman, of Jamestown, N. Y., survives him.

Since the death of his wife nearly four years ago, Mr. Shaw has made his home a home for his grandchildren who have been students in Milton College, and the ones now in school have tenderly cared for him in his illness.

No extended eulogy need be spoken for Mr. Shaw. His love for the word and house of God; his joy in Christian fellowship are witnesses of the genuineness of his faith and works. The sincere appreciation, the tender affection felt for him by all his neighbors, friends and acquaintances are an eloquent tribute to the sterling character of this quiet, genial, earnest servant of God and friend of men.

Farewell services were held in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton, May 27, 1920. Pastor Jordan read passages of Scripture which were favorites of Mr. Shaw. Pastor Edgar D. Van Horn offered prayer. President W. C. Daland spoke appreciatively of Mr. Shaw as a friend, an upright citizen and a Christian worker. A male quartet composed of Professors W. D. Burdick, L. H. Stringer, A. E. Whitford and Mr. Floyd Farrill sang three beautiful selections. Interment was made in the cemetery at Milton. H. N. J.

### PROMPT PAYMENT OF SOLDIER'S INSURANCE

Settlement of 127,151 insurance claims, for death and total permanent disability, and representing a total value of \$1,135,552,173.45 is announced by Director R. G. Cholmeley-Jones, of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. Only 5,119 claims are pending, and in these cases the claimants are beneficiaries in many instances residing in foreign countries where disturbed conditions render communication impossible.

It now requires only about five days from receipt of final evidence of death in an insurance case for the issuance of the first check, and frequently cases have been handled even more rapidly in the Compensation and Insurance Claims Division of the Bureau.

In case of total permanent disability, men have been examined, the award made, and the first check placed in their hands, all within a very few hours.



**YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK**

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

**OUR RESPONSIBILITIES**

ETHEL M. BUTTERFIELD

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
June 26, 1920

DAILY READINGS

- Sunday—Responsibilities as employers (Deut. 24: 14, 15)
- Monday—As employees (Titus 2: 9, 10)
- Tuesday—As citizens (Jer. 5: 1-4, 30, 31)
- Wednesday—As Christians (Eph. 4: 1-6)
- Thursday—As church members (Rom. 12: 9-16)
- Friday—As friends (I Sam. 18: 1-4)
- Sabbath Day—Topic, Living up to our responsibilities (Matt. 25: 14-30)

Like greatness—some are born so, some achieve it and some have it thrust upon them—so with responsibility. In any circle of acquaintances, isn't this an outstanding feature? All about, in church, social life, business, who has not seen those who faithfully accept their responsibilities, those who deliberately set theirs to naught, and others who rather than see any part of the whole neglected, willingly take up the task and add to their own. Here the talents multiply, and the reward we are confident is commensurate.

How frequently one hears the lament, "Get So-and-So to do that. He can do it so much better than I." It implies either a shifting of responsibility, or a timidity, which if persisted in leaves one utterly devoid of an essential requisite in character building. There are always those who can do the work better, but as some one has said, God expects each one to do *his* best not *another's*. All plying the same trade would not build the temple "fitly joined." Therefore, whatever the gifts, combined effort alone will make the plan perfect.

No strong character ever existed that did not mature by "works." There can be no growth spiritually that does not feed on the Living Bread. As partakers of that life-giving food, we can only grow in proportion as we "taste and see that the Lord is good." It is required of us, that since given talents "according to his several ability," we progress. Knowing that in the end faithful service shall be recompensed, (so

often withheld in this world) what a joy to feel that our labor has been well pleasing in his sight.

David assumed a responsibility undreamed of by the fearful Israelites, because he knew of the possibilities where God directed. He sought to demonstrate to "all the earth" that "there is a God in Israel." Is this eagerness a part of our character—to search for opportunities to show our trust in a Divine Guide? Do we welcome such responsibilities that we may "grow in grace and knowledge?"

Our slogan then should be "Forward with Christ," equipped to meet all duties, whether as employer, employees, citizens—Christian and civil. The world is so sorely in need of a universal manifestation of the square deal as exemplified in the Golden Rule. And how the conflicting problems of the day would silently steal away, like the folding of Arab tents, if met by mutual trust and confidence.

"Here am I; send me," should be the prompt response of every follower of Jesus who recognizes that "the fields are already ripe to the harvest"; "what wilt thou have me to do"? the ready question of God's laborers anxious to fulfill the prayer, "Thy kingdom come." Co-operation is yet needed to complete his plan. When asked directly the source of all light, no human agency will be necessary to give instructions, for the still small voice will be unmistakable in its selection and scope.

At this critical time of readjustment in world affairs, all must face squarely the necessity of becoming thoroughly conversant with the Scriptures. Never before was the need greater. When skeptics, atheists, and those lured by the mystery of "spiritism" seek to destroy faith in the truths of the Word, who by wily criticisms and sneering taunts discredit the spiritual significance of our trust, it behooves us to be well grounded in the Bible; to be sure of a convincing basis for upholding Christian principles. It is vitally important to be prepared to meet destructive criticism with knowledge—"rightly dividing the word of truth."

To recognize our daily responsibilities, no matter how trivial they appear, requires but a glance at the life of our Savior to see that he never lacked opportunity to do good. Those he met are ours—to pity the poor,

heal the broken-hearted, bind up wounds, seek out the needy. Our Father's business needs many *doers*. Not by idle platitudes, but in humbleness of spirit are we so to manifest his life, that the kingdom may be brought nearer, the cross glorified and all honor given to God, the giver of all good gifts.

**SUGGESTED PROGRAMS FOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, SABBATH DAY, JUNE 26**

I. "FORWARD MOVEMENT PROGRAM"

- Forward prayerfully
- Forward purposefully
- Forward loyally
- Forward definitely
- Forward systematically

II.

- Pre-prayer service
- Song service
- Scripture
- Remarks by the leader
- Song
- Prayer service
- Special music
- Suggested questions for discussion in the testimony meeting:
  - a. My responsibilities as committee chairman, given by the different chairmen (the chairman having been previously notified)
  - b. My responsibility as a committee member, as a member of the C. E. and as a church member.
- Announcements
- Song
- Mizpah
- Suggested hymns:
  - "Throw Out the Life Line"
  - "C. E. Song" (Tune to "True Hearted, Whole Hearted")
  - "Working, Watching and Praying"
  - "Hark, a Call for Reapers"
  - "Labor On"
  - "To the Work"
  - "Standing in the Market Places"

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD MEETING**

The meeting of the Young People's Board was called to order by the President, Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, in the Welfare office of the Sanitarium at 8 o'clock.

Prayer was offered by Dr. B. F. Johanson.

Members present: Mrs. Ruby C. Bab-

cock, Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, Miss Edna Van Horn, Dr. B. F. Johanson, Dr. W. B. Lewis, E. H. Clarke, I. O. Tappan, C. H. Siedhoff.

Visitors: Mr and Mrs. L. S. Hurley and Frances E. Babcock.

The following report was presented by the Corresponding Secretary and accepted by the Board:

Number of letters written, 20.  
Letters were received from Harry Coon, Verna Foster, E. P. Gates, Elva Scouten, Edna Burdick, Rev. R. R. Thorngate, and La Clede Walters.

The reports sent in concerning the Quiet Hour and Tenth Legion were so incomplete that the pennant was not awarded.

Respectfully submitted,  
FRANCES FERRELL BABCOCK,  
Corresponding Secretary.

The following report was presented by the Treasurer and accepted by the Board:

E. H. Clarke, Treasurer,  
In account with the  
Young People's Board  
Dr.

Balance May 1, 1920	\$ 197 76
Garwin C. E.	12 00
Conference Treasurer:	
Adams Center	\$ 6 87
First Alfred	10 55
Second Alfred	3 41
Farina	79
Friendship	98
Milton	19 63
Nortonville	25
Plainfield	3 34
Richburg	52
Riverside	3 02
Waterford	2 47
West Edmeston	2 45
Second Westerly	3 07
	<u>\$ 57 35</u>

\$267 11

Mrs. W. D. Burdick	\$ 4 53
Fouke School, General Fund	100 00
Balance	162 58
	<u>\$267 11</u>

Respectfully submitted,  
E. H. CLARKE,  
Treasurer.

Report of the Field Secretary, E. M. Holston for the month of April read.

The following report of the Efficiency Superintendent was read and accepted:

The Efficiency Superintendent would report that fourteen societies out of nineteen have been heard from. The ratings are:



Milton Junction . . . . .	363
Alfred . . . . .	279
Battle Creek . . . . .	229
Fouke . . . . .	219
Hammond . . . . .	200
Riverside . . . . .	200
North Loup . . . . .	188
Westerly . . . . .	120
Second Alfred . . . . .	110
New York City . . . . .	107
Welton . . . . .	100
Garwin . . . . .	94
Waterford . . . . .	90
Dodge Center . . . . .	76

Respectfully submitted,  
I. O. TAPPAN,  
Superintendent.

A general discussion of the Young People's section of the Conference program was held.

L. S. Hurley and Miss Frances Ellen Babcock were appointed as members of the Board to fill the vacancies caused by the moving from Battle Creek of Rev. L. F. Hurley and Miss Ethelyn Davis.

Committees were appointed to arrange for a Board picnic to be held soon. Transportation: Dr. B. F. Johanson and I. O. Tappan. Refreshments: Miss Edna Van Horn, Mrs. Edith Hurley, and Mrs. Emma Tappan.

Reading and correction of the minutes.  
Adjournment.

Respectfully submitted,  
C. H. SIEDHOFF,  
Recording Secretary.

Battle Creek, Mich.,  
May 31, 1920.

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD—SPECIAL MEETING

A special meeting of the Young People's Board was called to order by the President, Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, in the Welfare office of the Sanitarium for a conference with Secretary Edwin Shaw of the Missionary and Tract boards.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Edwin Shaw.

Members present: Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, Miss Frances E. Babcock, Miss Edna Van Horn, E. H. Clarke, L. S. Hurley, I. O. Tappan, Lyle Crandall and C. H. Siedhoff.

Visitors: Secretary Edwin Shaw, Emile Babcock, Mrs. C. H. Siedhoff, Miss Oma Pierce, Miss Carrie Nelson.

A general discussion including the work being done, the needs of the field, and the

advisability of doing extension work at Fouke was held. Secretary Shaw gave some interesting facts concerning the Fouke field, having recently visited that field.

Plans were discussed for next year's denominational work as the Young People's Board will be related to the work of the Missionary and Tract boards.

Adjournment.

Respectfully submitted,  
C. H. SIEDHOFF,  
Recording Secretary.

Battle Creek, Mich.,  
June 3, 1920.

### A SONG OF TRUST

CHAPLAIN G. C. TENNEY

I may not see the hand, but I can feel the power  
That leads and guides and keeps me every hour.  
Just at the time, perhaps, I can not see the love,  
But, looking back, I trace his grace in every move.

O blessed thought, that God has given me to know,—  
Not simply hope or trust, but always *know*—  
That all things work together for my good,  
both now  
And in eternity, though yet I see not how.

Our heavenly Father's wondrous grace transforms my life,  
My sinful heart controls, and calms the storms  
and strife  
That rage 'twixt flesh and spirit there, and gives to me  
Such peace as comes to tempted souls with victory.

And more, far more, than this, God weaves into his plan  
Concerning me, my sins, my wrongs to God and man,  
All my mistakes, and from my deep unrighteousness  
He glorifies himself, and makes my heavenly dress.

Lord, I adore thee for the grace that conquers sin,  
From darkness brings forth light, from weakness strength, and in  
My soul gives peace when I have said, as Jacob said,  
"All is against me now," and clouds hang overhead.

I trust in thee. I follow on to know the end.  
Whate'er the way, it must be right. I can depend  
Upon thy word, thy wisdom, and thy changeless love  
To guide my wayward steps from earth to heaven above.

### PROGRAM WESTERN ASSOCIATION To be held with the Alfred Station (N. Y.) Church, June 24-27, 1920

THURSDAY EVENING

- 8:00 Call to order.  
Devotional service.  
Report of the Executive Committee.  
Messages of delegates from associations and boards.  
Introductory address by Moderator J. Nelson Norwood.

FRIDAY MORNING

- 10:30 Round-table conference for pastors and representatives of associations and boards—Leader Professor A. E. Whitford, president of the General Conference.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

- 2:00 Praise service.  
2:15 Business.  
Reports of officers and standing committees.  
2:45 Sermon—Rev. L. A. Wing, delegate from Northwestern Association.

SABBATH EVENING

- 8:00 Praise service.  
Sermon—Rev. F. E. Peterson, delegate from the Central Association.  
Prayer and conference meeting, led by John F. Randolph.

SABBATH MORNING

- 10:30 Morning worship.  
Sermon—Rev. Edwin Shaw, joint secretary Missionary and Tract societies.  
Offering for Missionary, Tract and Education societies.

SABBATH AFTERNOON

- 2:30 Symposium on Our Denominational Interests—Fifteen minute addresses by Editor Gardiner on Tract Work.  
Secretary Edwin Shaw on Mission Work.  
President B. C. Davis on Educational Work.  
Mrs. W. L. Greene on Woman's Board Work.  
Professor A. E. Whitford on Sabbath School Work.  
Miss Mabel Jordan on Young People's Work.

EVENING AFTER THE SABBATH

- 8:00 Praise service.  
The Interchurch World Movement—By a representative of the Movement, using lantern and slides.

SUNDAY MORNING

- 9:30 Business.  
Report of committees.  
10:15 Topic: Message of the Church in the Present Crisis—Rev. W. L. Greene and other speakers.  
11:15 Sermon—Rev. D. B. Coon, delegate from the Eastern Association.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

- 2:00 Praise service.

2:15 Sermon—Rev. R. R. Thorngate, delegate from the Southwestern Association.

2:45 Open Parliament: Making a Living and Keeping the Sabbath—Led by Mr. W. E. Phillips.

SUNDAY EVENING

8:00 Praise service.  
Young People's Rally—Led by Rev. W. M. Simpson.

### WHAT TO DO WITH A BAD TEMPER

Starve it; give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to grow angry do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself, but try it. Force yourself to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to go down because it has nothing to hold it up. What is gained by yielding to temper? For a moment there is a feeling of relief, but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled. Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it, and pain is given to others as well as to self. The pain, too, often lasts for days, even years—sometimes for life. An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam boiler; it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die.—*Presbyterian Banner*.

### GREEN FAMILY REUNION

The fifteenth annual reunion of the Green family will be held in Island Park, Wellsville, N. Y., Thursday, June 24, 1920. All relatives are cordially invited.

A. J. GREEN,  
President.  
MRS. MILO GREEN,  
Secretary.

### 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.



## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### THE SENSITIVE SUN

Some mornings when the Sun comes up he's very bright and gay.  
And beams around upon us in a very jolly way.  
Perhaps it's 'cause the night before in China land he found  
The children were the very best the whole wide world around.

Some mornings when the Sun comes up, he's very pale and sad,  
And all the day is dull because the sunshine isn't glad.  
Perhaps it's 'cause the night before in China, far away,  
The children were so naughty that he's sober all the day.

So mornings, when the Sun comes up, I'm very very good;  
I try to be polite and kind, and do the things I should.  
For, oh, it would be dreadful if the dear old Sun should be  
Too sad to shine in China land, just all because of me!

—The Continent.

### BILLY AND HIS BOOKS

Billy put his fingers in his ears and shut his eyes.

"B-a ba, k-e-r, ker, baker," he began, softly moving his lips as he spelled, "m-a, ma, k-e-r, ker, maker."

Tommy, his deskmate, nudged him.

"Don't make so much noise," he whispered.

So Billy put his book on his lap and laid his head on the edge of the desk that he might say over his words without disturbing any one. He began at the first and went over each word three times. "There now!" he said as he reached the last word and he shut his book with a snap.

"Oh, my poor back!" It was the spelling book talking. Billy wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't heard it with his own ears. And then the geography book answered:

"I know how you feel, brother book, for Billy treats me just the same way. He flings me on the desk, he bends my back till I feel as if I shall break in two; he stuffs paper in between my pretty clean leaves—"

"Don't talk about clean leaves," said the

third reader. "I'm just sick over the way my pretty stories have been smeared with dirty finger-marks."

"That careless boy has scribbled on my pages," chimed the arithmetic, "till I'm actually ashamed for the teacher to see me."

"I am, too," said the language book. "I've got a great big blot of ink on my face and a slit in my back and my pages are all turned down and my pictures just ruined where that boy has colored them with red and black crayons."

"I'll tell you what," said the spelling book, "let's teach Billy a lesson."

"How?" eagerly asked the other books.

"Let's beg the fairies to turn him into a book. And then he'll see how it is to be treated as he treats us," replied the spelling book.

"No! No!" cried Billy. "Please don't. I'll treat you all right if you'll just give me another chance."

"Wake up, Billy," nudged Tommy, his deskmate. "It's time for spelling."

Billy put his spelling book carefully away.

"From this time on," he said to himself, "I'm going to take care of my books."

And so he did.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

### A FRIEND IN NEED

The conductor stopped for the fare of a young woman stenographer, who discovered that she had left her purse at her office. She said: "Why, I'm afraid I haven't any money with me," looking very much embarrassed.

The conductor said nothing, but stood there and waited.

"I guess I'll have to get off," said the girl. "I have left my pocketbook at the office."

"Here, lady," said a boyish voice, coming from across the aisle, "I got a nickel I'll lend you."

She looked at the boy and took the nickel. "Thank you," she said. "I'll pay you back if you'll give me your name."

"Don't worry 'bout that," he replied. "I'm the kid you give the half a dollar to las' Christmas when you seen me sellin' papers down by the Savoy. I haven't forgot you. I'm sellin' papers there yet."

She smiled at him when he left the car, and he was about the proudest boy in town.—*Denver Times.*

## SABBATH SCHOOL

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

### RESPONSIBILITY

"The United States of America has been invaded by three enemy armies which threaten our national existence: First there is within our borders an army of five and one-half million illiterates above nine years of age; second, there is an army of fifty million people above nine years of age who are not identified with any church—Jewish, Catholic or Protestant; third, there is an army of twenty-seven million Protestant children and youth, under twenty-five years of age, who are not enrolled in any Bible school or other institution for religious training. . . . These three interlocking armies constitute a triple alliance which threatens the life of our democracy. Patriotism demands that every loyal American enlist for service, and wage three great campaigns—a campaign of Americanization, a campaign of adult evangelism, and a campaign for the spiritual nurture of childhood."

The above is a quotation from the chapter on Religious Education in the World Survey of the Interchurch World Movement just published. These facts and many others of like nature and import were brought vividly to the attention of the delegates to the special meeting of the Sunday School Council and the International Sunday School Association held in Buffalo June 4-5.

The questions that came at once to the mind of the Seventh Day Baptist delegate were: How much are Seventh Day Baptists responsible for these conditions? How much can they do to improve them? How much will they do to improve them? There is a general conviction among us that our field of endeavor in religious education and evangelism is limited to our own children and our own parishes. True there is great need in our own circumscribed field, and in these our efforts might well be, and should be redoubled. There is great opportunity, however, for our people to inject themselves into the great religious problems of the world and the com-

munity of which they are a part. Can we with a clear conscience ignore these calls? If God has set Seventh Day Baptists alone the task of evangelizing the world, what a disappointment we must be to him and what a miserable failure we have thus far made of it.

Is it not more reasonable to conclude that we have a part with others in bringing about the kingdom, and insofar as we can do so without compromising the special truth for which we stand, should we not co-operate with others in this great task?

Sunday-school conventions, community training schools for Sabbath-school teachers, schools of methods, community vacation Bible schools, and union evangelistic campaigns to save the adult are on the program for the future. How much of this are we going to do "on our own hook" and how much will we co-operate with other denominations?

E. M. HOLSTON.

### Sabbath School. Lesson XII—June 19, 1920

THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD. Psalm 23

Golden Text.—Jehovah is my shepherd; I shall not want. Psa. 23: 1.

#### DAILY READINGS

June 13—Psa. 23. The Lord our shepherd  
June 14—Ezek. 34: 1-10. False shepherds  
June 15—Ezek. 34: 11-16, 23-26. The True Shepherd  
June 16—John 10: 11-18. The Good Shepherd  
June 17—Luke 15: 1-10. Seeking the lost  
June 18—I Peter 5: 1-11. "He careth for you"  
June 19—Heb. 13: 12-25. The Ever-living Shepherd

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

Every seat in the tram-car was occupied. The occupant of one seat, however, was a dog, whose owner sat by his side. A man boarded the car and, after standing some time, complained to the conductor in a strong Irish brogue, "Sure, and it's hardly right for a Christian to stand and a brute of a dog to sit." The conductor promptly ordered the dog's master to remove him, and the Irishman sat down. With the geniality of his race, he tried to mollify the evidently angry owner of the dog. "Faith, now, that's a fine dog. And what may his breed be?" he asked. "A cross breed between an ape, and an Irishman," was the angry reply. Quick as lightning came the retort, "Ah, sure, then he's akin to us both."—*United Presbyterian.*



# ALFRED UNIVERSITY

## ALFRED, N. Y.

### Progress in Raising \$100,000

13 Subscriptions of \$2,000 raised.....	\$26,000	
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Amount raised.....	\$55,750	
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Fill out and detach the pledge below indicating which one of the above pledges, paid in five year installments, you will be responsible for, and forward to Alfred University before Commencement, June 16, 1920.

In consideration of the efforts of the Trustees of Alfred University to raise an Endowment and Improvement Fund for the College of Liberal Arts at Alfred University, and in consideration of the subscriptions of others, I hereby agree to pay to ALFRED UNIVERSITY, of Alfred, N. Y., the sum of ..... Dollars to be applied toward said fund.

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## OUR WEEKLY SERMON

### THE MEAT OF THE SOUL

REV. J. H. JOWETT, D. D.

Text: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." John 4: 34.

We have here a glimpse into the secret depths of the Master's life. It is always a matter of fascinating interest when we are permitted to gaze into the inmost spirit of a noble life, to peer into its chamber of imagery, to study its assembly of motives, and to examine the raw material of its enterprises and ambitions.

There is nothing more vitalizing, excepting full communion with the Lord, than the privilege of sharing the intimacy of a holy man's life. To be permitted to read the private journal of a man like Andrew Bonar, or the diary of David Brainard, or to be allowed to listen to the prayers of Lancelot Andrewes, is to receive great stimulus and inspiration in one's own devotion. It is a sweet surprise of grace when some spiritual record is placed before our eyes that was never intended for publication, and we have the privilege of a personally conducted tour through the unknown and amazing continent of a faithful soul.

But the highest of all privileges is that we are permitted to gaze upon the lineaments of that Spirit of Jesus. It is ours to look with reverent eyes into his spiritual consciousness, to see his affections, and hopes, and desires, his most sacred communions, his sorrows, and his joys. My text offers to us one of these precious glimpses. Let us look into it.

"My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." Then, in the consciousness of Jesus, there is the distinct sense of a mission. He is not moving about in uncertainty. He is not drifting among unknown currents to an unknown end. He is not spending his life in prospecting for a purpose, and just hitting upon it at the close. The purpose is known. He has received his commission. No energy is wasted in feverish and futile quest. His calling has been appointed to him. He knew it and accepted it. His consciousness was possessed

by a sense of a sovereign mission. "The will of him that sent me."

Common observation tells us how great is the ministry of a controlling purpose in human life. Two things characterize a man whose life is dominated by some supreme and all-controlling mission. First of all, he bears the characteristic of great decisiveness. His days are not fretted away in aimless wanderings, in meandering explorations that yield no weighty product. Life does not go in mere living, but is concentrated upon some definite end. A great mission meets a man at the opening of his day, it regulates all the movements of the day, and awaits him when he goes to rest.

And surely this was one of the features in the life of the Lord. There was a commanding decisiveness about it. It was always dead-set upon some evident and all-controlling end. "He set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem." And the second contribution which a great mission makes to a life is that it imparts an un-failing delight. The real delight of life is found in the exhilaration of honorable and progressive movement. Joy is just the appointed glow which accompanies resolute living along the right road. Purposeless life is sad, and flighty, and moody, and possesses no secret of the eternal springs. Is it not a most significant thing that in the life of our Lord, whether he were passing through public popularity or public contempt, whether amid the bright home scenes of Nazareth or the darkening shadows of Calvary, he was ever in possession of a quenchless joy? Within twenty-four hours of Calvary, he was able to speak in this wise: "That my joy be in you." I say this was just the glow of health, the wonderful heat that belongs to the soul that is set upon the attainment of a godly end.

But what was the mission which filled the Lord's consciousness, and directed all his doings? He was conscious that he had been sent, but sent what for? We must turn to Luke for the answer. "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted." Then he was conscious of having been sent as a Physician! It is a pity that the Scriptural word "heart" receives such a narrow interpretation. We now commonly confine its content to the emotions, the run of the



sentiments, to matters of the feelings. But its wealth is much wider and deeper than this. There are people who are broken-willed, and these are among the great company of the broken-hearted. There are people whose expectancy has been destroyed, and they move upon the ground like birds with broken wings. Our Lord conceived it to be his mission to come to souls like this and to "heal the broken-hearted." "He sent me to proclaim." Then he was conscious of having been sent as a Herald! A Herald with sovereign authority and power behind him! And what was he to proclaim? "Release to the captives." Is it not of beautiful import that the word translated "release" is commonly rendered "forgiveness"? "To proclaim recovery of sight to the blind." I think that is a wonderful succession. The herald was not only to announce forgiveness to the sin-bound, but the possible restoration of their lost spiritual endowments. In the life of sin they had lost their hearing and their sight, and the herald had to proclaim the possibility of a glorious renewal of sense, a recovery of their lost endowments. "And to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." And what is the acceptable year of the Lord? "Now is the accepted time." The herald was to say, as with the sound of a trumpet, that forgiveness could be acquired now, and impaired power could be renewed now; that "the year of jubilee" had come, and that the ransomed sinners could return home. "To set at liberty them that are bruised." Then he was conscious of having been sent as an Emancipator! Jesus of Nazareth conceived himself as having been sent upon this great and abiding mission. "He hath sent me!" "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me."

But what has all this to do with us? It has everything to do with us, for when we have discovered our Master's mission, we may discover our own. We have seen what was the guiding star that glowed and burned in the firmament of his life. What if the same star might reign in our own? Listen to this: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world." "Even so!" The Lord's mission is our mission, too; it is the mission of every Christian. Our primary purpose is to be physicians and heralds and emancipators in the common life. If our life

does not accomplish this, it accomplishes nothing. We may make money, we may win fame, we may come into ways of luxurious ease, but unless we are following the star which directed the Lord our life will end in fruitless waste. We are to be healers and heralds and emancipators. If that be our purpose, we shall be left in no doubt as to how to execute our ministry. A man who makes up his mind to follow that star will become an expert in the discernment of spiritual opportunity. By the aid of a most refined sense, he will detect just where healing is needed, where it is essential that he should apply both hands to the removal of a tyrannous load.

But let me complete our Master's description of his mission. "To do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." To carry it through to its last detail, to leave nothing omitted and undone, to be perfectly thorough in his obedience! And that is omission, too. There are so many of us who begin the good work, but we do not perfect it. We discharge a little of the Physician's ministry, but we do not finish it. We get a man to sign the pledge and then we assume our ministry is completed! Why, we have only just begun the work, and it is now our mission to finish it. Our work is not done when we have got a multitude of people to give themselves to the Lord. The real Physician and Emancipator will carry it forward until the redeemed soul shall awake in the "fulness of the measure of the stature of Christ." It is the mark of a great disciple when he does the least thing in a great way.

Let me add a concluding thought. "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." He found his spiritual sustenance in the doing of his Father's will. What had he just been doing? He had been doing physician's work upon a poor abandoned woman, herald's work upon one who had lapsed into the depths of a sunless despair. He had been feeding a hungry soul. And the amazing thing is, that when the disciples returned from the city where they had gone to buy bread, the Master appeared as though he had been at a feast. He looked refreshed and lightened, as though his Spirit had received a new baptism of eternal life. And so he had. While he was feeding the woman he fed himself! "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me."

It is even so with us; we are sustained by service. We find our bread in our obedience. Many of us are very lean and starved in the spirit, and it is perhaps because we have not received the feeding meat. Selfishness always makes the heart very lean, whether the selfishness manifest itself in our living or in our prayers. "He gave them their request and sent leanness into their souls." Then their request must have been very selfish, for while their prayers were answered, their souls grew more and more lean. "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." While we heal we become healthy, while we proclaim the Gospel we ourselves become more assured, while we seek to emancipate a brother we ourselves rise into more glorious freedom. It is in these ways we find the Bread of Life. There is no other way.—*Christian Herald.*

#### WHY I LOVE THE BIRDS

When I was a mere lad, some forty years ago, and learning to admire everything beautiful in nature, I coaxed my father to build a little house for the martins, such as I saw at a home where my mother and I visited for a few days.

I having been rather sickly and having serious trouble with my eyes, my parents were in the habit of gratifying almost every reasonable wish, and the next spring a pretty little bird-house was erected on a pole in the dooryard, and, to my great satisfaction, two pairs of martins soon took up their abode in the little one-story cottage.

Well do I remember how the bluebirds attempted to drive the martins out of their new home, but the occupants held their own nobly, and managed, after a hard fight, to drive the intruders away.

Right then the martins secured a warm place in my heart. I was their friend, and that friendship still continues.

My father kept honey-bees, and I distinctly recall the many times, on account of my deficient eyesight, I stepped on a bee on the garden-walk out among the flowers, and how I yelled with pain, and how my eyes, being so weak, would soon swell completely shut and remain so for two or three days.

I wished many a time the bees would all swarm and fly away. Even the honey made me sick one day when I happened to

get a little too much, and I had still less use for the bees.

My father thought as much of those bees as he could, believing they were worth their weight in gold, and, in fact, I remember quite distinctly of his selling a hive of the industrious workers for a bright ten-dollar gold piece.

One day he came hurrying into the house and taking down his old-fashioned rifle, he declared he had discovered a kingbird catching his honey-bees. He watched his opportunity, and the moment the kingbird lit on the topmost twig of a tall poplar tree, he took aim and fired, and down came the bird.

With his pocket-knife he opened the bird, and found its stomach filled with insects, many of which he declared were bees.

He kept a close watch for kingbirds, and shot quite a number. While exerting this vigilance, he discovered the martins darting out from the bird-house, and apparently catching bees above their hives, where hundreds of busy workers were flying in and out of the beehives, carrying in the June honey.

To satisfy himself, he shot one of the martins, and opened its stomach, and discovered it was filled with different kinds of bugs, and a number of bees.

In less time than it requires to write the fact, my angry father secured the axe and began to chop off the pole that sustained the bird-house. In a few minutes the structure lay on the ground with the young and helpless brood scattered about the yard, and the horrified parent birds flying about in wild confusion.

I have heard that boyish resolutions are often quite strong, and I can understand, in a way, why some of them may be, for right then and there I mentally resolved that if I grew to be a big boy or a man and had my way, I would have a bird-house for the martins that no one would dare molest, no matter if they devoured all the bees in the land.

I have since learned that the bees the martins were destroying were only the drones, and that the workers were not molested at all.

When I built for myself and wife a little home, about ten years ago, I determined to see my boyhood resolution put into reality, and, as the workmen finished the dwelling,



I collected all the scraps of lumber, sorting them carefully and piling them away in such a manner that I could find, through the sense of touch, just what I might want, for my eyesight had gradually left me to such an extent I could not see to work, and I knew if I did build a bird-castle I could not see it after it was erected.

During the dreary winter days and evenings I sawed and hammered in the attic of our humble little dwelling, until at last I had a neat seventeen-room bird-house.

Imagine my chagrin when I discovered it could not be brought downstairs. Measurements, however, revealed the fact it would just pass through the window-casing after both sash were removed; and when spring came I had friends remove the structure from the upper story of our home to the ground, where it was placed on a pole, and in less than a week was being occupied by a number of purple martins.

I actually rejoiced. I wondered if those birds knew of the occurrence of my childhood days.

This structure was occupied for six years by the martins, and I was certain the same old birds returned each season.

One day in autumn a severe windstorm partly wrecked the bird-house, and I resolved to erect a more substantial and commodious one.

This one, when completed, contained one hundred and two rooms, and had the appearance of a large summer hotel, with large double-deck verandas on all four sides. The openings were made to represent windows with the lower sash raised, with green blinds above.

The partitions are so arranged there is a free circulation of air throughout the entire structure, making it more healthful for the birds and their young broods.

The colony of martins that occupies this house is a large one, and I have found it necessary to erect several other bird-houses of different sizes and types to accommodate the large flock of martins that now frequent our place, which friends have called "Bird Lawn."

I have houses for wrens, chickadees, blue-birds and martins, and I have shelters provided for many of the birds that remain with us during the winter months; and I have feeding and roosting boxes where roosts and food are provided for quite a

number of different kinds of birds, and they have learned to know our place is a refuge, for they come to our very door and windows and partake liberally of the food we place for them.

Even quail frequent our place, and seem to regard it as a sort of haven in time of a severe storm.

Orchardists all about our place have much better fruit than in former years, and they declare it is due to the fact that the birds destroy thousands of insects that if allowed to live would injure the fruit.

I love the birds because they deserve our attention and kind protection. I love them because they cheer my darkened life. They bring me joy and contentment, and I only wish I possessed as great an instinct or intelligence as the birds that can find their way back to their friends after spending several months in the region of the great Panama, or in the fastness of South America and the tropical islands of the seas. I love the birds, even if I am deprived of seeing them in their graceful flight, and am willing to labor, in my darkness, as I am able, to help protect them.—*John T. Timmons, in Christian Standard.*

There are some earnest men in our country who think that now the war is over the United States can withdraw, and that in a real way we can now separate our interests and responsibilities from those of the rest of the world. Do not imagine for a single instant that this can be done in any regard of life whatsoever. . . .

This earth is just one world; all its life is one life. The forces that are beating through the world today do not belong to any one race. The great ideas that are shaping men, the great principles that are remaking the world, can not be shut up in any one country; they are the common ideas and the common principles of the whole world, and we are not able to deal with them anywhere unless we deal with them in the whole world.—*Robert E. Speer.*

"Many persons who are not Christians are concerned about the physical welfare of their neighbors, but no one person can be the Christian he ought to be without being concerned about the physical welfare of others."

## MARRIAGES

**HOKE—WHITFORD**—At the home of the bride's parents at Adams Center, N. Y., on April 30, 1920, by Rev. A. Clyde Ehret, Clarence Hoke, of Burville, N. Y., and Helen Whitford, of Adams Center, N. Y.

**PIETERS—BURDICK**—At the home of the bride, May 27, 1920, Mr. Herman Pieters, and Mrs. M. Antoinette Burdick, both of Alfred, N. Y., by Rev. William C. Whitford.

**PALMITER—LEWIS**—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cushing W. Lewis, near Alfred Station, N. Y., Rev. William N. Simpson officiating, Mr. Irving V. Palmiter and Miss Marguerite L. Lewis.

## DEATHS

**HOWARD**—Lillian C. Burdick, daughter of Stillman Burdick and Fanny O'Connell Burdick, was born in the town of Hartville, August 27, 1855, and died May 19, 1920, aged 65 years.

When she was two years old her mother died, and she was taken by her mother's dearest friends, Matthew and Sarah Potter, who cared for her and brought her up as an own daughter. March 13, 1874, she was united in marriage to Orlando Howard, of Hornell. To this union two children were born: Charles E., who died in infancy, and Louis E., who survives her. Her husband passed away February 2, 1897. Besides her son she is survived by two sisters, Flora Potter Pettibone and Eva Potter Palmiter; also four nephews and three nieces. She spent most of her life in Hornell, and soon after her marriage joined the First Baptist church of that city, where she retained her membership until her death. For the last few years she has resided with her sister Eva, who tenderly cared for her during her last illness.

The funeral service was in the Hartsville Seventh Day Baptist church, conducted by Rev. William C. Whitford, who spoke briefly with John 11: 24 as a text, "I am the resurrection and the life." Two musical selections were furnished by Mrs. Claude Vincent, and Misses Catherine Langworthy and Tina Burdick. The interment was in Hope Cemetery, Hornell.  
W. C. W.

**BABCOCK**—Isabelle Davis Babcock, daughter of Uriah and Viana Davis, was born near West Hallock, Ill., February 14, 1837, and died at the home of her daughter, in North Loup, Neb., May 15, 1920, on her sixty-fifth wedding anniversary.

She was married to Jacob Babcock, May 15, 1855, in Welton, Ia. Some time after their mar-

riage they moved to Humbolt, Neb., and later to Garwin, Ia. In 1893 they moved to Nortonville, Kan. Seven years later they moved to Gentry, Ark., where Mr. Babcock died in 1905. Since his death Mrs. Babcock has made her home with her daughters.

She was the mother of eight children, five of whom died in infancy. Three girls grew to maturity: Alma Ethel Bond who died July 5, 1903, in Gentry, Ark.; Lucy Van Horn who died at Garwin, Ia., December 25, 1919; and Elinor L. Stillman, of North Loup, Neb.

When sixteen years of age Sister Babcock was converted, baptized by Rev. Lewis A. Davis and united with the Carlton Seventh Day Baptist Church, Garwin, Ia. On coming to North Loup after her husband's death her membership was transferred to the North Loup Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she remained a member till her death.

She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Rebecca L. Kerns, Plymouth, Ia.; one daughter, Mrs. Elinor L. Stillman, North Loup, Neb.; a step-daughter, Mrs. Mina Corlett, Enid, Okla.; thirteen grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held from the Seventh Day Baptist church, May 16, 1920, conducted by her pastor, Rev. A. L. Davis. Burial was made in the village cemetery.

A. L. D.

**KENYON**—Sarah Elizabeth Morris was born in Catskill, Green County, N. Y., March 24, 1839, and died at her home in Millport, Potter County, Pa., May 8, 1920.

When a child she moved with her parents and brother Joseph to Friendship, N. Y. When eleven years old she accepted Christ as her Savior and joined the Richburg Church.

October 3, 1856, she was married to John J. Kenyon. Soon after the Civil War they purchased a farm near Millport, where most of their active life was spent. A half brother and sister grew to man and womanhood in that home, receiving a mother's care.

When the Shinglehouse Church was organized Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon became members of that church.

Mrs. Kenyon was a woman of many good qualities, possessing a generous, sympathetic nature. Her long life was a repetition of kindly deeds and generous impulses. Since her husband's death fifteen years ago her cousin, Mrs. Anna Elliott, has lived with her, treating her kindly and tenderly. She is survived by a half brother, Grant Morris, and a half-sister, Mrs. Ella Stephenson, of Millport, Pa.

Funeral services were held at the residence, conducted by Elder G. P. Kenyon, May 11th, and burial took place in Maple Grove Cemetery, Shinglehouse.  
G. P. K.

**SHAW**—Mr. John Leland Shaw died at his home in Milton, Wis., May 24, 1920. See obituary on another page.

"Only those who feel they ought to be much better than they are can get anybody else to want to be better than he is."



## SPECIAL NOTICES

Contributions to the work of Miss Marie Jansz in Java will be gladly received and sent to her quarterly by the American Sabbath Tract Society.

FRANK J. HUBBARD, Treasurer,  
Plainfield, N. J.

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

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

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

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

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

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Church holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible School. Christian Endeavor, Sabbath afternoon, 4 o'clock. Cottage prayer meeting Friday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue.

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

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

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Argyle Hall, 105 Seven Sisters Road. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held, except in July and August, at the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park, N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

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

"It is usually easier to advocate a new way of doing things than to take hold of the old way and ginger it up till it does business."

## THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardner, D. D., Editor

Lucius F. Burch, Business Manager

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Per Copy ..... .05

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