

# The Sabbath Recorder

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that the Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society have adopted a plan whereby you can give them your money in trust and they will pay you, or some person you may designate, a stated income each year for life?

The rate of income is as follows:

Persons 40 to 50 years old	5%
Persons 51 to 60 years old	6%
Persons 61 to 70 years old	7%
Persons 71 to 80 years old	8%
Persons 81 and over	9%

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**WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR INCOME,  
ASSURE IT! CREATE A MEMORIAL!**

F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.  
Plainfield, N. J.

### OUR PRAYER

"Our Father, we pray for all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues, that they may be led to acknowledge Thy authority and to obey Thy will. Especially do we pray for our own country, that it may be delivered from all foes without and within, that it may dwell in peace and prosperity, that it may love knowledge, may reverence God, and may ever seek to promote the rights and protect the interests of all its members. May its homes be established in virtue, may its laws be administered impartially, may it ever be the guardian of liberty! Above all we pray that all its people may learn to walk before Thee in reverence. For Christ's sake. Amen."

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

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

**President**—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.  
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## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

For the joint benefit of Salem and Milton Colleges and Alfred University.

The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests for these denominational colleges.

# The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 90, NO. 11

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WHOLE NO. 3,967

## Interesting Letters To Our Pastor at Large

Our readers will be encouraged by the expressions of interest in the work of Brother Bond and by the unanimity of feeling in favor of the Forward Movement to which he is devoting his best energies this year. In this issue he gives portions of letters sent him from writers living in several States, showing the earnest desire throughout the denomination for the complete success of the movement. Unity of purpose and active efforts to do our part will certainly bring the desired end. To fail in these respects now would bring certain disasters. But we will not fail.

## Shiloh's Open Door

Again our Shiloh friends are showing us in this issue something of the splendid opportunities for Seventh Day Baptists who are anxious to find homes among people of their own faith where they can secure the best of church and school advantages.

We are glad to see this splendid rally to secure the permanence of that dear old church, planted and nurtured by Sabbath-keepers in one of the most beautiful garden lands in America.

Many a man who has left his eastern home to seek his fortune elsewhere, would now be far better off had he remained in the land he left behind, and been satisfied to develop its resources.

We have heard of some who left good, established church communities, hoping to better themselves among people of other faiths, who would now be glad if they only had money enough to get them back to the homeland. Others have taken the very places left by them and have prospered well.

We see no reason why several families who desire to move should not take advantage of Shiloh's open door, and there find an ideal church home, and a proper social life for themselves. Go to Conference and see for yourselves.

## Where There Is a Will There Is a Way

We know that hard times make up-hill work for all who would get on in the world. The same is true of those who would go forward in the work of the church. It requires greater self-sacrifice to fulfill our obligations to the cause of Christ in times like these than it would when times are easy and money is plenty.

We notice, however, that in worldly matters most people find a way to secure what they want, and the signs are very few that indicate any great curtailing of expenses for even the luxuries of life. In these matters most people get what they want. Where there is a will there is a way. And what people do get shows just what they are interested in. This is the practical way of showing where the heart is and what we are willing to make sacrifices for.

The same principle holds in matters of religion. If our hearts are really set upon building up the kingdom of God; if we really desire to see the church prosper; if we want the Forward Movement to succeed, we will certainly find the wherewithal to carry on the good work. Where there is a will there is a way. And if it turns out that we fail, then the extent of our failure will show how much we are lacking in interest.

"A Little Bit of Spring" In the Young People's Work today our readers will find a timely and suggestive story entitled, "A Little Bit of Spring", by our friend, Alice Annette Larkin, of Ashaway, R. I. We know you will like it; for it brings the very aroma of spring flowers and the beauty of sunshine into a home where the chilling frosts of envy and gossip have almost blighted the hopes of better days.

Who can forget the cheering fragrance that fills the house when the first bunch of trailing arbutus is brought in after many dreary days of winter. Everything seems brighter by the message it brings of returning life and beauty. We catch up the refrain of Solomon's Song: "For, lo, the winter is past . . . the flowers appear on

the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

The sweet fragrance of one kindly act in days of darkness and discouragement often fills the soul with cheer and begets a new hope when offered by a loving heart. Kind words and loving deeds in darkened homes can easily be made to turn life's winter into a little bit of spring.

**Bible Texts Expounded** Brother Tenney, Chaplain of Battle Creek Sanitarium, gives us in this number the first one of a series of brief articles in which he explains the helpful and comforting things in the Bible, somewhat as he does from day to day in the devotional services at the Sanitarium.

We know that many of our readers will find spiritual food in Brother Tenney's "With the Word" articles.

**A Pilgrim  
and  
A Stranger**

When the Psalmist said, "I am a stranger here", he but expressed the truth as realized by every one who stops to think of his environment. How few we know, and how few know us! If we walk the streets of a great city meeting thousands upon thousands, scarcely one in a whole day will give us a look of recognition. If we should chance to fall by the way we should sink "as sinks the stranger". If we travel in foreign lands every face would be strange and every word would belong to a strange language.

But these things do not indicate the full measure of our condition as a stranger here. When we enter the realm of heart-life we are often strangers to the thoughts and feelings, the joys and sorrows of even our nearest friends. Every heart has its own bitterness. Our inner life is often known only to ourselves and our God. Others know comparatively little of the things that cause us distress of heart and worry of mind.

We visit our old home towns only to find ourselves among a generation of strangers. Those we did know in years gone by are there no longer, and we are forced to the thought that we are only pilgrims as well as strangers here. This world is not our home. We are passing rapidly away, hurried on from one stage to another in our journey, and this earth has no permanent abiding place for us.

As spiritual beings we were created for a permanent home in the spirit-land im-

mortal. Heaven is our home. Pilgrims and strangers no longer, the people of God shall there know even as they are known. In the Father's house we hope to be strangers no more. The Lord Jesus will be an eternal friend and there will be no alienations, no misunderstandings, nothing but pure friendship while the eternal ages roll on. We expect no souls in heaven to have to say: "We are strangers here as were our fathers."

**His Conscience Must Disturb Him** There is a great difference in the spirit shown by those who reply to the questions sent out by Secretary Shaw regarding Sabbath literature. Many replies show a candid spirit and an open mind, even where the writers do not agree with our views upon the day of the Sabbath.

Now and then, however, an entirely different spirit is manifested as will be seen from this quotation from one of the letters:

Having spent several years of my life in two different Sabbath day centers, I have been well supplied with literature of that people and so I need no more. When a people like the Sabbatharians are found lined up with the roughs and toughs of America for the purpose of lawlessness and defeating of proper legislation, I am not surprised that many of my own good friends have been divorced from the church of their youth. History compels us to believe that fetish worshipers are changed into the likeness of their fetish.

It must be that such a letter reveals more of the spirit and character of its writer than he could realize; for we do not see how any one could knowingly expose himself to the criticisms it naturally suggests.

Those who are well acquainted with our people in "Sabbath day centers", whether they keep Sabbath or Sunday, know very well that the spirit and purpose of Seventh Day Baptists are grossly misrepresented by that writer.

No man who has spent "several years" of his life "in two different Sabbath day centers" can truthfully accuse them of being "lined up with the roughs and toughs of America for the purpose of lawlessness and defeating of proper legislation". This man either fails to comprehend the meaning of his words, "for the purpose of", or he means to misrepresent the people about whom he writes. His statement of our purposes is so untrue that those who read it can but feel that something is wrong with the man. One reader said: "That sounds

like one who has resisted the truth and tried to still the voice of a troubling conscience, until the most courteous mention of the neglected Sabbath makes him angry."

Has the worship of the Baal's Day "Fetish" had anything to do with influencing the spirit of this man?

**"A New Voice From Java"** Our letter from Java, this time, is from a new pen, and although our readers will miss the very interesting letters from Marie Jansz whose writings they love to read, they will find this one from G. Vizjak very readable. It was translated by Miss Jansz who sent on the original as well as the translation. Mr. Vizjak gives an interesting account of his experience and how he came to the Sabbath. The many friends of Miss Jansz sincerely wish that she might find many faithful and competent helpers in her good work.

**Encouraging Words From Our Pastor at Large** In a personal letter from Brother A. J. C. Bond we find the following words of good cheer:

That was a splendid letter from Brother Tenney. And he is just right, too. There are interesting things taking place all over the denomination that the readers of the RECORDER should know about. I believe there is being developed a denominational mind and interest as a result of the Forward Movement. We are learning to think together and to work for a common purpose. If all could become acquainted with the encouraging features of the work in the various churches it would be very helpful.

Of another thing I have become quite convinced also. That is that our differences are minor and comparatively unimportant, when compared with our more fundamental agreements. I believe the minds of Seventh Day Baptists need to be more clearly discovered to each other. The answers to my questions on tithing illustrate what I mean. I am planning similar "testimony meetings" on other subjects. I have one already to present on the fundamental place of the Bible in making Sabbath converts.

Only a day or two ago, in an important committee meeting questions were asked as to how well the churches are coming up to their pledges for the Forward Movement; and as to how the Forward Movement director is feeling about the situation by this time. We think that all over the denomination such questions are being asked with much solicitude. The general interest in the matter is certainly a hopeful sign, and we trust that this interest will be manifested

in a very complete and practical way. We know of nothing that will strengthen our churches and enliven our hopes more than will an enthusiastic, loyal, *making good* in all the five-year pledges given by the churches. This in itself will bespeak better and stronger spiritual life among us.

**Prohibition Rally Day** March 20 is assigned by the national W. C. T. U. as prohibition rally day to be observed throughout the United States. March 20 is the anniversary of the birth of Neal Dow called by many the "Father of Prohibition". Efforts will be made to run the membership of the W. C. T. U. up to one million on that day.

A very intensive campaign is being pushed by this society in the line of better education for citizenship. In foreign quarters of our cities, centers are being established from which teachers are sent into the homes to teach the foreign-born women patriotism and to promote the spirit of true Americanism. Training classes are also being organized in these centers with free courses of study for young women, under the direction of the Department of Americanization in the W. C. T. U.

### ON SUNDAY

I have engaged in a very interesting sort of an investigation,—a double one, or perhaps it might be called two. The object has been to get an answer to two questions. I obtained them.

The first was as to how Sabbath-keepers observe Sunday.

The second was as to the L. S. K. on Sunday.

Without permitting any intrusion of personalities, permit me to say that my opportunities for observation have for many years been unexcelled, as from 1884 to 1905 I resided very close to a leading Seventh Day Baptist church, and from 1905 my residence has been quite as close to a flourishing Seventh Day Advent church. And in this last period I have found out not a few lone Sabbath-keepers (Seventh Day Baptist)

Putting aside my own observations and opinions, let me nominate those of others. First, that of the civil authorities. From police court blotter to the motor cops is some distance, but the clerks of the court would make affidavit that rarely, if ever, does the court have occasion to deal with any who

are accused of infraction of the Sunday laws; and the would-be speed-controlling cops and country constables avow that they never have any trouble with Sabbath-keepers. Some of these officials express the opinion that Sabbath-keepers are not, as a rule, accustomed to Sunday motoring. This may, or may not be true. The same is to be said of a statement that is sometimes heard—that Sabbath-keepers are not chronic Sunday excursionists.

After the authorities' testimony comes that of the other churches. There may be jealousies, or something of the sort, at times, and in some localities, but the consensus of neighborhood gossip by the other churches is that the Sabbath-keepers are accounted faithful to the laws, and give no occasion for speech because of any other attitude. (Parenthetically, it is not necessary to take down the muck-rake and rake up the old talk in some places about the Sabbath-keepers "keeping open" on Sunday; nor is it necessary to indulge in refutation of the jibe that "after all, they are nothing but—Jews!")

As to the corollary question as to "what the Sabbath-keepers do on Sunday?" that is as irrelevant as it would be to ask what the Methodists do on Friday, or the Presbyterians on Tuesday afternoons. Yet, at the same time it stands as a question that may have any number of answers. I will give two. Perhaps regularly in some cases, and at least frequently, there are those who make a practice of worshipping at some Sunday services in the morning, and sometimes in the evening. The other answer is personal. I have been interested in work among the Italians and other Near-Americans on Sunday for some years, and among my associates, the work being undenominational, I count zealous Sabbath-keepers.

Dismissing the insinuation that "Sabbath-keepers are not Sunday-keepers", may I again be parenthetical, and say that as all Sabbath-keepers know, it is not uncommon for others who are not of their faith to worship with them on Sabbath.

Now as to the L. S. K's. There are those who are indifferent, because of their living at distance from the church of their faith, but there is warrant for saying that the real, genuine lone Sabbath-keeper, who magnifies the name and distinction, lives up to it. One is not really an L. S. K. who, living at a distance from his church, will

consider himself identified there when he can and does go occasionally to services. But the far-and-away L. S. K., according to my observation, is, as a rule, zealous in observing the day which well spent brings a week of content. Such will abstain from labor on that day. In our country districts it is not uncommon to find them, and moreover, the farmers who are prone to observe Sunday carelessly, find difficulty if they attempt to get them to work on Sunday. That is not all. There are not wanting L. S. K's who, failing of Sabbath worship, worship with other churches on Sunday. I can name different churches which have among their most regular and zealous attendants those who are spoken of as "those who keep Saturday, you know", which, being interpreted, means, "such as dwell with the King for his work." Another thing: Among readers of the RECORDER none are more interested than L. S. K's.

W. H. MORSE, M. D.

Hartford, Connecticut.

### CALIFORNIANITIS

THE "SCOUT" EASTWARD HO!

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

There can be no doubt of Pastor George W. Hills' earnestness, and loyalty to the good old Book, the Word of God. And if I am any judge, that was a powerful sermon he gave us yesterday on Pilate's crucial question: "What is truth?" I only wish that a hundred or a thousand could have heard it instead of less than twenty at our little Los Angeles church.

Four or five Sabbaths here at church and prayer meetings leave profitable lessons and memories of our visit. Our society here is rather lacking in young life, and I would urge the members and friends to a most conscientious effort at attendance, that they may help build up a congregation equal to the capacity and provisions of the church. Surely Los Angeles should have a strong Seventh Day Baptist church and perhaps some of the lone Sabbath-keepers up and down the coast would do well to head in here.

A night at Irwindale (near Azusa) gave us another visit with Sister Brown. A sister of hers from Belmont, N. Y., is spending the winter there, and her daughter Phoebe still handles the Southern Pacific Railway at

this point (depot nearby), besides having an eye over their forty-acre orange orchard, and lending a hand in the domestic duties. I hope the day will come when some of Miss Phoebe's efficient service can be given in running our denominational trains, and garnering fruits in the garden of the Lord.

On to Riverside for the Sabbath service, we found ourselves on a summer-kissed morning, walking down Broadway (or Seventh Street) by the beautiful old Mission Inn with its gardens and palm-lined streets, till we reach Park Avenue, down which the automobile traffic assured us we were on the right road, and had only to turn and go with the crowd and we would reach our destination. At least one hand waved on our way told us the lone stranger was recognized. Surely this beautiful day and these beautiful streets seemed little less than Paradise.

It was a joy to meet with this vigorous young church, with its lively bunch of young people. Pastor Ballenger preached a good gospel sermon on "Whom will ye choose, Christ or Barabus?" with an earnest appeal that they choose Christ now. There were eighty-eight present.

I took dinner with a brother who lodged me several days at Tustin in my trip of 1892. In our two societies there were visitors from Rhode Island, Chicago, Wisconsin and Kansas. I had in mind especially to solicit two persons in behalf of Milton College, but found that one was paying the tuition of a student, and the other paying \$50.00 a year or the interest on a thousand dollar subscription. Can we not appropriately ask our California people to join in the financial lift for Milton—\$500.00, at the rate of \$100.00 a year for five years? A score and more are doing this and we need many more.

Concerning our church interest on the Pacific Coast, on account of the churches already here, the scattered Sabbath-keepers, the mild even climate, why should not this be a fine field for tent and evangelistic work?

Of other religious interests there are many, but I found the Temple Baptist Church in the city auditorium a modern institution with an old time religion. The popular pastor, Dr. Brougher, celebrated his successful pastorate of eleven years, and while his methods may seem a trifle sensational the message has the New Testament stamp.

By the way they are hinting at the possi-

ble purchase of the City Auditorium some time in the future for their own. Now it is a public play house except on Sunday. The big Philharmonic Orchestra of about a hundred pieces, rehearse and give concerts here. This organization is financed by Ex-Senator Clark's son. My little granddaughter has a friend in this orchestra, and she is an enthusiastic defender of its laurels. I told her the other day that I was a trustee of a little college up in Wisconsin that had an orchestra more than half as large as the Philharmonic, and she said I was a "bragger", and "exaggerated". And I said, "Here is the list printed—twenty violins, horns, drums, viols, saxophones, bassoons, etc., over fifty of them, and they can make better music than any college in Wisconsin, or around Chicago." Hurrah for Milton, notwithstanding the brave defender of the Philharmonic.

Well, I had thought to write of the Los Angeles press, the wiley Jap, and a day's trip up to San Francisco, but I judge I am already exceeding the appropriate limit, and will stop and get ready for our evening lunch after a perfect day through Arizona deserts and mountains.

I believe I must mention the real estate which is my own line of business. Los Angeles was the third city in building operations in 1920, surpassed only by New York and Detroit, showing some 13,000 building permits and \$36,000,000 in construction. The bungalow home flourishes here in all its variety and beauty, also the colonial type, and more recently the stucco Spanish and Italian types with their open interior courts, and apartments also flourish, and the movie picture cities and scenarios; but I must stop, or this will be like some sermons, have several good endings, before it comes to a close.

G. M. COTTRELL.

Sunday, February 27, 1921.

### PRAYER

More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy  
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats,  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,  
Both for themselves and those who call them  
friend?

For so, the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—Lord Tennyson.

are accused of infraction of the Sunday laws; and the would-be speed-controlling cops and country constables avow that they never have any trouble with Sabbath-keepers. Some of these officials express the opinion that Sabbath-keepers are not, as a rule, accustomed to Sunday motoring. This may, or may not be true. The same is to be said of a statement that is sometimes heard—that Sabbath-keepers are not chronic Sunday excursionists.

After the authorities' testimony comes that of the other churches. There may be jealousies, or something of the sort, at times, and in some localities, but the consensus of neighborhood gossip by the other churches is that the Sabbath-keepers are accounted faithful to the laws, and give no occasion for speech because of any other attitude. (Parenthetically, it is not necessary to take down the muck-rake and rake up the old talk in some places about the Sabbath-keepers "keeping open" on Sunday; nor is it necessary to indulge in refutation of the jibe that "after all, they are nothing but—Jews!")

As to the corollary question as to "what the Sabbath-keepers do on Sunday?" that is as irrelevant as it would be to ask what the Methodists do on Friday, or the Presbyterians on Tuesday afternoons. Yet, at the same time it stands as a question that may have any number of answers. I will give two. Perhaps regularly in some cases, and at least frequently, there are those who make a practice of worshipping at some Sunday services in the morning, and sometimes in the evening. The other answer is personal. I have been interested in work among the Italians and other Near-Americans on Sunday for some years, and among my associates, the work being undenominational, I count zealous Sabbath-keepers.

Dismissing the insinuation that "Sabbath-keepers are not Sunday-keepers", may I again be parenthetical, and say that as all Sabbath-keepers know, it is not uncommon for others who are not of their faith to worship with them on Sabbath.

Now as to the L. S. K's. There are those who are indifferent, because of their living at distance from the church of their faith, but there is warrant for saying that the real, genuine lone Sabbath-keeper, who magnifies the name and distinction, lives up to it. One is not really an L. S. K. who, living at a distance from his church, will

consider himself identified there when he can and does go occasionally to services. But the far-and-away L. S. K., according to my observation, is, as a rule, zealous in observing the day which well spent brings a week of content. Such will abstain from labor on that day. In our country districts, it is not uncommon to find them, and moreover, the farmers who are prone to observe Sunday carelessly, find difficulty if they attempt to get them to work on Sunday. That is not all. There are not wanting L. S. K's who, failing of Sabbath worship, worship with other churches on Sunday. I can name different churches which have among their most regular and zealous attendants those who are spoken of as "those who keep Saturday, you know", which, being interpreted, means, "such as dwell with the King for his work." Another thing: Among readers of the RECORDER none are more interested than L. S. K's.

W. H. MORSE, M. D.

Hartford, Connecticut.

### CALIFORNIANITIS

THE "SCOUT" EASTWARD HO!

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

There can be no doubt of Pastor George W. Hills' earnestness, and loyalty to the good old Book, the Word of God. And if I am any judge, that was a powerful sermon he gave us yesterday on Pilate's crucial question: "What is truth?" I only wish that a hundred or a thousand could have heard it instead of less than twenty at our little Los Angeles church.

Four or five Sabbaths here at church and prayer meetings leave profitable lessons and memories of our visit. Our society here is rather lacking in young life, and I would urge the members and friends to a most conscientious effort at attendance, that they may help build up a congregation equal to the capacity and provisions of the church. Surely Los Angeles should have a strong Seventh Day Baptist church and perhaps some of the lone Sabbath-keepers up and down the coast would do well to head in here.

A night at Irwindale (near Azusa) gave us another visit with Sister Brown. A sister of hers from Belmont, N. Y., is spending the winter there, and her daughter Phoebe still handles the Southern Pacific Railway at

this point (depot nearby), besides having an eye over their forty-acre orange orchard, and lending a hand in the domestic duties. I hope the day will come when some of Miss Phoebe's efficient service can be given in running our denominational trains, and garnering fruits in the garden of the Lord.

On to Riverside for the Sabbath service, we found ourselves on a summer-kissed morning, walking down Broadway (or Seventh Street) by the beautiful old Mission Inn with its gardens and palm-lined streets, till we reach Park Avenue, down which the automobile traffic assured us we were on the right road, and had only to turn and go with the crowd and we would reach our destination. At least one hand waved on our way told us the lone stranger was recognized. Surely this beautiful day and these beautiful streets seemed little less than Paradise.

It was a joy to meet with this vigorous young church, with its lively bunch of young people. Pastor Ballenger preached a good gospel sermon on "Whom will ye choose, Christ or Barabus?" with an earnest appeal that they choose Christ now. There were eighty-eight present.

I took dinner with a brother who lodged me several days at Tustin in my trip of 1892. In our two societies there were visitors from Rhode Island, Chicago, Wisconsin and Kansas. I had in mind especially to solicit two persons in behalf of Milton College, but found that one was paying the tuition of a student, and the other paying \$50.00 a year or the interest on a thousand dollar subscription. Can we not appropriately ask our California people to join in the financial lift for Milton—\$500.00, at the rate of \$100.00 a year for five years? A score and more are doing this and we need many more.

Concerning our church interest on the Pacific Coast, on account of the churches already here, the scattered Sabbath-keepers, the mild even climate, why should not this be a fine field for tent and evangelistic work?

Of other religious interests there are many, but I found the Temple Baptist Church in the city auditorium a modern institution with an old time religion. The popular pastor, Dr. Brouger, celebrated his successful pastorate of eleven years, and while his methods may seem a trifle sensational the message has the New Testament stamp.

By the way they are hinting at the possi-

ble purchase of the City Auditorium some time in the future for their own. Now it is a public play house except on Sunday. The big Philharmonic Orchestra of about a hundred pieces, rehearse and give concerts here. This organization is financed by Ex-Senator Clark's son. My little granddaughter has a friend in this orchestra, and she is an enthusiastic defender of its laurels. I told her the other day that I was a trustee of a little college up in Wisconsin that had an orchestra more than half as large as the Philharmonic, and she said I was a "bragger", and "exaggerated". And I said, "Here is the list printed—twenty violins, horns, drums, viols, saxophones, bassoons, etc., over fifty of them, and they can make better music than any college in Wisconsin, or around Chicago." Hurrah for Milton, notwithstanding the brave defender of the Philharmonic.

Well, I had thought to write of the Los Angeles press, the wiley Jap, and a day's trip up to San Francisco, but I judge I am already exceeding the appropriate limit, and will stop and get ready for our evening lunch after a perfect day through Arizona deserts and mountains.

I believe I must mention the real estate which is my own line of business. Los Angeles was the third city in building operations in 1920, surpassed only by New York and Detroit, showing some 13,000 building permits and \$36,000,000 in construction. The bungalow home flourishes here in all its variety and beauty, also the colonial type, and more recently the stucco Spanish and Italian types with their open interior courts, and apartments also flourish, and the movie picture cities and scenarios; but I must stop, or this will be like some sermons, have several good endings, before it comes to a close.

G. M. COTTRELL.

Sunday, February 27, 1921.

### PRAYER

More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy  
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats,  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,  
Both for themselves and those who call them  
friend?

For so, the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—Lord Tennyson.

## 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 (1)  
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.

### FROM LETTERS TO THE FORWARD MOVEMENT DIRECTOR

[Just two months of service as director of the Forward Movement have passed by. Just how profitable these months have been to the denomination, I can not say. In that time we have vacated the Salem parsonage to make room for the new pastor soon to be installed. This has taken some time. I have been able to meet with the people of southern Wisconsin, at Milton, in their quarterly meeting. I have met with groups of the Michigan friends at Battle Creek and Detroit. And I spent one week with a splendid band of Christian workers at Verona, New York.

In all these places interest in the Forward Movement was evident. This interest was manifest in the reception accorded me everywhere, but also in the intelligent, earnest, and interested way in which people everywhere discussed the movement, both in public discussion and in private conversation.

The Forward Movement has taken hold of the great majority of our people. It is not thought of as some one's pet method, or as a passing emotion. It is something deeper, and more fundamental. It is thought of rather as a crusade and a challenge. It is accepted as a program of Seventh Day Baptists for greater Kingdom service than we have ever rendered before. It will succeed. It is a success.

I am sharing with SABBATH RECORDER readers extracts from letters received during the last few months, since my decision to accept this responsibility at the hands of the General Conference. I have in no case asked permission to publish these extracts, but I trust in the manner in which they are here presented no one will be embarrassed: I present them in order that all

may share with me the encouragement which they carry. Some of them are rather personal, and others have to do more particularly with the situation in the local church. I do not here present the most personal elements in some of the letters. These I appreciate very much, but they are for the more particular encouragement of my own heart perhaps.

Not always is the outlook as hopeful as we should desire, but the spirit is fine, and the loyalty unquestioned. With such backing as is here indicated the Forward Movement will continue to move forward.

Of course these quotations represent but a fraction of the number of letters I have received, and will indicate somewhat the extent of my own letter writing. The italics in every instance are my own. I have indicated by a star such as are to be accredited to laymen, and in two cases they represent splendid lay-women. The rest are from pastors and other ministers.—A. J. C. B.]

#### WHAT THEY SAY

I have read your suggestions in the last RECORDER, but as our pledge was made on the five-year plan we feel that there is no need to go over the society again. Our committee will doubtless make some suggestions in a week or two, and possibly our pledges may be changed a little, although *we expect to remain in the list of churches pledging their full quota.* I trust that you are meeting with success in your Forward Movement work. NEW JERSEY.

I am a little discouraged about our meeting our quota this year. So many say they can't do anything because of sickness, or other reasons. And then we have dropped quite a number since our quota was made out, so that it is quite a load for a few of us to carry.

*Hope you are successful in your work, and that the Lord will bless you.*

NEW YORK.

The treasurer tells me today that our *one-half year's budget has been paid* for the present Conference year.

The farmers of our church have been struck hard, and the Finance Committee rather fell down on the canvass. It is going to be hard pulling for the last half year, but *I think it will be made in full* a little later. Corn crop here will not much more than pay

one-half the expense of producing. Will be hard for renters especially. Hope work is going well with you.

NEBRASKA.

I have read with much interest your initial address in the RECORDER, and I am deeply interested in the great work which you have undertaken. I think you are justified in beginning with the financial end of it. That is essential to any achievement, and *is so closely related to the spiritual that one can not exist without the other.*

With assurance of my prayers and best wishes.

NEW YORK.

I notice that you have accepted the call of the Conference to become the director of the Forward Movement, and I believe you are making a great sacrifice in order to accept it. The sacrifice of continual presence in your growing family, the splendid work with your church, the connection with the college, and with the state religious work. I believe you are leaving interests which would justify your not accepting the call; I also believe that you are tackling a hard proposition. I am not writing to discourage you, but to let you know that I am with you in this work, and in any way that I can be of help in carrying out your plans you can count on me.

I believe our strongest members are in favor of this movement. As some one expressed it a few days ago, *"This is the only big thing that our people have attempted, and we must back it up."* With just a few such people in every church there is the assurance of success in the movement, but it will require a lot of grace and patience on the part of the leader.

You have a big place in our prayers.

NEW YORK.

*\*I am disposed to help you with the financial part of the Forward Movement as much as my time permits. It will be difficult generally to make our people see the necessity of paying fully and promptly. I think you will find this so.*

NEW JERSEY.

*\*We farmers have been hit pretty hard this year. But I would think of not paying my taxes sooner than not paying my pledge to the Forward Movement.*

WISCONSIN.

\*This church *paid its quota* last year, and I think it *will do better* this Conference year.

MICHIGAN.

\*Times are very close here as everywhere, but *we must do our part*. Can you send out some literature that we can use that will help us in our appeal to the non-resident members? I think most of our members are in favor of this Forward Movement, and are looking for great things in the future, and believe you will be successful in the management of *the greatest work our people have ever undertaken*.

May God bless you in your efforts, and may you meet with the hearty support of all our churches.

IOWA.

\*No doubt you have often heard the quotation: "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." And no man, woman, or child will have as much interest in anything before as they will after they have put money into it.

Do I believe in the spiritual side of the Forward Movement? *I most certainly do, but, at this time my final word is, "With all thy talking, talk money, also."*

Here's to your success, and to the success of the S. D. B's.

CALIFORNIA.

The *opportunity before you grows in my mind in its bigness*. You know the Source of needed strength and wisdom for your task.

NEW YORK.

\*Hope your new work is opening up nicely for you. Glad to feel that you are "on the job". It *needed* some one.

NEW YORK.

I read with very great interest of your acceptance of the call made to you at Alfred. I realize what must have been your struggles in coming to your decision, and fully believe that you feel that it is of the Lord.

*That work of leadership needs to be done, and will afford you abundant channels for doing good, both in the way of preaching and in executive leadership. I shall follow you with the greatest interest and friendship, and wish for you the greatest success.*

LOUISIANA.

I am pleased with your articles that have appeared in the SABBATH RECORDER. *I hope you will get a loyal response*. Your evident

devotion, vision, and expectation are refreshing.

With my kindest regards and best wishes for you, your family, and your work.

NEW JERSEY.

Prospects for 1921 are that there will be a falling off. How much I can not say. Our people have lost their market, and feel pretty blue. You might cheer them up, and help them from falling so far behind. On the other hand, it has been said it would be a waste of money for you to come. Personally *I would be very glad to have you here* whenever it seems best to you in your plan for visiting the churches, as you doubtless will.

NEW YORK.

Our finances are in fine shape. All obligations are paid and a nice balance in the treasury. They also added fifty dollars to my salary. This church as you know was until recently a ward of the Missionary Society. It is now self-supporting, *paying also ten times as much toward the denominational work as formerly*. I suppose you are getting lots more advice than you know how to use. I shall not venture you any. Remember that I am your friend and well-wisher. Even if I were not, you would have my best support, for our work is in great need.

I think complacency is the worst foe any people can have. I am awfully tired of "optimism", because most people merely mean complacency.

We shall hope to see you on this field some day. Till then we shall keep track of you through our paper, the RECORDER.

NEW JERSEY.

*God bless you in the great work that has been laid upon you*. I hope they will not feel compelled by conventionality to make a change in your office every year. Conventionality has a great hold upon us.

MICHIGAN.

\*Our people here are mostly poor, and this year the decline in the price of their money crop has made it hard for them. Two of our most consecrated families will have close work to get food and clothes enough to do till they can make a crop.

I wish I could give you a more encouraging report. If you have any suggestions or plans, we will be glad of them. *I hope*

*we may be able to raise more money than it would seem we could now.*

ARKANSAS.

I feel sure it will be impossible to raise our full quota, and I fear it will fall short of what we did last year, but *we shall do our best*.

I can think of no way in which you can help unless you have some literature that would be suitable to enclose in letters to absent members.

ARKANSAS.

\*We are anxious to keep our contributions up to the amount that we gave last year, and *will do the best we can*. [This church more than paid its quota last year.

—A. J. C. B.]

I do not ask you to reply to this letter, for I know you will have a multitude of duties.

ILLINOIS.

I have read your messages, and think them to present the finest kind of a spirit. Your first message was especially marked, and brought to me pictures of your home, and of your early days at Salem. I am glad that it has been my privilege to know some of these things, and to come in touch with the life and conditions from which so many of our men have come, and are coming.

God bless you, and the work that is upon your heart. *There is need that we oft repeat the prayer of the Psalmist, "Open thou my eyes."*

NEW YORK.

\*We had our church meeting Sunday, with *excellent financial reports and good feeling*. You will, I think, find hearty support here, and we are looking forward eagerly to your help when you can come.

I appreciate something of what it must mean to you to give up the work at Salem, and I know it must have been a trying ordeal. We appreciate also something of the bravery and self-sacrifice of Mrs. Bond in giving you up to the work, and realize that it means much self-sacrifice on your part to be separated from your girls. We trust, however, that for you all this new year may hold blessing unforeseen and bountiful.

WISCONSIN.

\*There is only a few of us at best to try and keep the church running, and pay the expenses of the home church. There are no

rich members in our church. Some are opposed to the Forward Movement, and there are others that are indifferent to it, and it looks to me an up hill work to ever get our church on the "Honor Roll". These are unfavorable conditions, and *we would welcome any help that you may be able to give*.

*Hoping that the work of the Forward Movement may be a success.*

RHODE ISLAND.

\*I want to take time to tell you *how we rejoice* that you have accepted the call to the work in the denomination.

WISCONSIN.

Can you *save a Sabbath for us* some time in April or May, preferably the fore part of May? Let me know at your convenience, please.

PENNSYLVANIA.

It will interest you to know that the financial canvass is well on, and *the most of the budget has been subscribed, and more than a third of it paid in*. I had hardly realized that anything much had been done, until our committee made their report Sunday.

NEW YORK.

You may *bank on me* to help put anything that is for the best over and across. With best wishes for you and your work and yours.

MINNESOTA.

I trust you will not be disappointed in the response of our people to the work you have been called to lead.

We are just *checking up the second year pledges*. While most of our people subscribed on the five-year plan, conditions are changing, so that it has seemed best to go over the list again and renew pledges.

NEW YORK.

I wish to assure you how much I appreciate your work as director for this year. I believe you are handling the proposition with splendid judgment, and instilling the high ideals that were intended to be gained by this movement.

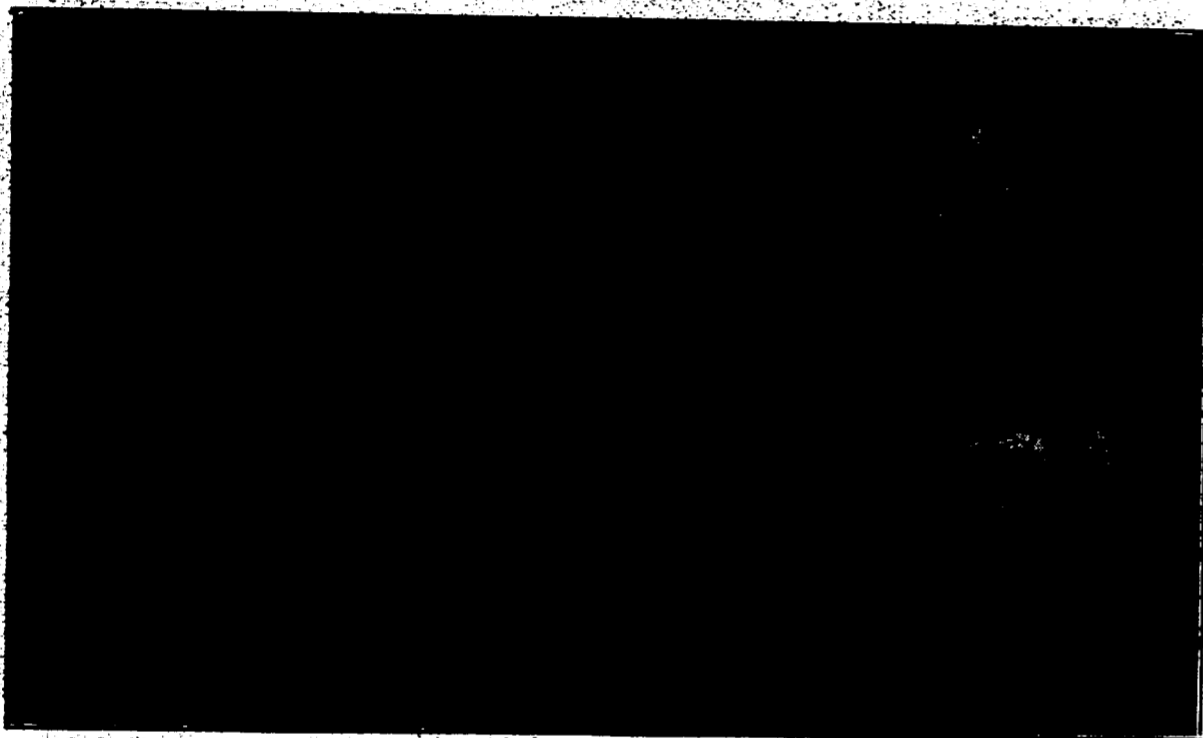
INDIANA.

"If man could be sure of reaching his death without infirmities, life would call for little courage to go headlong into old age without a cent saved up."

## SHILOH, N. J., AS A SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST COMMUNITY

REV. ERLO E. SUTTON

Cumberland County of the "Garden State", is in "Sunny Southern New Jersey", and is one of the leading general truck and gardening sections of the United States. Cumberland County farming and Good Fortune go hand in hand, because tremendous soil fertility and genuine two-crop climate, combined with the best markets in the country, produce better crops, improved incomes and bigger profits. The growing season in this section is more than 200 days.



Pastor Sutton and Family

This makes it easy to produce an early and late crop on the same ground. It is nothing uncommon to raise two crops of potatoes on the same field, the "regular" and "second" crop.

Crops of alfalfa, clover, corn, wheat and garden truck thrive in the Shiloh section in an astonishing manner. Timothy runs one and one-half to two and one-half tons per acre, with two tons per acre as a fair yield to expect. Vetch, soy beans, cowpeas, red and crimson clover give bountiful harvests. Some of these are often sown in corn and other crops during the last cultivation in August and cut for hay the following season, yielding from one to two tons per acre. The soil is immediately turned over and planted to corn or potatoes.

While we are not usually considered as being in the corn growing belt excellent corn is grown. About 10,000 acres is planted to this crop in Cumberland County

each year with a yield of from 60 to 80 bushels per acre and not infrequently far beyond this. And while the farms are considered "small" by some, a 70 acre field of corn was grown near Shiloh last season.

"South Jersey" is just beginning as a potato growing section and especially of the best seed potatoes, was the thought expressed to us only a few days ago by one of the leading farmers and shippers of the State. To see the teams on their way to Shiloh Crossing during the season, July and August, one might think this the only kind of farming carried on. This is the early crop, the seed crop being planted from the middle to the last of July. The late crop is frequently planted on the same land after the first has been harvested. The average of the single crop is 200 bushels per acre and 300 is not unusual. The yield and good prices make this crop quite profitable. About 450 carloads of 15 tons each were shipped from Shiloh Crossing alone during 1920. When it is re-

membered that there are many shipping stations in this section it gives one an idea of the bushels of "tubers" grown.

There are some thirty canning establishments in and around Bridgeton which pay highest prices for tomatoes and other vegetables and fruits. One season's crop of tomatoes has brought the growers of this district nearly \$1,000,000 according to one of Bridgeton's papers. There were 1,335,000 baskets ( $\frac{5}{8}$  bushel) taken to Bridgeton alone. Minch Brothers, farmers and shippers, shipped 20 carloads by train and thousands of baskets by boat. The great Campbell soup factory at Camden sends boats to Bridgeton, which is on tidewater, to get our products.

Practically all varieties of vegetables and fruits are grown here that can be grown in this climate. Pumpkins and squash produce from 10 to 15 tons per acre and bring from \$10 to \$15 per ton. Rhubarb, aspar-

agus, lima beans, strawberries and other small fruits bring excellent returns. While wheat growing is not carried on extensively, it does well.

Between three and four carloads of milk and cream are shipped from the Bridgeton district to Philadelphia and other nearby cities daily. Because of its favorable markets, its crops of hay, alfalfa, clover and grain, its short, mild winters and rich well-watered pastures, this district, in the judgment of leading dairymen, is destined to become one of the leading dairy sections of the State. Pure-bred Holsteins are the rule and there are high grade stock of other dairy breeds.

Much blue-ribbon poultry has been produced in Cumberland County. Vineland, in this county, is the second poultry and egg producing section of the country, a place in California being first. Many of the blue-ribbon classics of the poultry world have been decided at the annual show of the South Jersey Poultry and Stock Association. Many in the vicinity of Shiloh raise poultry extensively and much more could be done if desired, for conditions are probably just as good as at Vineland. Cumberland has assumed this position in the poultry industry because of the favorable soil and climatic conditions and great nearby markets.

The following items furnished by L. Willard Minch, of Minch Brothers, will give you an idea of Shiloh Community as a farming section from a scientific farmer's viewpoint:

### SHILOH AS AN AGRICULTURAL CENTER

Fertile and productive is the soil around Shiloh. The soil is known as sassafras loam (and is by nature) well adapted for farming and fruit growing. Climatic conditions are ideal. Located only seven miles from Delaware Bay, gives Shiloh the benefit of mollified sea breezes.

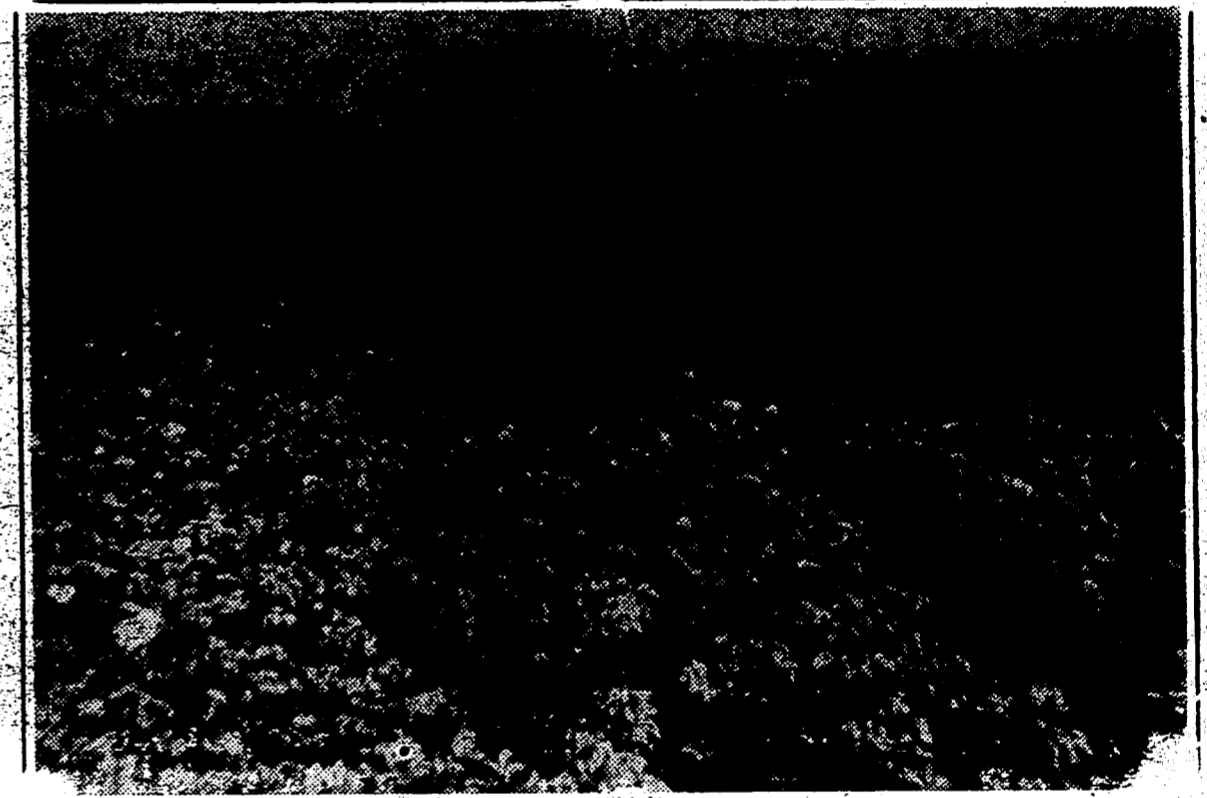
The early settlers engaged in crop production, dairying and fruit growing. Ever since the land was cleared, this part of Cumberland County

has been famous for its intensive and diversified lines of farming.

The policy of "A little farm well-tilled" is giving way to more extensive and larger capitalized farming projects. Minch Brothers own and operate a number of high grade farms and orchards in and about Shiloh.

One of the cuts shows a Strawberry Patch of Minch Brothers' Ten thousand quarts of the famous Gandy Prize Berry have been grown by this farm on a single acre of Shiloh land. This is the strawberry patch that has made South Jersey famous. Minch Brothers yield has rarely been equalled.

Some wonderful crop yields show the productivity of the soil, also attest the result of the applications of brains and experience.



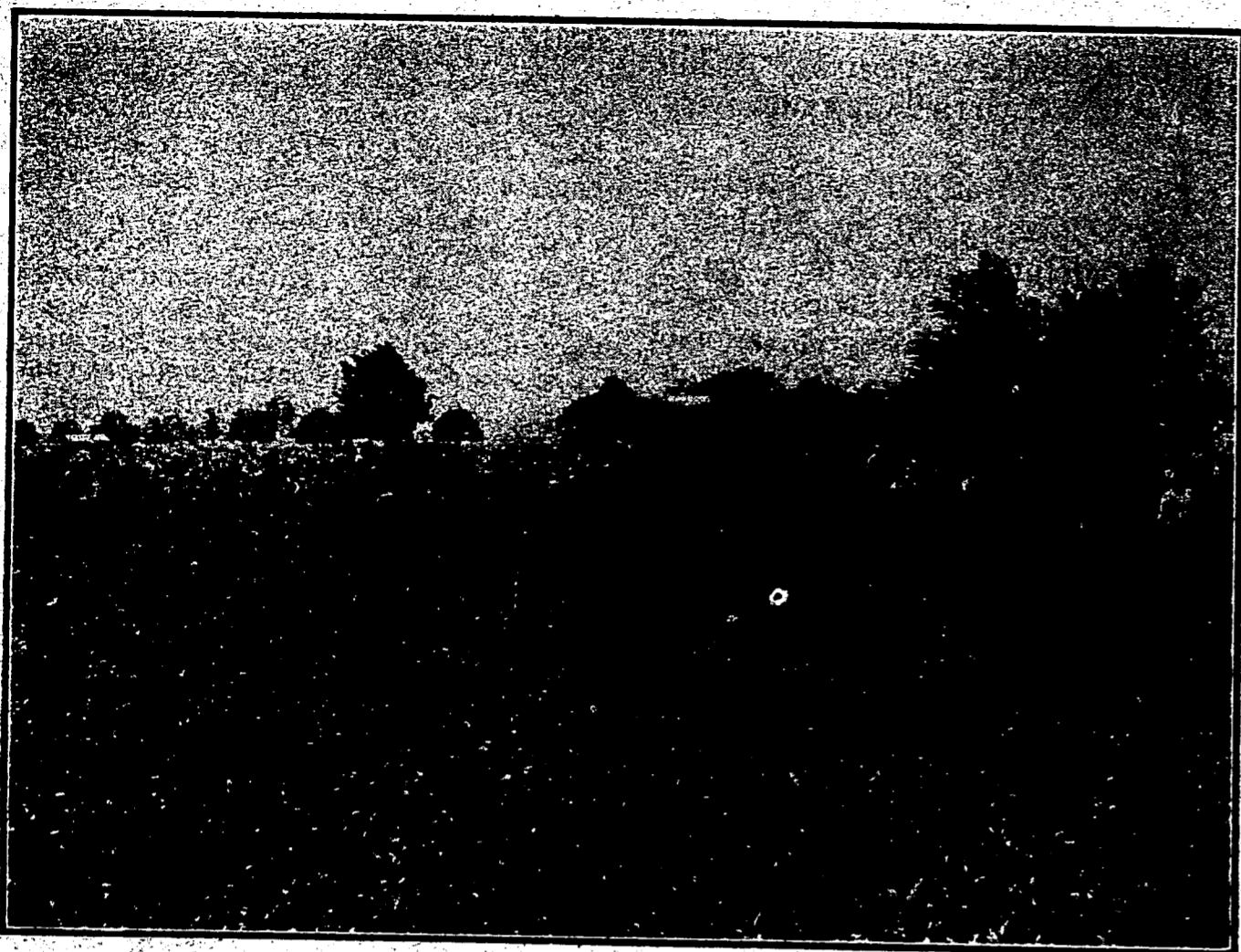
(Courtesy of Bridgeton Evening News) A Cumberland County Potato Field

A hay field of 14 acres within half a mile of Shiloh post office, yielded for four years 78 tons of cured and merchantable hay annually. Within this same radius, a field of corn yielded 100 bushels of shelled corn per acre. The ear of corn that won the championship of New Jersey for 1920, also the ten ears of corn for Grand Championship of New Jersey, were grown within this same circle. Near by a few years ago, an apple tree produced 35 barrels of apples in a single season.

These yields may be regarded as unusual and exceptional, but with better soil preparation, with better seeding and with better cultural methods, there is no reason why the future should not maintain an even higher average in crop production and fruit growing.

Minch Brothers own about 3,500 acres, 400 of which is in peaches, 300 in apples with many more to be put out this spring; 9,000 cherry trees were put out the first week in March. They have 35 acres in asparagus and last year raised 400 acres of





Berry Patch of Minch Brothers

potatoes, the most of which were the late crop for seed which is sold far and near and even across the sea.

Their Shiloh farms are under the supervision of a member of our church and use Seventh Day help, thus giving our people employment where they can keep the Sabbath.

Jackson and Perkins, a large nursery concern, has established a large branch just

outside the village. Two of our best farms are to be given over to this business. Six hundred and fifty thousand rose bushes will be planted at once, in fact they are now on the premises. It is claimed they will employ fifty men when well under way. At the present time they prefer Seventh Day people.

Besides the canning houses and other buyers of farm products there are some very strong farmers' organizations whose

purpose it is to help the farmer sell his produce and enable him to buy at the cheapest rates. Among these are the Grange Commercial store, Bridgeton, and the South Jersey Farmer's Exchange. The former was incorporated December 14, 1908, at \$50,000. This year its sales amounted to \$76,058.59. After paying all running expenses and 6 per cent on all the stock it was able to give a rebate on all sales of



(Courtesy of Bridgeton Evening News) One of Minch Brothers Orchards

3 per cent. Seven granges and 11,000 shares of stock are represented. It handles practically every thing used on the farm, namely, seeds, feed of all kinds, farm implements, fertilizers, flours, etc. The Farmer's Exchange is the great clearing house for farmers of this section. It has five branches, and was organized in 1911. The one at Shiloh Crossing did \$299,600 worth of business in 1920. It shipped 224 carloads of potatoes and other produce in proportion. At the present time they are building a new store and warehouse to take care of the increase in business.

In closing the series of articles concerning "Shiloh, N. J., as a Seventh Day Baptist Community", we wish to say that we have not tried to write real estate advertisements but to put before our people, in a modest way, some of the advantages we have to offer. The cost of all cuts and other expenses connected with it are to be paid by the Shiloh Community Brotherhood. We have gladly given the work hoping that we may be of help to any of our people who may wish to find a home in a good Seventh Day Baptist community and to help the denomination and cause we love.

Come to the General Conference in August and we will give you a warm welcome and if nature wills we will serve you to some of the peaches for which South Jersey is famous. Really folks, they are better than pen or printer's ink can tell, the tongue must taste to satisfy. Plans are now well under way to provide for your comfort during your stay with us.

### JEALOUSY—HUMAN OR DIVINE

CHAPLAIN GEORGE C. TENNEY

We are accustomed to regard jealousy as one of the most serious and to-be-dreaded defects of fallen human nature. It is the "green-eyed monster", that, serpent-like, insinuates itself between friends rending friendships, separating ardent friends and lovers, husbands and wives, accusing those we ought to love and cherish and creating suspicion and enmity and hatred where but for its baleful presence love and confidence would prevail. The Bible declares that jealousy is as "cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which have a most vehement flame". And, "Jealousy is the rage of a man: therefore he will not spare

in the day of vengeance." Newspapers are filled with accounts of the most atrocious crimes perpetrated by an insane, jealousy. Edmund Spenser expressed the prevalent estimate of this trait when he wrote:

Foul jealousy, thou turnest love divine  
To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart  
With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,  
And feed itself with self-consuming smart;  
Of all the passions in the mind thou art the  
worst.

After all we say and feel about this despicable cruel human defect we are almost inclined to shudder when we read from his own words that our heavenly Father is a jealous God. "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments." And also, "Thou shalt worship no other god: for the Lord, whose name is Jealous, is a jealous God" (Ex. 34: 14). One said to me lately, "I just submit to it, and suppose it must be all right, but I can not understand it."

Let us try to understand it. It is the wish of our heavenly Father that we should increase in our knowledge of him. How then can we harmonize this declaration of God himself that jealousy is one of the prominent features of his character with what we believe and know our God to be—a Being of infinite love and goodness. In the first place, we notice that human jealousy of the mischievous sort is jealous of its objects. But divine is always jealous for the objects of God's care. The difference between being jealous of a person and being jealous for him is as wide as the poles. Jealousy in either case implies extreme watchfulness and solicitude, a close scrutiny of the objects which excite jealousy. But in one case the watchfulness is benevolent and kind and loving, while in the other it is suspicious and hateful and malignant.

Our heavenly Father is jealous for his honor, his cause, his Word, his promises, his children—for all that he loves and cherishes. Human beings are jealous of everything and everybody that they suspect is interfering with or likely to interfere with their own selfish ends or interests. They are jealous of any form of rivalry, jealous of any apparent slight or lack of appreciation, and this feeling becomes a passion and consumes

them, spreading misery and suffering all about and causing great grief to innocent and faithful friends as well as to those who harbor it.

On the other hand, consider the jealousy of a loving wise mother for her children. Note with what solicitude she regards every influence that comes about them that is likely to affect their welfare and their characters. She is not jealous of her children but for them. Wise parents very carefully censor all the environments of their loved ones and try to shield them from pernicious and evil associates, books, and pictures that would turn them into evil ways. Too many parents fail to be as jealous for their children as God solemnly calls upon them to be, that they may have a right training and be enabled to lay a good foundation upon which to build character.

This is the jealousy of God. Let us suppose that instead of making such a declaration as he has he had told us, I the Lord am *not* a jealous God. I do not watch things with any special care. I have no principles to defend or any standard of judgment. I am apt to deal with one man in one way and with another altogether differently, just according to my caprice or the way I happen to feel. I intend to direct the world in a general way only. What a sorry plight we should be in! How could we trust or love or serve such a vacillating wavering being as that? It would be impossible. This world would be chaos while it lasted, but would long ago have perished in its own ruin.

The divine jealousy is our safeguard, the guaranty of our security. It is the ground and foundation of our hope and faith. It is our shield and protection without which living in this world would be impossible. And we should have to look forward to a future blurred and indefinite, and absolutely hopeless. I bless God for that word—"I, the Lord thy God am a jealous God." Amen, and amen.

Paul wrote to the Corinthian church, "I am jealous over you with godly jealousy." Literally "with the jealousy of God". God had filled the heart of his servant with the same solicitude and anxious carefulness for the welfare of that church that he, himself feels for all his children. Paul tells us that this watchful care was consuming him. It is characteristic of every true shepherd of the flock to have that sort of

anxiety for the flocks over whom the Holy Spirit has made him overseer. Some day it will be asked of every under-shepherd, "Where is thy flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?" (Jer. 13: 20). Lack of the jealous care of the good Shepherd has permitted many flocks to be scattered and lost. It was his jealousy for the wandering lost sheep that brought our Savior to earth to seek and to save the lost. It is the exercise of that same jealousy on the part of the under-shepherd that will protect and keep that flock from the inroads of the evil one.

#### IN ME YE SHALL HAVE PEACE!

This poem is believed to be the last ever written by Dr. Horatio Bonar and was found amongst his papers after his death.

Long days and nights this restless bed  
Of daily, nightly weariness and pain!  
Yet thou art here, my ever-gracious Lord,  
Thy well-known voice speaks not to me in vain—  
"In me ye shall have peace!"

The darkness seemeth long, and even the light  
No respite brings with it; no soothing rest  
For this worn frame; yet in the midst of all  
Thy love revives me. Father, thy will is best.  
"In me ye shall have peace!"

Sleep cometh not, when most I seem to need  
Its kindly balm. O Father, be to me  
Better than sleep; and let these sleepless hours  
Be hours of blessed fellowship with thee.  
"In me ye shall have peace!"

Not always seen the wisdom and the love;  
And sometimes hard to be believed, when pain  
Wrestles with faith, and almost overcomes.  
Yet even in conflict thy sure words sustain—  
"In me ye shall have peace!"

Father, the flesh is weak; fain would I rise  
Above its weakness into things unseen.  
Lift thou me up; give me the open ear,  
To hear the voice that speaketh from within—  
"In me ye shall have peace!"

Father, the hour is come; the hour when I  
Shall with these fading eyes behold thy face,  
And drink in all the fulness of thy love;  
Till then, oh speak to me thy words of grace—  
"In me ye shall have peace!"

Your position should not be regarded as permanent, for the moment you feel secure on the job, that moment you begin to slow down. Fortunately for you, there is some one close behind you that wants a good job. The fellow at your heels is often the real urge, and any urge is good so long as it is for your good.—*The Silent Partner.*

## MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

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

### NOTES FROM THE SOUTHWEST

REV. R. J. SEVERANCE

While renewing the acquaintance of "home folks" for a few weeks this winter the missionary was reminded several times that he had failed to tell RECORDER readers anything about the interests at Gentry.

Perhaps you would like to hear something about economic conditions. Northwest Arkansas has not felt the pinch of low prices to the extent that most agricultural sections of the country have. Last year's fruit crop brought good prices and there was an average yield. The general business depression has, however, had its effect here as elsewhere. The low prices of live stock, poultry and dairy products has created some discouragement among those engaged in those lines. This section has never produced sufficient feed for home consumption, a condition which might be and should be remedied. While feed is cheap on the market the excessive freight rates and middle-men's profits bring the cost to the consumer greatly out of proportion to the returns.

But I assume that your interest is largely concerning religious conditions.

The society at Gentry is small but of excellent quality. All the appointments of the church are well sustained; preaching service Sabbath morning at ten-thirty followed by the Sabbath school with an attendance of from twenty to thirty-five. About a dozen children and young people meet in the afternoon in a Junior Christian Endeavor Society. The prayer meetings are held in the various homes on the evening of the Sabbath and there are seldom less than twelve present and sometimes several more than that number.

The annual session of the Southwestern Association was held with the Gentry Church in September. It was an occasion long to be remembered because of the rich spiritual feast we enjoyed. If any of you have forgotten about that gathering look up your old RECORDERS and read again that splendid "write-up" by our beloved editor,

Dr. Gardiner, who was an eye witness to the good things which inspired us during those four days.

The Sabbath school had a Christmas entertainment and tree at the home of one of our members which was greatly enjoyed by all, especially by the children. The children of two Seventh Day Adventist families enjoyed the occasion with us.

On January second the members of the society did justice to a chicken-pie dinner furnished by the ladies. The quarterly business meeting of the church was held in the afternoon.

Being somewhat isolated, the coming of one of our denominational workers is a rare treat to the little flock at Gentry. It was with great pleasure, therefore, that we looked forward to the coming of Secretary Holston who arrived February 11. He was with us in the prayer meeting; gave an inspiring message on the Sabbath and favored the Juniors with his presence and advice in the afternoon. Sunday morning Brother Holston went with the missionary to the Trammell schoolhouse where he had the privilege of giving a warm gospel message to about fifty eager listeners. The "preachers" accepted an invitation to accompany one of the families home to dinner. The head of this family remarked when discussing religious subjects that he had been carefully studying the Sabbath literature which he had taken at the close of a sermon on the Sabbath question by the missionary a few weeks before. He also said that he had about come to the conclusion that the seventh day is the Sabbath. There are others in that neighborhood who are greatly interested in the subject.

On Sunday night ten adults met Secretary Holston at the home of the Sabbath-school superintendent for a worker's conference, and spent the evening very profitable in discussing the problems of the Sabbath school.

The people of Gentry certainly appreciated the helpful service rendered by Secretary Holston during the six days he was with them. While no formal action was taken I am sure that all are extremely grateful to the Sabbath School Board and the Young People's Board for making the visit possible.

On Thursday morning, February 17, Secretary Holston and the missionary started for Belzoni, Okla. But that is another story.

**MISSIONARY BOARD'S SPECIAL MEETING**

A special meeting of the Board of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society was held in the Pawcatuck church at Westerly on Sunday afternoon, March 6. As a result of this meeting, the President of the Board, Dr. Clayton A. Burdick, will be sent to Salem, W. Va., to represent the Missionary Society at the state conference of the Student Volunteer Movement, to be held there early in April.

Rev. D. Burdett Coon, Charles H. Stanton and Dr. Anne Langworthy Waite were named as a committee to arrange the program at this summer's Conference. And Secretary Shaw presented the draft of the matter which will be used in the pamphlet setting forth the work of the Missionary Society by the Forward Movement.

Rev. D. Burdett Coon, the Field Secretary, it was decided should take up his work as soon after the first of May as possible in the Michigan field.

The minutes of the meeting are as follows:

A special meeting of the Board was held in the Seventh Day Baptist church Sunday, March 6, 1921, at two o'clock, Dr. Clayton A. Burdick, the President, presiding. The members present were: Clayton A. Burdick, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Frank Hill, Walter D. Kenyon, Robert L. Coon, Rev. D. Burdett Coon, John H. Austin, Mrs. E. B. Saunders, Dr. Anne L. Waite, Mrs. Charles W. Clarke, Rev. Edwin Shaw, Ira B. Crandall, James A. Saunders, George B. Utter and Charles H. Stanton. The following visitors were also in attendance: Mrs. Blanche Burdick, Mrs. Frank Hill, Mrs. John H. Austin, Mrs. D. Burdett Coon, Miss Tacy Coon and Mrs. M. E. Bigelow.

Prayer was offered by Robert L. Coon.

A request was received from Miss Ruth Leslie, of Salem W. Va., secretary of the West Virginia Conference of the Student Volunteer Movement which is to be held April 1, 2 and 3 with Salem College, asking that representatives be sent to the convention by the Missionary Society. It was voted that the President, Clayton A. Burdick, should attend the conference as the representative of the Society.

A request was received from the *Missionary Review*, an independent missionary magazine, asking for financial support. It was voted that subscriptions to the amount of \$25.00 be made and the paper be ordered

to be sent to mission workers in the field, and that favorable comment of the needs of the publication be made in the RECORDER.

It was voted that a bill amounting to \$8.06, contracted by Rev. T. L. M. Spencer for printing while he was in the States last summer, be paid.

The following committee was named to arrange the program of the Missionary Society at the Conference this summer: Rev. D. Burdett Coon, Charles H. Stanton and Dr. Anne L. Waite.

The Board approved an order on the Treasurer for \$8.56 for repairs to the New Era chapel.

Secretary Shaw presented copy he had prepared for the literature which is to be published for the Forward Movement. All boards of the denomination are to prepare a section of the work. The draft was approved.

It was the vote of the Board that Rev. D. Burdett Coon take up his work as Field Secretary in Michigan, and that he plan the summer's work for that field as soon after May 1 as possible. Mr. Coon was also instructed to prepare for a tent, to be located as he may decide after visiting the field, and to make arrangements for securing the necessary helpers.

Matters were discussed growing out of correspondence with Dr. Bessie B. Sinclair, E. M. Holston, Rev. J. C. Branch, Rev. John T. Davis, Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Rev. J. W. Snowden, Robert B. St. Clair, Howell Lewis, Rev. W. L. Burdick, C. C. Van Horn, Rev. R. J. Severance, Miss Maggie Bee, J. J. Kovats and Ellis R. Lewis.

GEORGE B. UTTER,  
*Recording Secretary.*

**A NEW VOICE FROM PANGOENGEN, JAVA**

Several times I have been asked to write something for the SABBATH RECORDER; but now I have not heeded the request. It is not because I am not willing to do it; but I had several reasons which made me hesitate. First, I do not feel able to do it; second, I am fully assured Sister Jansz is true and faithful in what she writes for the RECORDER; so I do not feel the necessity for me to write; third, I have been here in this work only such a short time; fourth, I can not write English.

But now that I am writing at last, it is first out of gratitude to the Lord who has

given me so much help and many blessings, and also out of thankfulness to the Seventh Day Baptist church in America, who is showing so much interest and giving great help toward this work I have joined in.

Before I go on writing about this work, I want to apologize if perhaps my letter is not so well written and not so agreeable to read as one coming from a more able hand.

WHERE DO I COME FROM AND WHO AM I?

I think it my duty to introduce myself first, so that those who read my letter may know me a little.

My birthplace is Agram (or Lagrel) in Croatia, where I was reared and brought up in the Roman Catholic Church. My business was bookbinder and for that business I was often traveling in different places and countries so as to get more understanding and exercise; and through all that traveling, coming in contact with all sorts of people, I lost my faith in God, and I became a Socialist, and several years I fought under the red flag in different countries. But God is good. He brought me to a place where I was alone with my ideas. In that place I found a church of earnest Christians. Out of curiosity I came in their meetings, and there the Lord found the prodigal and brought him home. There I came to faith in God and was baptized. But it was not my destination to stay there; God wanted me somewhere else. Often we grumble when things do not go as we like; and we forget that even the hairs of our head are counted, and no one of these will fall without God's knowing and willing. God brought me in Switzerland, a country I never thought to go to. There I came in contact with the Salvation Army. I joined them and became an officer. As an officer I worked ten years, four of these in Java.

This dear readers, is in short the answer of the question where I come from and who I am.

HOW DID I COME TO KEEP THE SABBATH?

This was not a sudden step which I took; but for several years it was a heart question to me. I read many books about Sabbath-keeping and against it; and I prayed God to give me light and to show me his way. And so he led me, and brought me in contact with the work in Gambong Waloh. There I was asked if I was willing to join in that work, and I felt I could not refuse

the request, although I felt happy in the Salvation Army. When invited to join the work in Gambong Waloh, I understood it was God's answer to my prayers and I saw his guiding, so that I could not choose my own will and way. So I came to Gambong Waloh and worked there two years; but then I was told that I was not fit for the work there, as I had not passed an examination for nursing, and the government would not give financial help if the workers had not passed that examination.

What to do now? In his mercy the Lord gave me a place at Pangoengsen with Sister Jansz, and I have been here now one year and a half.

AND WHAT IS MY WORK HERE IN PANGOENGEN?

I have to look after the work the people do, such as stamping rice, cutting grass for the cows; I have to look at the dairy and where the people work at the field or when they repair the buildings. I go to the houses to see if the people are really sick when they do not come to the work; and three times every week I have to hold a meeting, one of these in the neighboring villages. Also I have started a bookbinder's shop, in order to teach that work to some of the boys. I should like very much to buy a press for cutting books; you can scarcely find one in this country; and the few ones there are are too dear for me to buy. But perhaps one of the readers can help me to get one in America. If it is not too expensive I should like to buy it, and also other tools for bookbinding, like hand-presses for pressing the books; types for the titles at the back of the books, etc. As I have told my intention is to teach some of the boys here, so that they may be able to do that work; the profit is for the colony; but there is not much profit till now because the materials are very expensive, especially in this country. Yet it is something that can go to the work; and some of the boys like this business very much.

WHAT I THINK ABOUT THIS WORK

This I shall write next time if God allows me and gives me the opportunity. May I ask all of you who have an interest in this work to pray for us, that God's power may be revealed here to all these poor and miserable creatures?

And now, dear brethren and sisters, our

Lord be with you all; and may the Spirit of Christ be with us all.

Your humble brother in Christ,

G. VIZJAK.

Pangoengsen, p. o., Tajoe, Java,  
January 14, 1921.

(1) Gambong Waloh is an institution for people not quite sane; they have some 80 patients there; and the government is giving financial help.

(2) A second-hand one will do.

(3) For the expenses of the whole of this work, as there are about two hundred and eighty persons here who have to be fed and clothed; and only a few can earn their own living; and we here do not get any financial help from the government.

### THE DETACHED FATHER

(Concluded)

MATIE E. GREENE

I saw tenderness replace the sad, puzzled expression in Clara's eyes.

"You know," she began, then paused, turning swiftly toward her father, but the square of newspaper hiding his stern face evidently reassured her, and she went on in a hushed, tender voice,—

"You know how—well, almost wild Charlie Warren was getting, and how perfectly crazy his sister Ethel was over dress and social life. I guess they had so much given them that they couldn't really appreciate the money or the ones who gave it to them."

Her eyes were dreamy, sad, and she was lost in the difficulties of her childhood playmates. "And then, dear—" I reminded her.

"Oh, yes," she smiled radiantly at me, "that's the best part, Aunt Faith, the 'then' part—for Mr. Warren lost everything between Wall street and that bank that failed, that is, his *money*; so he just got Charlie and Ethel and told them everything—I know, for they told us; they heard, for the first time how their mother worked and stood by their father during those terrible hard first years—" Clara's voice was earnest and laden with deep feeling—"then Mrs. Warren insisted on telling her part—how she had become so absorbed in the duties that success and society lay upon the shoulders of their pets, that she just drifted away from her home duties, and—her—little boy and girl."

Clara's throaty voice quivered, and her eyes were very tender. It occurred to me that in the loneliness of her girlhood friends, her own starved heart cried out for a father's tenderness and sympathy.

I noticed Andrew fold his paper deliberately cross his feet, and wait; with the air of a judge reserving decision until all the evidence is in; but Clara was too engrossed in her dream of this family's crisis to hear or note the gathering storm of defied opinions.

"So Charlie and Ethel grew up without hardly knowing their father and mother, went to college, spent money and just,—why, just drifted away. It isn't strange, is it, Aunt Faith, that they should do that? They just had to be interested in something."

Clara raised glorified eyes to mine.

"Then when Mr. Warren failed, and they talked things over, why, Aunt Faith, they just found out how much worse it might have been! And Ethel said, 'O Clara, we found out, when we lost our money how rich we really were in just discovering a real father and mother before it was too—'"

Clara hesitated; Andrew had bent forward, shoulder out-thrust, and a cynical rumble came from between firm, white teeth, and a hard, set mouth. As though in protest at the sound, cold and hostile, she said tenderly, "But they *are* rich in love!"

"Dinna prate o' wealth in lov'; it's money, dollars and cents that count! Lov' never yet clothed, fed, educated and established a family; it was work, drudgery, and money! Never let a bairn o' mine speak so absurdly again," and a heavy, fleshy fist, white in its tight clasp, pounded the arm of his chair.

I had forgotten Andy till I felt his hand trembling on my shoulder. I turned quickly. He was very pale and I read on that stern young face, the verdict of his father—weighed, and found—wanting! His cold gray eyes met his father's unflinchingly:

"Good night, sir," and he moved stiffly toward the door, opened it, and turning quickly, waited for Clara. She hesitated an instant, then with wide-open eyes very sad, and a tiny twisted smile on her lips, she crossed the room, slowly, but unhesitatingly, to the stern old autocrat.

"Good night, father," she bent swiftly, her lips lightly brushing his forehead.

"Good night," his level, cool voice replied; he frowned, sank lower in his chair and raised his paper petulantly.

Clara hurried to me, kissed me tenderly and whispered, "Help me to be patient and wait, dear Aunt Faith," and with head held high and eyes bright, she moved toward the

door, laid her hand on Andy's arm, and together they went out.

That night I couldn't sleep; and as day dawned, I rose, glad of the light and the duties of the day, for the heartaches of life seem just a bit less intense and agonizing when the hands are busy, and the brain forced to pick up the threads of thought, weave decisions, and accomplish a semblance of calm. Yet when I had gathered fresh flowers, done my stint in knitting, and written some letters, I was surprised to note that it was not yet luncheon time. I decided that I missed Andy and Clara, who had taken a lunch and gone for a walk along the Palisades. Some way the hours passed, and just as the city clock struck twelve, a bell tinkled in the library. Trembling with a strange new nervousness, I lifted the receiver. A clear-cut, decisive voice immediately reached me; as in a dream I listened, answered mechanically, and weakly sunk backward in Andrew's big chair. The doctor's concise orders still rang through my mind. I threw back my head, started up, resolved to conquer this numbness; but one thought pounded insistently through my memory leaving me shaken, miserable, strangely helpless. Andrew stricken! But there was need of preparation, and the urge of immediate action routed every vestige of indecision, helplessness, weakness. I flew to the kitchen door, left orders for cracked ice; saw that there was plenty of hot water; that Andrew's room was ready, and then, mercifully for me, came the familiar sound of the Marmon and I was busy. Strange that the message had even momentarily crushed me; why, I was alive, vitally alive, even my fingers tingled to the very tips and my feet were tireless.

Toward night I saw Andy and Clara swinging up the walk, hand in hand, very much like children. Their faces glowed with exercise and from the joy of a day spent with nature. I met them in the hall, and motioning silence, led them to the library and closed the door.

"O Aunt Faith," Clara's face had paled and her throaty voice was shaken with anxiety, "What is it?"

Andy looked at me silently.

"Let's sit down first; I'm just realizing I'm tired."

Andy swiftly placed a chair.

"Forgive my stupidity, Aunt Faith; now—out with it; what's the matter?"

Clara slid down beside me and slipped her hand under mine.

"Your father lost his sight today while at the bank. He has admitted to the doctor that he has frequently suffered keen pain back of his eyes, and severe headaches. To think I had never even suspected it! and now the doctor is waiting. If the pain increases it will mean an operation as a last possibility of saving his sight; but such an operation is, in itself so critical, that the doctor hesitates."

Clara's face blanched. A look of horror flashed over it; her eyes were large and held so much misery, that I almost shrank from such suffering.

"Aunt Faith," she faltered huskily, "father—blind? How could—he—live—blind?" and the drooping figure quivered at my side.

I glanced from her agonized eyes to Andy—. His clear eyes and open face told of surprise—a moment of shocked adjusting to the condition, but no resentment or sorrow that steely-gray eyes sending forth no message of affection and sympathy should be closed by nature in just payment of disuse.

Andy walked to the window and looked out.

A cry of pain penetrated the room. "I must go. Your father needs me."

Clara sprang up impulsively. "Let me come Aunt Faith, perhaps I can help."

I was on the verge of refusing, when I turned; her eyes were misty with tears, and something of the eternal mother-spirit of succor, of charity and patience which I saw dawning on that sweet face, could not be denied; my own soul did reverence to this new ally—this spark of Divinity in a human heart, and felt comforted, upheld, almost happy; and with her arm thrown around my shoulder we left the room—and Andy, frowning in deep thought by the window.

"You will be quiet dear, and unless you are needed, not let your father know you are there—perhaps it would be better? You know he is suffering, so—and it's of vital importance that he be absolutely quiet?"

"I'll try, Aunt Faith—"

But when Clara saw the strong man, helpless, eyes bandaged, and moans creeping through convulsed lips, a tear dropped on my hand.

The long, long night wore away. The stars grew pale and a faint glimmer of

light came in at the window. A clear, bracing breeze had sprung up and I motioned Clara to go outside for a breath, but she shook her head. Her eyes were heavy and a weariness and pallor was on her face. At every moan from the huddled mass on the bed, she winced.

"Faith," Andrew's voice was shaken, weak, and husky, "did you tell?"

"Yes, Andrew."

He sighed. Hours of intensest suffering had exacted toll; he was pallid, drawn; the bandage over his eyes accented the pallor; his face quivered from constant pain, and deep lines graven in the long hours of a night, lay upon his face.

His lips twitched.

"Faith?"

"Yes."

"Tell me—, did Clara—?"

"Clara has been here all night, Andrew."

A puzzled, wondering look lit his face, and he turned his head as though to see her. I motioned her to come.

The eastern sky was shot through with rays of rosy light, and outside the window the birds sang; banks of asters raised dewy heads to the east, awaiting the sun's greeting. The perfume of ripened grapes floated in, and nature's voices seemed raised in sweetest blessing.

Clara sat down beside her father; a very riot of tenderness and yearning flooded her face as she bent, and timidly laid her firm, young hand over his big trembling one. His mouth lost its hard lines and became tender.

"Clara," he faltered, "I have been blind with eyes, and losing them, I—saw"; his voice quivered, broke, but he went on bravely. "Can you—ever—forgive your—ain—blind—father?"

Star-eyed, she bent and kissed him tenderly—on his lips—for answer.

Andrew smiled; the tenseness gradually left his face, and a deep peace and calm replaced it, his breath came more regularly, and then he slept.

I heard a quick, light step in the hall, the door opened without a sound and the doctor's alert, pleasant face smiled at us. His eyes searched Andrew's face keenly as he sat by him, deftly noting pulse, breathing, condition.

"He's better," he said quietly, "I believe care will do it; keep him quiet, follow directions carefully and report any changes," and the good man stepped from the room,

turning as he went, to cast an illuminating glance at the clasped hands on the bed—a small white one resting on a big, pallid, heavy one.

Days followed in which Clara scarcely left her father's room, and in his hours of pain she never left him. Andrew's hand would reach out, feeling; and meeting Clara's warm, firm one he would sigh contentedly and sleep. As he improved they talked more. Then for hours he would lie quiet, sad; when Andy's step sounded along the hall he listened with lessened breath and winced, for never once did that firm step hesitate at the sick room door.

I met Andy in the library, and laid my hands on his shoulders. "Andy, your father is better now and I am sure it would be safe for you to come in and see him."

"The truth of it is, Aunt Faith, I detest a sick room; I do not intend to annoy father and I—do—not—care—to go!"

"But dear boy—your father feels differently now, he realizes his mistake; and, Andy, it's touching the way he clings to Clara."

"I agree it is touching. Clara has grown pale and thin with great shadows under her eyes." Andy's mouth was a grim, straight line. He sat on the edge of the table and fingered a book.

"We all make mistakes, Andy, and there is only one course open to us—"

"Aunt Faith, don't preach!" and he swung down from the table and shook me gently.

"Andy, boy, you musn't be angry with me. Your father has aged; he is broken and changed, and he needs—you."

"I have needed him, too, Aunt Faith, but my need was denied; and now, I don't—need—him."

I looked at him closely, but his face was utterly indifferent; then he smiled, pinched my cheek and went whistling down the walk, a gay, lilting song of Erin. My eyes followed him, but my heart was with Clara. How could I meet that brave, trusting girl, wearied with days and nights of watchings and ministrations, and confess my mission a failure? But she would smile, I knew, and her pale face would flash out with the old determination!

In the days that followed, Andrew, led by Clara, faltered across the library. He would sit with bandaged eyes and head thrown back, listening to Clara sing old Scotch

songs in her appealing, throaty contralto, and every day she read the paper aloud.

It had now been nearly two weeks since Andrew came from the bank that day, blinded, suffering keenest pain.

"Clara," he said, "have the Marmon brought up, and I want you to go with me to the bank."

I had often marveled at the change in Andrew. His voice was now uniformly pleasant, but when he spoke Clara's name it was tender, and as he rose at the sound of the hum of an engine, with hand on Clara's arm, he turned bandaged eyes to me.

"Faith, I'm just beginning to live!"

"Aunt Faith," Clara confided to me that night as she sat on the edge of my bed, "you should have seen father's face when President Sharp met him. It just glowed; and I noticed a puzzled look on the president's face—I believe that poor man still believes it's the bandage that makes the difference—" Clara laughed merrily; "and President Sharp has asked father to be present at a special business meeting tomorrow. He seemed to emphasize its being important, and Aunt Faith! I've got the best news—" then followed murmured words and little peals of nervous laughter. At last I said, "Clara, you *must* go to bed."

She blew me a kiss from the tips of her fingers, turned out the light and gently closed the door.

As Andy came down to breakfast I met him.

"Clara wants to see you now, in her room."

"Sick?" and the whistle ended abruptly. "Just what I was afraid of—" he grumbled in his heavy low voice as he turned and ran up the stairs, three at a time. He was gone during breakfast, but when he came in he looked at Andrew and said gently, "Clara has asked me to go with you to the bank."

Andrew slanted forward in his chair as though to pierce the darkness of his bandage.

"Thank you, Andy," he replied gently, for it's an important meeting; but—is Clara ill?" concern in his heavy voice and written on every feature.

"She's a bit tired," Andy grimly said, and I didn't doubt it in the least when I considered the time she and Andy had talked.

Andy guided his father's uncertain steps to the car, tucked the robe about him, then sat as far in the corner of the seat as possible, studdedly turned from his father's bandaged eyes.

As the heavy Marmon turned a corner and was lost to sight, I heard a little throaty laugh, and Clara, with moist eyes stood beside me.

"Aunt Faith—we must pray now, every minute."

"Yes, dear, we will."

Clara put fresh flowers everywhere; brought out the finest table linen—the daintiest china; ordered a dinner to evoke a man's contented "Ah!"; dressed with care, and stood by my side at the door.

The early October twilight had fallen and lights twinkled down the road. The swish of the Hudson as it went joyfully to the ocean came to our ears; a bird in the pine tree called to its mate, and as though disturbed by the notes, a squirrel chattered noisily for a moment. A calm, perfect night enveloped us.

A Marmon motor throbbed up the street and stopped under the porch. Andy jumped out, turned, and carefully assisted his father to the step. Clara held her breath as they came under the porch light; a great exaltation lit up Andrew's bandaged face, and on Andy's—the reward of long-sought sonship.

A little throaty cry of joy burst from Clara's lips, as she glided toward them, arms outstretched; and a heavy voice, Andrew's, reached me—low and husky as it was with emotion—

"My bairn, my ain blessed peace-maker!"

#### TAKE HIM AT HIS BEST

When your brother man you measure  
Take him at his best;  
Something in him you can treasure,  
Overlook the rest.  
Though of his some trait or fetter  
May not suit you to the letter,  
Trust him—it will make him better;  
Take him at his best.

Praise will make him worth the praising:  
Take him at his best.  
Keep the fire of purpose blazing  
Ever in his breast.  
Do not frown upon or scold him;  
In the strength of faith enfold him,  
In his highest yearning mold him;  
Take him at his best.

—The Front Rank.

## EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

### THE SURRENDERED LIFE

CLIFFORD A. BEEBE

*The Surrendered Life* is a book published by the Silver Publishing Company, 1013 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. It is not sold, but is sent free to any one desiring it.

The book is a series of Bible studies and addresses, by James H. McConkey. That doesn't sound attractive. Addresses and sermons, no matter how much spice and life they may have when delivered, are quite apt to lose these qualities when put into print. But McConkey's book is an exception. It is, to be sure, a series of addresses, but all the same it grips the reader. The wealth of illustrations which the author uses, and his aptness in choosing them, perhaps have something to do with the strong appeal of the book. He uses the experiences of every day life to illustrate the points he wishes to make in a way that reminds one to a certain extent of Christ's parables.

The entire book is an appeal; an appeal to the reader to give his life to God; this purpose is revealed by the titles of some of the chapters: "The Yielded Life", "Committal", "The Believer's Gift to God", "The Dedicated Life". The last chapter, after summing up the thought of the whole book, makes the final appeal to the reader—an almost irresistible appeal: "You can trust the Man that died for you. If you can not trust him, who can you trust?"

The sub-topics of this chapter will give an idea of what McConkey means by the "dedicated life": Give your life to God, and God will fill your life; give your life to God, and God will give it back; give your life to God, and God will use your life; give your life to God as best you know; give your life to God without fear.

We have all read books which are powerful arguments for some cause; but do they convince us? Does any argument convince? It is an emotional appeal, one which touches the heart of a man, which will win him to a cause. McConkey's book is such an appeal.

### RADICALS ARE ESSENTIAL

Editor of SABBATH RECORDER,

DEAR SIR: I enclose clipping from the *New London Day* of recent date. The reverend gentleman named evidently coincides with the view held by Mark Hanna, to the effect that "the Roman Catholic Church will be the world's greatest barrier against radicalism, and further that the best friend and protector of the people and the flag shall have in the hour of trial will be the Roman Church. This is the power which shall save us." Heaven help us when that time comes.

But for the radicalism of the past and the great reformation under Martin Luther, when Protestantism was born, we should long ago have been under the complete dominion of Romanism. Civil and religious liberty would have been blotted out, as it came near being during the period of the dark ages. A few tried souls kept the fires of radicalism burning through those fearful years of cruelty and persecution and we today are enjoying the fruits of their suffering and martyrdom. The Puritan fathers planted upon American soil the seeds of religious liberty, the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience without fear of molestation. Roman Catholicism is founded on the principle that the Catholic church is authority on all matters of a religious nature, that all other systems of religion are false and their followers heretics, and only fit subjects for the fires of eternal perdition. It, in the past, has been the great barrier against religious liberty and sought by uniting church and state to establish complete control in both, and that everything should be subservient to the will and mandate of the church; in other words, that the Roman Catholic church should stand first and foremost, and that nothing should stand in the way of the advancement and final supremacy. That has always been its single aim and purpose and it continues to make that its chief object. It strives in every possible way to gain political power, and control of the government. When this is accomplished then good-bye to religious liberty. We shall then have an ecclesiastical autocracy of the extremest type.

Christ was a supreme radical. He never compromised with evil. When the devil promised him all the kingdoms of the world if he would fall down and worship him,

Christ said unto him, "Get thee behind me, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Had there been no radicals our nation could never have been born, and radicals saved it from ruin and disunion. The prohibitionists by constant radical warfare brought the nation to see the enormity of the crime of the rum traffic and were the means of incorporating in our Constitution the Prohibition Amendment whereby the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks is forever prohibited.

We often denounce radicalism and radical measures and call them harsh and unreasonable; but they have been, and will continue to be, the salvation of the world. Right and wrong are irreconcilable. Truth is radically opposed to falsehood. There can be no compromise between them. When compromises have been sought and adopted they have always resulted in disaster. Ye can not serve God and mammon. A good tree can not bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit; therefore by their fruits shall ye know them. Profession is a good thing when accompanied with confession and works of righteousness. Deeds, not words reveal the real men. Cease to do evil and learn to do well. Conversion to be of any value must be a radical conversion, reaching down deep into the heart. All outward professions and church alliances without this are valueless, and worse than that, the sheerest hypocrisy. If a man is really converted his whole life is changed. If he has been a liar, he will speak the truth. If he has been a thief he will as far as possible restore the stolen goods and steal no more. He will live by the golden rule of doing as he would be done by.

All of Christ's teachings are intensely radical, and they are also eminently practical. Christians profess to follow his teachings, yet they are divided as to what interpretation shall be placed upon them, hence the many sects and denominations. Says Dr. William T. Manning, the new Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York: "Our divisions are not only waste and folly, they are sin." He predicts that unity will finally come, not by way of submission, or absorption of others into any one of the existing communions. It will come by concord, not by conquests; by mutual and equal fellowship; not by "unconditional surren-

der". We have four large and influential religious denominations, namely, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists and Episcopalians. They are not only numerically, but financially strong, and would be an almost irresistible power if united for the salvation of the world. It is only when they are attacked by a common foe that threatens their existence, or when some vital truth, or great moral reform is to be advocated that they rally their united forces in battle array. Each denomination is too thoroughly entrenched in its own organization to give up its identity.

The strength of the Catholic church rests in its oneness under the leadership of one central power. The weakness of Protestantism consists in its multiplied divisions. The former moves as one body with concentrated and unified forces. The latter divides its forces in scattered ranks and consequently suffers loss. No great amount of love can exist between disunited parties. The love that Christ taught makes his disciples one. The church will never redeem the world from sin until it becomes a united church. The world will then say: "Behold how Christians love one another."

G.

### THE WARRIOR'S PRAYER

Long since, in sore distress, I heard one pray,  
"Lord, who prevailest with resistless might,  
Ever from war and strife keep me away,  
My battles fight!"

I know not if I play the Pharisee,  
And if my brother after all be right;  
But mine shall be the warrior's plea to thee—  
Strength for the fight.

I do not ask that thou shalt front the fray,  
And drive the warring foeman from my sight;  
I only ask, O Lord, by night, by day,  
Strength for the fight.

When foes upon me press, let me not quail,  
Nor think to turn me into coward flight.  
I only ask, to make my arms prevail,  
Strength for the fight.

—Paul-Lourence Dunbar.

Being on the watch often changes the character of our prayers. We blunder along, and fall, and have to pray for forgiveness. Had we been watchful, it would have been a prayer for help, then praise for victory. Is not the prayer to be fore-armed better than the prayer to be forgiven?—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### GROWING TIME

Growing time is coming;  
Earth's carpet getting green;  
A magic change in color,  
A transformation scene.

Growing time is coming;  
The south wind warms the air,  
Bud and blossom forming;  
See them everywhere.

Growing time is coming;  
God is over all;  
Forest, field and garden  
Answer to his call. —J. G. Mills.

### TWO LITTLE STORIES OF CHRISTMAS

#### THE MARBLES IN THE POCKETS

The committee was packing a box to go to war refugees. At Christmas the children had brought garments as their gifts. Some brought clothes they had outgrown. Others who had two coats had decided they would give one to some boy or girl who had none.

As a member of the committee folded a boy's coat she felt something hard in the pocket.

"Better turn these pockets inside out, I suppose," she said. "They may be full of chewing gum or even bread and jam."

She thrust her hand in the pocket and brought out a torn handkerchief in which were wrapped five marbles. A note scrawled in a boy's hand was in the pocket. She read:

"Dear boy who gets this coat,  
I have eight marbles. First I put in four for you. Then I put in another one. I hope you will like the coat—and the marbles.  
From your little friend,  
JOHN."

I looked at those four marbles and at the fifth one that had been added after a struggle to be generous and I thought of the marble-less pockets in the presents that we give.

Any one can give away an outgrown coat. It's the marbles in the pockets, the personal thought, the sharing of our treasures, the addition of something that isn't really necessary that makes the coat most precious. I

fancied I saw some dear little chap who was hungry and cold getting that coat. He had suffered much and his eyes were tired and listless. I saw him put on the coat and suddenly as his hand went into the pocket I saw his eyes brighten. If you have a coat to give put marbles in the pocket.

#### CANNED CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

"If only Theodore and Peggy were here," said one of the members of a merry Christmas house party.

"Think of those poor chaps celebrating their Christmas over in the heart of Africa! I'd give every cent I have to be able to have this crowd shout 'Merry Christmas' to them and share with them our Christmas carols and joy."

"I have it," shouted one of the boys; "We can do just that thing. We will have a great surprise for old Ted and his wife ready by next Christmas."

One year from that day a missionary in Africa stood in his doorway with his young wife, looking out over the hills.

"I am not a bit sorry that we came, Ted," she said. "I would not give up and go home for anything. I love the work and my heart is full of joy, but just for today—if only we could be home, just this one day of all the year! I'd give anything to hear father's 'Merry Christmas' and mother's Christmas carols. What's Christmas, Teddy-boy, without mother, to sing 'O little town of Bethlehem'. If only I could hear dear little Bess sing 'Away in a Manger', and Harry shout 'Christmas Gift, Peggy'. If I could go around with our old crowd and hear them sing Christmas carols through the village just for today, I'd be ready for anything by tomorrow morning."

They seemed very much alone, these two young students who two years before had swept the honors of their college, and then "buried themselves in Africa", as some of their neighbors said.

"Close your eyes and make believe everything you want to be," said Ted. It was one of their favorite recreations.

So it was that they did not see the approach of the missionary from a near-by station until he shouted, "Wake up, you dreamers; it's Christmas morning."

The two men who were with him carried a large box. "I've kept this box without peeping in it ever since I brought it over last month but I have instructions to send you out to the jungle while I open it in your

house, so out with you until I call you." A little later they were led blind-folded into their house.

Then suddenly a voice shouted "Merry Christmas, Peggy, Merry Christmas Ted" and father's hearty laugh filled the little room with its old-time contagion. Before they could realize what had happened mother's voice was calling, "God bless you, my children, on this Christmas day." Then she sang "O Little Town of Bethlehem".

"Christmas gift, Peggy," shouted Harry. They tore away the blindfolds and springing toward the Victrola they fairly hugged it as a child's voice called "Me too. I want to say Merry Christmas to my Peggy and my Teddy-boy and sing 'Away in a Manger' for them."

Tears of sheer joy filled their eyes as baby Bess sang her little Christmas hymn. One after another the greetings from the home folks followed in this wonderful composite record. Harry had just begun his violin lessons before they sailed and he played a few bars of Silent Night.

With shining eyes the young missionaries sat in the family circle.

"Oh, how did they do it?" said Peggy as the record was finished. "Put it in right over again!"

"Patience, fair lady," said the guest, "My program is but begun."

Another record began, "The presentation speech will now be made by our most noble citizen, Mr. Horace Manly Price." (*Applause.*)

"Ladies and Gentlemen: We have not in our midst today as we are accustomed tritely to say, but out of our midst two of our most noble citizens and best loved comrades, I need scarcely to mention the names of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Page." Wild applause drowned the balance of the sentence. The presentation speech was interrupted by three spontaneous cheers for "Peggy and Ted" which the record transmitted so clearly the listeners could almost see Nat Heron spring up to lead them.

"Since we can not bring our comrades into our midst today we, with Mahomet-like wisdom, will arise and go unto their midst. This Victrola is presented to our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Page, with the everlasting love of the following who will, as it were, make an autograph copy of it by each calling his or her own name and

giving not more than two sentences of greeting."

The names and the greetings followed in rapid succession. Then the master of ceremonies announced "one verse only" by the old quartet, and there was a final speech by one of the girls and a medley of Christmas greetings and the record was done.

Then they opened the book of records. A Christmas note was fastened to each one. Some had been given by old schoolmates, some by members of their families. There was one from a Bible school class and another from a Young People's society. Some especially fine ones came from a little musical club to which they had belonged.

During the day the people from the Mission gathered in the little church and heard after their own service the wonderful music of the Christmas time as it was sung in the white man's country.

And two happy missionaries went to sleep that night-cheered for the tasks of the coming days by the thoughtfulness of a group of young folks at home who did not forget them, but who began a year ahead to wish them a happy Christmas.—*Best Methods, Missionary Review of the World.*

### A CALL TO CONFERENCE

V. G. HINSHAW, PRESIDENT PROHIBITION FOUNDATION

The prohibition of the Liquor Traffic is still a live issue! "The thing we need in this country more than anything else at this time, is an open, manifest, and outspoken sentiment on the part of the good people of the different communities in favor of obedience to law," writes the Federal Prohibition Commissioner in a recent letter to the headquarters of the Prohibition Foundation. We have advised with many Federal Prohibition officers, and with their approval, we call upon the churches and Christian people of the nation to call a Prohibition Conference for Obedience to and Enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, in your community, sometime between March 20 and May 1.

It is altogether too true as the Commissioner writes, that "In too many places, those violating the law have almost the right to assume that the sentiment of the community is entirely in favor of such a course."

And this, because, "Those people in favor of having the law obeyed sit by quietly while

those who are disposed to violate the law are making a great deal of noise and making it appear that the sentiment of the community is with them."

We need a "sentiment in every community which shall arrest a man before his crime is committed, rather than permit him to commit a crime and then arrest him."

We believe with Commissioner Kramer who writes, "I am positive that in nearly every community in the country, a sentiment could be created which would drive the law violator out of business."

This, the Commissioner says, "is the part of our work which can be done by the people at large and *must be done by the people* if it is to be done at all."

Will those who read this call confer with the pastors and a few Christian people as to time and place for such a meeting, appoint a committee to prepare programs and thoroughly advertise through press and pulpit, as well as personal invitation. Plan to make it the biggest thing of the year. Talk about it and write about it until even the foes of Prohibition come out. At the close of the meeting adopt three sets of resolutions, to support President Harding and the new Congress; to the Governor and Legislature of your State; and the Mayor and other municipal officers, whose duty it is to enforce the law.

Telegraph copies of the resolution to the President and Congress, to the Governor and Legislature, and appoint a committee to convey the local resolutions to the Mayor.

Invite not only all the church societies, W. C. T. U. and other Dry organizations, but the G. A. R. and other patriotic organizations, the Woman's Clubs, the Masons, Odd Fellows, and other fraternal and educational societies to co-operate, assigning to each some place in the program.

Make it the business of the entire day, have morning, afternoon and evening meetings. If you can have talent from the outside, so much the better, but this is not necessary. Local speakers will be glad to appear on the program, if they think the meeting will be a success. Ask your superintendent of schools for several songs by the children, such as America, America the Beautiful, and Battle Cry of Freedom.

Let the program be helpful and practical. We would suggest such subjects as "Law Obedience, the Test of Citizenship", (If you love me keep my commandments), "The

Eighteenth Amendment and the Supreme Court", "The Eighteenth Amendment and the States, How and Why Ratified?" "Who is the State? The People, the Principals, Officers, the Agents".

Duties of State Officers, Common Pleas Judges, District and prosecuting attorneys. Duties of Local Officers; State Enforcement Laws.

The National Prohibition Act in Relation to Section 10, 14, Section 21 and 22 of Title II, Section 26 of Title II.

Dangers of the Home Brew.  
Increased Appropriation for Prohibition Enforcement.

Benefits Forgotten. A statement of Moral, Physical and Financial gains from Prohibition up to date.

Preventive work, Americanization of Foreigners, Education of Young. Limitation of Medical Permits.

Conduct your conference on the principle that Prohibition is a success. Both Commissioner Kramer and Mr. Richardson, Prohibition Supervising Agent for Chicago, believes that conditions are growing more encouraging for prohibition. If you wish to find optimists, go to Prohibition Headquarters. These brave men are not discouraged. They ask only the co-operation and support of the Church and Christian people in securing public sentiment. Will you not help them in your community by holding a Prohibition Conference for Law Obedience and Enforcement?

If you desire further information or help on program please send to The Prohibition Foundation, No. 729 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Illinois, enclosing stamp for reply.

#### "ELLIS' ISLAND"

They come, they come, one treads the other's heel,

And some we laugh and some we weep to see,  
And some we fear; but in the throng we feel  
The mighty throb of our own destiny.

Outstretched their hands to take whatever we give,

Honor, dishonor, daily bread, or bane;  
Not theirs to choose how we may bid them live—  
But what we give we shall receive again.

America! charge not thy fate to these;  
The power is ours to mold them or to mar,  
But freedom's voice, far down the centuries  
Shall sound our choice from blazing star to star.

—C. A. Price, in Scribner's Magazine.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### THE FIRST AND THE LAST EASTER

REV. FRANK E. PETERSON

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
March 26, 1921

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Death is vanquished (2 Tim. 1: 1-10)  
Monday—The dead live (Mark 12: 18-27)  
Tuesday—God's power now at work (Eph. 1: 15-23)  
Wednesday—A Friend in heaven (Heb. 7: 17-28)  
Thursday—Christ present with us (Matt. 18: 19, 20)  
Friday—The resurrection assured (1 Cor. 15: 16-22, 36-50)  
Sabbath Day—Topic, The first and the last Easter (Matt. 28: 1-10).

"This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice, and be glad in it."

By the first Easter is meant the resurrection day of Christ, after he had lain three days in the sepulchre. By the last Easter we mean, the day to which our Christian Endeavor topic refers, Sabbath Day, March 26, 1921.

According to the commonly accepted chronology of our Bibles, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight years lie between the two events; and yet, to me—in a great, real and essential sense, the two days merge together and are become the same. The resurrection of Christ, to me, is *not* an event that is ever swinging farther and farther into the dim past, becoming less and less distinct, and hence less real and less important with the passage of the years.

If Christ were to rise this very Sabbath morning, March 26, his resurrection would not be more real, or of more concern to us. Indeed, we do not need to make this a supposition; for is not this a resurrection day of our Lord? Christ is risen *today*. He is on this Easter Sabbath Day what he was on that first Easter Sabbath Day, when he conquered death and the grave. What was made true on that is true on this day. What he did for those who believed then he does for those who trust in him now. The joy that came to them who exchanged a dead, for a living Savior then, comes to us who worship a living Savior now. Doubting

Thomas who sought for tangible proofs of his resurrection then, may as easily find even more convincing proofs now and exclaim, "My Lord and my God!"

Today, our hearts do burn within us as we walk and talk with him in the way, as did the hearts of the disciples on the road to Emmaus, then.

How exceptional the privilege, and how great the joy of those disciples who witnessed the glory of that first Easter Day, on which their risen Savior brought life and immortality to light! But is not our privilege as great, and even greater our joy, who celebrate this last Easter Day, in which it is true, the Lord is risen indeed? For the light which broke on men then shines as brightly now into all believing hearts; and it will keep on shining and calling men out of darkness into newness of life in Christ Jesus, as the years pass, unto the end of time.

Therefore the first Easter or Resurrection Day, and this last Easter Day, I shall celebrate as one, and the same. The same glorious event brings the past into the present, and makes them one. To me, it will be a day of triumph, a day of victory, a day of rejoicing. To me it is a day of days, and a Sabbath of sabbaths; and in my heart, I trust, shall be a hymn of exulting faith, for—"This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it."

#### THE RESURRECTION

In our Lord's great answer to the Sadducees (Matt. 22: 29-32, Mark 12: 24-27, Luke 20: 34-38), the doctrine of the resurrection is the doctrine of continued existence, unbroken by the death of the body: "Dead things may have a Creator, a Possessor, a Ruler; only living beings can have a God" (Plummer).

The Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the just (Luke 14: 14), is the doctrine of an immortal personality (Luke 20: 36). The physical basis of our present personality is a mortal body: our reconstituted personality will be in harmony with the exalted heavenly life (Luke 20: 35). This comes from the power of God as taught in the Scriptures. And "No one can have a right estimate of his position and duty in this life who omits all account of 'a life to come'" (Plummer).

Jesus teaches plainly, it seems to me, that



Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, have entered upon the "resurrection" life (Matt 22: 31, 32).  
 DEAN A. E. MAEN,  
 IN "NEW TESTAMENT STUDIES".

As the three disciples were coming down from the Mount of Transfiguration with their Master they were questioning what the rising from the dead might mean. Followers of Christ since that time have continued to speculate upon that matter. Sometimes they have thought of the resurrection from a physical point of view, and have imagined that we are to be restored to conditions and situations and bodily form very like those which we now enjoy. But we come nearer to understanding what Jesus meant by the "rising from the dead" when we think of a new and a spiritual existence. It is not a restoration to the old life, but a new blessing beyond what we can ask or even think. It involves an attainment of nearness to our Master, and an assimilation to his character and life. Jesus says, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." No mere living again in similarity to the present life comes near the blessing which awaits us.

REV. WILLIAM C. WHITFORD.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ is to me "the foundation fact of Christianity"; the "corner-stone of Christian doctrine". It assures me of these three great truths:

1. That Jesus Christ is the Son of God. (Matt. 12: 40; Rom. 1: 4; Acts 17: 31).
2. Redemption in Jesus Christ. His resurrection is proof that his oft-repeated declarations that he came to save the lost are true. He was not an impostor. He is our Savior. (John 3: 15-17; 11: 25, 26; 14: 6; 1 Cor. 15: 14).
3. It assures us of our resurrection. Read 1 Thess. 4: 13-18.

REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK.

John 10: 17, 18, is the best "paragraph" on the resurrection. "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay my life down that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again."

Here is the greatest argument for the divinity of Christ. No other man before or after could verify such a statement. Here is our strongest argument for the authority of Christ in our faith and practice. If we

exalt ourselves we fail to hold up Christ in sound doctrine. We must hold up Christ in power and authority that he may draw all the world to the attention of his glory and salvation.  
 REV. M. G. STILLMAN.

To me the resurrection of Jesus Christ is an unimpeachable proof of the verity of his teachings; an unanswerable evidence of his divinity.  
 REV. E. ADELBERT WITTER.

**JUNIOR GOAL FOR 1921**

(POSSIBLE POINTS 150)

- I. Society organized with at least five committees ..... 10
- II. Each committee carrying out suggestions given below (Ten points each up to 50) ..... 50
- III. Business meetings and part of devotional meetings conducted by Juniors..... 10
- IV. Two-thirds of members attending church 5
- V. One-half of active members keeping Quiet Hour ..... 10
- VI. Some special study of—the Bible, Bible characters, missions, the denomination, or efficiency..... 15
- VII. Learning and locating Bible verses—at least twenty in six months. (One point each up to fifty verses)..... 50

**SUGGESTIONS**

1. Prayer Meeting Committee  
 Choose and notify leaders at least one week in advance.  
 Committee or superintendent help leader in preparation.  
 Work to get members to take part in meeting regularly.  
 (Average, one-third of members)
2. Lookout Committee  
 Work for new members.  
 Keep record of number taking part each week.  
 Work to secure responses at consecration meetings.  
 (Average, three-fourths of active members)
3. Music Committee  
 Choose and notify leaders at least one week in advance.  
 Secure special music once each month.  
 Go in groups to sing for shut-ins.
4. Missionary Committee  
 Special program with missionary news for each missionary meeting.  
 Collections for missions once each month.  
 Secure pictures, postcards, or papers to send to mission fields.

5. Sunshine Committee  
 Secure flowers for Junior room when possible.  
 Remember sick and aged with cards and flowers.  
 Watch for opportunities to help others.
6. Social Committee  
 Welcome new members or visitors.  
 Hold a social once in three months.  
 Call on other members, especially if sick or losing interest in the society.

**A LITTLE BIT OF SPRING**

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

"Yes, this is the Little Joppa grocery store. No, we haven't had any new flour come in this week. It's just as I told you the other day, Mrs. Prosser; we must sell out a part of what we have on hand before we can order more. I am sorry it doesn't suit you, but it is the best we have. Oh, that's all right. Good-by."

Shirley Trent hung up the telephone receiver just as the outside door opened, letting in a generous supply of chilly air and also Billy Smith, stooping under the weight of a big, brown paper bag. This he deposited on the floor with such force that the bit of string with which the bag was supposed to be tied suddenly snapped, and the contents were scattered in several directions.

"I didn't mean to spill the potatoes," Billy apologized as he looked down at the floor. "But they're hardly worth picking up, I guess. Mother's cut every one of 'em n two, and they're no good. They've got bad hearts. See?"

Billy had secured the poorest half of a potato that he could find, and held it up for Shirley's inspection.

"They do look pretty bad, Billy," Shirley admitted as she carefully examined the specimen. "But are you sure that your mother bought them here. They don't look at all like the potatoes father has been selling. Ours are Green Mountains and Snows, but I don't know what these are."

"Mother says she got 'em here, and she ought to know. And she says for you to be sure and cross the order off from the book."

"All right, Billy, I will, but I am quite positive that those potatoes never came from here. You shall pick them up for me, of

course. You can put them in that empty soap box in the back room."

It took Billy but a few moments to perform this task. When the last piece of potato had been thrown into the box, he started to go, but, spying a dozen bags of flour packed away in the store-room, he paused.

"Miss Shirley, is all the flour you've got musty?" he asked, backing himself up against the door and watching Shirley, who had sat down at the old, worn desk. "Mrs. Prosser told mother that Mrs. Dickerson said that there were four bags out in the sun to dry yesterday. And Mrs. Dickerson said that Mr. Packer had some dandy new flour in."

Shirley turned abruptly around in her chair. A bright red spot burned in either cheek.

"Billy Smith," she said with a little catch in her voice, "if anybody else says anything about our flour, you can just tell them that we haven't a musty bit of it in our store. What is more, we never expect to have. The bags that were left outside on that packing-box yesterday were waiting for Mr. Crandall, out at the Moss farm. He took them away less than an hour after father put them there. I guess you had better go now, Billy. I am afraid that I shall say something I would be sorry for."

With a puzzled look on his round, freckled face, Billy Smith obeyed. When the outside door had finally closed behind him, Shirley sprang to her feet.

"I am going to open one more bag of flour," she said to herself decidedly. "They are all just alike, and they have all been kept close together for days. Father has already examined several bags, but I am going to be sure. Oh, the fussiness of all these queer Little Joppa folks!"

From its hiding-place behind the store-room door, Shirley took a big, blue and white checkered gingham apron and put it on over her serge dress. Then she pushed the nearest bag of flour to the edge of the shelf where she could handle it conveniently.

It was the dull hour of the morning, though, to tell the truth, more than half the hours lately had been dull hours. By and by, when father would come in from his morning visits to the Little Joppa homes, there would be a certain number of orders to fill. Not as many as there were yesterday or the day before, perhaps, because for

some reason known only to Little Joppa folks themselves, the orders were fast decreasing both in size and numbers.

It had been a hard winter for the little store. Other stores, larger and better equipped to carry on a big business, might be prospering, but somehow everything had gone wrong here.

Perhaps it was because some of the best customers had been buying from mail-order houses. Perhaps it was because father was getting older and needed more assistance than she could give him. Perhaps it was because John Packer had recently started a store at the other end of Little Joppa and a new broom always sweeps clean. At any rate, just at the time when father needed help and encouragement, he seemed to be getting nothing but complaints.

"Things don't look blue; they look black spelled with capital letters," Shirley thought as she took out a big handful of flour and examined it carefully. It was white and dry and clean, with not the least sign of a musty smell about it.

At the sound of a door opening, Shirley dropped the handful of flour into a small tin box. This bag could be sent home to mother—she was nearly out—and she would attend to it later. Hastily wiping her hands on her gingham apron, she hurried out to the main part of the store. There she suddenly stopped, stock-still. Coming toward her, her arms full of beautiful pink blossoms mingled with the shiniest of green leaves, was a very small girl in a very big red and black Scotch-plaid dress.

"A little bit of spring for you, Miss Shirley," she said as she held out the lovely mass of flowers. "We didn't know that the arbutus had opened till this morning, and mother wanted you to have the very first sight of it. And she wanted me to tell you that the blue chambray you picked out for her washed splendidly. And she's got the baby's rompers all done—three of 'em. The cloth didn't fade a bit when mother tried it. But father's waiting for me over at the post office, so I must be going."

Shirley reached down for the arbutus, but ended by gathering pink blossoms, green leaves, small girl, and big, red and black plaid dress into her arms and hugging them tight.

"Cynthia May Wayne, you blessed, blessed child!" she cried when she could control herself, "You don't know how very,

very much I needed your little bunch of spring. Why, I had even forgotten that spring had come. And oh, the lovely arbutus! Tell your mother I never can thank her enough. I will pick out yards and yards of chambray for her any time she wants it."

But before Shirley was through talking, Cynthia May had wriggled out of her arms. She was very careful in doing so not to let even one sprig of the arbutus fall to the floor. She had caught the unloosened bouquet in the skirt of the red and black plaid dress, and safe and unharmed she turned it over to Shirley who immediately buried her face in the fragrant little blossoms.

"Oh, they're lovely, lovely!" she said. "My little bit of spring." When she looked up Cynthia May had gone.

On the nearest counter stood a row of empty jelly tumblers that Shirley had found hidden away in the back part of the store, and which had been brought out to replace some that had been sold. Three of these she filled with water, and, placing some of the blossoms in each tumbler, she set one on the desk and one in both of the big front windows. Some of the prettiest flowers still lay on the counter.

Shirley stood there admiring them when an old man, stoop-shouldered and lame, came up the steps and onto the narrow, little porch, his heavy cane tap-tapping its way noisily along. Shirley knew without looking who was there. She had waited upon Silas Wedge too many times not to be able to recognize him, even without seeing him. Always he was crabbed and cross and disagreeable, and never suited with anything she could offer him. Probably he had some complaint to make today.

"Got any granite hand-basins?" he asked the moment he entered the store. "The last one we bought didn't wear—" But the sentence was left unfinished, for Silas Wedge had spied the blossoms that were still lying on the counter, and, clumping his way across the floor, he put out a thin, shaky old hand to touch them.

"I don't know when I've seen any arbutus," he said, sniffing the air delightedly. "I always used to go after it first of anybody in these parts, for Sarah loves it. It was her wedding flower." And somehow his voice didn't sound a bit crabbed or disagreeable or out of sorts.

"How is Mrs. Wedge?" Shirley found

herself inquiring, as she picked up some of the pink blossoms.

"Pretty poorly, pretty poorly. She hasn't seemed to gain much lately."

"Perhaps she will feel better now that winter has gone. We'll hope so anyway," Shirley replied encouragingly. "And here are some flowers I want her to share with me. Cynthia May brought them from the woods a few minutes ago—the first of this season. Tell her they are just a little bit of spring."

Silas Wedge's hand trembled more than ever as he took the little bunch of blossoms.

"Thank you! Thank you!" he faltered brokenly. "She will likely pick up now. As I was saying when I came in, the last hand-basin we bought didn't wear so well as those your father sells. It came from the store over at Tennetsville."

When Silas Wedge went out, Shirley gathered up the blossoms that were left on the counter and inhaled their lovely fragrance.

"I wonder who else needs a little bit of spring," she thought as she handled them lovingly. "Perhaps I should not have judged Silas Wedge so harshly. He may have so many things to discourage him that he just can't help being cross. I wonder if I couldn't put a few blossoms in some of the packages that go out this noon. There won't be many of them, and there is plenty of arbutus left. It would be a sort of spring opening. I believe if Mrs. Prosser gives father any order at all, I will even put a sprig or two in that. I don't know about Billy Smith's mother. Those potatoes are almost too much to bear."

In each of the large front windows the little dish of arbutus made a pretty picture, and several children, going down the street, had already stopped to admire them. This gave Shirley an idea. Why not rearrange those windows, or rather one of them—father needed the other—and make it look like spring? Instead of the little piles of canned tomatoes and corn and beans, she could display some of the dress goods she had persuaded father to buy, and for which there had proved to be little demand. They were only gingham and percales and chambrays, but the colors were bright and attractive, and they wouldn't fade. And Little Joppa folks ought to need gingham and percales and chambrays. Then there were several

bolts of ribbon that had never been brought farther than the store-room. They would add their share of color to spring. With some vases brought from home for the arbutus and some branches from the pussy willow tree in the front yard, she could make it look quite springlike.

With Shirley, to plan was to do, so when her father came in at ten o'clock, tired and discouraged, he was quite surprised to find her polishing the big front window.

"House cleaning, Shirley?" he asked as he stopped to look on. "Well, you won't have much else to do, for the orders are fewer than ever. I don't know but that we might as well sell out now as any time, if we can find any one to buy."

Shirley didn't seem to hear. From a chair close by the window she took first one bouquet and then another, and held them up in front of him.

"Spring has come, father," she said. "The glasses we have been wearing were so dark-colored that we haven't been able to see it, but it's here. When spring comes there's hope, and when there's hope there's success. Now please hurry and put those orders up so that I can enclose our spring announcements."

Shirley's tone was encouraging, and the more she explained, the more encouraging it grew. Her fingers, meanwhile, were swift and the window was quickly transformed.

When the school children passed by on their way home at noon, they stopped in front of the newly decorated window. With big, wondering eyes they viewed the pretty pieces of gingham and chambray and percale, and the yards and yards of ribbon that would make such beautiful bows and sashes. And the arbutus! How it did keep their noses sniffing and sniffing as if they could get every bit of smell from the flowers their fingers could not reach! The arbutus was certainly a good advertisement.

"Cynthia May's arbutus has held out wonderfully," Shirley said to herself as she sat down at the old worn desk a few hours later. "Every single order had its little bit of spring. Now I wonder—"

But Shirley wasn't permitted to wonder long, for the telephone bell rang so sharply that she was startled at first.

"Yes, this is the Little Joppa store," she answered promptly. "Oh, this is Mrs. Prosser. Why, I am glad that you liked the arbutus. Yes, we have plenty of flour. Two bags?

Yes, I can send it out tonight. Gingham? You mean the little blue and white check, I guess. Yes, that is a pretty pattern. I am sure it would look well on Mary. Oh, there is plenty of it. Thank you. Good-by."

Before Shirley could go back to her chair the outside door opened, letting in a generous supply of chilly air and Billy Smith, for the second time that day. Billy's manner, this time, however, plainly indicated that he had not come to complain.

"Oh, Miss Shirley," he panted—he had been running hard—"mother said I must come over as fast I could and tell you how sorry I am. Those potatoes didn't come from here. Father told us when he got home this noon. Mother had 'em mixed up with some others. And I oughtn't to have said anything about the flour. We know your flour's good—we've used loads of it. Say, Miss Shirley, got any salted peanuts?"

"Indeed I have, Billy, right in the jar there—help yourself. There seem to be several people coming in, so you'll have to excuse me."

Billy was quite willing to do this. "Say, Miss Shirley, Mr. Wedge says you've got the best store anywhere round," he called after her. "What made him say that, I wonder?"

"Cynthia May's little bit of spring, I guess," laughed Shirley.

But Billy Smith only went on chewing peanuts and wondered.—*Young People's Paper.*

**Sabbath School. Lesson XIII—March 26, 1921**  
POPULAR ERRORS ABOUT THE SABBATH AND SUNDAY.

DAILY READINGS

- March 20—We are saved by grace. Gal. 2: 1-21; Eph. 2: 1-10
- March 21—The importance of obedience. Matt. 7: 21-27; Heb. 10: 26; James 2: 10-18
- March 22—The presumptuous spirit. Num. 15: 30; Lev. 10: 1, 2; Ps. 19: 13
- March 23—"You keep the Jewish Sabbath". Gen. 2: 1-3; Mark 2: 27; Is. 58: 13; Rom. 9: 1-5
- March 24—"It makes no difference which day I keep." Ex. 20: 8-11; James 4: 17; 1 John 2: 3-6; 5: 2-3
- March 25—"Most people keep Sunday". Matt. 7: 13, 14; 5: 19; Rev. 22: 14
- March 26—"Ought I to tell others of the Sabbath?" Matt. 28: 20; Acts 5: 28, 29; Isa. 58: 13, 14

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

**THE SABBATH RECORDER**

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

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God has his standards of judgment, but they are not ours. His election of the poor for moral leadership is one of the startling facts of history: the prophet Amos, the apostles; or in our modern world, the Wesleys and Booths. The ranks of the ministry today are recruited not from the rich, but from the poor. The great majority of outstanding preachers and teachers were born in the country, and of parents who had to work hard for a livelihood. Beware of despising and dishonoring the poor, and especially the poor within the membership of the church of Christ! And do not forget the subtle danger besetting rich men, the danger of becoming tyrannical, arbitrary, domineering,—attitudes and tempers contrary to the spirit of Christ. The kingly law is absolute among Christians, namely, loving our neighbors as ourselves.  
—Rev. John Gardner, D. D.

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