

The Sabbath Recorder

Millions of People in China Are STARVING

They are a long, long way off. We do not come face to face with the need, but the need is urgent.

*They are asking for bread—
Will you give them a stone?*

Send your contributions to Treasurer, American Committee, China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City, or if more convenient to F. J. Hubbard, Treasurer, Plainfield, N. J.

DEATH'S REAL TERROR

Could I have sung one song that should survive
The singer's voice, and in my country's heart
Find loving echo—evermore a part
Of all her sweetest memories; could I give
One great thought to the people, that should prove
The spring of noble action in their hour
Of darkness, or control their headlong power
With the firm reins of justice and of love;
Could I have traced one form that should express
The sacred mystery that underlies
All beauty, and through man's enraptured eyes
Teach him how beautiful is holiness,—
I had not feared thee. But to yield my breath,
Life's purpose unfulfilled!—This is thy sting, O death!

—Sir Noel Paton.

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"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Isaiah 41: 10.
"A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench." Isaiah 42: 3.
"This poor man cried and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his troubles. Psalms 34: 6.
"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Psalm 23: 4.

Light in the Darkness Recently we have been made to think much upon the sad changes that have come upon several homes of our friends by bereavements. There are times when the grim reaper seems to come so frequently that those who are bowed down with grief do not have time to look up before another stroke comes and puts crushed hearts into the wine-press of sorrow anew. Husbands and fathers have been suddenly called from earth, leaving loved ones to stagger through these days as though smitten with a blindness that takes the light out of the years. Homes have been invaded and life-companions taken that could illy be spared, until at every turn those who are left must see continual reminders of loved ones gone.

To many a weak vision, dimmed with tears, the clouds of sorrow shut out the sunshine and make the world exceeding dark. Now is the time when these dear ones need comfort. Blinded eyes see not the bright light in the clouds; but the eye of faith reveals something of it and there is many a loving assurance that our night will soon give way to the morning. Meanwhile, even in the darkness, we may know that the infinite heart of Love knows all our griefs, all our sleepless nights, all our anxieties, and is moved, by our prayers, to lay underneath the everlasting arms.

We have in our cabinet of curios from other lands an ancient tear bottle taken from a tomb in Palestine. Firm in the assurance that God took notice of our tears, his

children in olden times caught their tears in a bottle to bury with their dead. This reveals their belief that the heavenly Father remembered their griefs, and to him they looked for comfort. "Put thou my tears in thy bottle" is a well-known prayer of David.

God sees the tears of his loved ones today. He knows all our sorrows. He sees the end to which troubles rightly borne are bringing us, and graciously enables us through the telescopic vision of tears to understand something of the blessed home where sorrows never enter and where all tears are wiped away.

The God of infinite love has his own way of taking our families apart and of bringing us, one by one, to the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. And his way must be the best way. We can not understand it all now. It is not best that we should. But we, the trusting children of God, will find divine help to feel sure that when we get up out of this night into the glory of the coming morning, we shall then see how it was that in the Christian's earthly pilgrimage all things were working together for good. Then shall we see that many deep afflictions here—those things we call troubles—were only stepping-stones to lift us higher and to bring us to the everlasting home of peace.

God will clear up all mysteries then, and we shall be satisfied with the ways in which he has led us. Joseph from his vantage-ground in glory must thank God for leading him through the pit and the prison to his life of usefulness here. Poor old Job was in darkness much of the time here below; but he must now see how it was best for him to be bereaved. Yes, God will make it so plain by and by that his beloved children will thank him for all their sorrows and for their refining discipline in this vale of tears. Bartimeus will thank God for his blindness, Lazarus for his poverty and afflictions; Daniel for the den of lions; and bereaved, broken-hearted Abraham will understand why his beloved Sarah had to go down

into the cave of Machpelah while he must finish his pilgrimage alone.

God gives us all faith to rest assured in the help of our divine Leader, who can make no mistake even in our saddest, darkest day.

For Thy Comfort As we have dwelt upon the sorrows and distresses that have darkened so many homes, there has come a longing to offer some of the comforts of God for the help of those who suffer in the darkness. When we take the Bible for such a purpose we are surprised to see what a multitude of witnesses testify to the truth that God is their help and sure refuge in trouble. Then when we look back over years that have fled on swift wings, we can but see where he has many times been true to his promises as a God of all comfort and of help in time of need.

Out of the great number of comforting assurances, we have chosen four texts which have been especially helpful to us, and placed them at the head of our editorial columns today. You can not give them careful reading without seeing why they have been so comforting and helpful to others. The first text has sustained more than one dear soul in the valley and the shadow of death. When a precious daughter was in the "swellings of the Jordan" she found sustaining grace by repeating that text with wonderful assurance. Every word seemed precious to her and she fell asleep almost with those words on her lips. It made that death-chamber seem like the very door to heaven. And during all the years since that death scene, every promise in that passage has been precious to the one who heard them.

The heavenly Father who says, "Fear thou not for I am with thee," offers to strengthen; and if we can not stand by the strength he gives, he promises his "help"; and if, after being helped, we are likely to fail, he says he will "uphold" us. Too many have tested these promises and found them true, for any one to doubt them now. They are just as available, my friend, for you as they have been for others. They are effective not only in our sorrows, but also in times of temptations and perplexing anxiety.

Then the second text is especially helpful because it reveals so much of the sympathetic compassion of God for the very *weakest* of his children. The bruised reed may

refer to the delicate reed so weak as to bend before every little wind, which, when bruised, is among the weakest of earth's plants. Or it is supposed by some to have reference to the reed used in a musical instrument which when once bruised is not worth saving but is broken and rejected. In either case it represents the weakest child of God.

The other figure of smoking flax may mean the wick of an ancient lamp from which the oil is all but gone, and there is only enough to cause the wick to smoulder and smoke instead of burning enough to give light. Oil represents the spirit often times in the Bible, and if this is a true explanation of the illustration, it must represent the one in whom the oil of the spirit has run so low that it can give no light. It can only burn with the weakest kind of glow. It is only smoking flax! Yet the Lord will cherish that. He will not snuff it out. He will replenish the oil and restore to life the flame.

Thus it has long seemed to us that the very weakest child of God—the one who can only be compared to "a broken reed or to smoking flax", is still an object of his loving care. And he is ready, in his compassion, to restore and save such a one as that.

"My Cup Runneth Over" These words are beautiful when we consider the connection in which we find them. The writer had made the Lord his shepherd and given himself up to be led and fed and protected. He felt safe and secure even in the valley of the shadow of death, and he was comforted. He enjoyed peace and was fed in the presence of his enemies, and was sure that goodness and mercy would be his forever. His cup of happiness was overflowing and God's grace was sufficient.

It is a beautiful object-lesson to see a man who was sometimes overloaded with burdens, beset by trials and temptations, and crushed by bereavement, resting so completely in the arms of infinite love and so fully assured of God's goodness forever. If David with all his troubles could abide so trustingly in the good Shepherd's care there is no reason why we should not do so. Hundreds have triumphed over every ill and rejoiced in tribulation.

After a life-time of suffering Richard

Baxter said, "O my God! I thank thee for bodily discipline of eighty-five years."

Harlan Page said: "A bed of pain is a precious place, when we have the presence of Christ. God does not send unnecessary affliction. Lord! I thank thee for suffering. . . . Let me not complain or dictate. I commit myself to thee, O Savior, and to thine infinite love."

The God who sweetened the bitter waters for his people of old is waiting to sweeten ours if we will trust him. Strength according to thy day is promised. It may be a day of darkness, disappointment, and sorrow. Thy day may already be far spent. Thy powers may be on the wane; but God's eternal promise of sufficient grace still holds good. And you too may say: "My cup runneth over."

The cup of comfort is made precious to many whose loved ones have passed on, by Paul's reference to the "whole family in heaven and earth" which bears the name of Christ. Many sayings of the Master and his disciples give good ground for the hope that loved ones who have gone on before are only away for a time. That they are still being loved "over there" and awaiting our coming. James Whitcomb Riley expresses the comfort in these words:

JUST AWAY

I can not say, and I will not say,
That he is dead. He is just away!
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you—oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step, and the glad return—
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There, as the love of Here.
Think of him still as the same, I say,
He is not dead, he is just away.

He Thinketh Upon The Poor and Needy In the midst of his troubles the Psalmist said: "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me; thou art my help and my deliverer."

In this same psalm David tells how he was brought up out of a horrible pit, out of miry clay and his feet established upon the solid rock. He cried and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his troubles.

We have need of divine help in many things besides the sorrows caused by bereavement. And while we are thinking of God's sustaining grace in trouble, it will be

well to recall the help of God in *every time of need*.

The apostle Peter assures us that "the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations". We are all "poor and needy" when temptations press us sore. If we find a man trying to do right who says he has no temptations we may be sure he is mistaken. It is easy enough to be deceived in this matter when one is willing to drift with the current; while he is making no effort to overcome evil habits and to resist evil influences. But every one who tries to withstand the evil tendencies of his time and make headway against the common tides will find himself in severe straits with the tempter.

If we could have the key to all hearts and learn of their weaknesses, their sense of despondency, we would be surprised to find how many there are who are tempted to give up. Sometimes we are made sad by the downfall of one who has fallen into open sin, whose character has broken down, and who has given up the fight of faith. We say of him: "The poor man, did have a hard time; his burdens were heavy," and we pity him. But where there is one such we will find many all about us, who, while they still remain true, are sorely tempted to give up. Without being suspected of indecision or faintness of heart, their burdens are heavy and their progress in Christian life so unsatisfactory to themselves, they waver and wonder if it is worth while to keep up the struggle.

Oh, friends! In this conflict with the world, the flesh and the Devil, shall such a man have no help from God? Has our heavenly Father turned his children out into a barren waste to wander helpless and alone to certain ruin? Impossible. He knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and every tempted brother may say: "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me; thou art my help and my deliverer."

Practical Trust Better Than Abstract Theories There seems to be something wrong with our faith; for many of us do not receive the help we most need to make our pathway bright. We theorize in a general way about the blessings assured to those who wait upon the Lord. The promise is that those who do wait upon him shall renew their strength, mount up on

wings as eagles, run without being weary and walk without fainting. But many dear souls who accept this promise seem to receive no strength. They do not rise above the sordid things of earth, and when they try to run or walk they soon grow weary and faint.

What is the matter? Have we come to deal too abstractly with God? Have we focused our sight too much upon scientific discussion of theology, and thought of Jehovah in too abstract ideals? Do we speculate about the Fatherhood of God and try to formulate distinctions concerning faith, while we fail in a practical application of the principles concerning the actual relation between a divine, ever-present Father and his needy, dependent children?

It may be that in times of great crises, when troubles come in our homes, we do seek our closets alone with God and pour out our souls in agonizing petitions that bring something of relief. But if God is our loving Father and we are his trusting children, it does seem as though we should find help and deliverance when beset by the thousand and one little things that constantly rob us of peace and weaken us with worry and care.

As a rule it is not the great things that furrow our faces, wrinkle our brows, and break down our courage. It is the constant strain in every day life, of the little cares, vexations, and burdens that wear us out, and keep us under the shadows, weary and faint. And yet we do not make our faith practical enough to wait upon God for strength and help to meet these very things that trouble us most. If our Father cares enough about our welfare to give his Son to save us; if he plans to lead us to victory over the evil one, then he must certainly be available for help in whatever conditions may endanger our progress. He wants us to make our faith practical enough to cast our burdens upon him and to realize his sustaining grace. Such a faith will find relief for troubled souls. We can make no mistake by "casting all our care upon him; for he careth for us."

"Several years ago I interfered between man and wife and for three weeks wore a black eye. Today when I see a fly biting the hind leg of a mule, my plan is to let the job of picking off the fly to the highest bidder."

THE DETACHED FATHER

MATIE E. GREENE

"Andrew, do you realize you are losing your children?"

An indifferent raising of the eyebrows, buttressed by a "humph", was the only answer.

As I sat behind the coffee service that Sunday morning I had ample time for thought. The sun threw lines of warm light across the table and seemed to caress the astors with lingering tenderness. The table was faultlessly set for four and two places were yet empty. My dead sister's husband, Andrew Watkins, was facing me, grim lines about his wide, straight mouth, the gray hair encircling the lower part of his head already rumpled and flaring, for Andrew seldom said much with his tongue.

I heard a sound of a deep, rumbling voice, then a sweet, throaty voice dominating and of steps on the stairs. Andrew's gray eyebrows drew together in a straight line as his children came in—Andy, stocky and fair like his father, and Clara, willowy and winsome as was ever her mother.

"Good morning, Aunt Faith, good morning; father," and Clara slipped into her chair.

Andy's hand affectionately pressed my shoulder as he murmured good morning to me, then he drew himself erect before his father.

"Good morning, father; sorry to have kept you and Aunt Faith waiting," and he dropped into his place and opened his napkin.

"Good morning."

Andrew's voice was level. I was re-impressed with how his shoulder was out-thrust as he sat slanting forward in his chair, and how his piercing eyes seemed, under his heavy brows, to be mere diamond points, turned upon the tardy members of his family.

I served the coffee, putting in two lumps of sugar for Andrew, and the maid brought the breakfast.

"It's a wonderful day and I'm glad."

Clara glanced out of the window facing the river, then back with a swift searching glance at her father's set face.

"It will be fine on Bear Mountain today—the trees are just beginning to turn, and the fishing is great in Long's creek;" Andy

cast a sidelong glance at his father's silent face, then shot a puzzled look at Clara.

"I suppose the squirrels will be working busily with so many nuts to be gathered. O Andy, do you remember that squirrel's hammock-bed I found in the woods late last fall, and how the dear little fellow peered over the nest at me?"

"Father," Andy looked straight into Andrew's steel-gray eyes,—“Won't you and Aunt Faith go with Clara and me on Bear Mountain for the day? We can fish and hunt, and they can investigate squirrel's nests.” Andy turned laughing eyes toward us.

I noticed how deliberately Andrew finished his breakfast; but deliberate thoroughness, I unconsciously reflected, had been the one factor in raising Andrew to cashier in the city's first and largest bank; and had, after years of self-sacrificing toil, given him productive interests in the business, and had made possible a well-kept, beautiful home, with every luxury, and every wish—subject to the power of gold—gratified.

Outside I saw a red-headed wood-pecker circling about a maple in little, awkward jumps, bobbing his head dizzily as he bored for breakfast. A faint, sweet breath of early autumn came through the open window and stirred a curl over Clara's ear.

Andrew rose heavily, regarding his family keenly. His out-thrust shoulder seemed to me so hostile, so out of sympathy with all tender relations that I felt prepared for the crisp "Impossible", that came from between strong white teeth; his heavy, stubby fingers brushed his low encircling hair as he impatiently left the room. The door banged and he was gone—yet that partition of wood could not bar Andrew's hostility; and as I glanced back to the table I saw Andy and Clara's eyes meet. Napkins were laid down—Clara's, wrinkled from the pressure of her nervous little hands, and Andy's smoothly folded with all his father's deliberate thoroughness. His mouth smiled at me, though his eyes were deep, perplexed and sad, as he rose, joined Clara, and went outside. Sometimes I wished Andy wasn't quite so much like his father, though I knew it was Andrew's thoroughness and forcefulness in Andy that had won for him, while still young for such responsibility, the position of head book-keeper in

the bank where his father had served nearly a half century.

Sighing, I left the room, and heavy hearted, I sought my room, sat down by the window and tried to think things out. The sun came bursting into the room, unbarred by "those nuisance lace things," as Andrew called curtains. Someway the sun heals the mind as well as the body, and I love to sit in it and allow the kinks to be straightened; but I heard a door bang, and knew Andy was abroad; then I caught the sound of steps in the hall, and Clara's little throaty voice. In they came, Andy flushed and Clara pale.

"Aunt Faith, if it wasn't for you and Clara I wouldn't stay here. I'm blue and—mad." Andy's hands sunk to the very bottom of his pockets and showed through like balls as he stopped in front of me and looked out the window without seeing anything.

"Tell me about it Andy," for I thought I might help him—I just prayed I might, but Clara threw herself on the stool at my feet and answered for Andy.

"It's everything, Aunt Faith. Remember how father wouldn't allow those lovely curtains to be hung in the library? And the room seems cold without them. Oh, its cold everywhere in this house except where you are—. Then that party Mrs. Keeneye wrote me about, and father—I can never forget how he looked as he sat slanting forward, his out-thrust shoulder just oozing battle as he read her letter and issued his order, 'Mrs. Keeneye can not entertain my daughter.'"

"But Clara"—and I laid my hand on the girl's chestnut hair so like her mother's, "your father feels Mrs. Keeneye is not the person he cares to have his daughter under obligations to. You know, dear, one may not be too careful in the choice of friends."

"If he'd only tell me why, instead of commanding—" Clara's chin soared in the air.

"It's just his way," I reminded her, "and because he guards his name so closely."

Andy wheeled swiftly; his eyes snapped. "The guard he keeps on his name is excelled only by the guard he keeps on his family. It's unbearable, he dictates to us as though we wore Buster Brown suits. Why, even in the bank Friday, he bore down like a ship on the rocks; the presi-

dent was there and heard every precious, stinging word."

"O Andy," Clara asked excitedly, "what did father say?"

"He said," began Andy with elaborate sarcasm, "Mrs. Keeneye reports her bank book made up incorrectly; then he favored me with a withering look; 'this position is not open to children!' Maybe you can imagine how I felt. Mrs. Keeneye spoke so President Thorpe heard every word. 'If this occurs again,' she said in that velvety icy voice of hers, 'I shall remove my patronage to the National.'"

"Oh!" Clara's sympathetic voice was acutely intense, "Oh!"

"Andy, the bank trusts your father above all its officers and you can not realize how he felt when Mrs. Keeneye, of all people, entered a complaint, and one directed against his own son. It hurt him, Andy."

"It hurt me, too," came the quick reply.

I wanted to take this big man-boy in my arms and rock away the hurt as I had done years ago; but my heart ached for his father, too. Proud and sensitive—How that woman's criticism must have been to Andrew like a silk thread drawn persistently through a cut!

"Oh, I know madam's sore yet and this was her chance; she's a specialist, all right."

"She's a cat!" Clara jumped up and stood very straight, eyes a fire, "a big yellow cat, and father's a—a—"

"Clara,—don't!" I couldn't allow her to call her father a name.

Andy stopped his impatient tramping around the table and sewing machine and looked at me, with hair ruffled, shoulder out-thrust and a look in his eyes that I dreaded to see.

"Aunt Faith," his words came crisply, "I have *tried* to be a good son; I have envied other fellows who had a chum and real friend in their father; I have done more—I have tried to win my own father's companionship—and how successful have I been? *I'm through!* No more begging for what a child has a right to expect from a parent."

Andy flashed around. The door banged; but I had seen how vivid was the lash of detached parenthood.

Clara whirled toward me.

"Aunt Faith, I've tried, too; but it's like

running your head against a door in the dark when you try to win father as a chum; there's the shock and the—hurt, and you gather yourself up and go on—"

"That's just it," I told her; "Go on, and surely, dear, it will be all right in the end; for your father *does* love you in his own way. I remember the other day when you and Andy came up the walk. I sat by the window, sewing, and your father stood near by, with his hands behind him, watching you; and still looking at you he said, 'They're bonny, Faith.'

"They're *good*, Andrew, and that's everything."

"He turned slowly, still watching you two.

"Faith," he said, 'you've mithered my bairns—' his voice was husky; he drew back his shoulder, cleared his throat and drew in a deep breath.

"I vowed my children should have the opportunity that I was denied; and I have kept—my—vow!"

"I couldn't help thinking of a night when you and Andy were small. Your father came home, tired and half sick. They were having some trouble at the bank and sent for him to come back. He went and worked half the night—not only that night, but several nights. I was afraid he would be sick and tried to keep him home but he said, 'Faith this is my opportunity—my bairns will reap the harvest,' and after that President Thorpe gave your father a much better position, and it has meant,—this."

I watched Clara as she looked out, past the velvety lawn, rare shrubbery, beautiful flowers, to the Hudson, blue and scintillating in the sun; then back to the room, as though seeing it for the first time; her eyes seemed to see beyond from room to room, each elegant in appointment, and finally she looked at me and sighed.

"What a mess of life father and Andy and I are making! Father has been so absorbed in giving us *material* things,—and Andy and I—but O, Aunt Faith, it did hurt so," and she winked bravely—"when Andy and I had planned so much for that day on Bear Mountain to have father speak so—so—crisp."

I stepped up beside her and laid my arm around her shoulders.

"Clara, your father conquered misfortune, physical handicap and the most trying circumstances by constant, persistent ef-

fort. Do you *really want* to win your father?"

Clara's head on my shoulder nodded emphatically. "Then, dear, remember you are Andrew Watkin's daughter." I saw little points of light start up in Clara's eyes and I grew content.

That evening Andrew sat reading his paper, ruffled sections of which lay on the table and floor. I observed his fingers running upward through his low-encircling hair and his gray eyes twinkled as he laid down the last section.

"A wonderful age and opportunity for the child of today," said he as he settled comfortably in his big leather chair.

"It's a wonderful age for a child, if he is buttressed by two things"—I saw Andrew's eyes grow keenly alert—"a true home and opportunity; and the making good when the opportunity comes depends so much upon the home preparations," flashed out of my pent up emotions.

"Andy should excell."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why?" Andrew thrust his shoulder forward as he slanted toward me. "You have furnished the home spirit and I have furnished the means and the opportunity," and he sunk back in contentment.

"Responsibility is best borne when shared," I reminded him, "and greater results are inevitable; you want Andy to be a *success*, but have you never wanted him to be—a—son?"

Andrew's shoulder was thrust forward aggressively, and his words came, clear cut, crisp.

"Affection and caresses trumpet personal insufficiency. If Andy is a success, I shall be satisfied!" Andrew's mouth settled in a straight line as he picked up his paper impatiently.

"Andrew, you are trifling with a priceless gift—the affection of your children. God grant that in your hour of need you may find them 'insufficient' enough to give you affection."

I heard a "humph" rumbled from the depths of a chair. When Andy and Clara came in, their father was hid behind his paper. Andy came over to my chair, twitched an unruly lock on my forehead, then bent and kissed me. Clara drew a foot stool to my side, slipped down upon it with a happy sigh, and all unconscious of An-

drew's tightly drawn brows at her act, drew in a deep breath and burst out, "Oh, Aunt Faith, the Warren's have lost all their money, and I am so glad, for—" She turned as a sharp sound came from the depths of the chair in which Andrew sat. I glanced toward him hastily, noting his overhanging eyebrows drawn tightly together, and his eyes like brilliants, seering the words—the very heart of the girl who shrank backward, quivering under his swift, sword-like glance. As though my very nearness soothed her, she crept nearer, turning questioning eyes to mine: I laid my hand tenderly on the mass of wavy chestnut hair, and smiled encouragingly at her. "My dear—you did not finish; why are you glad for our dear friends, the Warrens, in their great loss?"

(To be concluded)

FIRST TRY TO DO

When a hand is held out to us in distress, when we receive a warm greeting, when some difficulty is solved for us by a friend, when a higher hope is revealed to us, we know the worth of such service.

When some one thrusts us aside by his stronger will or harder heart, when some malicious character assails our aims and attempts to undermine our good standing, when some fellow "short changes" us, we know fully what the injury means.

And it is by this pleasure or pain that we better understand what we should do to others.

This thought does not contemplate sticking out the second cheek to get another slap. This idea does not involve what others may do to us—it is the inverted lesson of life and indicates what we should first try to do to others.—*The Silent Partner.*

"Souls are built as temples are—
Sunken deep, unseen, unknown,
Lies the sure foundation-stone.
Then the courses framed to bear
Lift the cloisters pillared fair,
Last of all the airy spire,
Soaring heavenward, higher and higher.
Nearest sun and nearest star.

"Souls are built as temples are—
Based on truth's eternal law,
Sure and steadfast, without flaw,
Through the sunshine, through the snows,
Up and on the building goes;
Every fair thing finds its place,
Every hard thing lends a grace.
Every hand may make or mar."

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 (1) (1/2)
- Battle Creek (1) (1/2)
- Hammond (1) (2)
- Second Westerly (1)
- Independence (1)
- Plainfield (1) (1/2)
- New York City (1) (1/2)
- Salem (1)
- Dodge Center (1)
- Waterford (1) (1/2)
- Verona (1) (1/2)
- Riverside (1) (1/2)
- Milton Junction (1/2) (1/2)
- Pawcatuck (1/2)
- Milton (1/2)
- Los Angeles (1/2) (1/2)
- Chicago (1) (1/2)
- Piscataway (1/2) (1/2)
- Welton (1)
- Farina (1)
- Boulder (1/2)
- Lost Creek (1) (1/2)
- Nortonville (1)
- First Alfred (1/2)
- DeRuyter
- Southampton
- West Edmeston (1/2)
- Second Brookfield (1/2)
- Little Genesee

- Marlboro (1/2) (1/2)
- Fouke
- First Brookfield (1/2)
- First Hebron

(1) Churches which have paid their full quota, on the basis of ten dollars per member, for the Conference year 1919-1920.
(1/2) Churches which have paid one-half their quota for the Conference year 1919-1920.
(1) (2) Churches which have paid their full quota for the two Conference years beginning July 1, 1919, and ending July 1, 1921.
(1/2) (1/2) Churches which have paid half their quota for each of the first two Conference years of our Forward Movement, ending July 1, 1921, or for the calendar year 1920.

GENERAL CONFERENCE

Receipts from January 26 to February 27, 1921

Forward Movement:		
First Alfred Church.....	\$442 30	
Andover	13 00	
Battle Creek	120 00	
Berlin	41 00	
Boulder	420 00	
Second Brookfield	75 00	
Chicago	56 35	
Dodge Center	36 15	
Farina	64 80	
Gentry	71 00	
Hartsville	50 00	
Second Hopkinton	5 00	
Independence	200 00	
Milton	407 66	
Plainfield	236 15	
Riverside	302 50	
Rockville	45 00	
Scott	1 00	
Waterford	34 00	
Welton	250 00	
Enoch D. Davis	10 00	
Mrs. S. A. B. Gillings	30 00	
	<hr/>	\$2,911 31
Conference Expenses:		
First Brookfield	16 78	
Nortonville	41 26	
	<hr/>	58 05
Scholarships and Fellowships:		
First Brookfield	3 35	
Nortonville	8 25	
	<hr/>	11 60
Historical Society:		
First Brookfield	1 68	
Nortonville	4 13	
	<hr/>	5 81
Seminary:		
First Brookfield	4 03	
Nortonville	9 90	
	<hr/>	13 93
Alfred College:		
First Brookfield	16 78	
Nortonville	41 27	
	<hr/>	58 05
Salem College:		
First Brookfield	16 78	
Nortonville	41 27	
	<hr/>	58 05
Milton College:		
First Brookfield	16 78	
Nortonville	41 27	
	<hr/>	58 05

FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST

(Continued)

DEAN ARTHUR E. MAIN

THE COMMISSION ON CHRISTIAN EDUCATION
Many believe that Religious Education is one of the most important subjects for the church to seriously consider. Dr. Robert E. Speer recently emphasized the great importance of this question, "Who are to teach Philosophy to our college young men and women?" that is, who are to help them in forming their philosophy of life and of the world?

The following quotation from the Report of the Commission suggests its present outlook.

THE NEED FOR A CLOSER CO-ORDINATION OF EXISTING AGENCIES

The present moment seems propitious for making a much more serious effort than has yet been made for bringing into common council and effective co-operation all the agencies of the churches concerned with Christian education. There is today a widespread conviction that something must be done to provide more adequately for the religious training of the young. The need of such training is really appalling, as disclosed by the incomplete survey of the Inter-church Movement. Various agencies are reaching out independently to meet this felt need. The Bible schools have greatly broadened their program and are now seriously seeking time for weekday as well as Sunday classes. The missionary agencies are expanding constantly their program for missionary education. The social service agencies are already considering a comprehensive program of instruction and training in service. The Christian Associations are issuing continually new programs of education and new textbooks.

THE COMMISSION ON EVANGELIZATION

This commission places the emphasis of evangelism especially upon pastoral and personal work. The Executive Secretary has visited many Theological schools and colleges, north and south. Series of meetings in which method, training, and inspiration have been the object, have been held in various cities and at the great summer conferences. The gospel has been preached to many thousands of people who do not ordinarily attend church, in theaters and movie halls which have been placed at the disposal of the organized Christian Community without cost. The following plan has been worked with great success:

September to December. Meeting of Church Evangelistic committees to face the year's

Ministerial Relief:		
First Brookfield	16 78	
Nortonville	41 27	
	<hr/>	58 05
Woman's Board:		
First Brookfield	16 78	
Welton Ladies' Benevolent Society for Miss Jansz...	25 00	
Shiloh Female Mite Society ..	48 82	
Shiloh Ladies' Benevolent Society	100 00	
	<hr/>	190 60
Young People's Board:		
First Brookfield	6 71	
Fouke C. E.	8 00	
	<hr/>	14 71
Sabbath School Board:		
First Brookfield	6 03	
	<hr/>	6 03
Denominational Building Fund:		
First Brookfield (Bond)	100 00	
Nortonville	123 80	
Mrs. F. P. Schoonmaker, Independence Church	30 00	
Mrs. Eveline R. Langworthy, Second Brookfield Church ..	25 00	
	<hr/>	278 80
Tract Society:		
First Brookfield	23 52	
Nortonville	57 85	
	<hr/>	81 37
Georgetown Chapel:		
First Brookfield	2 01	
Nortonville	4 95	
	<hr/>	6 96
Boys' School:		
First Brookfield	8 05	
Nortonville	19 80	
	<hr/>	27 85
Girls' School:		
First Brookfield	8 05	
Nortonville	19 80	
	<hr/>	27 85
Missionary Society:		
First Brookfield	59 02	
Nortonville	145 17	
	<hr/>	204 19

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD,
Treasurer.

Alfred, N. Y., February 27, 1921.

A young Japanese farmer whose family are active opponents of Christianity walks ten miles to attend church service every Sabbath morning, remains all day until after evening service, and then walks home, reaching there past midnight, with the farmer's early rising hour fast approaching.

Another young Japanese Christian was recently married; and instead of taking a honeymoon trip gave the amount of money this would have cost to the little preaching place he attends. Now the Christians there are discussing how to spend such unexpected wealth.—Record of Christian Work.

work and map out the year's program. Church Rally. Parish Survey. Fall reception of members possibly at October or November Communion.

January to Easter. Evangelistic preaching. An active Invitation Committee to work with pastor in securing new members. Pastor's training class. The Lenten Prayer Calendar. Extended use of Fellowship of Prayer in private devotions. Simultaneous or federated evangelistic services. Holy Week Services to be observed in the churches simultaneously or in some down-town centers, like theaters, etc. The Easter Ingathering.

The prerequisite for all evangelistic effort must of course be the evangelistic passion to be found in fellowship with him who said he would make his disciples fishers of men. The pastor of each church must accept the responsibility in large measure for the spiritual life in a community. The Commission especially urges family worship, Bible study, and prayer. It advises individual churches and pastors to hold special revival services daily for two or more weeks, wherever this is possible.

There is increasing interest in the observance of the Lenten period. Special services on Good Friday from 12 to 3 p. m. have been held in many cities. Last year this plan was very successful in Detroit. The mayor issued a proclamation closing the business houses for three hours; the stock exchange and moving picture shows were also closed, and twelve great union services were held three hours in length, where the great halls were crowded to the doors and thousands were unable to gain admission. It is needless to say that these meetings made a great impression upon the city.

The Commission is in thorough sympathy with that vocational evangelism which realizes that its highest function is to supplement the work of the pastor, and, in order to make its work most effective and permanent, gives the place of first importance in its meetings to the pastor.

The Commission is simply the servant of the churches. The results of its work come back to the churches. All its inspirational endeavor leads to the quickening of the spiritual life of pastors and people, and the bringing in of new members to all the churches. There is delightful fellowship in the body of denominational evangelistic secretaries; and Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, Congregationalist, Methodist, and Reform, are laboring together.

PLANTS THAT EAT INSECTS

In marshy, boggy places there grow some curious plants which have the habit of feeding on insects. The soil they grow in is responsible for this habit, as it does not contain the nitrogen and sulphur which plants require, so they must get these elements the best they can. They do so by preying on small insects, the juices of whose bodies furnish them with what they need.

The sun dew is a harmless-looking little plant which I have often met in boggy spots in Maine, and which may be found in other States. Its round leaves, spread out in rosette fashion near the ground, are covered with fine red hairs slightly bulbous at the end. The color and the smell of a sticky liquid with which the leaves are covered attracts insects. When one of these alights on a leaf, the hairs close in from all sides and hold the foolish visitor fast until, with the aid of the fluid pouring out from the tiny glands at the ends of the hairs, the plant has well digested it.

In North Carolina grows the Venus Fly Trap, a small plant only a few inches high, which has a deadly trap for insects. The leaves which grow from the root are rather long and are divided crosswise into two parts. The portion at the end has a strong hinge up the middle and its two edges fringed with hairs close over the insect which alights on it. The leaf stays shut anywhere from nine to twenty-four hours.

The pitcher plants, several varieties of which grow in the United States, catch their insects in pitchers formed by the growing together of a long leaf at its edges. These pitchers are rich dark red in color and secrete a sweet liquid which attracts their prey. Their inside walls are covered with fine stiff hairs pointing downward which make entrance to the trap easy but retreat impossible.

In the most common variety the pitchers are open at the top, though there is a slight hood (the true leaf), so they always hold water which drowns the fly and helps dissolve it as well. However, the hood of the California plant reaches so far over that no water can enter, and it depends on its juices alone for dissolving the insect.—*The Churchman.*

"Codfish balls are taking the place of jazz dances."

MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

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

MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

The supply of Seventh Day Baptist calendars has not yet been exhausted. Those who can make use of extra copies should send in their orders very soon, ten cents each, or one dollar a dozen. The value of an annual calendar rapidly decreases as the year passes by. All unsold copies of the 1921 calendar will be worthless for actual use in a few months. Whether or not the Tract Society issues calendars in succeeding years will depend quite largely upon how the one for 1921, just now published, is received and valued and appreciated by the people. The number of extra copies that are sold will be one indication to guide the board in this matter.

The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society is the human agency through which Seventh Day Baptists, as churches and as individuals, undertake in a united and organized way to do their part in carrying the Gospel of Christ to all the world.

The *spiritual resources* of the Missionary Society are the prayers and the godly lives of the people. The limits of these resources are without measure.

The *dynamic resources* of the Missionary Society are the untiring labors of the earnest loyal workers on every field. These resources are bounded only by human endurance.

The *financial resources* of the Missionary Society are the free-will offerings of the people, living and gone. These resources are measured by love and devotion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ and his Sabbath.

Recently it has been my privilege to meet the men's organized classes of the Sabbath schools at New Market and at Shiloh. It was very pleasant and encouraging to note in both classes the active interest that is taken in the work, of the church. Things are being done; needs are being met; ways and means are being sought out and tried out for progress; interest is deepened not only in local church matters but also in the

community and in the work of the denomination. And, best of all, the social friendly fraternal spirit is given opportunity for expression in the atmosphere of a relationship to the church. The pastor of the Shiloh Church had a preaching appointment last Sunday evening at a mission church in Bridgeton, and the men's class on Sabbath voted to go with him as a class, a quartet from their numbers to sing at the service.

The eleventh annual banquet given by the Young Men's Bible Class of the Seventh Day Baptist Church in New Market, N. J., in the church social rooms the evening after the Sabbath, February 12, was a very enjoyable affair. There were fifty-four persons present including the wives and lady friends of the members of the class. The menu included fried oysters, potato salad, celery, pickles, ice cream and coffee. There were no cigars or cigarettes or tobacco in any form.

The class president, Herbert L. Dunham, was the toastmaster. The first speaker of the evening, Rev. Ernest R. Brown, of Dunellen, gave a very pleasing address on the life, work and duty of a Christian, taking for his topic, "What is your Life?" Entertaining remarks were also made by Hon. S. S. Swackhammer, of North Plainfield, and the pastor of the church, Rev. Willard D. Burdick, who is the teacher of the class.

Music was furnished by an orchestra, members of the class, under the leadership of Dr. L. C. Bassett, and there was singing by the entire assemblage. An instrumental duet was rendered by Miss Marjorie Burdick, violin, and Ferris S. Whitford, flute.

The committee in charge of the affair consisted of Charles Witter, Russell Burdick and Frank Burdick. The out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie F. Randolph, of Montclair, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Elston F. Randolph, of Shiloh, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Coon, of New York City, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Spicer, of Ithaca, N. Y.

The class now has a membership of twenty-one, of whom thirteen are charter members. It was organized in 1902 with Rev. Henry N. Jordan as teacher. The class motto is, "Young men at work for young men, standing by the Bible and the Bible school." It is not an organization separate from the Sabbath school, but simply an organized class, a part of the school.

The present officers are: President, Herbert L. Dunham; vice president, Dr. L. C. Bassett; secretary, C. M. Ryno; treasurer, Raymond D. Millard; teacher, Rev. Willard D. Burdick; assistant teacher, Ferris S. Whitford.

THE WORK OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY

VII. MISSIONARY-CHURCHES

At the present time the Missionary Society is giving a little financial assistance to nine churches towards the salary for their pastors. These pastors make quarterly statistical reports to the Missionary Board, but are not considered in any way as being employed by the board; for while the Missionary Society takes full responsibility for the support of its general missionaries and evangelists, and while it shares with certain churches in the responsibility for the support of its missionary-pastors, it must disclaim



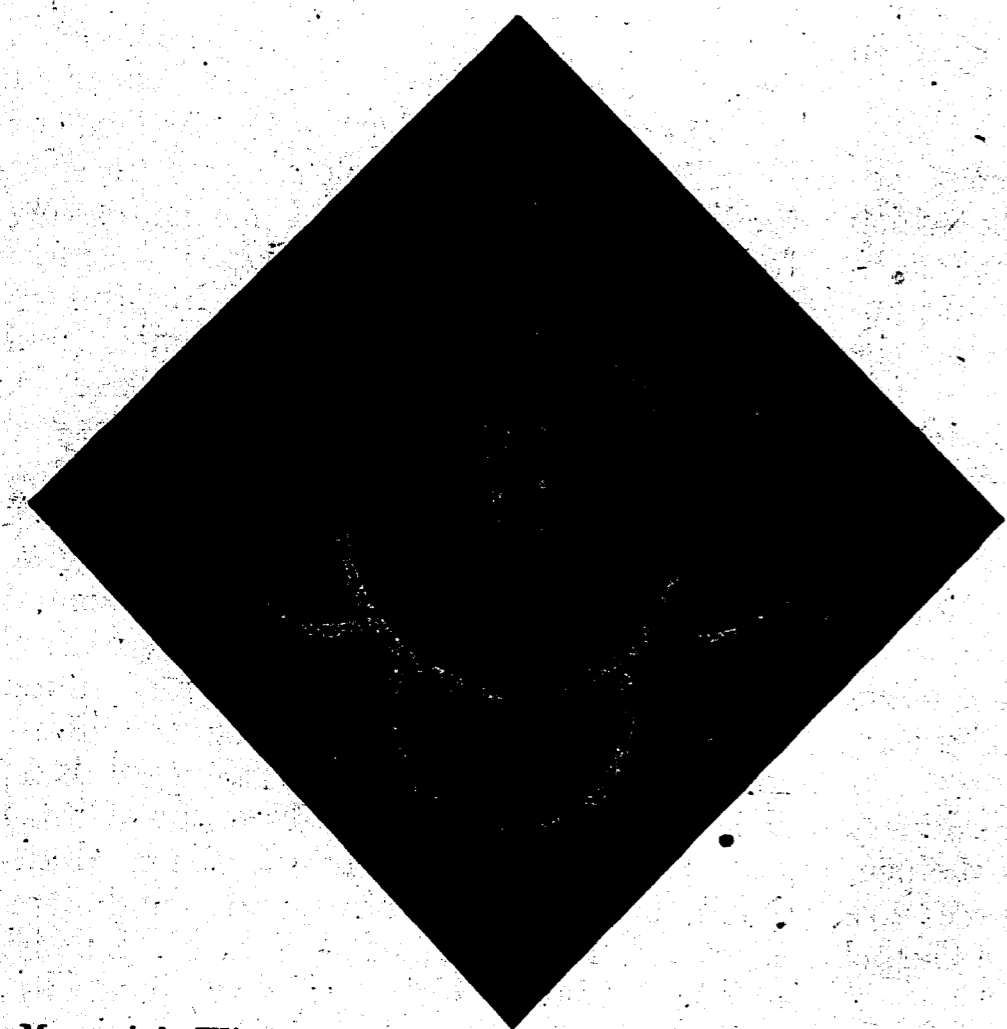
Group at Grand Marsh, Wis., Vacation Religious Day School, 1912

churches are enabled to have pastoral care that would otherwise be without such leadership. Then, too, it makes a bond of sympathy and the sense of Christian helpfulness between the several churches and the Missionary Society.

These nine missionary-churches are as follows:

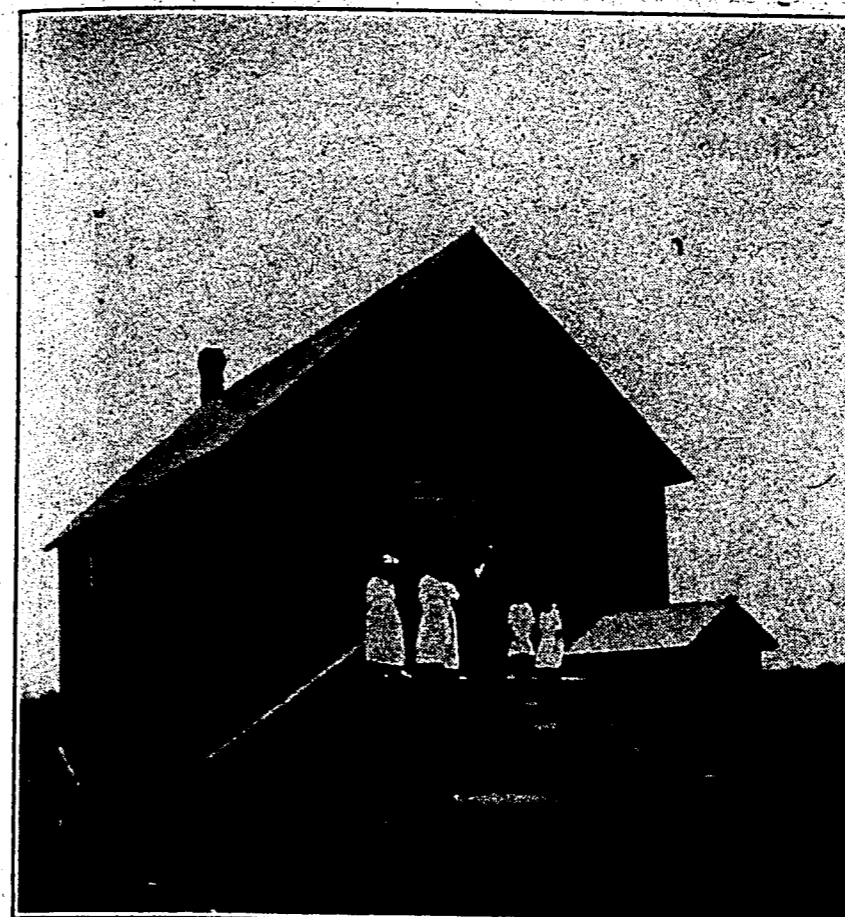
1. *West Edmeston*, at West Edmeston, N. Y. This is one of the old churches of central New York, located four miles down the Unadilla River from the First Brookfield Church at Leonardsville, and six miles down Beaver Creek from the Second Brookfield Church at Brookfield. It was once called the Third Brookfield Church. It will celebrate the centennial anniversary of its organization in two years, in 1923. Its membership has been reduced to thirty resident and twenty-five non-resident members. The present pastor is Mrs. Lena G. Crofoot, the widow of Rev. Alonzo G. Crofoot, who was for several years pastor of the church before going to the Marlboro Church in New Jersey, his last pastorate. We give here a picture of a memorial window in the church building, given in memory of Rev. J. Bennett Clarke, a long-time pastor of the West Edmeston Church.

2. *Salemville*, at Salemville, Pa. This church is geographically about the most isolated of our churches in the East. As the



Memorial Window in the West Edmeston Seventh Day Baptist Church Building at West Edmeston, N. Y.

responsibility for the oft-times meager support of the pastors of these missionary-churches. It co-operates with the local church by making a financial contribution to the church for the salary of the pastor, but for that reason can not be held to account for the support as a whole. However, by these contributions, small as they are, several

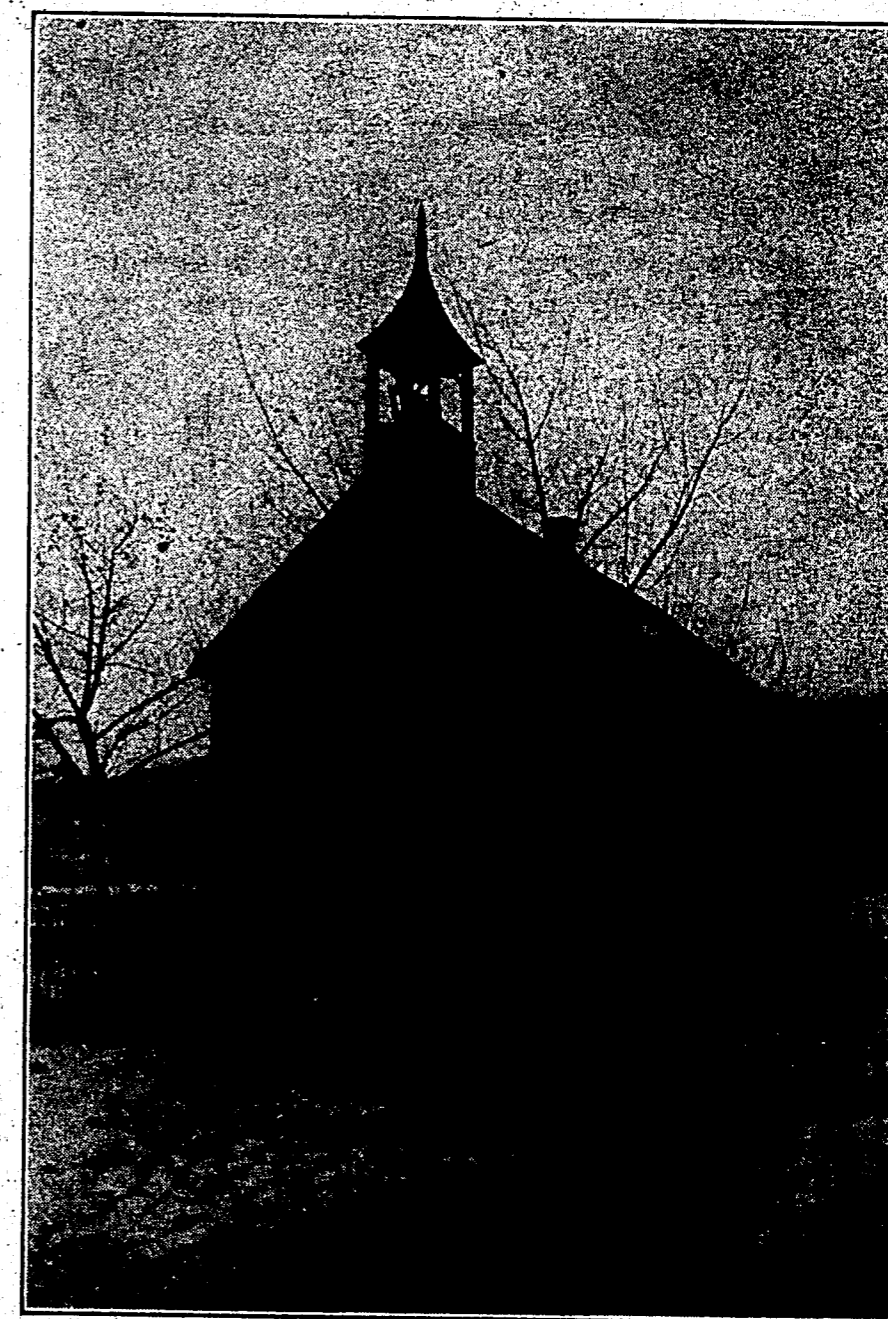


Church Building of the Exeland Seventh Day Baptist Church at Exeland, Wis.

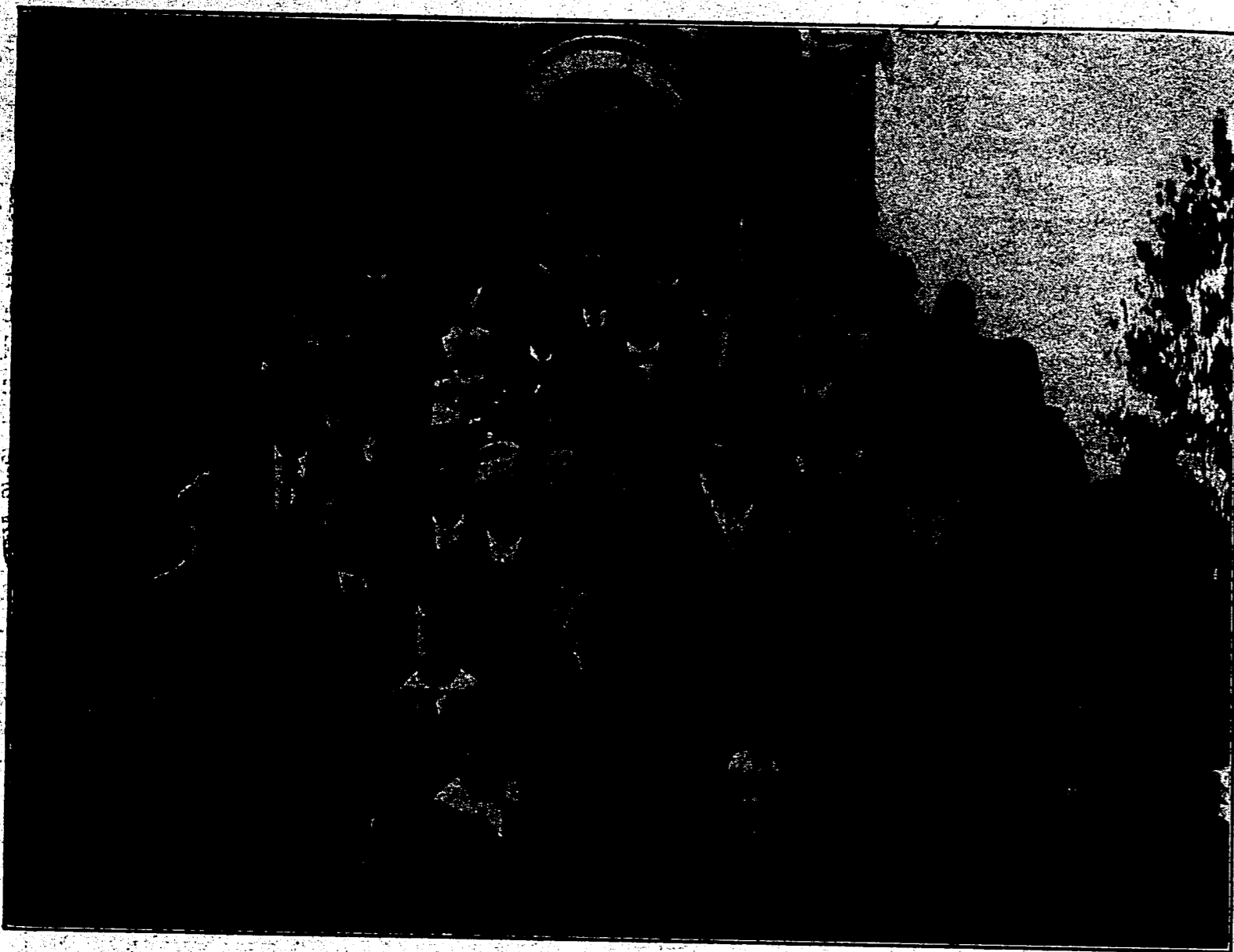
crow flies, straight across above the Allegheny Mountains of western Pennsylvania, Salemville is one hundred and twenty miles south and fifteen miles west of the nearest Seventh Day Baptist Church, First Hebron, but the lines of travel on earth are quite double that distance. The church is located in Bedford County, near the south end of an opening in the mountains, called Morrison's Cove, in one of the finest agricultural spots in the State, about forty-five miles, by road, from Altoona. There is a present membership of seventy, of which ten are on the non-resident list. The pastor is Rev. Royal R. Thorngate, the editor of the Young People's page in the SABBATH RECORDER. The church is steadily growing in numbers and in interest, and gives promise of soon becoming, not only a strong self-supporting church, but also a generous contributor to denominational work. A picture of the church building is given with this article.

3. *Hartsville*, near Alfred Station, N. Y. This church was organized in 1847. The building, a picture of which is here given, is located on the top of a hill, not much more than a

mile from Alfred Station, N. Y., the larger part of the mile seeming to the traveler to be in a vertical direction. It is surrounded with fine farms most of which were once owned and occupied by Sabbath-keepers. It is near to Alfred Theological Seminary, and has been served quite largely by students, and it has the honor of having ordained quite a number of these men to the gospel ministry. Of late years many of the families have moved away, and the attendance at the Sabbath services has been greatly reduced. The statistics show a membership of sixty-eight, more than half of whom are non-resident. Wardner T. F. Randolph is the present student-pastor. He is a son of Rev. Gideon H. F. Randolph who was at one time a missionary at Shanghai in China, and who is to become missionary-pastor on the Middle Island field in West Virginia April 1, 1921.



Church Building of the Salemville Seventh Day Baptist Church at Salemville, Pa.



Group at White Cloud, Mich., just prior to becoming identified with Seventh Day Baptists

4. *Syracuse*, at Syracuse, N. Y. The Syracuse Church has only twenty-five members and eight of these are non-resident. There is no church building, the Sabbath services being held in one of the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. building. There is at the publishing house no cut of the pastor, Rev. William Clayton, and so we can have no picture to represent the interests of this church. While the local membership is small, yet the Sabbath services offer the opportunity for worship to visitors in the city, and this is well worth while, for the city of Syracuse is so located that many Sabbath-keepers are frequent visitors there over the Sabbath.

5. *White Cloud*, at White Cloud, Mich. The people of the White Cloud Church are making an earnest effort, in which they are well succeeding, to build for themselves a place of worship. They are receiving help from the Memorial Board, and already the new building represents an investment of \$4,000, and is insured for \$2,000. While the church is making this effort, the Missionary Society is helping by contributing towards the salary of the pastor, Rev. Mortimer A. Branch.

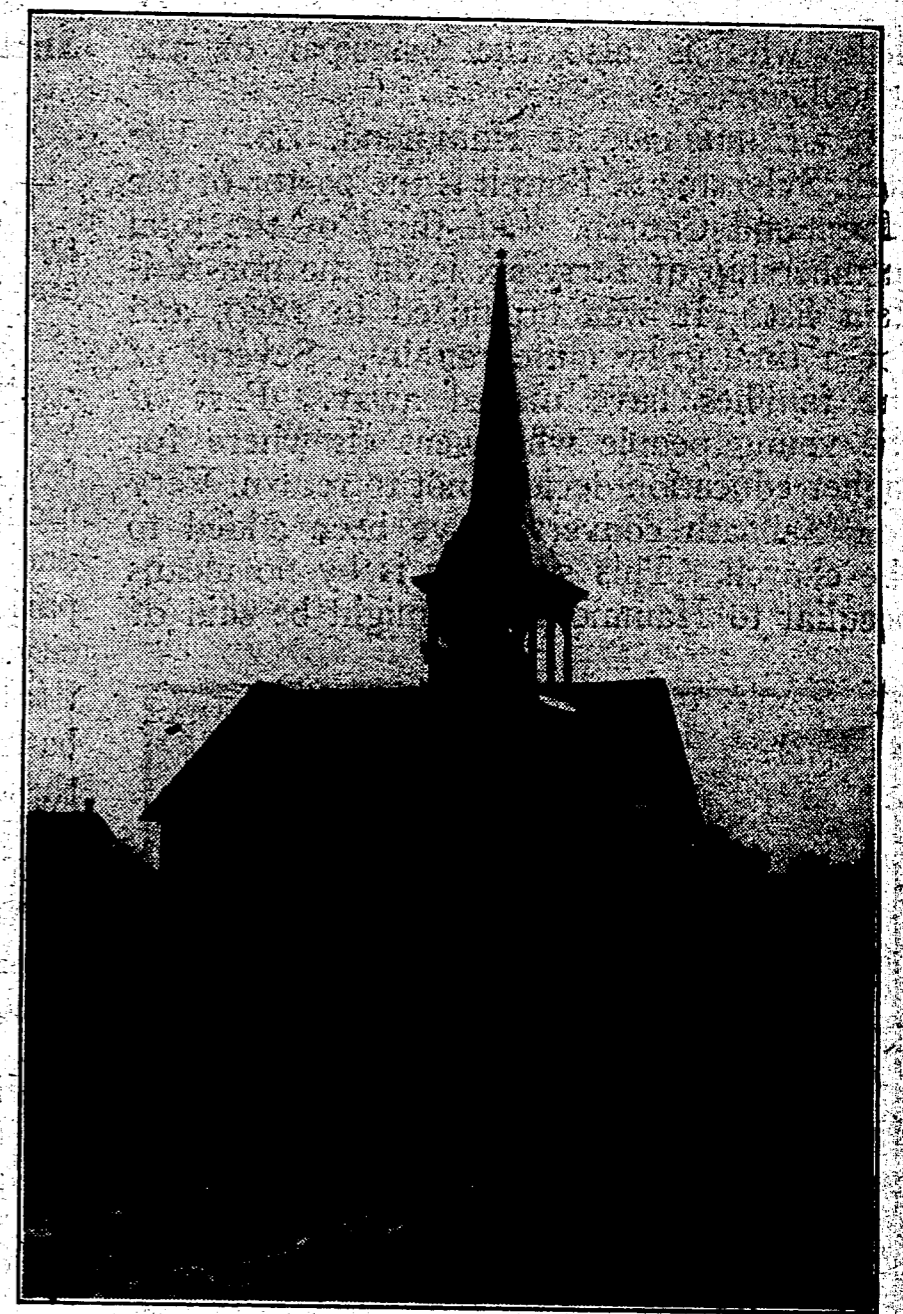
When the burden of the new building is lifted, then the church does not expect a continuance of this help from the Missionary Society. We can not give a picture of the building as it is now, but here is a picture of a group of people at White Cloud taken at a Michigan State Conference of the Church of God, when the White Cloud people were connected with that denomination, and just about the time that they changed to Seventh Day Baptist official affiliations.

6. *Grand Marsh*, at Grand Marsh, Wis. This church was formerly the Rock House Prairie Seventh Day Baptist Church. The building was moved to the village when the railroad was built, and has since been known as the Grand Marsh Church, the legal change having been made quite recently. We have no picture of the church, but we give a picture of a group representing a vacation religious day school that was held at Grand Marsh several years ago by Fred I. Babcock. The pastor is Rev. William D. Tickner, whose post office is Adams, Wis. He lives on a little farm seven or eight miles from Grand Marsh. The last statistical

report from this church gave nineteen members and eleven of these as non-resident. These few are among the very faithful.

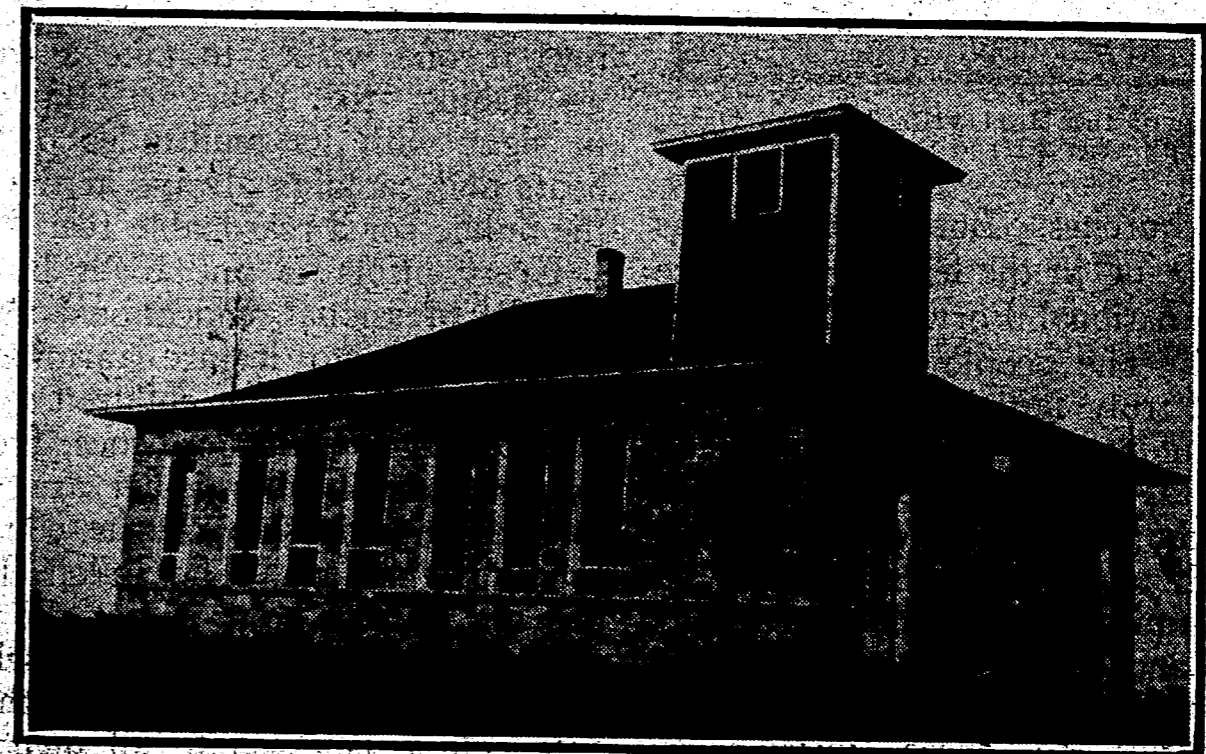
7. *Exeland*, at Exeland, Wis. This is one of the newer churches among us, being organized in 1914. There are twenty-eight members, only four of whom are non-resident according to the statistics for 1920. Exeland is in Sawyer County, about twenty miles northwest of Ladysmith on the road to Superior. Once a lumber region this part of Wisconsin has only recently been developed as an agricultural district. The nearest Seventh Day Baptist Church is at New Auburn, Wis., a distance of about forty-five miles. The pastor is a layman, a carpenter by trade, a Christian worker by profession, Charles W. Thorngate. It was my pleasure and privilege to be present at the dedication of the church building, a picture of which is here given.

8. *Fouke*, at Fouke, Ark. Fouke is situated in the extreme southwest corner of Arkansas, about sixteen miles south of Texarkana. In the winter of 1884 the pastor of the College Hill Baptist Church at Texarkana, with eleven other members withdrew from the church and began the observance of the Sabbath, and a little later organized the Texarkana Seventh Day Baptist Church. Five or six years later nearly the entire membership moved to Fouke, and the name of the church was changed. Later under the management of Rev. G. H. F. Randolph a school was



Church Building of the Hammond Seventh Day Baptist Church at Hammond, La.

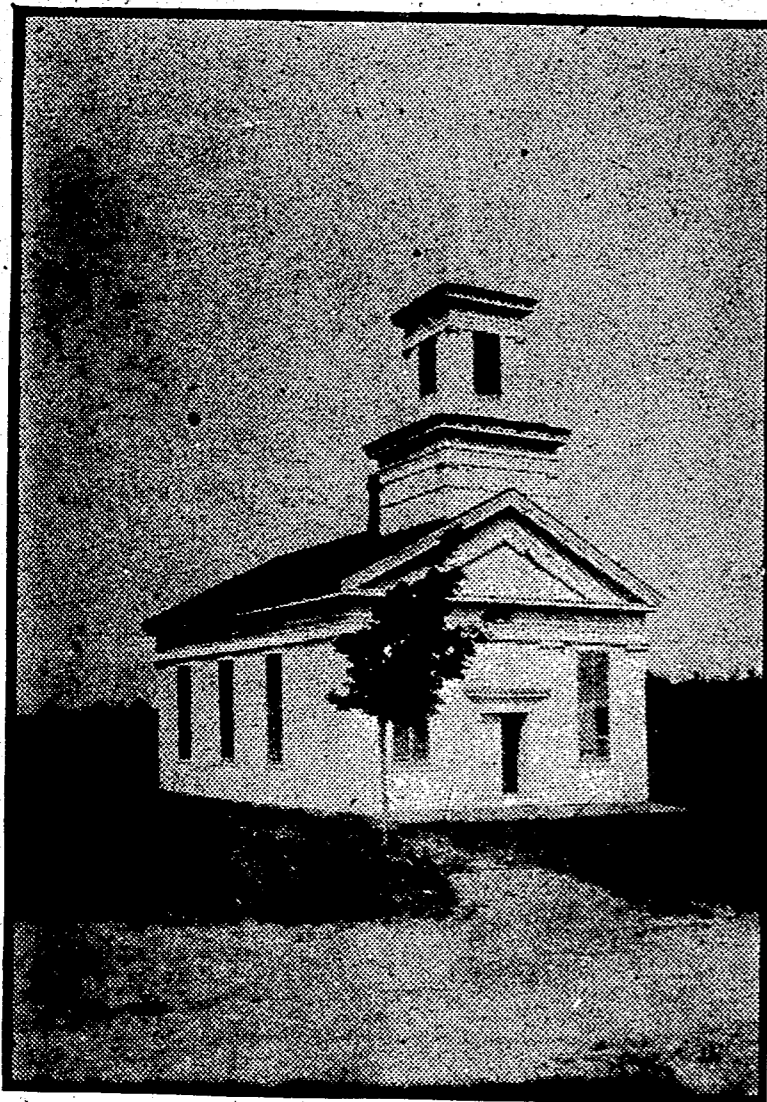
established. Two years ago the school buildings were destroyed by fire. The new building which is used for church and school purposes is seen in the picture. The pastor of the church is Rev. Paul S. Bur-



Fouke Church and School Building at Fouke, Ark.

dick, who is also the principal of the school.

9. *Hammond*, at Hammond, La. The Rev. Sylvester S. Powell is the pastor of the Hammond Church. One-third of the total membership of forty-six is on the non-resident list. It was organized in 1889, and for a time grew quite rapidly. Several of the families have moved away. Part of the young people who went elsewhere for higher education decided not to return. Very few Sabbath converts have been added to the church. This situation is by no means peculiar to Hammond. It might be said of



Church Building of the Hartsville Seventh Day Baptist Church near Alfred Station, N. Y.

several other churches. But the church has the honor of being in the lead in reference to the Denominational Forward Movement Budget Fund. The people and the pastor are among the truly faithful. A picture of the church building is here given.

The sum total of the financial help given to these nine churches is only \$1,600 a year, not very much to be sure, but possibly no other equal sum goes as far, reaches as many people, and accomplishes as much as this same contribution from the denominational treasuries to these missionary-churches.

SHILOH AS A SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST COMMUNITY

REV. ERLO E. SUTTON

Country life here, with the many literary and social privileges, the best of neighbors and varieties of entertainment or recreation, is full of charm.

Bridgeton, the county seat of Cumberland County in which Shiloh is situated, has a population of 15,000, and is a thoroughly modern, up-to-date city, and is only three and a half miles away. It has many free parks. One of the "show spots" of the city is a park of 750 acres including a beautiful lake which is fine for boating and bathing. Scores of farmers' families use these parks on holidays and at other times for picnics. A free Grange Fair is held in Tumbling Dam Park each autumn.

An auto bus line from Salem to Bridgeton affords easy access to either place that is almost as good as trolley service. There are but few days during the year when this service is hindered by snow or bad roads.

From Bridgeton it is forty miles to Philadelphia; from forty to fifty miles to Atlantic City and other seashore resorts; one hundred and thirty-seven miles to New York City and about the same distance to Baltimore. Excellent highways give us connection with those cities twelve months in the year. The Central Railroad of New Jersey and Pennsylvania Railroad afford splendid passenger and freight service. Not only are these places easily reached by train but motor trips to the seashore, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Wilmington and other nearby places are real pleasures. And oh, my! if one wishes to take a day off and go fishing, the Delaware Bay is almost in sight with its multitudes of fish; with boats and captains always at the service of the public for a reasonable fee.

Every effort is put forth by our business, professional, educational and agricultural leaders to inspire farming interests in the minds of our children. Girls' and boys' clubs in many branches, from domestic science to calf-raising, are established under the leadership of the county's most prominent citizens. The Shiloh High School has one of the best, if not the very best, agriculture course of any high school in the State of New Jersey. During the winter a free course is given to all men who wish to take it.

One of the largest local Granges in the State is located in the village of Shiloh. Not only does this offer special opportunities (no dancing) but it is a source of much helpful information and strength to the farmer folk. Its programs are frequently real literary treats.

Outside the church and school work, an outstanding feature of the community is the course of entertainments and lectures furnished by "The Shiloh Lyceum Association". In a personal letter to Pastor Sutton, president of the association, the manager of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau recently said, "There is probably no town in the country the size of Shiloh, putting on a course nearly as expensive as yours. This is just the reason you folks make a success of it. You put in the best and the people appreciate it. Along with this you conduct it as it should be. It is put on its own soundness and must stand on this." We think he is right, for the lecturers we have tell us the same thing. Bridgeton people tell us that they are unable to support such a course and several of *them* usually buy season tickets which cost \$2 for the season of from seven to eight numbers. The association is a community organization and several of the managers are from outside our people. Single numbers this season cost \$1.60 yet the course was practically paid for from the proceeds of the sale of season tickets. We are frequently asked, "How do you do it?" Letters have been received from other places asking the same question. These are just a few of the good things we have to offer to any "true blue" Seventh Day Baptist who may wish to purchase property among us.

(To be continued)

LITTLE ADVENTURES IN EUROPE

From every part of the country, wherever boys and girls have given full swing to the spirit of unselfish service which puts life into the Junior Red Cross, many questions have been asked concerning the progress of the great work which the Juniors have undertaken in Europe, that of carrying happiness to the children of the war-swept countries.

In innumerable ways the youngsters in every State in the union have provided the money that has helped to swell the National Children's Fund which is proving to be a

magic treasure chest out of which cheer is being scattered among the needy and unfortunate children of Europe. It is this fund which has made possible the chain of more than forty school canteens in Belgium, forming a relief line which marks the shell-torn, ragged course of the battle front of the world war. Over 3,000 children are given at least one good meal daily in these canteens. In addition to this, the money of the boys and girls of America makes possible a school at Roulers where 200 destitute children are being taught and cared for, and at Prague a school for crippled children is being aided.

Relief work among the children of France has taken on a number of forms. Nearly 500 youngsters from ruined homes in the war zone were sent last winter to good homes in Brittany and Southern France where they received every care and attention. More than 200 war orphans old enough to attend high schools, business schools, and manual training schools, have been awarded scholarships which provide for the payment of 500 francs a year to each in order that they may complete their training and go out in the world as useful men and women. Open air schools and playgrounds for little tots are conducted in Paris by the workers for the Junior Red Cross.

In Italy the dozen or more schools and societies for war orphans which have received assistance from the children of America are caring for about 500 children who otherwise would be homeless and left to shift for themselves. In Albania, three schools have been established and plans are being made for a fourth. A school of tiny refugees in Roumania has been voted a sum of money and in Serbia two orphanages are being aided. In little Montenegro an orphanage and a high school are being given substantial help.

Another part of the plan for helpful work in Europe which is being carried out by American school boys and girls through the Junior Red Cross is that of sending bright children from Albania, Montenegro and Jerusalem to schools in Beirut and Constantinople.—*Red Cross Juvenile.*

"It is not how much you do, but how well you do. It is not so much the kind of work you are doing, but the kind of thinking you are doing that will differentiate you and promote you."

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

DEAN PAUL E. TITSWORTH, ALFRED, N. Y.
Contributing Editor

THE PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

DR. A. L. IDE, PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION,
ALFRED UNIVERSITY

In the earliest days of human history the education of the youth was carried on at first in the home and then, as he grew older, amidst the practical affairs of the tribe. There were no schools. With the progress of the division of labor, the business of educating the young became more and more dissevered from the rest of the affairs of life. At the present time the work of formal education of the children is a specialized industry, entirely cut off from the experience of the fathers and mothers, largely removed from their control, and thus unfortunately equally removed from their possible interest and support. The children go from home in the morning, pass through some mysteriously professional process of education during the day, and return in the afternoon. Is it any wonder that the parents look with questioning gaze over into this forbidden region, and feel a desire to have some immediate share in the training of their own children?

The situation is fraught with friction and loss of energy, misunderstandings and cross-purposes. The only avenue through which information comes by which the parents interpret the school is the child. It has been found in many investigations that a full grown human being, in full possession of his mental powers, is incapable of reporting any event with entire accuracy. It is more noticeably true that the child of school age, with his strong emotional tendencies, his inability to observe a situation from any other than the personal viewpoint, is unable to present to his parents a reliable report of the school world in which he spends his days. Thus the parents view the school and the teacher not as they are, but as they misunderstand Johnny to say they are. It is not surprising that in an atmosphere of misapprehension the school does not accomplish all that should be in its power to do.

On the other side the teacher knows her

pupil only through her experience with him at school, when an acquaintance with the immediate family would throw a flood of light on the individual whom she is trying to develop. For Johnny's individuality is not merely Johnny, but it is Johnny and his father and mother, his brother and his sister, with no small share of the boy that lives next door. But the teacher in her secluded schoolroom continues to teach just Johnny with results that are less than the expended energy would warrant.

Parent-teacher associations are a tentative answer to and a helpful solution of the question, "How may parent and teacher understand each other better?" The associations afford the teacher the needed opportunity to become socially acquainted with the individuals who form the background of the pupils she is teaching. Through this acquaintance the parents are no longer shadowy individuals from whom one demands excuses when Johnny is absent, but real beings with sympathies and ambitions. Johnny himself is no longer a mere name on the register and a center of disturbance on the front seat, but a significant personality, who has a future and needs preparation to meet that future effectively. Through the meetings of the association the parents discover that the schoolroom is a human place, and that the teacher is a person with feelings and not a mere cog in the machinery. They find out with agreeable surprise that her ambition is not just to make Johnny's life more miserable by the infliction of geography, but to bring out through discipline the qualities in his character that shall make him a desirable citizen.

Through the association the misunderstandings and cross-purposes of parent and teacher are transformed into sympathetic appreciation and co-operation, until the school and the home are each made more effective through the aid of the other. Not every association accomplishes this object, but it is the goal which the association will reach if there is patience enough, and the leadership is wise.

"Do not look for wrong and evil—
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.
Look for goodness, look for gladness—
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

EARTH'S TOILERS SING

Hark to the song earth's toilers sing
As they bow at the festal board!
Hark to the song the reapers bring
With the wealth of their golden hoard!
From fair, lush prairies gemmed with flowers
Or a-ripple with billowy grain
Where smoke-wreathed cities lift their towers
At the call of the foaming main—
This is the song earth's toilers sing
This is the song the nations bring
As they bow at His shrine again:

"Father of all, great giver of all,
Hear, as we cry unto thee;
Where the wind-tossed pines unheeded call
To the lonely, ice-locked sea;
Where the scorching desert's tawny sands
Burn red in the sunset's glow
And the mountains cling with titan hands
To their diadems of snow—
We lift glad hearts with one accord,
We hymn thy praise, O gracious Lord,
For gifts that unceasingly flow.

"Thanks for the home whose welcome door
Swings wide to our vagrant feet;
Thanks for the rest from the strident roar
And the rush of the blinding street.
Thanks for the fields whose splendor fills
Our hearts with a joy serene,
For flocks and herds on a thousand hills
Enisled in their seas of green.
Thanks for the faith of answered prayer,
The cup to give, the crust to share
And the hope of a life unseen."

—Elisha Safford.

THE CAREER OF A COBBLER*

MARGARET T. APPLGARTH

CHAPTER IV

MOONLIGHT: VISHNUSWAMI TELLS OF PAPER
VOICES

With impressionistic suddenness the moon transformed the whole scene into startling mass of black and white—dark mysteries lurked beneath the flapping awnings of deserted stalls, the whole market place seemed silver-paved; an eerie sense of something stealthy in the night wind made the two men edge close together, their gaudy turbans gleaming white with moonbeams.

"Perhaps you weary of this tale," said

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Boards of Foreign Missions of North America.

Vishnuswami, crafty as a fisherman; for he knew well that Chunder Singh had made no move that meant departure, but rather gave a subtle bid for more disclosures; were they not elbow to elbow? knee to knee? Will a man linger to be bored when the hour for sleeping is at hand? So it came as no surprise when Chunder Singh replied:

"Could I lay down my head in my own hut until I hear what tool it was which this worker in leather, this low caste cobbler from far England, used to level what you call the hill of heathendom, of caste and of idolatry. Your boast regarding him rankles in my head; yet a smile plays on my lips for full well I know that habits of our fathers are unchangeable. Custom is custom! It is folly to claim that more than three or four of India's men turned topsy-turvy for a new religion. I do not hear you name the others."

"Wait patiently," warned Vishnuswami gravely, for Carey Sahib was a little man, short in stature, and even as these English count beauty he had no looks to specially recommend him, since even the hair on the top of his head was gone entirely; but have you let it pass from your heart that he who tends a sacred fire is as ten strong men for deeds?"

Chunder Singh smiled sarcastically: "With my own eyes I have seen the monsoon come, when the rains poured down, filling the pools and tanks, turning the parched earth green. And though I had been on a journey I would know by the sight of my eyes that the refreshing had come in my absence. So I claim that you boast overmuch of this Carey Sahib unless you can tell me of things I can see with my eyes and feel with my hands."

Vishnuswami groped in a fold of his garment and drew out an object, small and squarish: "Spare your breath, for here I hold the very tool which leveled all the heathen hills I mentioned. Hold it in your hands, my brother, feel it with your fingers."

Chunder Singh took it and thumbed it curiously: "Well!" he exclaimed, "am I wiser? Yet I am both feeling and fingering."

"Keep right on," Vishnuswami ordered, cool and calm, "'tis no black magic, I assure you—do not shudder! It is merely paper voices speaking in our tongue the wonderful words of the Living God which Carey Sahib translated from the English."

"Paper voices?" incredulously he held it to his ear, "Tell me, does it speak to me? And what does it say? And how did Carey Sahib ever get it?"

"You stuff my ears too fast with questions; let me tell of Carey Sahib first. How back in the days when cobbling shoes in England, this Holy Book was open on the bench beside him."

"Oh, as for that! This was the place where voices called to him to 'Go ye! Go ye!' It lingers in my mind he loved that Book."

"You have it right. No doubt you also call to mind the fact he knew six tongues: so now I tell you that his daily habit was to read one chapter from his sacred Book, first in the English language, then in each of the other five he knew. Full well he saw that this Book had made England years before, and the sacred fire forever whispered to his heart that the Book could remake India, too. So have I not said it? How with tireless diligence he learned Bengali from his interpreter, Ram Basu, spending long hours making the voice of the Living God speak on paper in Bengali to all the sons of India. Over and over he coned each word: he said it in Hebrew, in Greek, in English, in Bengali. Ah, it was a task! Neither would he let visitors or pleasure or mere weather shorten hours allotted to this work."

"Now I am full of other questions—how could he make it speak on paper?"

"It may have lingered in your head that one of the separate rooms in the house of these sahibs had been from the first set apart for a printing office. Now surely printing is mystery unknown to you, also to the Hindus in Serampore at that time. When Carey Sahib bought the thing known as a printing press and set it up in the special room, the people in that town beheld it in great terror, whispering from turban to turban: 'Behold, the Idol of the Christians!' But when the Sahib, William Ward, caused it to clang and clatter, and showed them the paper dotted with Bengali words from God to men, great mystery settled in their eyes. To see this message near to! To hear it really speak! To own a copy to be treasured in the hut, as jewels! To hold it for a neighbor's eyes to see! To learn the grievous life of the Living God on earth—that man, Lord Jesus! Ah, well, it was not to be resisted. And many believed."

Chunder Singh peered at the Book in his

hand with the first breaking down of prejudice that he had shown: "I am eaten up with wonder. Oh, for daylight, to see this message for myself! It is not right a man should live his life in ignorance."

"Even so said Carey Sahib. And I add new glory to this English sahib's tale by telling how he could not rest content to learn Bengali only; were there not other tongues in India? Other men going on useless pilgrimages to far distant shrines? They too must hear in their own tongue. You are a man for numbers—check these languages and dialects on the fingers of one hand as I name the tongues which Carey Sahib learned and made his Bible speak. First let me say it was not always the whole Book of Heaven he translated, sometimes it was the half known as the Old Testament, sometimes the other half, the New Testament; and several times one book alone was all he undertook. Now count: Bengali, Oriya, Maghadi, Assamese, Khasi, Manipuri, Hindi, Sanskrit, Bruj-bhasa, Kamouji, Rosali, Oodeypuri, Jeypuri, Bhugelia, Marwari, Bikaneri, Bhatti, Haraoti, Palpa, Kumaoni, Gurwhali, Nepalese, Marathi, Goorjarati, Konkani, Panjaba, Mooltani, Sindi, Kashmiri, Dorgri, Pushtu, Baluchi, Telegu, Kanarese, I am done, but tell me the number lest any have flown from my head!"

In startled disbelief Chunder Singh stared at his fingers: "Seven times have I checked off the fingers of this hand, lacking only this one finger. *Thirty-four*; but surely you do not tell me the cobbler did this stupendous task. How could he?"

"Man of Ignorance," his comrade said, "consider what the sacred fire did to him, for in many tongues he found no written system to adopt, and had—himself—to learn to put their words on paper."

"Now indeed am I stirred within me! How could he learn so many different tongues?"

"How should I find ways to tell of tire-some trips in bullock-carts to distant ends of India, of weary sleepings in the huts of strangers,—on the floor, he was liked to sleep in the mid-air on beds; how can I tell of patient questionings concerning names for this and that with pundits at his home in Serampore? Notes taken of the slightest shades of meaning? And sometimes the idle prattle of small children in strange roadways gave him words too precious to be lost, and he plucked palm leaves to prick

the words upon them. Ofttimes he went into the village school and sat upon the ground to trace in sand with little boys the curious hooks and curves that formed their unknown language. Have I not said? A man of perseverance, who rested not nor stopped."

(To be continued)

WORKER'S EXCHANGE

SALEMVILLE, PA.—The Ladies' Aid Society of the Seventh Day Baptist church, Salemville, Pa., has held seventeen regular meetings. The enrolment is eighteen. We meet every Wednesday to quilt and make comforts. We have quilted nine quilts, made three comforts, pieced one quilt and made a few garments.

We have held three festivals, had one chicken soup supper, one chicken and waffle supper, a conundrum supper and one apron social.

We have paid to our pastor \$75.00; to the Woman's Board, \$50.00; to Mrs. A. E. Whitford, treasurer of the Woman's Executive Board, \$25.00. We have paid \$40.00 for other local work and have \$54.00 in the treasury.

MRS. ELLA B. KAGARISE.

HOME NEWS

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—It takes approximately \$125.00 weekly to meet our budget obligations. For the past quarter our weekly collections have been exceedingly small, falling far short of that amount. For the past four years we have met our financial obligations promptly. We can't afford to do otherwise now.

Some of us have made no pledge toward the budget, but we expect to help. That help is much needed now. Others have pledged but are in arrears in payment. Whether resident or non-resident, young or old, let us all redouble our efforts to bring our church back to normal financial condition.

We are conscious that there is a financial stringency; that poor markets and low prices for produce are discouraging; that the stress and strain of these adjustment days are trying. But let us do all we can to help the church meet its financial obligations. We can do no more; we ought not to be willing to do anything less.

Our Thank Offering for Milton College was \$252.53. Considering the present finan-

cial situation we feel that it was a very generous offering.

Recent cash offerings for the Near East relief have totaled \$128.25. In addition to this sum a number of pledges have been made carrying obligations for monthly payments for one year. These carry our gifts well over \$200.00.

A mid-winter picnic of the "Old Settlers" of the Loup valleys was held in our church basement, Tuesday, the first. Nearly one hundred were present and a splendid time was enjoyed.

Not all pledges to the Denominational Building have been paid. Some have pledged Thrift Stamps, others have pledged bonds, while others have pledged cash. Can you not, friends, redeem these pledges soon?—*Church Bulletin*.

MILTON, WIS.—The following items of interest are from the annual reports found in the *Year Book* of the Milton, Wis., Seventh Day Baptist Church.

PASTOR'S REPORT

The pastor presents no detailed statistical account of his activities nor those of the church. For the most part the work of the church will be given by the proper officials of the auxiliary bodies.

In general, the work, interests, and spirit of our beloved church have been excellent. There have been no great unusual features in the activities of the church to necessitate more than ordinary effort. Yet the constant prayer "Thy Kingdom Come" has been on our lips and deep in our hearts as we have faithfully tried to deepen the appreciation of *prayer, service, evangelism and stewardship* in the lives of *all* our people.

The brethren have supported the services of the church and the work to which she contributes in a most commendable manner. The large audiences at the Sabbath morning worship; the cordial support given to prayer meeting; the thoughtful, loyal help of the young people and the divine possibilities in the lives of the large group of children increase the boundaries of our responsibilities and at the same time lend great encouragement to the work and promise for the future.

Early in the year the church joined with other churches of the community in a series of union prayer meetings. Other community events have been the sociable given by the Christian Endeavor societies in the gymnasium; the Father and Son Banquet held in

our church in March; the Mother and Daughter Banquet held later in the season and the entertainment of the Southern District Christian Endeavor Convention, an epochal experience in the lives of our young people. Then, too, following the action taken at the last annual meeting and in harmony with a like action taken by the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton Junction, a joint communion service was held at Milton Junction on July third, in which the two congregations heartily and profitably joined.

Early last spring the pastor organized a class of young people to study some of the principal doctrinal and spiritual teachings which would help prepare the young people for baptism, church fellowship and Christian activity. These studies were continued until Decision Day, May first.

Our participation in the denominational program, the New Forward Movement, has been, to us, a blessing of untold value. It has tended to unify our interests and efforts, to help us understand our ability, to intensify our love for the Master's work, and encourage us to launch out upon a larger spiritual and religious program.

The pastor wishes to record his profound gratitude for the loyalty, devotion and full-hearted co-operation of the people he has been called to serve. Their kind forbearance with his failures and mistakes, their earnest support of *all* enterprises and activities of the church have been of utmost help to him. In the great work of winning and saving men to the Kingdom of God may we look forward to the presence and leadership of Him "whose we are and whom we serve".

HENRY N. JORDAN.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

The total membership of the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church is four hundred and sixty-five. There have been added to the list this year twenty-six names: eighteen through baptism, eight by letter, two on testimony and one added, which had been omitted by oversight some years ago. There have been eighteen names dropped from the roll: five through death, five by letter, and eight through disfellowship.

The work of the year has been characterized by loyalty on the part of the members to the plans laid out by the General Conference and the program as set forth by the pastor. The church has made more of

an effort this year to keep in touch with the non-resident members than it has done for some years before. Quarterly news letters have been printed and sent to all members. The Finance Committee has written two or three letters to these members also. The report of the treasurer shows that we are approaching the time when all members are becoming contributing members.

An electric heater has been purchased to warm the room under the organ, making it usable for the Baraca class during the Sabbath school hour. A beginning has been made in the assembling of a denominational library. Added insurance has been placed upon church property and other improvements have been looked after by the trustees. There will have to be a new ceiling placed on the basement this coming year.

D. N. INGLIS, *Secretary*.

SABBATH SCHOOL

The average attendance at Sabbath school has been one hundred and thirty-five for fifty Sabbaths. This average would have been higher had not the epidemics of whooping cough hindered many of the pupils in the primary department from attending for weeks at a time. One week there was no session in the adult section which also lowers the average some.

The interest seems good and everything is favorable for another good year's work.

BROTHERHOOD

The Brotherhood has begun the year of 1920-1921 with an interest which has not been surpassed for some years. The newly elected president felt that he could not serve and Mr. North was elected to fill the vacancy. The constitution has been amended so as to make the membership roll somewhat more tangible and the annual dues have been placed at one dollar per year.

The programs have been of varied character and very instructive. Early in the year of 1920 Mr. A. B. West gave us the autobiography of John Muir. Merlin Hull, secretary of state, gave an address on the topic, "The Church as a Business Institution". One evening was spent in the college gymnasium in sports and exercises. This fall the first session was devoted to a review of the fitness of the candidates running for office at the general election. Col. E. D. Bowman, state deputy health officer, gave an

(Continued on page 318)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS IN ALASKA

MARIAN INGHAM

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
March 19, 1921

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Progress in education (Deut. 6: 1-9)
Monday—In health (Ps. 103: 1-12)
Tuesday—In evangelism (Rom. 1: 8-17)
Wednesday—In church life (1 Tim. 4: 6-16)
Thursday—In civilization (Isa. 62: 1-5)
Friday—Soul prosperity (3 John 1-8)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Christian progress in Alaska (Isa. 9: 2-7) (Home missionary meeting)

The first permanent mission founded among the Indians of the Yukon Valley by representatives of any society in the United States was opened at Anvik, on the lower Yukon, in 1887, by missionaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In the following year the Roman Catholic Church succeeded in establishing a permanent mission at Koserefsky, near Anvik, and these missions have grown into flourishing establishments with farms and equipment. A staff of about a dozen missionaries and a boarding school reporting one hundred and four pupils in 1916, show their development.

Chiefly Eskimos inhabit the northern and northwestern part of Alaska, but there are many tribes of Indians along the southward coast. Many of the tribes of Indians in interior Alaska are now nominally Christians, but they have not entirely departed from their old beliefs and practices. They still observe the feasts for the dead, when presents of food and clothing are made to living representatives of the deceased, with the idea that the latter receive a corresponding benefit.

These tribes of the interior, however, known as the Tinneh, desire baptism for their children and have definite views as to their religious affiliations. Their superstitions are fading away and witchcraft and the medicine man seem to be things of the past.

There is a government school in nearly every tribe and village, entirely manned by Christian teachers, white or native. In place of the dirty tenement houses, neat cottages

are built where each family may live alone. They use the white man's furniture, implements, dress and food, and many speak his language. Some of the native towns have co-operative stores, saw mills, and salmon canneries.

But much work remains to be done. It is impossible to change a dirty, ignorant savage in a few months or years into a cultivated Christian gentleman, but progress is being made. Dr. Claxton, Commissioner of Education at Washington, reported some years ago that there were at least 8,000 Eskimos in southwestern Alaska among whom there were no Christian missionaries or teachers.

May not the churches unite in an effort to carry the gospel to the neglected places of Alaska by strengthening the missions already begun, and to work and pray so that these interesting peoples, susceptible to Christian influences and teaching, may be helped to the full stature of men and women in the service for Christ Jesus.

INTERMEDIATE GOAL FOR NEXT FOUR MONTHS

DEAR INTERMEDIATES:

I am satisfied that you are trying to do your best in your own society. You have sociables; you get behind any kind of work that the pastor or other leaders present to you; you take your part in the devotional meetings; everything indicates that you are *busy*. But—busy at what, to what purpose? Are you running about in a circle? Are you making motions but getting nowhere? Are you talking so earnestly about Christian principles while you are in the prayer meeting but when you are out among companions you fail or fear to put these principles in action? Let's have a *goal*: What do you say?

THE GOAL

1. Five new Intermediate societies in the churches of the denomination. (The senior groups are obligated, in part, to organize an Intermediate group where there are young people of high school age to the number of six or more who could work more efficiently in a group of their own age.)
2. Each society set to win every young person in their group or church or community to Christ. You should not set any lower standard.
3. Every member of each society a contributor to the expenses of the society, the church and to the New Forward Movement.
4. Every member a Comrade of the Quiet Hour.
5. Every member a member of the Tenth Legion.

- 6. Every society conducting a reading circle in missions or holding a mission study for at least three months before next Conference. With all the interesting, up-to-date missionary literature available it seems out of place for a Christian not to be well informed about the missionary history of his or her denomination as well as that of other denominations.
- 7. Emphasize the use and study of the Bible throughout the year. Do you know that the Bible is really getting to be a popular book. For years it has been a "best seller". There's a reason. Read Psalm 119: 112, 129, 105.
- 8. Emphasize church loyalty. Boost your church your pastor, your society. Stick by your prayer meeting, the church prayer meeting, the Sabbath services, the worship of the living God.

Dear young people, isn't this a goal worth striving for? Urge your superintendent to lead you in the effort to gain the goal, at least to reach out toward it. Let's make as our motto, "This one thing I do—I press toward the mark" for Christ and the Church.

I shall be glad to furnish the names of any books on missions or Bible study that you may care to ask for.

Come on! Let's go!

HENRY N. JORDAN,
Superintendent.

**TO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS, PASTORS,
MISSIONARIES ON HOME AND
FOREIGN FIELDS AND
L. S. K'S**

This message from Rev. Francis E. Clark to the 4,000,000 Endeavorers of the world I should like each of you to apply personally:

If I could never send another message to Christian Endeavorers, I would say "hold fast to the pledge," not in a slavish spirit, but with the freedom wherewith Christ makes us free.

Hold fast to it because it emphasizes our high ideal to do only what Jesus Christ, our Master, would like to have us do.

Hold fast to it because it adds to our weakness trusting his strength in which alone we can achieve success in any work for him and our fellow-men.

Hold fast to it because without prayer and without the Bible, to which it commits us, we can do nothing abiding or worth while as Christians.

Will you each consider this message seriously as you go about your work, pray earnestly for more Comrades to the Quiet Hour, and see how many of your people are already keeping and willing to keep this pledge?

**COVENANT CARD OF THE
COMRADES OF THE QUIET HOUR**

Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I will make it the rule of my life to set apart at least fifteen minutes every day, if possible in the early morning, for quiet meditation and direct communion with God.

Signed.....
Date.....

Some of our Christian Endeavor societies have sent their new lists of Comrades and I am shocked at the comparison with the list handed me by the former Quiet Hour superintendent.

Present	Former
19 :	108
20 :	54
9 :	29
7 :	27
0 :	8

Is this because the present canvass includes only C. E. members while the former list included church members and perhaps some from outside?

Dear *Endeavorers*, will you kindly extend your canvass? I do not like to think of our band of Quiet Hour Comrades decreasing when I had hoped to enlarge our numbers. A few societies have increased their number but nothing to compare with the losses quoted above.

In reply to fifty-six letters sent to C. E. societies and churches I have received thirteen replies—twelve of these reporting Comrades. One of these gave pastor's and wife's names only; and one none where formerly there were eight.

Pastors, some of these lists do not include your name and several others do not include your wife's name with yours. Why not?

Missionaries, your field is open to a thorough canvass. Please make it or see that it is made.

L. S. K's, will you kindly make this pledge a part of your lives and send me your name and address, also the church and C. E. society you are affiliated with if any?

Members of the Young People's Board, not all your names have been sent in. If not, why not?

I wish all who are spending fifteen minutes per day in prayer, Bible reading and thoughtful meditation to send me your names either through your church organization or personally.

ELRENE CRANDALL,
Quiet Hour Superintendent.
R. No. 2, Andover, New York.

FAREWELL SOCIAL

Though no announcement has been made through the columns of the SABBATH RECORDER, it is already pretty well known that Mrs. Ruby Babcock has resigned as president of the Young People's Board. Dr. B. F. Johanson has been chosen to be president of the board for the rest of the Conference year. As one of the members of the board said, "We have lost a good president by the going away of Mrs. Babcock, but have found a good one to succeed her in the person of Dr. Johanson." The resignation of Mrs. Babcock was made necessary because of the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Babcock from Battle Creek to Tulsa, Okla., where they are to make their home for a time.

On February 17, the Young People's Board gave a farewell social for Mr. and Mrs. Babcock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Babcock. The social was planned by the social fellowship superintendent of the board, Mrs. Nettie Crandall. Those present were entertained by games that test one's "nerve"—smelling, seeing, feeling, action. A score card was given to each one, and as the games were played the number of points won were placed on the cards. The one winning with the largest number of points received a small pennant on which were the letters "Y. P. B."—Young People's Board. This pennant was won by Mrs. I. O. Tappan.

After the games were over, Dr. Johanson, the newly elected president, gave a talk, in which he told Mrs. Babcock how much her services had been appreciated by the board, and presented her with a black leather traveling bag as a token of esteem. Refreshments were served. Those present were Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Johanson, Mr. and Mrs. Emile Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. I. O. Tappan, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Crandall, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Hurley, Miss Edna Van Horn, Miss Frances E. Babcock. The hymn, "Blessed Assurance", was sung at the close.

Mrs. Babcock, who has had the work of extension superintendent for the board, in addition to the duties of president, will retain the former work; while Mr. Babcock, who has been missionary superintendent, will continue that work.

CORRESPONDENT.

C. E. HAPPENINGS

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—The Vesper services, Christmas Eve, were very impressive. Several old Christmas hymns were played by Margaret Davis. Mrs. Esther Babcock sang "Holy Night". In the dim candle light the faces of our friends showed tenderly and happily. The talk by the pastor was especially good. It was a delightful way to usher in the Christmas day.

The usual Sunrise prayer meeting was held in the rest room, New Year's morning. While few were in attendance the meeting was very helpful. W. G. Rood was leader.

We are very proud of the Junior church choir taken almost wholly from the Intermediate society.

Owing to the resignation of Mrs. W. J. Hemphill, due to ill health, Elsie Van Horn has been elected as superintendent of the Intermediate society.

The Junior superintendent, Mrs. R. N. Bee, reports an average attendance of fifteen each Sabbath. The interest is good and the teachers active.

Under the auspices of the Endeavorers an enjoyable church sociable was held Sunday evening, January 2, after the church dinner. Various games such as "Slide, Kelley, Slide", "How Do You Like Your Neighbor?" etc., were played. The company, then, was divided into four groups, and different races were staged—a pony race, hop race, and a rainy day race were perhaps the most interesting. Lunch, consisting of the leftovers from the church dinner was served. Other socials of like nature are being planned.

Christian Endeavor Week was observed, January 29 to February 5.

A Christmas social was held Christmas night in the church basement. A program was given and gifts were given out. Many of the students from the university and teachers from out of town were present.

An effort is being made to pay all pledges in order to meet our share of the budget. If you haven't paid yours please hand or mail your money to the treasurer.

Riley Brannon is a new member of the society.

Twenty-one have enrolled in the Denominational History Study Course.—*Church Bulletin.*

NEW AUBURN, WIS.—The young people of New Auburn have made no effort to hold Christian Endeavor meetings for a long

time but recently, under the impetus of our good pastor, we have again taken up our work. A meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Truman, January 22, at which, following the choir practice, the Christian Enedavor society was reorganized. About forty-five people were present and the evening's pleasure was enhanced by a weiner roast.

Meetings are held each Sabbath night, following the choir practice. We have our Goliaths to fight, but like David, we mean to win the battle. Pray for us that we may be patient, penitent and persevering.

BUENA DAVIS, *Secretary*.

FOUKE.—It has been some time since the Press Committee has made a report. Nevertheless, we are here, and enjoying fine weather. If some of you should find yourselves in our gardens with radishes, lettuce, onions and mustard around you, your first thoughts would be of spring or fresh truck.

We have given the Denominational Social and enjoyed it very much. Every two weeks we have a class studying the Simpson Course. The Junior society is growing and much interest is being shown.

A declamatory contest by seven members of the seventh grades in both schools was given under the direction of the W. C. T. U. It was given in three places and each time one of our Juniors carried away the first prize.

We are looking forward to Mr. Holston being with us next week.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

February 18, 1921.

AN AUTOMOBILE SOCIAL

On January 25 was held the monthly social of the Battle Creek C. E. Society at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Clarke. This time 'twas an "Automobile Social" and that it proved a success could easily be told by the enthusiasm and high excitement which continued throughout the evening.

First, of all we were divided into five groups, the stunt for each group being to choose the name of a car and make up a suitable yell, the winning group being given two points.

After choosing a car, the next thing to do was to "put in the gas", which we did by making as many words as possible in five minutes from the word "automobile". The winning group was again given two points.

One member of each group was then chosen to "fill the radiator". Seated on the floor in a circle, equipped with a plate of beans, a spoon and a bottle, at the word each one proceeded to transfer the beans into the bottle in the shortest length of time. In spite of the fact that some of the beans persisted in falling onto the floor instead of into the bottle, more than one finished in a surprisingly short time. Two points were awarded to the winner.

The next stunt was called "changing a tire". One male member of each group was asked to volunteer for this arduous task. Although by this time every one was expecting anything, these instructions were not a little surprising. "Remove coat, vest, collar and tie, then put them on again." Of course there was no end to the merriment as arms and coat sleeves filled the air, each owner trying to outdo the other and win two more points for his car.

To "open the windshield" each one in a line of contestants was given a feather and a fan. The stunt was to balance the feather on the fan, begin by blowing it off, then fan it across the room to a goal. Two points were awarded.

The last stunt was the "race". A knife and a peanut was supplied to each group, the object being to carry the peanut across the room on the end of the knife. Two points were awarded to the winning car.

The car then having the most points was declared the winner, and after a few more "Rah! Rah's!" for the champion car we adjourned for the business meeting. After the reports were given, Pastor A. J. C. Bond gave some very interesting remarks.

Refreshments were served. Prayer was offered in closing.

(Note.—One of the goals of the Young People's Board for this year is to bring about greater Christian fellowship; and to accomplish this the board provided for a social fellowship superintendent in the person of Mrs. Nettie Crandall. She has already worked out the plans and programs for quite a number of socials and will be glad to send them to any of our societies that wish suggestions and help in the way of social entertainment. In writing to her, please state the kind of social which you wish to give. Her address is Battle Creek, Mich., Sanitarium H. P. O.)

CORRESPONDENT.

Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

NEEDED GRACE FOR SAVING, LIVING AND SERVING

REV. ANGELINE ABBEY, L. S. K. SECRETARY

"To be anxious for souls and yet not impatient, to be patient and yet not indifferent, to bear the infirmities of the weak without fostering them, to testify against sin, and unfaithfulness, and the low standard of spiritual life and yet to keep the stream of love free and full and open, to have the mind of a faithful loving shepherd, a hopeful physician, a tender nurse, a skilful teacher, requires the continual renewal of the Lord's grace."—*Leaflet published for C. E. Union, Chicago.*

GRACE

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Savior Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us unto himself, a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Read Titus 2 and 3.

According to the dictionary grace is "favor, pardon, mercy, virtue". The real meaning of the grace which saves, according to Mr. Moody is: "Undeserved favor, unmerited mercy."

This text tells us of three great needs you and I have of grace: (1) Grace for saving; (2) Grace for living; (3) Grace for serving.

How wonderful that God should save us when we had done nothing to deserve the great gift of eternal life! We could not save ourselves if we were to work all our lives, for "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." If we could get a clear title to a home in heaven by paying a thousand dollars, I believe every one would put forth a great effort to get it. Rich men would hasten to pay over the money, and be very anxious about the title. They would take great pains to see that it was good. Those

who did not have the price would work early and late to earn it. Men and women work very hard, and keep it up for years to earn a home in this world, which will only last a few years. Of much greater value is the home which will endure for ever and ever!

God offers a free gift of eternal life, and yet people refuse to take it. Why? Because of the hardness of their hearts. Romans 2: 3-5. In another place we are admonished: "Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

Some refuse this free gift because of pride. You remember when the Israelite maid recommended the prophet to Naaman's wife, saying: "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy," Naaman sent gold and silver and ten changes of raiment to the king requesting to be cured. The king had not this power, and rent his clothing, saying, "Am I a god to kill and to make alive?" Leprosy was considered an incurable disease then as now. Naaman was too proud to seek the prophet of God. When he came to him and told him to wash in the Jordan seven times he was offended. He thought it beneath his dignity to dip into the Jordan,—the slimy, muddy Jordan. He was angry and went away, and said: "Behold, I thought he would surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper" (2 Kings 3: 1-15). After Naaman finally humbled his pride and did as the Lord wanted him to do, he was healed. Then he desired to pay the prophet, and could hardly understand that it was a free gift.

We can not save ourselves. Salvation is a free gift. It is not of works, lest any man should boast. If it was, some might say, "I am entitled to a better place in heaven, for I have given much goods to, feed the poor—I have done more for the church than many others." A certain man and his wife who received large pay for their work as well as a large income from the rent of several buildings which they owned, paid sixty dollars toward the pastor's salary. Many people who paid much less per year praised these people for their generosity. Some girls who worked in a factory for small pay, conscientiously paid a tenth of their income toward the support of the church. These paid more than the others

in the sight of God, though not as much in dollars and cents. They denied themselves many comforts, while the others enjoyed many luxuries, and felt no cross in giving the sixty dollars which was small in proportion to their means.

We are told to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. We can not stand still in this world. If we are not growing we are dying. If we are not getting nearer to God, we are drifting away from him toward death. After we are saved, born into his kingdom, we need to grow in grace, and to get more knowledge of Christ. Nothing in the universe is standing still. Trees and other vegetation, hills and valleys, and even the nations are expanding, becoming more beautiful and greater, or they are deteriorating and dying.

We need so much grace for living: Titus 2: 12. Some professing Christians are not really living,—they are simply existing, in reality starving, growing weaker day by day. Why? Because they do not trust their Lord and obey. They do not take him at his word and appropriate his promises to themselves. In their joys they wander away and forget God or in their griefs or trials they shut him out of their hearts. We ought, surely, to be grateful enough to him to thank him for the blessings he sends. "Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom can be no variation, neither shadow of turning."

We ought to come to him for strength and guidance in times of affliction—casting all our care upon him for he careth for us. No matter how great the burden he will give strength to bear it. He says: "My grace is sufficient for you."

What we need right now, is living grace, and we need a great deal of it. Christ has promised to supply all our need. Some people worry about death. They are afraid to die. My friends, if we are living for God, we do not need to worry about dying. It is only going home. The Lord will give us grace for dying when the time comes. What we need is grace to live sweetly, strength to overcome temptation, and to show the Christ spirit, this day and this hour. God will give grace for tomorrow with whatever it brings, if we only trust him. Mr. Moody said: "I have had three red letter days in my experience; the first was when I was converted,

the second was when I got my lips opened, and I began to confess Christ; the third was when I began to work for the salvation of others."

We need grace for service. Has God called you to work for him, to tell others of the love of Christ or of some precious truth which you know, which others do not understand? Have you shrunk from this, doubting your ability? Oh, you did not trust the Lord enough! My God shall supply all your need—according to his riches in glory. Have you had experiences of being sent by the Spirit to talk of Jesus? or to help some one in need of encouragement? Do you know he gave himself for this, not only to give us salvation, but that we might serve him?

Let us notice this fourteenth verse again. "Our Savior Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works?" There is a plan for us in God's great economy. If we fail to do the good works we may defeat the end, and lose our reward. We ought to ask and expect to receive, great things of God. There is a story of a favorite general of Alexander the Great drawing upon the treasurer for an enormous sum. The treasurer feared to pay over so much money without asking Alexander about it. The king indignantly replied: "Do you not know that he honors me and my kingdom by making a large draught?" So we honor God by making a large draught upon him.

How ever we may doubt ourselves, let us never doubt that God will give grace, and wisdom, and power to do the work he calls us to do.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Rev. Angeline Abbey, secretary for the Lone Sabbath Keepers, requests her correspondents to address her, until further notice, at 3243 Washington Avenue North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Abbey is working for a time with the L. S. K's of that city and the outlying communities.

"You wind your watch and you turn the key in the clock, but you let your mind run down. You lock the door to keep out bad men, but you leave your mind unlocked to let in the bad—men."

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

WHERE STANDETH THOU?

REV. E. ADELBERT WITTER

(Preached at Berlin, N. Y., January 15, 1921)

Text.—"And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I. And he said, Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground" (Exodus 3: 4-5).

One can not read carefully the record of Moses' life and the history of the times in which he lived without being deeply impressed with the fact that he was indeed a marked man. That he was great, in the work accomplished, and in the far-reaching influence of the social and philosophical teachings that he put forth, there is no doubt.

In our text we have brought before us one of the most important incidents connected with his life. Here he is in the wilderness, isolated from the gaze of the world. Alone on the backside of the mountain, caring for the sheep of his father-in-law Jethro.

Here he is, with naught but the beauty of nature, seen in the waving foliage, the beauty and fragrance of the flowers that bespangle the mountain side, to break the monotony of his days, and the glory of the heavenly bodies, the mountain breeze that fills body and soul with a quickened vigor, during his nights of watching over his charge.

All at once he sees, as it were a blaze of fire in a bush; he watches, but the bush is not consumed. It continues to stand out in the perfectness of its being. As he looks we see him turning aside that he may satisfy the questionings that have been aroused within his mind. God manifests himself. Moses turns aside. This act reveals the fact that he is possessed of more than a passing interest. As Moses draws near to the bush he hears the voice of God saying, "Moses, Moses." And he said, "Here am I." And he said, "Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Just how God spoke these words

to Moses so that he understood them and knew it was God speaking to him, I can not well tell you at this remote period. I am inclined to think it was very much the same way in which God has spoken to you at some time in your own life, and filled you with the assurance that you had, in some sense, seen him face to face as he spoke to you.

Why was it holy ground on which he was standing? It was not holy simply because of the burning bush, and yet we might easily feel that this was enough to make it holy. It was not simply because here God was speaking to Moses, and yet this would be sufficient to make one feel the sacredness of the place above all that pomp and ceremony might give. It was not simply because Moses here stood and looked into the face of God as his soul burned while in conversation with him, and yet this could not fail to make, in a large sense, the place sacred to Moses. It was none of these that gave holiness to the place where the great opportunity of his life was revealed.

The future lay before him all undiscovered, all unknown. I have not the slightest doubt but that he was possessed of certain soul longings concerning the future work of his life. Indeed I doubt not that he had felt these longings all through the years of his changeful life.

It is not too much to believe that he had some plans for his life-work, but they had not taken definite form. For eighty years he had been in the school of experience, coming more and more to be prepared for the work for which he seems to have been born. Possessed of a strong love for his race and an unusual appreciation of Jehovah as the friend of that race, he nevertheless, showed a need of discipline and culturing of soul before the field of his life-work could be opened up to him. In the years of his solitude and communion with God on the backside of Sinai he had found the needed preparation. God manifested himself in a peculiar manner. Moses stopped to consider. God revealed the opportunity of his life, "Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt."

Had Moses said, "Sure Lord, I am ready, I will go," there would have been reason to think he did not recognize the greatness of the opportunity opened up to him. In

his answer we see he was considerate of the nature and importance of the mission, for we hear him saying, "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

We are each standing before the closed door of the future. To us the Master is saying, "Put thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

That the importance of this declaration shall be fully revealed to us in this study let us give thoughtful attention to the consideration of a few questions.

Why is the place on which each of us stands today holy? Because of the opportunities that lie just before us. Every life has lying just before it opportunities, the value of which will only be discovered when they have been most wisely used.

But what are some of these opportunities, is the question that arises in many a mind. Let us see.

(a) There are opportunities for an enlarged life. If we climb up the mountain side above the lowlands and foothills we soon find the range of our vision enlarged. The world looks larger. We recognize its more perfect beauties as we rise to the summit. This costs effort. It takes time and energy. What is gained gives a new satisfaction to life. Just so to enlarge the life along any of the avenues of our personal activities there must be time and energy given to a climbing up into loftier heights of vision in these various fields of activity. An enlarged life will only shed its light and blessing upon its possessor and become a reality and help to those in need, when the individual has enlarged his range of vision through careful study of his social, ethical and moral relations to his fellow-men.

(b) There are opportunities for a closer acquaintance with the Master. This acquaintance can only be had by a careful study of his Word; a daily reading, not as you would read the newspaper, but a thoughtful, meditative reading, a drinking in of every word by allowing the imagination to play upon the words and their possible hidden meaning, just as you would read a letter from that particular friend whose letters and words mean so much to you. This closer acquaintance with the Master can only be had when we open the heart to his incoming.

(c) Again, there are opportunities for

the setting of our faces steadfastly towards the celestial home. How great is that opportunity to one far away from home and loved-ones, when it comes to him whose heart is filled with a longing for home! Should it mean any less to us who are out in the world beset on every hand by the things that annoy and fill the soul with unrest because there is so little of the real joy of that life that is "hid with Christ in God". God is indeed good to give us the opportunity of preparing for the home where it will be a blessed privilege to dwell with him for evermore.

These are some of the things that make it "holy ground" where we are standing. The important question for each of us then is, how do we stand toward these opportunities. Our answer will determine our likeness to Moses.

(Continued from page 310)

address on the evening of November 14. The evening of December 12, was given over to the consideration of the new high school and its work, Principal Buell being the chief speaker. On the evening of December 26, the Brotherhood met at the home of J. H. Lippincott for a social evening; at this meeting four new members were voted into the Brotherhood.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES

Milton has three live societies. The Seniors have fifty-three members, seventeen of which have been added during the year.

The Intermediates report twenty-eight active members, and the Juniors number sixty-six, eleven of whom are being promoted into the Intermediate society.

Three Circles and a Benevolent Society are doing excellent work, and earning what they can for the Master's service.

The New Forward Movement has been a great thing for us as a church and a denomination. If you read the RECORDER, you noted in that paper soon after Conference, some of the practical, religious, and spiritual accomplishments of the first year. The summary gave us much encouragement. But we were disappointed at the annual meeting to hear the treasurer announce that our church at Milton lacked about five hundred dollars of reaching its quota of \$4,460

for the Forward Movement. The reason—the pledges were not all paid. Maybe they will be paid. We earnestly hope so. But the second year is on us with its obligations. We all know that it is extremely difficult to make up old obligations. But we can do it, if we will.

Milton entertained the quarterly meeting January 21-23. It was one of the very best meetings of the kind we ever attended. The sermons were spiritual and full of power. Rev. A. J. C. Bond, the new director of the Forward Movement, was present. His sermon on Sabbath morning, "Challenge of the World to Seventh Day Baptists", was a challenge to us to recognize and use our moral, social, religious, and spiritual assets. We were mightily helped by the presence and help of the young people. The joint communion service added much to our appreciation of the divine provisions for our spiritual nurture and growth.

DEATHS

WHITFORD.—Jessie Fremont Briggs Whitford was born in Ashaway, R. I., March 31, 1862, and passed away at her home in Alfred, N. Y., January 30, 1921, after an illness of almost three months.

She was the seventh of eight children born to Asa Sheldon and Caroline Burdick Briggs, five of whom lived to manhood and womanhood. Three died while young of diphtheria.

Her early education was acquired in the public school of Ashaway. In the fall of 1879 she entered Alfred University and was graduated with the class of 1882. Following her graduation, she taught three years in the public school at Ashaway. For one year she was in Albion Academy, Albion, Wis., as teacher and perceptress, after which she went back to Ashaway and taught three more years there. Then yielding to the wishes of her parents she gave up teaching that she might spend more time with them, and accompany them each winter to Florida. September 20, 1892, she became the wife of Rev. William C. Whitford, and went to live at Berlin, N. Y., where he was pastor at that time. In September of the following year, they moved to Alfred, where Rev. Mr. Whitford was called to become professor of Biblical Languages and Literature.

In early life she became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church, Ashaway, R. I., and from the beginning, was an earnest worker in all church activities. In the winter of 1883, she took a leading part in the organization of the Excel Band, which organization preceded the Christian Endeavor by two years. In the Sabbath school she took a great interest; taught a class of girls at Ashaway, and later a class of boys in the Sabbath school at Alfred.

In the First Alfred Church Mrs. Whitford

was one of the live members, in every way doing faithfully her own part, and in her sweet Christian spirit and tactful way, encouraging and stimulating others. Her religious interests, however, extended beyond her own church. Being much interested in the work of the denomination and awake to the different spiritual and financial needs. She contributed generously to all these. She frequently attended sessions of Conference, and was a supporter of the work of the Woman's Board. In Christian and philanthropic enterprises she was always interested and helped wherever she could.

Since 1895 Mrs. Whitford has been treasurer of the Evangelical Society of Alfred; since 1912 a member of the Board of Education of Alfred; and its president since 1916. She was also a member of the Executive Board of the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society.

In her home she was the gracious, refined, cheerful mistress. One felt when she met him at the door that he was entering an atmosphere full of that sweet spirit of true hospitality. Many a young person coming to Alfred University as a freshman, lonesome and homesick already, remembers well how much he was cheered and helped in Mrs. Whitford's home. Though never blessed with children of her own, she found joy in making a home for, and mothering student girls. During the school year, for many years, some such student lived in the home. There, high ideals were held before them, and the influences for good were the very best.

Mrs. Whitford is gone from us, and is sadly missed, but her beautiful influence will live on and on in the hearts and minds of the many with whom she came in close touch here. We know that God has called his own, and we can say, Thy will be done.

Mrs. Whitford is survived by her husband, Rev. William C. Whitford, of Alfred; two brothers, of Ashaway, Alexander B. Briggs, a physician, and Leverett A. Briggs, a manufacturer; two sisters, Mrs. E. P. Saunders, of Alfred, and Mrs. Elizabeth B. Clark, widow of Charles W. Clarke, of Ashaway.

Memorial services were held at the First Alfred Church February 1, in the presence of a large congregation, conducted by her pastor, A. Clyde Ehret, assisted by Dean A. E. Main and President B. C. Davis. The music was by Professor Ray W. Wingate and a quartet, Messrs. Henry E. Pieters, Vernon A. Baggs, Curtis F. Randolph and Daniel B. Rogers. As the people were entering the church Professor Wingate played Mendelssohn's *Consolation*. The quartet sang, "Nearer my God to Thee" and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

The body was not taken to the church; but the people were invited to come to the home for a last farewell after the service.

The body was taken to Rhode Island for burial, accompanied by the husband, his brother Edward E. Whitford, of New York, Mrs. E. P. Saunders, of Alfred, Miss Gertrude Saunders, of Akron, O., Ralph M. Briggs, of Ashaway, and Miss Elvina M. Perry, of Westerly.

The service at Ashaway was at the home of Mrs. Charles W. Clarke on Thursday afternoon, February 3, and was attended by a large company of relatives and friends. This service was con-

ducted by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, of Westerly, Miss Mildred K. Taylor sang "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." The interment was in Oak Grove Cemetery. The casket was borne to its final resting place by six of Mrs. Whitford's nephews.
A. C. E.

PEARSON.—Mrs. Genevieve Fern Kennedy Pearson, daughter of William D. and Etta E. Kennedy, was born November 10, 1898, at Toledo, Ia., and died January 25, 1921, at Waterloo, Ia., aged 22 years, 2 months and 15 days.

As a little girl, she had a sweet and joyous disposition. At the age of thirteen, she joined the U. B. Church at Toledo, Ia. On November 25, 1918, she was married to Mr. A. S. Pearson at Kansas City, Mo. Since that time Mr. and Mrs. Pearson had lived at Mason City and Waterloo, Ia.

As her parents had lived many years at Garwin, Ia., the funeral services, conducted by Rev. H. L. Cottrell, were held in the Seventh Day Baptist church of that place and burial was made in the Garwin Cemetery.

She leaves a husband, Mr. A. S. Pearson, of Waterloo, Ia., a mother, Mrs. Etta E. Kennedy, of Kansas City, Mo., two brothers, Mr. Clarence Kennedy, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., and Mr. Walter Kennedy, of Waterloo, Ia., and two sisters, and many friends who mourn her loss.
H. L. C.

GREEN.—Laura Green was the daughter of Joseph and Mary Green. She was born at Ashland, Minn., May 27, 1866, and died in Beatrice, Neb., from a complication of diseases, February 1, 1921.

When Laura was but three years old her mother died. In 1879 she came with her father to North Loup, Neb., which until two or three years ago, has been her home. After her father's death she made her home with her brother, Maxson W. Green.

On April 6, 1889, she was baptized and united with the North Loup Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she remained a faithful member until death.

She is survived by a half-sister, Mrs. Frances Davis, of North Loup, Neb.; and a half-brother, Maxson W. Green, of St. Cloud, Fla.

Funeral services were conducted at Beatrice, Neb., and burial was made at that place.
A. L. D.

Sabbath School. Lesson XII—March 19, 1921

JESUS ON THE CROSS.

Matt. 27: 33-50

Golden Text.—"God commendeth his own love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Rom. 5:8

DAILY READINGS

March 13—Matt. 27: 33-44

March 14—Matt. 27: 45-56

March 15—Matt. 16: 21-27

March 16—Luke 23: 13-25

March 17—Luke 23: 33-49

March 18—Luke 23: 50-56

March 19—Psa. 22: 1-5

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardner, D. D., Editor

Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager

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