

The Sabbath Recorder

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REV. WILLIAM C. DALAND, D. D.
President of Milton College

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held at Alfred, New York, August 24-29, 1920.
President—Prof. Alfred E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.
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(INCORPORATED, 1916)
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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

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

The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., JUNE 28, 1920

WHOLE NO. 3,930

The Editor Disappointed For weeks the editor has been planning to attend the associations and he did attend the Eastern. On the day following its close he bought his ticket and arranged for DeRuyter. The night before time to start an illness came which made it impossible to attend at all. The editor was especially anxious to attend the Central Association at this time for in the old DeRuyter pulpit forty-six years ago this coming Conference, he was ordained to the gospel ministry. And since he had been invited to take part in the ordination of Brother Harold R. Crandall in the same old pulpit it had an especial attraction to him. It was a great disappointment to fail to meet the engagement in connection with that association program. He wishes the good people of the Central Association to know how sorry he is he could not fulfill the engagement and see them in the association once more.

It is now only two days before the Western Association convenes and the editor is still in bed with little prospect of being able to attend. Nothing would please him better than to visit the old Alfred Church and take the appointment given him there. It was also his especial desire to write up the associations for the SABBATH RECORDER. Under these circumstances we know the people will excuse him for any failures. Few will be the editorials this week. These few words are being dictated and must be accepted as the best he can do at this time.

"Like Losing a Friend" One of our Wisconsin readers writing for a RECORDER that failed to reach her one week said: "I do not like to miss a single copy. I keep them for Sabbath reading, and it is like losing a friend when Sabbath comes and I do not receive it."

This is only one of many similar testimonies and we deem it a good sign when large numbers throughout the land feel as this reader does in regard to the weekly visits of their denominational paper. It is to many lone Sabbath-keepers like a letter from home. So long as the scattered ones

watch for its coming as they would watch for a letter from friends they love, there is little danger of their drifting away from the faith or losing interest in their home church.

The Recorder Drive Shows That Some Don't Feel So It is evident that some of our people do not appreciate the RECORDER as others do. If all were as indifferent as some appear to be, as revealed by the RECORDER Drive, the causes we love would soon go to the wall. There is a great contrast between the feelings of those like the one referred to in the editorial above and some nineteen subscribers who were induced to take the paper in last year's RECORDER Drive; but who have dropped it again this year.

What is the trouble with some of our churches? In the present year's RECORDER Drive some seventy churches were requested to unite in a movement to promote RECORDER interests on a given Sabbath, and to plan for special efforts to secure new subscribers. Out of the seventy only about twenty responded on blanks furnished for the purpose. And some of these were too "tired of drives" to take any interest in pushing the matter along.

As yet the responses to the movement have not been very encouraging. Were it not for the fact that almost every week brings some such good words as those referred to in the editorial above, the outlook would indeed be dark. But while so many loyal ones regard the RECORDER as a dear and helpful friend which they can not bear to lose, we shall continue to "thank God and take courage."

Rev. Robert Lewis In the SABBATH RECORDER for May 10, was given an obituary of Rev. Robert Lewis, late of Stone Fort, Ill. Since that was published we have received a photograph of this good brother from which we have had made the accompanying cut. Our readers will please turn to page 603 of the RECORDER of May 10, for further data regarding his life.



For nearly half a century Brother Lewis served his Master as an honored member of the Stone Fort Church. He was a convert to the Bible Sabbath in the days of Elder James Bailey's mission to southern Illinois. In the early days when that church and Sabbath school were regarded as one organization, Rev. Robert Lewis and his good wife were among those who contributed much to the life and success of the church and Bible school.

Having been brought up in another denomination, he had but little opportunity to become acquainted with people of his new-found faith who lived beyond the borders of his home State. Prompted by a missionary spirit he did much to help others in little societies near his home. Many friends and a large family circle in southern Illinois will cherish his memory as the years go by.

Out in the Fields With God Many times during the years of toil have we found relief from the cares that wearied the soul by fleeing to the fields and the woods. There is nothing like the breath from the sea, the subdued sound of many waters, the music of winds among rustling trees, the singing of birds in the branches, the humming of bees in the clover, or the lowing of herds on the hills, to help one lose his cares and to cast away his foolish fears. Would you go where unhappy

thoughts are sure to die and where good thoughts will fill your soul just drop your work, lay aside your worries and go out into the fields with God.

Sometimes when unaided vision has failed to reveal some of nature's secrets, when far-away beauties stand out all too dimly for human kin to comprehend, we have, by the aid of special lenses, been able to bring unseen things so near that, seemingly, we might reach out and touch them with our hands. Who can thus study the messages spread out for man on the pages of God's open book of nature, without feeling the uplift of spiritual things? Every voice of field and forest, of mountain and glen, of running brook and rolling sea, seems like the voice of him who made the heavens and the earth and all that in them is. Soon we begin to feel that what our special lenses do for us out in the fields with God, the telescopic vision of faith will do for the soul in its search for the things of the "better country that is an heavenly." And, rested in mind and refreshed in body, we find relief from distressing cares; the comforts of God delight the soul, and heavenly sunshine drives away the clouds.

Satisfaction Comes From Generous Service In all service where others are interested, there are two parties to be satisfied. The one who does the work has a moral sense that must give inward approval of what he does if he is to be satisfied with himself; and the one for whom he works can be given satisfaction only by seeing in him honest and generous effort to make good in every detail pertaining to his job. The man who shirks, and who marks time too closely can hardly be satisfied with himself, if he has a live conscience. And, in the very nature of the case, he can not expect his employer to be pleased with him.

One of America's great surgeons was in the habit of tying three knots in his thread instead of the usual two knots, whenever he sewed up a wound. When a friend asked him why he did so, he replied: "That third knot is my sleeping knot. It may not be necessary to tie it, but it makes the matter that much safer, and I find I sleep better for it."

This suggests the "gospel of the second

COMMENCEMENT AT MILTON

COMMENCEMENT week at Milton College was more largely attended by visitors from a distance than at any time in the last few years. The weather was fair and cool at first, but became extremely warm on Wednesday and Thursday, the last two days of the festival series. Great enthusiasm prevailed and every one seemed to catch the spirit of the motto that was on all lips, "Milton's best days are yet to come."

On the eve of the Sabbath, June 4th, the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. in the Seventh Day Baptist church was addressed by Rev. A. W. Triggs, of Fort Atkinson, who delivered an inspiring address, urging the application of the spirit of Christianity to the problems and conditions of the present day.

The evening after the Sabbath was held the annual public session of the four literary societies. Vocal and instrumental music was furnished by the lyceums and a farce was presented by members of all the societies. The exercises were held in the college gymnasium and a large audience was present.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

On Sunday evening, June 6th, in the Seventh Day Baptist church the baccalaureate sermon was preached by President William C. Daland. Rev. Frank H. Burdick, of the Congregational church, read the Scripture lesson, Matthew 5: 1-16, and Rev. Henry N. Jordan, pastor of the church offered prayer. The church choir furnished the music.

President Daland stated his theme as "The Obligations of Enlightenment." His text was as follows:

"Ye are the light of the world." Matt. 5: 14.

"If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness." Matt. 6: 23.

"Take heed therefore that the light which is in thee be not darkness." Luke 11: 35.

President Daland said that those who have had college training may be considered

mile," (Matt. 5: 41) and brings one face to face with the worth of generous, liberal service, as a source of real satisfaction all around, and as means of real advancement in one's calling. The overdoers rather than the underdoers are the ones who are most likely to go higher in any great undertaking.

When we see a man slighting his work and trying to see how little he can do rather than how much; when a man is in the habit of standing around his job waiting for the clock to mark the movement of eight in the morning, evidently studying to keep from lifting a finger toward starting his day's work one single second before legal time for the workday to begin; and when he is seen to mark time at close of working hours lest he shall drive another nail or strike another blow after the tick of five o'clock, we may be pretty sure that such a man will never be invited to a place as partner in the firm.

The men who are generous and painstaking enough to tie "the third knot," or to go the second mile, or to work a little overtime rather than to stop a little short; the men who show a willingness to do more rather than less than is necessary in order to be sure their job is well done—these are the ones that go to the front in business and in the professions. These too are most likely to be satisfied in their own hearts, and they are the ones who give satisfaction to all other parties concerned in their job.

An Explanation The program on the evening after the Sabbath at the Eastern Association was arranged by Mrs. Edwin Shaw, associational secretary of the Woman's Board. The editor very much regrets that through an oversight the write-up of this most interesting session was omitted. Mrs. Wardner's paper on "The Stranger Within Our Gates," and a synopsis of the children's play, "The House of Friendship," will be given our readers next week.

Let religion come into the dining room to break bread, into the parlor to purify the socialities, into the library to select the reading, into the bedroom to hallow the slumber, into the hallway to watch us when we go out and when we come in.—*Talmadge.*

as belonging to the enlightened portion of any community. The reference of the text was first to the immediate disciple of Jesus; but the principles involved in the similitude is applicable to the church in any age, to any spiritually enlightened people, and it is certainly applicable to the graduates of a Christian college.

Though profound in their fullest significance Biblical symbols are simple and clear in their chief application. Light clearly helps us to see and is just as serviceable whether we understand the nature of light or not. So the Gospel is of infinite service to humanity whether or not we can comprehend all that it means or how belief in Christ can accomplish transformation of character.

The light shed by human lives is three fold: the light of knowledge, the light of love, and the light of character, a noble will, the development of a spiritually enlightened conscience.

The members of the graduating class were reminded of the ideals of education that have succeeded to one another in the history of civilization and the ideal of the American Christian college, that of developing men and women of noble character was held out to them as the most worthy of all of these.

If the world is in darkness it is a pity. If the light shed by the lives of college men and women is darkness, more's the pity. In the light of the motto, "Noblesse oblige," the responsibilities resting upon educated men and women were strongly set forth and the influence of noble characters in various occupations was depicted in colors suited to the needs of the present time of unrest. The farm, trade and commerce, the work of the artisan, the human unit in vast industrial or commercial mechanism, the physician, the lawyer, the minister, and the teacher, were in turn exhibited as darkened areas in which the light of noble Christian men is today needed in order to the highest development of human life.

In conclusion President Daland read the most significant portions of the Fifteenth Psalm as showing the traits of character that should mark those who would meet today the obligations conferred by true enlightenment of soul.

On Monday afternoon the senior class held their class day exercises which were very lively and interesting. An original farce exhibited the future of a number of the members of the class in a dramatically prophetic fashion.

On Monday evening in the gymnasium there was given a fine concert by pupils of the School of Music.

On Tuesday afternoon there was held a baseball game between Beloit College and Milton College. Beloit won by a score of 8 to 5.

The annual Shakespearean play, "The Taming of the Shrew," given Tuesday evening in the gymnasium, drew a larger audience this year than at any previous time. High praise is due Professor Stringer as director of the play. The scenes were well staged and the cast excellent. Miss Lenore Kumlien as Katherine the Shrew was the prettiest Kate in Christendom. She played her part brilliantly, yet not too boisterously; so that her petulance was piquant and charming. Mr. Floyd Ferrill as Petruchio wooed this lady with some spirit, but in the taming school all was done in reverent care of her. The comedy affords opportunity for good acting in many minor parts. Mr. Joe Johnson, Mr. Milton Whaley, and Mr. George Johnson were clowns whose every appearance was greeted with laughter. Mr. Clifford Thomas, a young cavalier, read his lines in such a manner as to emphasize the poetic quality of the verse. Miss Clara Lippincott, the gentle sister of Kate the Shrew, entered well into her part.

The incidental music was furnished by the Milton College Orchestra directed by President Daland. In the last scene Miss Audree Babcock sang an old English song, "Should He Upbraid."

Perhaps there is no better way to understand the master of English literature than by taking part in one of his plays. Truly he was not of an age, but for all time, and as we see embodied the children of his fancy and hear again his words our hearts and minds pay him true homage.

"Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live
And we have wits to read and praise to give."

On Wednesday afternoon occurred the annual baseball game between the alumni team and the college team. The college won the game by 4 to 1.

Wednesday evening President and Mrs. Daland entertained the seniors at dinner with Dr. Charles B. Clark, of Ann Arbor, as guest of honor.

Thursday morning at ten o'clock, the usual procession was formed at the main college building and to inspiring strains of music by the college band marched to the gymnasium for the commencement exercises.

The following is the program:

Processional Hymn
Invocation by Rev. Herbert Lewis Polan
Chorus—"All Men, All Things," from the
"Hymn of Praise" Mendelssohn
Milton Choral Union
Address—"The Social Unrest," by
Dr. Charles Beed Clark, of the University
of Michigan
Chorus—"Our Glorious Land" Van der Stucken
Milton Choral Union
Annual Statement by the President
Conferring of Degrees
Farewell Words to the Class by the President
The Star Spangled Banner
Benediction by Rev. Henry Nelson Jordan

The following is a list of the graduating class upon each of whom the degree of bachelor of arts was conferred:

Verna Susan Foster
Thesis—The Fauna of Dry Earth
John Edward Holmes
Thesis—Chaucer's Canterbury Tales
George Olaf Johnson, *cum laude*
Thesis—Standard Tests of Qualitative Chemical
Analysis
Estella Tuttle Pearce
Thesis—Some Famous Theorems of Geometry
Howell Sheppard Randolph
Thesis—Post Embryonic Development of the
Bones of the Human Hand
Helen Shaw, *cum laude*
Thesis—The Green and Blue-green Algae of
the Milton Region
Stephana Shaw
Thesis—The Short Poem in Latin
Eloise Marguerite Thomas
Thesis—L'Art Poétique de Boileau, a translation
with notes
Helen Marguerite Thorngate
Thesis—Ferdinand Brunetiere, His Life and
Works, A Criticism by Victor Giraud (A
Translation)
Vesta Mae Thorngate
Thesis—The Differences between Euclidean
and Non-Euclidean Geometry

The Alumni Luncheon was served at one o'clock. Mr. Hylon T. Plumb, of Salt Lake City, was toastmaster. At the luncheon the graduating class pledged one thousand dol-

lars to the library. The Alumni Association voted to support the movement to secure a physical director and by the end of the meeting the subscriptions reached a total of \$1,750.

In the evening a large number of visitors attended the reception given by President and Mrs. Daland at the President's house.

THE SOCIAL UNREST

C. B. CLARK

Commencement Address Delivered at Milton College, June 10, 1920

On an occasion of this kind, congratulations are, of course, to be expected. So in order that you may not be disappointed, I have brought a good supply; but there are special reasons today *why* you should receive such felicitation. First of all, we all congratulate our president, Dr. Daland, who has for nearly twenty years given so unsparingly of his life, energy, and heart, to the upbuilding of our college. He is to be congratulated on the splendid results we witness at this time as the fruit of these arduous efforts. We trust and pray that what we see today is but the beginning of the greater service Milton College is to bring to this and other communities as a result of the labors of Dr. Daland and his faithful co-workers who have so loyally and self-sacrificingly supported him.

We should congratulate this graduating class for many reasons, but for two in particular. First, because you have today reached a new mile-stone in your educational achievements. It is no mean undertaking to get a college education, and the fact that you have accomplished this task is deserving of the highest compliments. Second, I congratulate you not so much on what you have done, as on the tremendous opportunities that await you. This is positively the greatest age in all the world when youth can greet the coming years with promises of big things for God and humanity. I could desire only one thing more than that of being a member of our college faculty and that would be to be a member of the graduating class.

And I congratulate the community too. I congratulate you on the blessed memories that cluster about this campus. This spot has become sacred by the hallowed memories of such men as Dr. Whitford and others who have gone before. I congratulate

you on your opportunities to make the college days of these young men and women among the brightest and happiest of their lives.

Perhaps, I ought to congratulate myself while I am about it, for I recall just now that about twenty-five years ago my father, now gone, and I, visited this campus and paid a visit to Dr. Whitford. I remember that during the conversation they talked about their boyhood and the days when they played together on the old farm in New York State. When I recall these experiences I am certainly not going away from home when I come to Milton.

Well, I just congratulate everybody. Milton is a good place, and best of all it is a good place to study. Give me the small college because in it we can get acquainted with each other, and get right down to a "brown study" and that is what I like, but most of all it is what the world needs today. Ours is a day of problems and as never before in the history of mankind we need thinkers and *thinkers* and doers.

We can easily recall how two or three years ago, during the great war, many of us talked of the days that were to follow. We were told of, and we read about the new and higher civilization that would surely come from all the suffering and discipline of those anxious days. We expected in the new age that our citizenship would be characterized by less selfishness, more consideration, charity, and good-will, for one another. But now nearly two years after the armistice was signed each passing day makes it increasingly clear that we must suffer disillusionment. Instead of the millennial peace, the world is menaced by crime, profiteering, a mad desire to get rich, prodigal waste, a craze for amusement, the shattering of cherished beliefs, cynical criticism, general confusion and unprecedented social unrest. Many of our social idols have been smashed beyond repair. The world stands dazed and confused. We are today facing many grave and serious problems and for many of them we have been offered no commensurate solutions. We have a thousand social tinkers but no master social mechanic, and such situations as now confront us indicate conclusively that tinkering up the old machinery is not going to meet the demands. We are beginning to

see that the task awaiting us is something more than a mere "job of repairs." Many of the old forces have practically ceased to function, while other untried ones refuse to be ignored. Among these new and untried experiments is the labor power. Whether we like it or not, whether it is right or not, whether it will work or not, the working masses the world over are awakened to a conviction of their united strength and they are bent on a redistribution of power in the social order. When once their purpose has been clarified and their methods determined, the advocates of class and privilege will have their hands full. Meanwhile the world stands dumb-founded and is guessing at the outcome. Now no right minded person, it seems to me, will deny that basic changes in our social and economic order are needed and such changes must come, but how they are to come is the question. I frankly confess, I do not know, but however they come, unless there is to be a serious wrenching of the social body, we need still more profound and fundamental changes in the ethical and spiritual foundations of life. Only when the world realizes that there is no wealth but life, and that life includes all its powers of love and joy and admiration can we feel that the world is safe.

I am not a pessimist, but at some risk to my reputation for being an optimist, I think it would be rash to predict when we may hope to see a new condition of affairs. To me, though certain it will come, it is not so near as we might wish. I believe we are still in the dim dawn of the coming twilight. It is unsafe to say when daybreak may come, but from the trend of the past few years it looks as though we might see worse conditions than are now confronting us, and another generation will be doing the work of the world before the work of reconstruction and regeneration has been completed. Human nature changes but slowly, and we are so prone to jump at superficial indications and draw hasty conclusions.

The war has been discussed until we are sick and tired of it. We have been informed about our relation to it, until the story is trite and wearisome. But in the hope of clearing our social perspective a little, I wish to ask whether or not we know the root causes of the world catastrophe. It

is of course easy to shift the whole responsibility to German perversity, and since Germany is defeated, to think we are done with the whole affair. But really it is not so easy as that. We need to inquire again: Was the war the result of an economic crisis? Was it a social accident, a phase of the Eastern Question or a disturbance of the so-called "balance of power"? Was it due to political rivalry, national jealousy, or personal ambition? Was it a clash of ideals—the work of philosophers? Did God have a hand in it or was it the work of the devil? Who or what did it? Was it the logic of a mode of life? Was it the death struggle of one age and the beginning of another?

Perhaps we are too close to these events to read clearly, but admitting all the difficulties in the way, we must, if we are to avoid other disasters, even worse than this, find the final causes and re-adjust our lives to the facts. If the same causes that produced this disaster are still at work what assurance have we for the future? In the face of this inquiry let us briefly survey two modern phenomena, which it seems to me, serve at least in part, as causes of the great unrest of which it is quite possible to look upon the war as an incident. I refer to ultra-nationalism and the materialistic trend of science. In discussing these features of the case, I certainly have no disposition to detract from more obvious matters with which we are quite familiar, nor am I so foolish as to think there may not be other elements of equal importance with the two factors just named. Let us consider:

First, ultra-nationalism. The nineteenth century, and thus far in the twentieth has been the most strenuous and active period in human history. The so-called civilized races have been trying to out do each other in the mad race of achievement. So successful have they been that in the past one hundred years more has been done than in the preceding five thousand. It must always be known as an age of stupendous accomplishments in every department of human activity. Take it in our own case: as a nation we have done no end of boasting of having solved the problem of political freedom, though the rest of the world is not so sure of it, and more recently we have been obsessed with the idea of mechanical inventions.

Now, if, with this idea in mind, we inquire among the leading nations of the world what has been doing in the past one hundred years, we shall find that each has in its own way been doing exactly the same thing. France has been congratulating herself on having given to the world new concepts of politics, liberty and education. England has been civilizing the benighted corners of the world. Italy has been discussing her rejuvenation; Poland her restitution; but the greatest Philistinism of all was Pan-Germanism. Germany had come to feel that she was the very "salt of the earth." It was she who was to save civilization and because all cultures were in no sense worthy to be compared with hers, hers should of course supplant all the rest. Thus has national conceit reigned supreme. Each has been feeling that it had done something *supremely worth while* and for it the world should be supinely grateful. We heard plenty of this sort of thing in the old type of popular Fourth of July oration. It was of course sincere enough but it was all "bunkum," though it helped us wonderfully to feel our importance and was to us evidence that all the nations of the world owed us a debt of obligation it was impossible to discharge.

Each nation had the "bug of conceit" that it was *the people*—spelling "people" with a capital "P"—and therefore in the interests of humanity at large, *its civilization must be maintained at all costs*, and where any people did not know enough to appreciate a thing of such supreme value, it was perfectly right to impose it on them. These national-judgment-values in time, came to constitute the very soul of the nation, welding each to its own, and separating each from the appreciation of other national ideals. Even our Christian religion fell a prey to this false god for what else could it mean when so-called Christian nations were praying to the same God to damn other Christians in hell? All have been praying in his own version the prayer of the Pharisee. This condition came to be especially true after the beginning of the twentieth century, but it was an exceedingly dangerous thing for the welfare of any people and for the peace of the world. This Philistinism took its most offensive form in Germany where German "Kultur" was felt to be the saving salt of the earth, and necessary to the preservation of civilization.

Her attitude became imperious. Germany with her open ambition to impose her "Kultur" upon all the world felt her position was a perilous one. Whichever way she turned she seemed to be thwarted and therefore to get her "place in the sun" she must fight for it. Thus the imperial destiny of one people became the peril of all the others.

Practically all the nations, great and small, have been actuated by similar motives, though not to such extremes as prevailed in Germany. Each has felt that its own light, to be properly recognized, should be placed in the front of civilization. All this has created armies and navies and a belligerent state of mind. It has created a war psychology while it has tended to strengthen the concept of the state and correspondingly weaken that of the individual. In other words it has been a profound cause of unrest and of war itself.

Not less important is the effect of the new position science has assumed in human life during the present and past generation. Since 1870 there has been little development of pure science, but a perfect avalanche of scientific inventions. Within fifty years the ingenuity of man has turned out more than one hundred important inventions comparable with the new steel process, the automobile, the airplane and wireless telegraphy. Man has been fairly overwhelmed by the greatness of the materials placed in his hands. The forces at his disposal are simply incalculable.

Now to the average man, science has lent itself to mere comfort-getting, and the reaction of this fact upon him has resulted in his making all sorts of demands in the way of conveniences hitherto undreamed of. These comforts and conveniences are now regarded by practically everybody as belonging to the necessities of life. Every man demands them all for himself and his family. The automatic tool has very largely taken the place of skilled labor. This has enabled the unskilled to become a part of the great army of employees in our shops and factories. Labor has left the farm and gone to the cities. As a consequence the cost of living soars higher and higher. The result of all this is that science has been making tremendous demands upon the resources of nature, and upon the time and energy of man. It has raised the standards of life, but unfortunately it has had a de-

cidenced tendency to make us think in terms of the material world. In fact we think of little else. All unconsciously it has planted our feet squarely in the midst of the "broad road that leads to destruction." We walk it full speed and when we fall over the precipice, we set up a howl. We have not yet discovered that the great values in life are not wealth, not what we shall eat and drink and wear, but loyalty to its spiritual meanings. If we go on as we have been, we shall find the cure within, for our civilization will literally commit suicide. The intenseness of our material aims will evidently work a total ruin to the whole superstructure of our materialistic culture. This demand to keep up with the chase, this insistence upon material possession, this neglect of spiritual experience, has been and is one of the first causes of the great unrest and was one of the series of causes that portended the coming of the storm. War was absolutely inevitable in this materialistic regime, and there is no question if we go on as we have been, we shall have another. *Are we going to open the Book of Wisdom too late, and read again by the lurid illumination in the hell of war and with a glare too strong for our eyes, the lessons we ought to learn by a process of rational thinking?*

I have invited your consideration of these facts, not because I think they are the exclusive causes of our troubles, but because I believe they are important, and deserve our thoughtful study. I believe also that you will agree with me that they are important. I wish to turn now to some constructive suggestions in the hope that we shall find something helpful in meeting a situation that concerns us deeply and will concern our children still more. Is there a remedy for all this strife and unrest? I believe there is.

First, there is a perfectly adequate cure for the social unrest in the spirit of Christ living and actuating me and you and all others in our daily intercourse, for thereby the world and society would be rid of much selfishness which is the tap root of all this trouble. Neither the church nor education, the supposed agencies for character making, can be called very successful while the world is so consumed in self-seeking and so filled with dissatisfaction and spiritual poverty. Can education be proud of her achievements while knowledge is devoted

so exclusively to material aims and boorish Philistinism? We may cobble up our social machinery; we may organize and plan with never so much skill and care, but it will avail us little while men's characters remain unchanged. Isn't it strange that we can not see how much better the world would be with the principles of the Golden Rule actuating our common behavior? Here is primarily the problem of the church. It is the business of ministers to organize us into "golden rule" men and women, appointing each a committee of one to see to it that in his own life he follows this principle of life and action. "A big job," you say; and so it is, if you do a true minister's duty. So, if you are looking for a big task, choose the ministry.

Second, the new order will not come about of itself. The kingdom of heaven is not a theory—something apart from our daily behavior. It is within us if it is anywhere, and if within us it will express itself in concrete acts of fraternal living. Some seem to think the new order will just simply evolve in some beautiful but mysterious way. Doubtless the doctrine of evolution is in many ways a most helpful concept but it has not been an unmixed blessing. It is quite possible to lull us into a false sense of security, and it may do even worse, for a misunderstanding and misapplication of the doctrine may easily make us advocates of the "might makes right" theory, glorify the brute in man, and deify his lowest instincts. This is precisely the mistake that Germany made, and there is little doubt but that the doctrine of evolution had much to do with her fundamental blunder. Scholarship has made so many blunders that it ought to be very humble, and all this emphasizes the fact that scholarship should go much deeper than it has hitherto gone in order to avoid so many mistakes. As never before we need carefulness and leadership in scholarship. We need not only consecration to truth, but we need insight to see whither we are trending. What might not Germany and the world have been spared had von Treitschke, and Bernhardt, and Nietzsche been less ardent and more thoughtful?

Third, the case of politics and economics. Both come in for their share of the social unrest. In proof of this, we need only mention the painful failure of the old diplomacy with its intrigue, its sub-

tlety and its miscarriage; no one trusts it, everybody fears it. We need only remind you of the disheartening limitations and the biting inequalities that are due to the accidents of birth or circumstance; the miscarriage of justice; the unequal advantages of wealth and of power to see cause for discontent and unrest. Each of these conditions presents its problem that is crying for solution. One of the severest tests of democracy is coming in the struggle to secure a wider control of the economic resources upon which the physical well-being of man depends. The struggle is already taking shape in the endeavor of labor to take control of the working capacity of mankind on the one hand and regulative administration of the natural resources of the earth by the capitalistic class on the other hand. These masters of industry and of labor by controlling the supply of materials, the price of products and of wages, in a large measure determine the course of industry itself, and not only take toll from the products of industry, but what is of far greater importance, they fix the course of life and its opportunities for millions of men and women and children. As never before the masses are coming to understand the causes of their suffering. The democratization of economic power is on its way, and my plea is that we may have a multitude of wise and reasonable men who may so guide and direct these energies that we shall not be plunged into the chaos of radicalism. The one thing needful to take the strain off this economic situation, and what is infinitely of more importance than coveting economic control is the development of human experience in more dimensions than the call of man's physical needs. We need a diffusion of interest that shall serve the aesthetic, the ethical, and the spiritual capacities of man. We need to learn the truth of the saying: "Man shall not live by bread alone." We need now as never before the development that comes through the discipline of education of the right kind. We need the spirit of good-will on earth as taught by the true superman—Jesus Christ. It is the supreme task of education and of religion so to interpret life to both the classes and the masses that men everywhere shall seek their mutual development, and not authoritative mastery one of another. Our institution of learning and our churches need

a new dedication to this high mission.

Fourth, sooner or later we must discover that neither democracy nor freedom can mean individualism, each of us as individuals, or even as nations, taking our own separate course, regardless of others. Life has become interdependent, and so has our development. Here lies a vast field, at present, practically uncharted. Social science is still in its infancy, but it has the tremendous task of showing us how development is to proceed under the laws of associative activity. The old principle of coercion is a failure in whatever form it has been used. It is the resort of ignorance. Employed in the home and the school it leaves its canker and its bitterness. The church made a failure of it and so did "Kaiser Bill." The truly great must often bow before the storm of envy and revenge, but they are sure to become the champions of human brotherhood. Some philosopher, on being asked whether Christianity had been a success, replied that he did not know, as it had never been tried. When we compare our lives with the standard of the Beautitudes, we are quite forced to agree, but those who have lived nearest to it, like Francis of Assisi and Tolstoy, can scarcely be called failures.

In the new order of human experience this principle of Christian good-will must increasingly express itself in individual and organized forms of what Dr. Ward calls "universal service." For more than a hundred years, we have lived in the first chapter of democracy, stressing rights and privileges and opportunities, forgetting there could be no chapter on rights without one also on duty and obligation and accountability. The more genuine our democracy, the more will the spirit of service characterize us, though there are still many persons who simply can not see the most generous conduct without imputing to it some questionable motive. More and more we shall need men as leaders—less and less as masters; more and more as friends and councilors, but less and less as dictators and rulers.

True democracy can never be realized until the individual makes his private interests subservient to the good of the whole. The average man and woman is slow to grasp the common good, but quick to use the opportunity to advance his own interests. This is doubly unfortunate in a de-

mocracy, and so far as it is true democracy is an unrealized fact. None of us are free until we have been delivered from our own selfishness, and no government is free while its subjects are frantically concerned with their own petty interests and private affairs. To be wholly self-concerned and self-centered while one boasts of freedom and democracy is to be positively stupid. One of the greatest challenges that can come to the college graduate today is the dissemination of the spirit of unselfishness, and in so doing one is rendering the highest form of patriotic service to democracy, as well as allaying one of the first causes of our social unrest.

Fifth, another great problem is how to bring ourselves and others to appreciate the fact that all this social machinery is not an end in itself. If we have no spiritual goal the whole carnal affair must end in supreme tragedy. Humanity must find a higher aim for its powers and its genius than that of satisfying its own sensuous appetites, or we shall perish from the diseases developed by self-indulgence, or the conflicts growing out of such a mode of life. What that goal is to be is not a mere matter of ideals, or of knowledge, or of understanding the genius of human nature, but of all these elements combined. Ideals are important, but they must be ballasted with knowledge. The old norms that guided life in the days of our fathers and grandfathers are gone, and there is nothing more important for humanity today than the discovery of the direction of the processes that are at work in human experience. I say *discovery*, for who knows what purpose animates our endeavor? Just because we know so little about it, is one of the primary causes of our great unrest. Are we moving in a circle, or are we acting under the inspiration of a consciously chosen end? Do we know what those who have gone before were really attempting to do? Have we reasons for hope or do we face the night? Those who know the past, have no fear of the answer. Humanity has had its wanderings, but anon the human spirit seeks the Infinite. Personality comes to the fore. The great word of religion and philosophy is that no human being may be treated as "means" but only as the supreme end, Jesus echoed the meaning of all high endeavor when he declared: "I am come that they might have life and

that they might have it more abundantly." Thus Jesus gave us the key to the problem, in thus putting personality before all else. The new order must therefore stand for an enrichment of personality. Until the things of the spirit are set in the proper perspective, we shall be selfish, contentious and restless. Today man is plainly the slave of property. Property is the goal of the strong and its possession is the sign of power. The poor covet, and hate while they covet. But true democracy will teach us to put people above property. The center of the present struggle today is found in the blind endeavor to place life and property in their true perspective. A fairer distribution of economic power is imperative, but a higher evaluation of personality will not only cure improper production, but what is just as important, an improper consumption of wealth. Goods are properly used when they become not an end in themselves, nor a means of self-indulgence, nor yet an agent of power, but a form of service. The problem of the present therefore, is to convert this vast accumulation of material goods into personal development and spiritual growth. If we are too small for our task, woe be unto us.

One final suggestion and I conclude. One of the problems that must be answered by the generation now facing the responsibilities of life is that of some form of world organization. Whether we like it or not the days are now past when any first-rate nation can longer follow a policy of isolation. We shall eventually sink or swim together. The interests of humanity have become so intertwined through invention, industry, and commerce, through education and travel that nothing short of solidarity of destiny is conceivable. So long as we preach the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man must inevitably follow. The comradeship of all decent people is inescapable if we practice the principles of our own Bible. The prophets recognized it two or three thousand years ago. Jesus refused to countenance the artificial social barriers that the sanctimonious religionists of his day used to pigeon-hole the elect. Jews, Greeks, Romans, Samaritans, publicans, sinners and outcasts, he united in one holy brotherhood of spiritual desire. Today, perhaps blindly, perhaps ignorant of social principles, but nevertheless persistently and determinedly labor is trying to

organize itself under a common world program. Socialism is attempting internationalism, and the spirit of brotherhood is trying to convince the world that "an injury to one is an injury to all."

True, there are many forces making for conflict and division, but it is the mission of education and religion to show man a better way to live. Philosophy and sociology would encourage us in taking the far look; common sense would teach us to be wise, and Heaven would desire that we live in peace. Thus the way of life is written for those who desire to be found walking in it. It is strenuous business but the path is not crooked. We sometimes entangle ourselves in the meshes of our own petty vanities and false ambitions. We waste our energies seeking our own advantage and darken our judgment trying to take advantage of others.

It rests with us in this time of reconstruction to help create the world in which we and our children, and our children's children are to live. We may make it on the pattern of the kingdom of heaven, if we will. There are none living whose influence may go so far in this direction as the young graduates of today as they go into the world to shape its ideals, its plans, and its policies. I have faith to believe Milton's graduates will do their share to relieve the world of its weight of hate and sin and revenge by bringing to it constructive love, inspiring hope, and sweet reason. Goodness can not be forced, but it can be generated in our own hearts and overflow in acts of generosity and good-will. We can by living the life of peace and poise become little centers of social rest.

"It takes strength to live where you belong. When other people think that you are wrong; People you love, and who love you, and whose Approval is a pleasure you would choose. To bear this pressure and succeed at length In living your belief—well, it takes strength."

ANNUAL STATEMENT BY THE PRESIDENT

The year just closed has been most successful from an academic point of view in spite of the disturbing influences due to the recent war, influences felt in the high schools from which this year's freshman class has come as well as in the college itself. The scholastic standard has been exceedingly well maintained and by next year

most conditions will become normal again. This year we shall graduate ten students and next year's class should number twenty. There has been no case of discipline among the students during the year, and the general attitude of the student body has been excellent, so that they could safely be driven with a loose reign. The tendency toward frivolity and toward putting expenditures for pleasure before those for necessities has been felt, but not to the extent that is reported in other institutions.

The effect of the high cost of maintenance has been felt by the trustees in trying to plan for next year's budget. A slight increase in the salaries paid has been decided upon, and no teacher has been lost because of insufficient compensation.

The campaign of the Wisconsin Colleges Associated has resulted thus far in about \$5,000 paid to Milton College over and above our share of expenses which was refunded before distribution of funds was made. If all pledges are paid Milton should receive about \$8,000 a year for five years. A portion of what is received has been invested as endowment and a portion will be used for permanent equipment.

The trustees have decided to equip the college with a new and more comprehensive system of heating which will be put in as soon as the terms of the contractor for the boilers can be carried out and the necessary labor obtained. It is hoped that the new system may be in operation when college opens in the autumn.

The faculty has decided, with the approval of the trustees, to give credit hereafter toward a baccalaureate degree for courses in music to the amount of twenty semester-hours for a college course. The restrictions and limitations upon such credits will be announced during the summer and at the opening of college in September.

The faculty has obtained from alumni and friends of the college interested in the department of physical training and athletics, pledges to the amount of about \$1,600 a year for three years toward the expense of engaging a physical director who should take entire charge of physical education and also undertake the proper coaching of athletic sports. At a meeting of these pledged contributors and others held yesterday it was voted that a committee of five should

be appointed by the President of the college, the said committee to have charge of the collection of the pledges and the securing of further pledges also to consult with the committee on teachers appointed by the Board of Trustees in the recommendation of a physical director. I have taken the advice of those perhaps most largely interested and have appointed as this board or committee the following: Chairman, Professor J. N. Daland; secretary, Professor W. D. Burdick, Mr. P. L. Coon, Mr. A. E. Garey, and Mr. George Thorngate. I would suggest that this committee be designated as the Alumni Board of Physical Education.

The following changes in the teaching force may be announced:

Miss Zea Zinn will take the place of Miss Anna Post as matron of Goodrich Hall and assistant teacher.

Professor Hall will next year have leave of absence for study in the University of Wisconsin and Mr. W. A. Kenyon will have charge of the department of biology.

Professor Barbour has resigned his chair to take effect at the end of next year. Dr. Charles B. Clark will continue his studies in the University of Michigan and will enter upon his duties as professor of philosophy and education in Milton College in September, 1921.

Prospects for next year are unusually encouraging both for attendance and for the general conduct of college work.

The class honors for this year are as follows:

Freshman class: First honor, carrying with it the Sophomore scholarship, Catherine Shaw. Second honor, Meribath W. Ingham.

Sophomore class: First honor, carrying with it the Junior scholarship, Mabel F. Arbuthnot. Second honor, Philip B. Marquart.

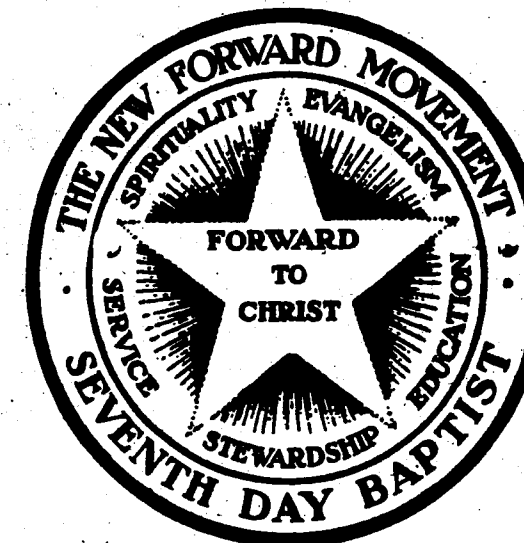
Junior class: First honor, carrying with it the Senior scholarship, Ruth Z. Schlagenhauf. Second honor, Vera E. Coon.

Senior class: First honor, a tie between George O. Johnson and H. Marguerite Thorngate. Second honor, Helen Shaw.

Graduate scholar at the University of Wisconsin: John Edward Holmes.

"The question is not whether a doctrine is beautiful, but whether it is true."

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.
- + ★ Southampton, West Hallock, Ill.
- + ★ West Edmeston, New York
- + ★ Second Brookfield, New York

NOTES FROM THE DIRECTOR GENERAL

WEST EDMESTON AND SECOND BROOKFIELD COMPLETE THEIR QUOTAS, EACH WITH A SMALL OVERSUBSCRIPTION. ONE-HALF THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION CHURCHES NOW ON THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Good news comes in bunches. Scarcely had Pastor Crandall announced the success of the Forward Movement budget in the DeRuyter Church, when word came that West Edmeston and Second Brookfield had likewise completed their canvass with a result that is exceedingly gratifying, and a 100 per cent plus subscription.

The record of West Edmeston is unusual in that every resident member is a subscriber, twenty-eight members with twenty-eight subscriptions. Of the nineteen non-residents ten subscribed, making an excellent showing with thirty-eight subscribers out of a total membership of forty-seven. The 1918 Year Book, however, gave West Edmeston a membership of fifty-five, and the Board of Finance apportioned its quota at \$550. In order that there might be no shortage in the response of this church, nor any appearance of indifference in its loyalty, the members accepted the large amount and subscribed every dollar of it. This spirit is characteristic of the people. It was the boast of Ira J. Ordway years ago that little West Edmeston could be counted upon every time to do its whole part. His faith was well founded.

When the Director General visited this church in December, the outlook was not promising. Mrs. Crofoot, the faithful pastor, believed that her people would raise the quota and she purposed to keep at it until such a result was attained. A large share of the canvassing and campaigning has been done by her, and in any church that secures so large a proportion of its membership, the result indicates much hard work.

The Movers' Association membership of both Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Felton was a big boost in the final result, and as Mrs. Crofoot says: "The best part of it is that nearly all the money is paid in, and we are very much pleased that we could do it."

Five hundred and fifty dollars (\$550) per year for denominational interests is surely no small achievement for this handful of devoted and determined members. Their zeal is most praiseworthy.

The quota of the Second Brookfield is \$1,240 from a church membership of ninety-one resident and thirty-three non-resident members. Of the former, seventy subscribed to the denominational budget, while six only of the latter supported the work. There are many young people in the church, boys and girls of school age. These are not present subscribers, but will accept their share of supporting and doing a few years hence.

Early in the campaign, Pastor Hutchins had given the Forward Movement much prominence in his sermons. He made use of all the printed matter, and week by week presented various phases of the movement. The result was a very good understanding by the members of its plan and purpose, resulting in a desire not only to subscribe their quota, but to attain the greater spiritual life which after all is the chief consideration.

To start the work in good order, the church voted an increase in the pastor's salary of \$150 a year. Then they organized a team composed of D. J. Frair, J. J. Witter, C. W. Camenga, L. A. Worden and Pastor Hutchins, five splendid workers, whose deep interest in the cause gave assurance that the church would do its best. The fund was materially aided by the subscriptions of Devillo J. Frair and Joel J. Witter—members of the Movers' Association.

Mr. Frair, the regional director of this association, rendered valuable aid to the churches in his vicinity. His heart was in the work, and he spared neither time nor labor in enlisting the support of every church member in this movement. The result attests the faithfulness of his services.

It has required much canvassing and re-canvassing. Sometimes the gain was slow, but it was constant. The people were of one mind that the good old Second Brookfield should register its endorsement of the undertaking in full measure. This increased support of denominational interests outside of the local church is indeed gratifying. It is large. In some instances the increase is four, five even sixfold. Not too much by any means, but so much more than in former years. The success of the Forward Movement budget in this church is reflected in a greater interest in its welfare and support, both financially and spiritually.

All who know how faithfully these Cen-

tral Association churches have labored to do their part in this movement will pray that the most pronounced and abiding result may be felt in a sweeter, deeper, spiritual life in every member.

WALTON H. INGHAM,
Director General.

THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

These notes in reference to the Central Association are written at DeRuyter, N. Y., the place where the meetings were held. It is Monday morning, and those of the delegates and visitors who did not start for home yesterday are now leaving on the trains, or by automobiles and teams. It is a bright, pleasant day, but rather cool, and we feel the need of overcoats more than of "Palm Beach" suits.

The absence of Editor Gardiner from the association was deeply felt in many ways. We missed his inspiring messages and leadership, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"We sincerely regret the illness of our beloved brother, Dr. T. L. Gardiner, and his inability to attend these sessions of the association as he had planned; and we pray that he may be speedily recovered to health and to his important work as editor of the SABBATH RECORDER."

A letter from home written Friday says that he was yet in bed, and suffering intensely with an attack of the hives from which he had as yet found no relief since being taken down a day or so before he was to start for the association here at DeRuyter.

This illness of Dr. Gardiner accounts for the fact that these notes are being written by someone else than the editor. We sincerely trust that he may be so far recovered as to enable him to attend the sessions of the Western Association at Alfred Station, June 24-27. He was expected to preach the sermon here on Sabbath eve and conduct the testimony meeting, one of the most appreciated and helpful sessions of our denominational gatherings. It was also to be his part to offer the consecrating prayer at the service of ordination to the gospel ministry of the pastor of the DeRuyter Church, Rev. Harold R. Crandall. In these and

many other ways his presence was very much missed.

All the delegates and visitors, and the home folks too, unite in saying that it was a splendid association, and we may add that it was a gathering of splendid people. I am sure that there is no harm in saying that our people, wherever I go, measure up in friendliness and true worth and Christian character to a height not surpassed by any other people. This is not saying that they have reached the height they might and should reach; but it is saying that I would not exchange them for any other group of churches in all the world. A finer lot of people can not be found than those of the churches of our denomination.

Our Eastern Association was considered one of the very best meetings ever held, and the Central Association had the same sort of character. Spiritual values were emphasized, spiritual needs were recognized, and these and other interests were presented, considered, and discussed in a practical way. In both associations the young people were present in larger numbers than usual. They took important places in the services, and gave to all the meetings the atmosphere of hope, and strength, of youth, and the joy of living. But both associations were also marked by the attendance of the aged, many of whom have passed the time of four score years. Babies of only a few months, and a sister in her ninety-fifth year attended several meetings at DeRuyter. Old and young and all together united in these services.

There seemed to be at both these associations a renewed interest, an enlarged interest, a united interest, a harmonious interest on the part of a larger number of people than ever before in the work the churches are seeking to accomplish through the associations and through the denomination. There came to DeRuyter by five or six automobiles from Adams Center, the most distant church, twenty-six delegates. The Verona Church, not to be outdone, made a count of twenty-seven. I do not know how many came from Leonardsville, Brookfield and West Edmeston, but there were several auto loads besides those that came by train. Scott sent three autos and Syracuse turned out in proportion to mem-

bership a very large number. Some of these people, men in business and on farms, gave three and four days of time, besides the Sabbath, to these meetings. There was a spirit of denominational loyalty that promises much for the future. There was an earnestness of Christian purpose that ensures progress for the cause of truth. There was manifested a faith in God, and a loving confidence in one another that means much to our work as a people. It was a delight not only to mingle with the people between the sessions, but to watch them as they renewed friendships or made new ones, based upon kinship and mutual interests, and common privileges, all bound together by the "tie that binds our hearts in Christian love."

As to outside conditions, the weather did not smile upon us till Sabbath morning. Thursday and Friday were rainy and cold. Some of us who had been sweltering in the heat at the Eastern Association were foolish enough to leave overcoats at home; but friends loaned us the use of coats and we were comfortable. Sabbath Day was bright and clear, and the DeRuyter church building, erected in 1835 (the church was organized in 1806) was crowded, gallery and all, to hear the sermon by the former pastor, Rev. Luther A. Wing, now missionary pastor at Boulder, Colo., and delegate to the association from the Northwest Association. The church building has been newly decorated on the inside and is very beautiful. The windows, ten of which are memorial windows, are all of stained glass. I was asked to read the Scripture and offer prayer, and I kept my seat on the platform while Brother Wing delivered his God-given message to the people. It was a scene long to be remembered. The day was bright and cheery. The light coming through the colored glass upon these fresh decorations, and upon the people with their eager expectant faces, gave a richness of tone to the atmosphere that was delightful, and with it all was the spirit of quiet, earnest, reverent worship. Sunday also was a beautiful day, and we soon forgot the dreariness and wet and mud of the first two days.

Dinners and suppers were served in the town hall, on the cafeteria plan. These meals were furnished free by the DeRuyter

people; but the association by a vote, not quite unanimous, decided that in the future where the entertaining church provided dinners and suppers in a public place a nominal charge should be made for these meals. The Eastern Association began that method at New Market this year, and it seems to be meeting the approval quite generally of our people. It divides the financial end of the entertainment in a way satisfactory to nearly everybody. It was almost a mystery to me, as it was at New Market, how the Entertainment Committee was able to stow away so many people for sleeping quarters, but it was done, and everybody was comfortable and happy, and yet there was room and more to spare.

The moderator of the association was T. Stewart Smith, of the Verona Church, an enterprising and successful farmer, an energetic and efficient worker in the church, the superintendent of the Sabbath school. The success of the meetings was due in no small measure to the time and attention which he gave to the program long before and during the services of the association. In the preparation of the program he had good help in the corresponding secretary, Mrs. T. J. Van Horn, and Pastor Harold R. Crandall, and other members of the committee. The moderator for the 1921 session of the association is Leslie P. Curtis, of Leonardsville, and the meetings are to be held at Brookfield, the week of the third Sabbath in June.

All the pastors of the association were present: Rev. Frank E. Peterson, of Leonardsville; Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins, of Brookfield; Mrs. Lena G. Crofoot, of West Edmeston; Rev. A. Clyde Ehret, of Adams Center; Rev. William Clayton, of Syracuse; Rev. Theodore J. Van Horn, of Verona, and Rev. Harold R. Crandall, of DeRuyter. The delegates from sister associations were: Rev. Erlo E. Sutton, of the Eastern; Professor Paul E. Titsworth, of the Western; Rev. Royal R. Thorngate, of the Southeastern; Rev. Luther A. Wing, of the Northwestern; while Secretary Edwin Shaw represented the Southwestern. The Sabbath School Board was represented by Mr. E. M. Holston and Professor Alfred E. Whitford; the Woman's Board by Mrs. Adelaide C. Brown, the associational secretary; the Young People's Board by Mr. E. M. Hol-

ston and by the associational secretary, Mr. Craig Sholtz; the Missionary and Tract societies by Joint Secretary Rev. Edwin Shaw: General Conference by the president, Professor Alfred E. Whitford.

This list and the one that follows may be to some people rather dry reading, but as a matter of record they are worth the space they occupy in the SABBATH RECORDER.

The association appointed delegates to other associations as follows: To the South-eastern in 1920, an endorsement of the delegate sent by the Western; to the Northwestern in 1920, likewise the endorsement of the delegate from the Western. These two associations send a joint delegate and this is the year for the appointment to be made by the Western Association. Delegate to the Southwestern in 1920, an endorsement of the joint delegate from the Eastern, Central and Western associations, the appointment being made this year by the Eastern. Delegate to the 1921, Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins with Mrs. Lena G. Crofoot, alternate. Delegate to the Western in 1921, Rev. Harold R. Crandall with Rev. T. J. Van Horn as alternate.

NILE HOME COMING WEEK

S. D. B. Church

OUTLINE PROGRAM

JULY 1ST-4TH, 1920

Thursday, July 1st.—Sabbath School picnic with program at Island Park, Friendship, N. Y.

Thursday Night.—A play and reading furnished by the Ladies' Aid Society, also an historical sketch.

Friday Night.—Prayer and covenant meeting.

Sabbath Morning, July 3rd.—Examination and ordination of John F. Randolph, and communion service.

Sabbath Night.—A pageant of our China missionaries given by the C. E. society. Also a stereopticon lecture.

Sunday Afternoon.—Quarterly church business meeting followed by a Ladies' Aid Supper. All are invited.

SOUTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION

The Southwestern Association will convene with the church at Gentry, Ark., September 9-12, 1920. We hereby extend a cordial invitation to lone Sabbath-keepers in the Southwest to be with us. We are looking for a large representation from the churches composing the association.

R. J. SEVERANCE, *Moderator.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

PROGRAM OF PRAYER

For Second Week in July

Pray for the faithful ministers and pastors who have given of their best in full consecration to the service of the Master and must needs yield the harder tasks to younger, more vigorous men that they may yet have joy in the continued fruits of their labors.

MY GARDEN CLOSE

A tiny garden close is mine—
Mere handkerchiefs of green and bloom
So small our hands may almost clasp
Across the leafy room!

And yet so vast my garden is
Such vistas there of fruit and flower,
It holds the magic of the Spring—
The miracle of Eden's Bower!

Within my garden nesting songs
Mount ever on melodic bars,
While over are the arching skies,
The moon, the myriad world of stars!

No realm of earth could offer more
Than this Infinitude to me!
Who has so fair a garden close
Has boundless kingdoms in his fee!
—Annie E. P. Searing.

WITHOUT WARNING

It was only a spring shower, but it swept up suddenly from out of the horizon and beat upon the world with silver lances of rain. We, scurrying for cover in the shelter of an old barn, wondered why showers had such a disconcerting habit of blotting out the sunshine all in a moment and drenching new summer frocks.

"When we started out," I found myself saying resentfully, "there wasn't a hint of this!"

The friend brushed a few drops of water from a filmy ruffle before she answered.

"I often wonder," she said finally, "why things so often happen without any warning. It hardly seems fair to have showers come on a day as bright as this one was!"

The shabby roof began to leak, and we moved deeper into the shadow of the barn,

while the great drops splashed in at the doorway.

"Oh, well," I answered, "it isn't doing us any real harm. If there hadn't been some sort of a shelter it might have ruined our clothes."

"But there was a shelter," finished my friend. She smiled. "There usually is a shelter!" she said.

The rain beat down as we stood there in the dimness of the old barn. And then, quite as suddenly as it had started, the rain faded away, and, all at once, miraculously the sun swept from behind a cloud.

We stepped over the broken door-sill of the old barn and out into a world that seemed like a great canvas freshly painted with paints that were fragrant as well as bright. The new leaves on the trees that stood sentinel-like along the way seemed greener than ever before, and the meadow flowers were sparkling in the sun. Even the sky seemed clearer, and the road, which had been a bit dusty, had become a brown satin ribbon for our feet to walk upon.

"After all—" I observed, "after all, this shower was worth while!"

"Even," added my friend, "if it did come without warning!" And she laughed.

The things that come without warning are often worth more to us than they would be if we had time in which to prepare for them. The emergencies that force out latent bravery, the situations that bring to light unexpected genius, would entirely fail in their object if they could be planned for with more or less elaboration. The boy who saved the brave land of Holland—you have all heard the story—by sitting through the night, faint from pain and exhaustion, with his little fingers held tight against a fatal hole in the supposedly strongest dike, would have lost his chance for fame had he known that the leak was going to occur though he might have done heroic work in preparing to defeat the intruding flood.

You've probably, every one of you, known some person who was strengthened by the unexpected happening. You've known wasters who, thrown upon their own resources, have become splendid men and women with real purposes in life; and you've known cowards who, in the time of fire or flood or excitement, have proved their strength and have never again been

cowards. You've heard of unpleasant things happening unexpectedly, that have made great and decidedly pleasant differences in many lives.

I heard the story, once, of a train wreck that occurred near an orphan asylum. It was not a serious affair, but there was some repairing to be done, and so a rich woman who was in one of the cars decided that, while it was being done, she would go through the asylum on a tour of inspection. She wasn't particularly curious about the place; but it was a nice day, and the building was not unattractive, and she had read all of her magazines, and she had nothing else to do. So she left the train and strolled across the orphan asylum lawn and in through the open door.

She was, as I have said, a rich woman. And she had always been, up to that time, a selfish woman. For she had never thought of sharing her wealth with one less fortunate than herself. That visit to the orphan asylum opened her eyes to a new world, a world of small children who had nothing of the plenty that she had always known and accepted as her due.

She had stepped through the asylum's open door with only one object—to kill time. She wandered through the different rooms, in the matron's excited charge, with a growing interest. She began to ask questions and the answers that she received made her heart fill with pity.

"I wonder," she said finally, "how I could help?"

The matron led her back to a comfortable little study. And they sat there until the train whistle blew, talking. And the rich woman heard of many ways in which she could help. When she left, she made a promise to come back again, and to make her second coming one that would mean something.

Under ordinary circumstances that rich woman would never have visited a public institution. She would have shuddered delicately away from the thought of such a thing. But, because she happened to be near such an institution when a train wreck happened without warning, she did visit it. And that visit was the beginning of many changes in many lives. Comforts and conveniences that the asylum had never dreamed of were installed; the worried matron was able to go to bed at night

without tossing sleeplessly and wondering about too slim budgets; and the laughter of little children made glad a certain stately old manor house that had been childless ever since the rich woman grew up.

Do not look askance at the things that happen without warning. Because there's a Hand behind every happening, a tender Hand with a definite purpose—a Hand that is at once a shelter (for there's always a shelter!) and a guide.

The spring shower made the earth more beautiful. Of course, if we had known that it was coming we would have stayed, safely and sanely, at home. And if we had done so we would have missed the fresh beauty of the Maytime country after the rain. But the shower came without warning. And so we, watching it, were able to read a symbolism into it.—Margaret E. Sangster in *Christian Herald*.

MINUTES OF WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING

The Woman's Board met on June 14, 1920, with Mrs. A. B. West, of Milton Junction. The members in attendance were Mrs. West, Mrs. Crosley, Mrs. L. M. Babcock, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Mrs. H. N. Jordan, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Mrs. E. D. Van Horn.

Visitors: Mrs. Paul Johnson, Clarkston, Wash.; Miss Mabel West, Salem, W. Va.; Mrs. R. C. Maxwell and Mrs. H. M. Burdick, of Milton Junction.

Mrs. Van Horn led the devotional service, reading Matthew 18: 18-19, with some comments by Dr. Harry Fosdick on the subject of "Praying together." Prayer was offered by Mrs. H. M. Burdick.

The minutes of the May meeting were read.

Mrs. Whitford read the Treasurer's report for May, giving total receipts of \$362.36. There were no disbursements during the month, and the balance in the treasury at present is \$1,702.30. A letter was read from Treasurer W. C. Whitford, of the General Conference. The Treasurer's report was adopted.

Mrs. L. M. Babcock gave a report of the recent photograph of the Woman's Board, taken at the request of Mr. N. O. Moore, of Riverside, Cal., for use with other denominational pictures. This report was adopted and the Treasurer was instructed

to pay the bill of \$9.00 for the photographs, the same to be sold at seventy-five cents each.

Mrs. Crosley read a letter from Mrs. E. C. Cronk, of the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions, concerning the printing of a serial in our denominational magazine. On motion by Mrs. Whitford, it was voted to appropriate \$50 for the serial, on condition that Mrs. Crosley, the editor of *Woman's Work*, considers the matter favorably.

Mrs. West reported some progress with the Conference program.

The President appointed Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. L. M. Babcock to write the prayer calendar for July. On motion it was voted that the allotment of the Mary F. Bailey scholarship in Milton College, maintained by the Woman's Board, be again made to Miss Eling Waung. Mrs. Paul Johnson spoke of her interest in, and love for, the *SABBATH RECORDER* in her "Lone Sabbath-keeper" home.

The minutes of the meeting were read corrected and approved.

Adjourned to meet with Mrs. Van Horn on July 12, 1920.

MRS. A. B. WEST,
President.
MRS. E. D. VAN HORN,
Recording Secretary.

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

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER XI

December 1st.

"DEAR HAZEL: I am quite disappointed in not being able to come and get you ere this. I had a letter from Williston last week from a man wanting to buy my claim and making me an offer for it. I think I will sell. And now I have an offer to work all this winter at good wages in a factory five days in the week but it is not near our people or our schools and churches, and I would be loath to bring you here under the circumstances. I shall be so lonely without you this winter but I think it best to accept the offer and it will give me the money to do better by you in the spring. If you can board there with Mrs. Livingston, it will be safer for you than here and I would be so glad to

have you with such a motherly woman as Mrs. Livingston. I am enclosing money for the time you have been there and begging them to keep you if a possible thing, and I will pay them well. If they will not, then I will see what I can do next, but will do nothing until I hear from you and them. I know you will not forget me and that the pleasant memories of our precious home will give you strength, and that with God's grace you will be as faithful as ever to the truth. Write me often. I will send you something for Christmas. Let me know at once if you can stay there.

"Lovingly,
"FATHER."

Hazel showed the letter to Mr. and Mrs. Livingston and asked them what they thought of it. They promised to tell her by next day.

"What do you think of it, James," asked Mrs. Livingston. "We have but little room and yet the money for her board will greatly help out and she will be a comfort to Leila and the very best company."

"Certainly, let her stay if she can put up with our way of living," replied her husband.

The next morning Mrs. Livingston said to Hazel, "If you think you can live the way we do here in a crowded shack, you are welcome to stay until your father comes or sends for you."

"While I will miss papa, I would rather stay with you than go among strangers where he is working. Besides, he will be earning so much more than he would on a farm or at anything in his old home town. I shall be so glad to be with you if you can keep me. I have been used to small rooms and hard times and I think I can stand any inconveniences that might be here and I'll try not to make you extra work, and papa will pay you," said Hazel.

So it was arranged for the girl to stay the winter or longer if necessary. Frank and Leila were delighted. The school teacher was also pleased, for the extra time she spent helping Hazel in advanced studies was well paid for in the good influence she had in the school helping to Americanize the children of the foreigners.

After talking it over together, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston decided to make a Christmas party for the young people and invite a select few when the time came. He had

already ordered some lumber for a small addition to the shack but had been unable to get a carpenter. He had, however, been able to lay the foundation himself and concluded he could do all the work with Frank's help. It was getting to be severe weather already, but before the middle of the month he would have it all done except some inside finishing. With some patent siding he could get along this winter and keep warm using it as a bed room. He had also enlarged the quarters for the stock and had bought another cow and more poultry. The new well was finished and furnished sufficient water though the spring water was still used. He sent for some trees and set them out about the shack and near the shed which would give good shade and make the place look less bare. Few settlers had paid any attention to trees and the country, especially in winter, looked bleak. The school was unusually good, for they had secured a first grade teacher from the Normal who had had experience and was intensely interested in the problem of how to Americanize the immigrants. Already there were seven nationalities in the school. The children were fast learning English but some of the older people did not care to speak it very much, especially Russians. They had their papers in their own language and the articles in them were none too loyal to the country of their adoption. This kind of literature was bound to make trouble later on in the country. Religiously there was little to be said in favor of the settlers though they had religious meetings which were more of a social character than really devotional.

Thus time quickly passed and Christmas drew near. It was to be a great occasion in many homes with now and then some unlawful importation of fire water. At the Livingston home were to be about a dozen people selected from such homes as would be adapted to an English-speaking and Christian home.

Before the school closed for the holiday vacation of two weeks, Frank and Leila sent out their invitations. The list was carefully made so as not to offend others if possible, who were not to be present.

"How shall we word the invitations, mamma?" asked Leila.

"Oh, make them as informal as possible and do not try to ape the Chesterfields.

Use good English," replied her mother.

"How's this, mamma?" after they had deliberated awhile:

"Livingston Ranch,
December 17th.

"MISS MINNIE CEJKA: You are cordially invited to our Christmas party the evening after Christmas, and you are asked to bring some choice English sayings from noted authors either English or American. Also be prepared to sing a Christmas carol in your own native tongue. A good time assured. Come early.

"FRANK AND LEILA MAUD LIVINGSTON."

"I think that is all right," said their mother. "I am sure you will have a most pleasant occasion."

A similar invitation was sent to a dozen boys and girls as near their ages as possible.

"How shall I ever introduce those who have not met the others," asked Leila.

"There is Minnie Cejka, Turosie Turovick, Hans Knutson, Dreka Poppandrikopolous, Zholin Chriczanevicz, Knute Hanson, Henry Smith and the other four. I never know whether I pronounce them correctly or not."

"You might ask them at school the proper accent and pronunciation, write them down and practice on them at home," laughed her father.

"Good idea, I'll do that and the teacher can help us. Of course a few are easy but that Poppandrikekariiczanzvic, or whatever you call it, will surely break my jaw. I shall need that appendage when the popcorn is passed," said Frank.

Two evenings before Christmas, Frank was coming home from one of the nearest neighbors where he had been to get some choice book to read, and as he came near the butte he thought he heard a voice faintly. He stopped and crouched to be unobserved if he had not been seen already, and listened.

"I say Vichie, we are not considered up-to-date enough to get an invite to that party. I hate this partiality and I propose to you that we get even by stealing their fatted turkey over there in the shed. It is no more than right under the circumstances and we will have a Christmas roast of our own over near the Belgian's hay stack. I'll get the turkey if you will gather the sticks for the fire. I'll ride over on my horse to-

morrow morning before day break and get the bird and run back and secret him until Christmas noon and then, O my! Won't old Livingston be astonished?"

"Good boy, I'm with you. Hope that little rascal of a boy will not be awake and have his gun primed, you might think you were in No-man's land."

Then they arose and went the opposite way from Frank toward their homes.

Frank told his father, and said, "I'm going to be up at two o'clock in the morning and be on top of the butte with my gun and when that scamp rides by I'll call out, 'Halt, or I'll shoot!'"

"But, my boy, you must not shoot a man for stealing; shoot only in self-defense, to save your own or another's life," said his father.

"Oh, no, I had no idea of shooting him, but I can put some cold lead, or warm when it leaves the gun, so close to him that he will think schrapnel is all about him. I reckon he will stop and obey orders or wheel about and 'ske-doo.'"

"He might have revenge on you later on, and then what?"

"I'll cover a part of my face bandit style or wear my mask so he will not identify me."

Frank was up and had reached the base of the butte when he saw a young man galloping toward him. He hastily scrambled to the top in the usual way, taking care to remove the plank from the chasm, and was just in time to lean over the big rock and called out, "Halt, hands up." The fellow looked up and saw the gun pointing at him straight and knew that it meant business, or supposed it did. How a man could be at the top of that butte he could not surmise for he had tried it himself and failed. But there was no mistake and he quickly stopped his horse and raised his hands. A shot rang out and whizzed by scaring him nearly out of his wits.

"Don't shoot again. What is it you want," he asked.

Frank changed his voice as much as he could and said, "You are a thief and carry a revolver. You throw that down and turn about and skee-daddle double quick before I get a bead on you closer than the first shot which I did not intend should hit you. Quick now for you'll want to be at home by

Christmas and help your mother dress the chicken. Get."

Dropping the revolver as ordered the stranger turned about and beat a hasty retreat, wondering what the end would be.

"What will you give me for an up-to-date revolver?" he asked his father. "Was I not quite a soldier to take this away from the enemy?"

"How did you do it, Frank?" asked Leila in astonishment and proud of her brother's achievement.

Frank then related the whole story as it was. But he never used that revolver. The turkey was safe and two unknown men were wondering where they would spend Christmas.

The night of the party came and there was a gay lot of young people. Games were played, pop corn made fresh, taffy pulled, and all the usual things that go to make a happy evening for young folks. Songs were sung in Danish, Belgian, Russian and Swedish tongues and interpreted. The object of Frank and Leila in having choice gems from American and English authors quoted was to create a greater interest in this country and have them, in searching for items, become familiar with our literature.

"Miss Minnie, what have you found to your fancy among the sayings of great men?" asked Mrs. Livingston.

"I was interested in this: 'No one can be truly educated or successful in life unless he is a reader of good books.' I got that from Benjamin Franklin."

Then Mrs. Livingston said a few words about Franklin and what he did, for those young people had had no chance to know much about American writers.

Miss Dreka had found in the small school library this saying:

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove
And men below and saints above;
For love is heaven and heaven is love."

"Who said that, Miss Dreka?" asked Leila.

"I could not find the author's name," she replied. It must be remembered that each of the foreigners spoke in broken English which we do not reproduce.

"It was Scott, but he was not an American," said Mr. Livingston.

"Zholin Chriczanevics, I see you have your paper ready. Out with your classic."

"When joy plays the fiddle, trouble can not keep from dancing," he quoted.

There was a shout from all and much laughter. "Where did you find that?" asked Frank.

"Don't know whether he was a United States man or from elsewhere; but his name was Brass Tacks."

Another peal of laughter.

"Was not that the name of the little book by Colonel Hunter?" said Mrs. Livingston. "I think he is from the United States of America."

And so one after another they all had something to quote and this exercise created much interest especially as Mr. or Mrs. Livingston made some remarks about the authors.

Following this was the supper. Such a supper they had not had since they became ranchmen and ranchgirls. They all pronounced the Livingstons all right and were friends after that.

"Next Washington's birthday we are going to have another party and we want you all to be here if convenient and I will ask you to bring from magazines or papers, or, if you can get them, pictures of the Presidents of the United States and pictures of American scenery. You will have a splendid time on that," said Mrs. Livingston.

"And now look out for the coyotes going home," said Hazel.

"And the gypsies," remarked Frank.

"And the haunted butte near your home," said Hans.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Frank in astonishment.

"Oh, one young fellow over at the Zaddock claim said that your butte was haunted for they saw a terrible face at the top one day when passing there."

When all were gone Frank said, "Murder will out."

(To be continued)

MRS. J. H. KELLOGG OF BATTLE CREEK

The death occurred in Battle Creek, Mich., on June 14, of Mrs. Ella Eaton Kellogg, wife of Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. She had been confined to her bed for a year, following an operation. She had been a lifelong Seventh Day Baptist. The funeral was conducted by Rev. M. B. Kelly, pastor of the local church, assisted

by Rev. G. C. Tenny and Rev. L. McCoy. She was born in Alfred, N. Y., April 7, 1853, the daughter of Joseph and Hannah Coon Eaton. In 1872, she was graduated from Alfred University with the degree of A. B. Her A. M. was awarded in 1875. After teaching school for several years, she went to Battle Creek to visit an aunt. An epidemic of typhoid fever breaking out, she was pressed into service as a nurse. This emergency held her several months and finally she entered the School of Hygiene of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Soon her aid was asked in conducting the Good Health magazine and for forty-three years she contributed to this. On February 22, 1879, she was married to Dr. Kellogg. To him she was a helpmeet not only in his home but in the work to which he has devoted his life. She was the chief factor in developing the dietary of the Sanitarium, which has been an important element in the success of the institution. She established the School of Home Economics at Battle Creek and was one of the founders and for many years manager of the Haskell Home for Orphans. She was graduated from the American School of Home Economics in 1909; taught cookery and domestic science in the Sanitarium. She founded the health department of the W. C. T. U.; was its superintendent of hygiene and later the associate of Miss Frances Willard in the purity department; afterwards became superintendent of mothers' meetings and then superintendent of child culture circles in the social purity department. She was a life member of the Y. W. C. A. and a charter member and honorary president of the Michigan Woman's Press Association. Besides contributing to various magazines, she wrote these books: "Talks with Girls," "Science in the Kitchen" and "Studies in Character Building." Hers was a beautiful Christian life, devoted to the happiness of those about her and to the bettering of humanity through education and character building.

H. M. STEGMAN.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—*Sir Humphry Davy.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

BROTHERHOOD

REV. JESSE E. HUTCHINS,

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
July 10, 1920

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Brotherhood violated (Obad. 1-16)

Monday—International friendship (1 Kings 5: 1-7)

Tuesday—Equality before God (Rom. 2: 4-11)

Wednesday—Good will (Luke 2: 14)

Thursday—Justice to the stranger (Deut. 1: 16-18)

Friday—Respect other people (Deut. 23: 7, 8)

Sabbath Day—Topic, Christian brotherhood among races an nations. Acts 17: 24-28)

This great speech of the apostle Paul given at Corinth is one of the best expositions that we are able to find of the doctrine that there is one Lord, one God, one Creator who has a deep regard for all peoples of the world. When Paul came to Corinth and happened upon the people at their worship, he saw how vain were their efforts to find God, so he attempted to bring to them a realization of the true God. Not a God along with their gods, but God who is over all.

The revelation that Paul strives to bring is not a system of religious thought or a definition; it is his attempt to bring them to a belief in a God who not only has created but has "made of one every nation to dwell on all the face of the earth"; and he teaches that "they should seek God," who is not far from each one, "for in him we live and move and have our being."

If God by creation has made all men and all nations with equal possibilities or relationship with him, how can one nation because of its greater accomplishments boast itself to be superior to another in reference to brotherhood? God does not make one people a chosen nation because he wants to make a distinction, or to make favorites, but he will use the best material he can in order to accomplish his end. And his end is not making one nation or people superior to another for themselves, but it is to make those who are the best have a sense of brotherhood which tends to lift all nations to the same plane.

God's plans are so often thwarted because greater accomplishments tend to form clans and cliques which do not strive to lift up the lower but rather develop a self-appraisal and conceit which repels rather than draws. The Spirit of Christ is the great leveler. This was what gave Paul his great power to take God from the narrow conception of a tribal God and make him the ruler and Savior of the whole world.

I am quoting Abraham Lincoln's Creed. See if there is not in it a spirit of brotherhood that can be attained only by the Holy Spirit working in and through each individual soul:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S CREED

I believe in God, the Almighty Ruler of nations, our great and good and merciful Maker, our Father in heaven who notes the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads.

I believe in his eternal truth and justice.

I recognize the sublime truth announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord.

I believe that it is the duty of nations as well as of men to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God, and to invoke the influence of his Holy Spirit; to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon.

I believe that it is meet and right to recognize and confess the presence of the almighty Father equally in our triumphs and in those sorrows which we may justly fear are a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins to the needful end of our reformation.

I believe that the Bible is the best gift which God has ever given to men. All the good from the Savior of the world is communicated to us through this book.

I believe the will of God prevails. Without him all human reliance is vain. Without the assistance of that Divine Being I can not succeed. With that assistance I can not fail.

Being an humble instrument in the hands of our heavenly Father, I desire that all my works and acts may be according to his will; and that it may be so, I give thanks to the Almighty, and seek his aid.

I have a solemn oath registered in heaven to finish the work I am in, in full view of my responsibility to God, with malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives me to see the right. Commending those who love me to his care, as I hope in their prayers they will commend me, I look through the help of God a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before.

WORK ON THE SOUTHEASTERN FIELD

REV. J. T. DAVIS

Reaching Shepherdsville late in the evening I was unable to find or locate Brother Wise until next morning. My plan had been to visit here and reach Stanford by Sabbath Day. Finding I was expected to hold services here, by using the phone my plans were again changed. Sabbath morning was spent in the study of the Sabbath-school lesson and a prayer service. In the afternoon I went with Brother and Sister Wise to visit Brother and Sister Shallings. Although old and feeble, being ninety-one and eighty-one years of age and living alone, these friends yet stand for Sabbath truth.

That evening I spoke to quite a large company, for a country church, who gave me marked attention. The next morning I was asked to speak at the close of Sunday school and again had an appreciative audience, judging from attention given. Although this was a Southern Baptist church, and our experience leads me to view them as extremely conservative yet the prospect for the largest congregation for Sunday night that I had been permitted to meet, was very good. Because of a very severe storm this service was given up.

The next morning I took a train for Stanford, Ky., where I was royally entertained by Brother and Sister McClary, and in whose parlor I was permitted to speak to quite a company of neighbors who gathered to hear me. Sister McClary is a lone Sabbath-keeper and although her husband is a deacon in the Baptist church, and his services as a speaker are in considerable demand he raises no objection to her observance of the Sabbath, nor did he offer objection to the claims of the Sabbath, of which we talked.

Being advised by those acquainted with the best route to North Carolina I took the train at Dansville to Chattanooga where I was compelled to wait over several hours. This time was partially occupied in visiting Lookout Mountain where the "Battle Above the Clouds" was fought. I saw Point Rock, where the "Yanks" climbed the almost perpendicular cliff, gaining top of the mountain with the loss of only one man and he stepping backwards fell to his death; saw the Jeff Davis rock, from which he addressed his soldiers, as well as many

other points of interest. Then I went to Missionary Ridge, climbed to the top of the signal station and came back to the city by way of the National Cemetery, seventy-five acres in extent, where lie fourteen thousand known and unknown of our fallen comrades, there being five thousand unmarked graves.

At Marietta, Ga., I stopped to look up Brother Arthur L. Manous, but found that he had gone, and after a tiresome wait and more tiresome night journey, reached Hope Mills, N. C., on Friday, June fourth, where I found Rev. D. N. Newton and his two sisters, Phebe and Emily. With these friends I stayed during my stay in these parts. Here I held four parlor services, as well as making other calls.

Sunday I visited Sister Mary E. Fillyaw whose name many RECORDER readers will recognize. Sister Fillyaw is the one member of the old Cumberland Seventh Day Baptist Church whose home was not taken over by the Government in the establishment of Camp Bragg (named in honor of General Bragg of the Confederate Army). It is claimed by experts, so said, that this is one of the best located camps in the United States, covering a territory of twenty-seven miles, and used for target practice with long range guns. Not only were most of the Seventh Day Baptist homes taken but the old Cumberland church building was taken. If property could not be bought at their own price it was condemned and a price placed upon it, so it's "I'll take the turkey and you the crow, or you take the crow and I'll take the turkey." After looking over the church building, I doubt if \$500, the amount realized for the property would pay the lumber bill. From looking over the old church building and getting a bird's-eye view of Camp Bragg I returned to Hope Mills in time for our evening service.

Monday morning again Brother Newton took me out about eight miles to visit Sister Rogers and son Robert, loyal Sabbath-keepers. I here want to acknowledge the kindness of Brother Newton and sisters who insisted on paying all expenses of my visiting about, besides looking after my every want. This was about to close my experience at Hope Mills, when some of the neighbors came in to enquire if I would have a service before taking the train.

GLEANING

This I readily consented to do, so the last evening was spent in song, aided by the violin in the hands of a young man who although not a Seventh Day Baptist seemed interested, not only in the song service, but also in my talk regarding the love of God, wherein I tried to show that God's love was manifest not only in the gift of his only begotten son but in his law. That every "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" was not so much to maintain the dignity of God, as to save man from the consequences of sin.

At 10.22 p. m., I boarded the train to have a varied experience of changes and stops, finally reaching Portsmouth, Va., about 2.30 next day. Here I met Brother and Sister Hardy, lone Sabbath-keepers, of some years experience. They seem to be of that type of Christian that when Sabbath truth was seen, no expediency came between them and duty. They are anxious to get with one of our Seventh Day Baptist churches, or have our people commence a work there that will result in establishing a church in Portsmouth. That they are at heart loyal Seventh Day Baptists there is no doubt in my mind even though they have not identified themselves with any church of our faith and order. Several hours was spent with these friends, and the longer I stayed the more difficult it seemed to get away. This closing my work in the Southeast I started on the homeward trip with lingering memories of the many friends I have met, the kindly ministrations received and an interest in this great field I have never felt before. May God's blessing rest upon the faithful and in some way may the light of his truth, in its fullness, be sent into the dark places.

After looking over my published reports I see some errors and omissions I regret, and not wishing to blame others, or failing to give the credit, I wish at this time to correct one, and say, if others appear, it will be from oversight and not lack of appreciation of the kindness received by almost every one I have visited.

In the report of the auto trip to Daytona Beach, it would seem that the kindness of Mrs. George A. Main, who alone with her machine made the trip possible, was entirely lost sight of. No one, we think, has shown more interest, or seemed more willing to sacrifice than she, and I want my appreciation to be known.

In a sense every one may be said to be a gleaner and the fruits to be gleaned in the field of life are numerous and plentiful. I do not refer so much to material, as to mental and spiritual fruits, although when we study the habits of men and see the wild rush for the accumulation of wealth and the possession of earthly objects it is not difficult to reach the conclusion that the gleaner most men engage in is for temporal things. But wisdom tells us that we should not look upon things that are seen as the most desirable, for the things that are seen are perishable, but the things that are not seen are eternal. Truth, goodness, righteousness, purity, love, joy, hope, faith, are things that we may add to our possessions which shall not pass away "for now abide faith, hope and love." It is possible as one looks about to glean thoughts that may be expressed in beautiful language and thus enrich our minds, remembering that the "Price of wisdom is above rubies." It will be a delight to know in after years that we have been eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. Only by living an unselfish life, may we hope to have "the lines fall to us in pleasant places." While roaming in sin no one can say, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters." Neither while living a selfish life can we say, "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." On the contrary, considering our ways, and contemplating our conduct, we may be so filled with disgust that we we will find, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove that I might fly away," better suited to express our feelings. Those who are filled with thoughts of regret and feelings of remorse can not say, "He giveth his beloved sleep." But since joy and gladness have gone out of life such words as "We hanged our harps on the willows," will express our feelings. Those who are filled with the ways of sin; those who spend precious time exploring the hedges of folly will not be able to say, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and her paths are peace," for "There is no peace saith my God to the wicked." Let us all say with firm resolution, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—*The Baptist*.

"Consult the honor of religion more and your personal safety less."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE MULE THAT WAS PENSIONED

Mexique was a big white mule. Most mules are brown or black or gray; some one has called them "Quakers" because of their quiet hue of their coats. But this mule was white. It was an army mule and was loved by many of our brave soldiers in the Civil War. Mexique was their comrade. Mules, you know, make excellent soldiers. They carry strapped on their backs heavy loads of ammunition and food and clothes and cooking utensils for the men. They do the hard work, and they are good and faithful servants.

Mexique was one of the most famous army mules in the world. He never missed a day's work for more than forty years. And when he did the hard, dangerous work of the army he was just as faithful and brave as any of the hero generals.

But when the war was over what was to be done with Mexique? He was nearly fifty years old—too old to work any longer. When soldiers go home after a war and are too old to earn their living the country gives them a pension. But Mexique was only a mule. Who ever heard of pensioning a mule?

One day the officer who had charge of Mexique received an order from the War Department to "sell all unserviceable animals." That would mean Mexique. The officer sat down and wrote a letter to General Sherman, telling him all about the faithful mule and what a good soldier he had been.

General Sherman was head of the whole army, but there was only one man who could save Mexique, and that was the Secretary of War, Robert Lincoln, the son of Abraham Lincoln. So General Sherman sent the officer's letter to Robert Lincoln and added this sentence: "I advise that he be kept in the department, fed, and maintained till death."

When the Secretary of War heard all that Mexique had done, he thought that the whole country owed him a reward. He wrote an order that the old mule should be well kept and cared for at the public ex-

pense as long as he lived. That meant that Mexique was to be pensioned just like the real soldiers. The officers were very happy when the order came, and they bought the mule at once, and the United States fed him and took care of him until his death, which occurred three years later. So, you see, a mule carried a pension for three years, and his name is written in the war papers of the government at Washington.—*Lorraine Anderson Allen, in the Visitor.*

TWAS A GLORIOUS FOURTH AFTER ALL

"Say, fellows, what's the matter with Jimmy?" piped up Ned Merrill as the South End Athletics crowded into the empty garage in Ned's back yard.

"Maybe he's sick," volunteered Willie Prentice.

"No, he isn't," answered Tommy Watson, "'cause I saw him coming from the store a little while ago."

It was the Fourth of July, and the South Enders had planned for a grand celebration of the nation's birthday. Tin banks had been emptied, and every possible penny had been secured for the club's common purse. There were to be flags, lemonade and noise makers of all sorts to come after the morning baseball game with the West End Eagles. When the plans were being made for the celebration Jimmy Darrell had been the leading spirit. Now, on the morning of the eventful day, the little members of the neighborhood club were gathering for the ball game and anxious for the frolic of the afternoon. All that was needed was the presence of bright eyed, sharp witted Jimmy, the club president and popular leader of the youthful Athletics.

"Do you suppose he won't show up to pitch against the Eagles this morning?" asked Eddie White.

His question was followed by a dark silence, for without Jimmy in the box there was no hope of winning the game. Suddenly Willie Prentice let out a shrill whistle and dashed to the door, wildly waving his cap. "Here he comes!" he shouted. And sure enough, down the alley walked the missing Jimmy. There was something about him that caused uneasiness among the boys clustered in the garage door.

"Hi, there! Hurry up, Jim!" called Will

who was bent on getting the ball game started.

"Go on; I'll catch you," said Jim. And as the club headed for the ball grounds there was a secret hope in the breast of the members of the team that Jim would "wake up" in time to pitch a good game.

Jimmy did not "wake up." He pitched a game of ball without any heart in it, and the Eagles won by three runs, which they piled up the last inning. On the way back to the garage Jim said:

"I hated to disappoint you fellows. It was because I was worrying about our big celebration this afternoon that I couldn't pitch against the Eagles." After a pause, during which the boys wondered what was coming, he went on, "We all belong to the Junior Red Cross, don't we?"

There was a general nodding of assent.

"Our teacher told us that if we were to be good citizens we must serve others, didn't she?" was his next question. More nodding of assent.

"Well, on my way down here this morning I met two boys from the Orphan's Home and they told me they were looking for an American flag so that they could celebrate the Fourth. That was to be all the fun they were going to have. I had the club's money in my pocket, and the thought struck me that if we were good citizens we ought to help those boys, and especially since they were doing their poor best to celebrate the country's birthday. Why can't we buy a flag for them and then spend the rest of the money on jimcracks for their Fourth?"

A buzz of conversation followed Jim's question as the boys grouped themselves about their leader. Finally Will Prentice said:

"That's all right, Jim. Let's buy the flag and everything. We ought to give those orphans one sure enough 'Glorious Fourth.' We can get some lemons at home and make some lemonade for ourselves and then go down to see the parade and maybe the fireworks tonight, so I guess it won't be such a bad Fourth after all, only I do wish we had won that ball game."

As Will ceased speaking the boys heard some one coming out of the garage, and, turning around, they saw Ned's uncle approaching.

"I happened to hear what you boys were talking about just now," he remarked as he

came up. "Jimmy has asked you to make a big sacrifice in the way of unselfish service for others, and you boys are little bricks for backing him up. Now, don't say anything more about it, but buy your treat for the orphans, get some lunch and then meet me at my house at 2 o'clock."

Promptly on schedule time the boys were at the meeting place, and then things began to happen so fast there was no time left for regrets over the money that had been spent. Ned's uncle had purchased flags, balloons and every imaginable kind of noise making contrivance made to give boys a good time on the Fourth of July. Late in the afternoon the West End Eagles unexpectedly appeared for another game of ball. This time Jimmy pitched with his usual skill. The South End Athletics won with many runs to spare and were cheered by the boys from the Orphan's Home, who had marched to the ball ground behind the flag the boys had bought for them.

The day ended in a blaze of glory, and as they were departing for their home the Athletics declared it the very best Fourth they had ever spent. In playing the part of good citizens they had found a new pleasure in the celebration of the anniversary of their country's declaration of independence.—*Red Cross Juvenile.*

When God's man does his work well he hears, "Well done, good and faithful servant." When Satan's man does his work well (a betrayal, for example), he hears a voice from hell, "Go out and hang yourself." And Judas went. The boss who "can never get enough out of a man" is the terror of all workingmen. No good man hires with such a boss. Be as smart as a day laborer. Hire with heaven.—*Ridge-way.*

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'

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

MINUTES OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD MEETING

The regular quarterly meeting of the Sabbath School Board was held in Whitford Memorial Hall, Milton, Wis., Sunday afternoon, June 6, 1920, at 2:30 o'clock. The President, Professor A. E. Whitford, presided and the following Trustees were present: A. E. Whitford, J. H. Lippincott, G. M. Ellis, D. N. Inglis, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, G. E. Crosley, H. N. Jordan and A. L. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Pastor H. N. Jordan.

The minutes of the last meeting were read. A report of the Committee on Publications was presented by the chairman, Professor D. N. Inglis, which was adopted. The chairman of the Committee on Finance, Dr. G. E. Crosley, reported that the committee had audited the accounts of the Field Representative and authorized the payment of the same. The report was adopted. The quarterly report of the Treasurer was presented and adopted as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT

L. A. BABCOCK, Treasurer,	
In account with	
THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD	
<i>Dr.</i>	
Feb. 28—Balance on hand	\$615 16
Mar. 30—Anna M. Blough, Salemville, Pa., Sabbath School	6 38
May 20—Emma Lewis, Stone Fort Sabbath School	6 00
21—Ada Bond, Roanoke Sabbath School	5 00
Interest on Liberty Bond	10 63
E. H. Clarke, Treasurer Young People's Board, share of expenses of field representative	54 56
27—George F. Potter, West Hallock Church	1 98
William C. Whitford, Treasurer, share of allotment on \$2,336.96, Forward Movement	51 61
	<hr/>
	\$751 32

	<i>Cr.</i>	
April 12—Dr. A. L. Burdick, postage	\$10 00	
20—Rev. M. G. Stillman, assistant editor of <i>Helping Hand</i>	25 00	
H. W. Rood, assistant editor of <i>Helping Hand</i>	25 00	
26—E. M. Holston, advance expenses Eastern trip	75 00	
E. M. Holston, salary and expenses for March	86 83	
28—Davis Printing Co:		
175 circular letters	\$4 35	
100 cards	1 75	
	<hr/>	6 10
Rev. William C. Whitford, expenses to International S. S. Committee	18 70	
May 24—E. M. Holston, salary and expenses for April	110 48	
29—George B. Shaw, expenses attendance Near East Relief	2 00	
June 1—Balance on hand	392 21	
	<hr/>	\$751 32

The report of the committee to investigate the advisability of securing a delegate to the Tokio S. S. Convention was adopted as a report of progress.

Correspondence was presented from Rev. George B. Shaw, Dean A. E. Main, E. M. Holston and others.

The following bills were presented, allowed and ordered paid: Davis Printing Co. for printing, \$34.85; W. E. Rogers, for banners, \$4.20; the S. S. Council for minutes, \$1.28.

It was voted that the Secretary be instructed to prepare the annual report of the Sabbath School Board to the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference. At the request of the Secretary it was voted that the Field Representative be asked to participate in the preparation of the report.

Moved and carried that when we adjourn we adjourn to the call of the President.

It was voted that the President and Field Representative be authorized to prepare the program for the Sabbath School Board's hour at the coming session of the General Conference.

The minutes were read and approved. Adjourned.

A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

Sabbath School. Lesson 1—July 3, 1920
DAVID IN CAMP AND COURT. 1 Sam. 17:1—18:9
DAILY READINGS
Golden Text—David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and Jehovah was with him. 1 Sam. 18: 14.
June 27—1 Sam. 17: 1-11. Israel Challenged
June 28—1 Sam. 17: 12-19. A Lad of Israel
June 29—1 Sam. 17: 20-31. David in Camp
June 30—1 Sam. 17: 32-40. The Challenge Accepted.
July 1—1 Sam. 17: 41-54. David Slays Goliath
July 2—1 Sam. 17: 55—18: 9. Friends and an Enemy at Court
July 3—Psa. 18: 25-36. Thanksgiving for Deliverance
(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

GOING TO CHURCH IN CHINA

You went to church this morning, didn't you? Was your church anything like ours? Was it cold? The wind just whizzed through the old Chinese house in which we had service. The floor of pounded earth, which takes on dampness from the atmosphere, was fairly wet today. Was it rainy and the sky clouded and every chill wind driving the dampness through the thickest clothing you had? Did you sit huddled down in your coat collar and bundled up in your skirts until you had difficulty finding your feet and head when a hymn was announced and you had to unloosen? Were the walls of your "church" unsightly with the collected dirt of years and pictures drawn by school children? Were the pillars partly covered with faded red paper, torn in shreds or rubbed into little balls? Were the rafters overhead covered with dust and cobwebs numerous?

Did an old hen and flock of little chickens walk up the aisle chuckling and peeping as they went, and have to be driven out by the most dignified person in the audience? Did the next most dignified person have to take a long pole and reach out over the back of the seat at the rear of the church and drive off the pigs, ducks and cocks occasionally? Did two dogs, reposing just back of the pulpit, rise up and howl at a passing stranger? Did a flock of sparrows come chattering in and roost overhead while the preacher was announcing his text? Did three benches of little boys keep whispering and mumbling all through the prayer? Did babies cry at intervals through the service? Did you have an

organ, or were the hymns pitched so high without one that even the highest squealer could not reach them, and you had to be invited to "sing the last verse?" Did the pulpit desk waver to and fro on its temporary base when the preacher happened to touch it? Did all this get on your nerves and did you declare you would never go to church again?

As we sat the few minutes before the service began and thought of it all—the uncleanness, the lack of beauty, the noise and constant disturbance and the annoyance it might be—we contrasted it with the joy it really was to be in a place of worship even so humble a place. We thought of the two hundred or more honest-hearted people who were gathering there to worship the God we love. We thought of the many little children, though now crying babies or whispering boys, who would not always be so, and we praised God that they were being taught lessons of him.

We thought of the many millions in China who this day were gathered in places of worship going "from strength to strength" in the Father's house. We thought of our pastor, though only a young man, who would give us a sermon to awaken thought, deepen our love toward God and make us stronger for the days of the coming week. We thanked God for his consecration and zeal for the things of the kingdom, and not for him alone, but for all such as he in China. We thought of the church building that was being repaired and where we would soon be worshipping. We could forget the many months that we had worshiped in the court of the Chinese house and could look out into the future, to see a building of which we need not be ashamed. We thought of the little square bell tower attached and of the bell that would be placed there some day and of the message that would ring out over the valley announcing the Sabbath.

With such thoughts as these how could one be annoyed or impatient at the many disturbances? So with a smile and a nod of encouragement to the pastor as he took his place in the pulpit we set about the task appointed and tried to keep the babies from crying, the little boys from whispering and the chickens from monopolizing the service, and so worshiped God.—
Unsula Tyler.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY

ALFRED, N. Y.

Progress in Raising \$100,000

13 Subscriptions of \$2,000 raised.....	\$26,000	
7 Subscriptions of \$2,000 still needed.....		\$14,000
12 Subscriptions of \$1,000 raised.....	12,000	
8 Subscriptions of \$1,000 still needed.....		8,000
12 Subscriptions of \$500 raised.....	6,000	
8 Subscriptions of \$500 still needed.....		4,000
12 Subscriptions of \$250 raised.....	3,000	
8 Subscriptions of \$250 still needed.....		2,000
30 Subscriptions of \$125 raised.....	3,750	
10 Subscriptions of \$125 still needed.....		1,250
100 Subscriptions of \$50 raised.....	5,000	
300 Subscriptions of \$50 still needed.....		15,000
Amount raised.....	\$55,750	
Amount needed.....		\$44,250
Total.....		\$100,000

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.

Payable in not more than.....equal.....annual payments of Dollars, beginning

.....; or as follows.....

Dated.....

Signed.....

Address.....

MARRIAGES

MARKLUND-CRANDALL.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alpha Crandall, in Wasioja, Minn., June 5, 1920, by Rev. E. H. Socwell, Mr. John F. Marklund, of Proctor, Minn., and Miss Vida M. Crandall, of Wasioja, Minn.

"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed."
[She is survived by her husband, Edward, two sons, George and Forrest, a father, William Edgar Greene, and two sisters, Mrs. John Millard, of North Bennington, and Miss Matie Greene, of Berlin.]

Services were held at her late home, Poestenkill N. Y., Rev. Mr. Strail of the Poestenkill German Lutheran church officiating, assisted by Rev. E. Adelbert Witter, pastor of the Berlin S. D. B. church. Interment in the Barberville Cemetery.
M. E. G.

DEATHS

DINGMAN.—Amy Elmina, daughter of Isaac and Amy Brock, was born in Grafton, Rensselaer County, N. Y., June 1, 1830, and died at her home in Hebron, Potter County, Pa., May 24, 1920.

CUSHINE.—Alice E. Greene, eldest daughter of William E. and the late Emma F. Clements, was born at Berlin, N. Y., April 24, 1879, and died at Poestenkill, N. Y., May 23, 1920, at the age of 41 years and 29 days.

She was married to Henry Dingman April 1, 1850, who died August 19, 1897. She had one son, Isaac Dingman. (She was baptized and united with the First Seventh Day Baptist church of Hebron March, 1844, of which she remained a member until her death.)

When she was thirteen years of age she professed faith in the Savior, was baptized by Rev. G. H. Fitz Randolph, and with several others joined the Berlin S. D. B. church.

She is survived by two brothers, Andrew Brock of Nyack, N. Y., Perry Brock, of Hebron, and one sister, Mrs. E. L. Kenyon, of Nortonville, Kans., one son, Isaac Dingman, of Hebron, Pa., three grandsons, George, Almond and Judson Dingman; two granddaughters, Mrs. Lillian Thompson and Josephine Snyder, of Hebron Pa., and eleven great grandchildren. Funeral services were held in the church May 26.
G. P. K.

On December 25, 1905, she was united in marriage to Mr. Edward Cushine, of Berlin, and to them were born two children, George Edward, and Forrest Edgar, who are now eleven and eight years of age. About eight years ago Mr. Cushine's brother came to live with them and stricken as he was with tuberculosis, was faithfully nursed by Mrs. Cushine to the end, which came after three years. Soon after this Mrs. Cushine was operated on for cancer, and after four years, had a second operation which however was not successful, for in a few months the cancer was again evident. In February of this last year, Mrs. Cushine, with the other members of the family, had "flu," and immediately after this began to fail rapidly. No one but the Father knows of the awful agony of body and soul this brave girl endured—for no mother can immediately be reconciled to the thought of leaving two boys at such a needy age; but just as her faith in the love and goodness of God made her patient, sweet, and uncomplaining to the end, so that faith and trust triumphed and she gave her two young boys, in prayer, to the care of the Father, who, through all the years of suffering and anguish, had never forsaken her.

ST. JOHN.—George W. St. John was born in Leonardsville, N. Y., on March 8, 1883, and died from an accidental fall on May 26, 1920; being 87 years, 2 months, and 18 days of age.

Mr. St. John was married May 3, 1857, to Phebe Green, who survives him. He is also survived by a daughter, Mrs. A. H. Camp, of Plainfield, N. J., and a son, Mr. G. H. St. John, of Leonardsville, N. Y. Funeral services were held at his late home and interment was made in the Leonardsville cemetery. His kindly greeting will be missed.
F. E. P.

RESSEGUIE.—Myrtle Leone Resseguie was born in Cotesfield, Neb., March 12, 1906, and died at the home of C. W. Barber, in North Loup, Neb., May 28, 1920. She was the daughter of Herbert L. and Carrie Whitehead Resseguie.

When Myrtle was only eighteen months old she came to live with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Barber and after her mother's death made her home continuously with them, where she has had all the love and care that a father and mother could bestow upon a child.

She was, during the last two months of her sickness, tenderly and lovingly cared for by her two sisters, who almost hourly, marveled at the sweet patient, forgiving spirit manifested, and rejoiced in the spirit of Christian victory, which enabled her, sore stricken as she was, and in the awful agony of constant pain, to wait with patience, for her deliverance. And so, early on Sunday morning, May 23, with only a look and a clasp of the hand, with speech gone, and in spite of opiates, pain racking her poor, distorted, cancer-filled body, alone with her God and her sister, her spirit at last burst its bonds, and the temple of clay, glorious with the Divine light of victory, even in death, was all that remained.

When Myrtle was eleven years old she gave her heart to Christ, was baptized by Pastor A. L. Davis and received into fellowship of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of North Loup. In the church and Junior Christian Endeavor society, of which she was a member, she filled a real place. Her life was beautifully unfolding

into Christian womanhood when she was stricken down. After a long lingering illness, during which all that loving hearts and willing hands could do was done, she quietly passed into the life beyond.

She is survived by her father, Herbert L. Ressegue, Glen Rock, Wyo.; one brother, Leo R., of Casper, Wyo.; and three sisters: Edith Gardiner, Scotia, Neb.; Edna Herrick, Shawnee, Wyo.; and Charlotte, who is at home with her father.

Farewell services were held from the home Sabbath afternoon, May 29, conducted by Pastor Davis, and burial was made in the village cemetery.

A. L. D.

STILMAN.—Leila May Hurley was born at Nortonville, Kan., June 28, 1893, and died at her home near North Loup, Neb., May 25, 1920.

She lived at the place of her birth until the spring of 1913, when she came to North Loup, Neb. Here she was married to Louis E. Stillman, February 4, 1914. To them were born two sons, Paul and Ralph.

When she was in her twelfth year she was converted and became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Nortonville, Kan., of which she remained a member till the time of her death. Besides her husband and two children, she is survived by her mother, Mrs. Dora Hurley, of Nortonville, Kan., and one brother Lynn, of Timpas, Colo.

Funeral services were held from the home, May 28, 1920, conducted by Pastor A. L. Davis, and burial was made in the village cemetery.

A. L. D.

LEHMAN.—Mary Caroline Glawe Lehman was born in Saxony, Germany, July 24, 1848, and fell asleep in Jesus, Sabbath morning, June 12, 1920, at the age of 71 years, 10 months and 13 days, at her home in Dodge Center, Minn.

When five years of age she came with her parents to Manitowoc, Wis.

She was married, just fifty-six years ago today, June 14, 1864, to Fredrick Ernest Lehman. In 1876 they moved to Minnesota which has ever since been their home.

Seven children were born to her, two of whom died in infancy, and one, Henry, at the age of seventeen. The four remaining are Mrs. Bert Wyman of Dodge Center; Benjamin, of Kenyon; Emile, Dodge Center; and Mrs. Henry Swanson, Minneapolis. Besides these sons and daughters with their families, and her faithful companion of fifty-six years she leaves to mourn her loss two sisters, Mrs. Louise Mensching, Manitowoc, Wis., and Mrs. Bertha Rhorback of Chicago, and one brother, Ernest Glawe of Dodge Center.

Early in life she experienced religion and joined the Baptist church in Wisconsin. Some thirty-five years ago she joined the Seventh Day Baptist church of this place of which she was a member when called home. Her Christianity was of a practical type and expressed in many neighborly deeds. She will be greatly missed by a wide circle of friends.

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Services were conducted by Pastor Van Horn and interment was in Riverside Cemetery.

H. C. V.

SMITH—At his home at Alfred Station, N. Y., May 27, 1920, Mr. E. F. Smith, aged 56 years.

Edward Fenner Smith, the youngest of the five sons of Joseph W. and Susan Fenner Smith, was born at Alfred, N. Y., May 3, 1864. After finishing the public school he attended Alfred University for some time but did not graduate. December 10, 1885, he was married to Carrie M. Hadsell, Rev. James Summerbell officiating. To them were born two children, now Mrs. Clarence Potter, of Hornell, N. Y., and Mrs. Tom Stevens of Wellsville, N. Y.

Mr. Smith was a charter member of the Odd Fellows Lodge at Alfred. The most of his life was spent on the farm. For the last few years he worked in the machine shop at Alfred, until just recently, when failing health kept him from his work.

Funeral services were conducted at the house on the afternoon of May 29, and burial services at Alfred Rural Cemetery by the Odd Fellows. Mr. Smith had a host of friends, who sympathize with the family.

W. M. S.

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