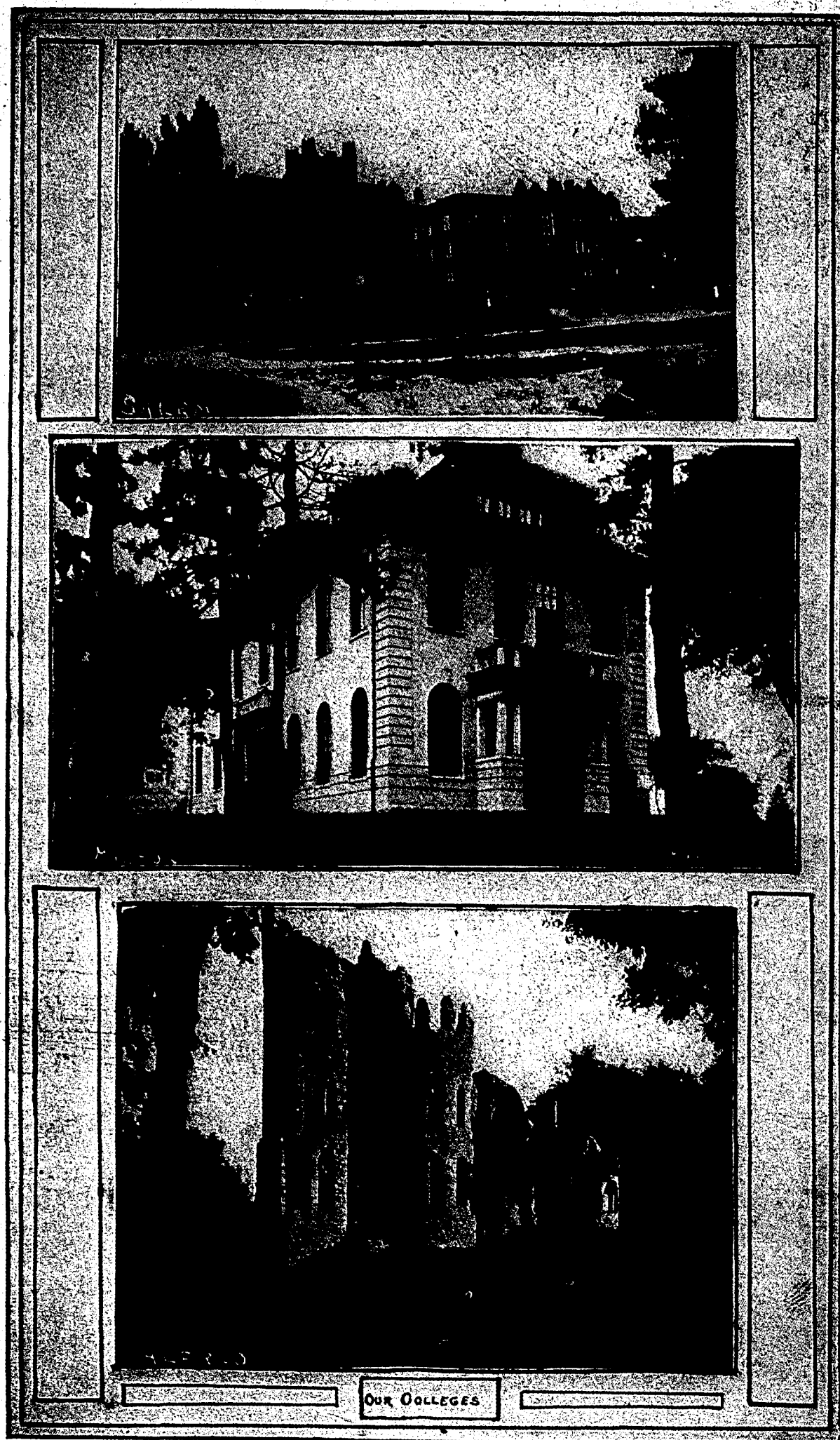


The Sabbath Recorder



COMMENCEMENTS, 1921

Salem . . .	June 2
Alfred . . .	June 15
Milton . . .	June 16

THE GAUGE OF LIFE

They err who measure life by years,
 With false or thoughtless tongue;
 Some hearts grow old before their time;
 Others are always young.
 'Tis not the number of the lines
 On life's fast filling page—
 'Tis not the pulses added throbs
 Which constitute their age.
 Some souls are serfs among the free,
 While others nobly thrive;
 They stand just where their fathers stood;
 Dead even while they live!
 Others, all spirit, heart and sense;
 Theirs the mysterious power
 To live in thrills of joy or woe,
 A twelvemonth in an hour!
 Seize, then, the minutes as they pass
 The woof of life is thought!
 Warm up the colors; let them glow
 With fire and fancy fraught.
 Live to some purpose; make thy life
 A gift of use to thee!
 A joy, a good, a golden hope,
 A heavenly Argosy!

—Watchman-Examiner.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 90, NO. 23

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JUNE 6, 1921

WHOLE NO. 3,979

**An Old, Old Story
Yet Ever New** Once again we are on the way to West Virginia where we spent nearly sixteen happy years. This time it is to preach the baccalaureate sermon, some of which appeared in last week's editorials. We are sorry for two typographical errors, discovered after it was too late to correct them. In, "Such an Education Gives Social Standing", the little word "to" should stand before "which" in last line of the second paragraph. And in, "How the College Helps the Household", the word "incentive" should have a "v" instead of "c", making it inventive genius.

But these little things are not the ones we took up the pen to write about. Some pencil notes were taken on the train and if we could only put feelings into cold type, and make them seem real to readers, it might be worth while to develop the notes here.

Just the very knowledge that one is climbing the grades along the winding ways of the Potomac toward the Deer Park and Mountain Lake plateau, "even in the dark of night", gives a charm to the traveler if he thinks of the historic scenes through which his train is passing. The names, "Harper's Ferry", Martinsburg, Shenandoah, and Cumberland will ever freshen the memory of other days when our nation was in jeopardy, and these places were prizes for which two armies fought more than once.

The Creator has written a wonderful story in these mountains and in the West Virginia hills beyond, and he has taken pains to illustrate it with many a beautiful picture.

This morning we did not awake until after the mountain top was passed and train three on the Baltimore and Ohio was gliding easily down the winding trail cut for it through the rugged, rocky uplands of the Cheat River country. Some have called this the Switzerland of America.

On this particular day the Lord had bathed the hills with a glorious sunshine, which, like a searchlight thrown upon a

screen, revealed every outline and silhouetted the hilltops clear-cut against an azure sky. Never did these hills look more beautiful than on this May morning, clothed in the tender green of spring.

There were the cottage homes of contented country folk hanging on the hill-sides. Close by, the family cow was contentedly waiting for milkmaid, coming with pail in hand, and near by was the little garden where the "man with the hoe" was improving his "breakfast spell". Along the dug-way road of the hillside, now and then, a horseman in shirt sleeves, came riding by with all the old-time grace of early West Virginians. Horseback riders are fast becoming unknown here, as year by year the mountain-climbing autos gain a residence.

There is a peculiarity about the appearance of the trains that meet in this hill country. The one going up shows a steep incline downward from engine to last car; while the one going down shows a marked down-hill slope toward the engine. These peculiarities take on quite an emphasis when the two trains get side by side and are close together. All these things mentioned above lend a life-giving charm to the panorama.

Again, the profusion of tilted, bent, crushed and piled rocks through which the Baltimore and Ohio roadway was blasted are always telling their age-long story of the way in which an Almighty hand had built up this mountain range out of rocks that once had their bed in bottom of the sea.

Then, all these deep gorges, ravines, and river beds in their crooked narrow vales, whose running waters heavily laden with tons of silt started for the southern delta, are telling the story of how Jehovah is tearing down this once elevated plateau to get material for the broad fields and inland plains of the southland.

Not only do the heavens declare the glory of God; but the earth also brings glorious messages of the Mighty One. We love the messages he has given in his Book of books in which the story of matchless love and the

plan of salvation is revealed through the inspired and written words of holy men. We also love these messages of God in nature, written by himself alone without any help from human hands.

The Scenes Change Our reveries concerning the "Old, Old Story" were brought to a sudden close by the discovery that the train was pulling out from Grafton and crossing the bridge over Tygart's famous valley, a section that figured largely in the early days of Virginia, when Indian tribes and white settlers struggled for possession.

Then came the soldiers' cemetery, on our left, with its ranks of stones marking the graves of many heroes of the Civil War. Only here and there one is now left to tell the tale of strife between two armies for possession of the railroad upon which we ride today in peace and safety.

As the train approaches Clarksburg quite a marked change comes over the landscape. The mountains become less rugged; there are far-reaching vales that stretch away with green hillside pastures dotted with flocks and herds peacefully grazing; great patches of mandrakes dot the fields with their shining silicon leaves gleaming in the sunshine, and coal breakers with their little car tracks running up the hills to dark openings into mines, all bespeak the blessings and the prosperity that have come to this fair land.

Here in Clarksburg still stands the humble home of "Stonewall" Jackson, but the spirit of rebellion has long since disappeared, and on next Monday the boys will place flowers upon the graves of the Blue and the Gray alike.

Sabbath at Lost Creek Taking advantage of this opportunity to visit his daughter and family at Lost Creek the editor spent a pleasant Sabbath with the church at that place. Brother Stillman had arranged for a "Decision Day" at this time, and although sickness kept some away who were intending to offer themselves for church membership, there were five persons who came forward when the invitation was given. These were grown persons, some of whom accepted Christ in special union meetings held in the village. We are impressed with the excellent spirit of loyalty in this old church. The meeting was a very helpful one.

One characteristic of this congregation is the attendance of old and young upon the Sabbath school services. The congregation at preaching and that of the Bible school are practically identical. We enjoyed the large old people's Bible class—an organized class of twenty-five or thirty—quite as much as we did the preaching service.

We are glad to see the old "Brick Church" keeping up its interest in the Master's work.

"The Lure of the Wild" This morning as we sit in the upper window of the hillside home of the President of Salem College, and look out upon this teeming, industrious town, which completely fills the narrow vale, the homes of which are clinging to the hills almost to the tops, memories of other days come crowding in, making it hard to think of other things. There, just across the valley on the opposite hill, is the old chestnut grove where year after year we met the students for out-door drill on their commencement orations. This plan was due largely to the way President Allen of old Alfred used to drill us, making us speak in Larkin's grove so he could hear us as he sat on his own porch across the valley. We can hear the deep-toned voice of our beloved president yet, as in the stillness of early morning, he would call to us "Louder, louder, louder."

Just beneath where we sit—indeed almost under us—are the two magnificent college buildings, and the gymnasium, the athletic field, all in such marked contrast from the little lone college building which we knew in years gone by, that we find it is hard to realize that this is really Salem College. As we look upon these splendid structures, and note the wonderful growth of Salem College, we realize more than ever something of the burden-bearing care and strain of toil which fell upon President Clark who served here during the period of construction, before and after the old college was burned.

Our heart was made glad also to see the evidences of good work so prominent last evening as the classes and townspeople crowded the great auditorium for the baccalaureate sermon. President Bond and Dean Van Horn with the excellent corps of teachers are indeed doing good work, which, we are glad to say, is highly appreciated by this community.

But we started to write about the lure of the wild when we took up the pen. The far-look from this elevated standpoint over the forest-patched hillsides; the summits of green hilltops cutting the sky; the town nearly hidden by the foliage of planted trees, awakens a longing for the quiet retreats of wooded glens and nature's restful nooks. The music of song birds, the call of "bob-whites", and the rustle of leaves stirred by the winds, only add to the longings induced by the landscape vision. We can but think of Joseph Henry Ayers', "Lure of the Wild", and so will give it to our friends:

There's a call I hear in the summer,
That is borne to me clear and sweet—
'Tis lure of the pine and the cedar,
Where the mountain rivulets meet.
'Tis calling me to the wildwood—
To be free from care and to rest
Where the air is cool and delicious,
In the canon far to the west!

I would love to go a-fishing,
Where the trees are bending low—
And dangle my feet in the water,
As it comes from summits of snow—
There is Bob-white song at even,
And the oriole seeks her nest
In thicket of spruce and of aspen
In the canon far to the west!

How I love the glens all fragrant
With the rose and the columbine!
The moss covered log in the shadows,
Where the ivy and clematis twine!
Oh, give me the smile of rainbow,
As it shines o'er the cloud's bright crest—
And the kisses sweet of the sunbeams,
In the canon far to the west!

I seem to hear the low cooing,
Of the dove in the early morn—
And the cowbell far in the distance,
While the dew drops blossoms adorn—
And there stands the cabin yonder,
With its welcome and quiet rest—
Oh, the lure of the wild! I hear it—
In the canon far to the west!

The song of the wild, entrancing—
My spirit with impulse anew,
Would soar afar as an eagle,
O'er the hilltops to skies of blue!
Solitude seeks to entice me,
She awaits to make me her guest—
The music of forest is calling—
In the canon far to the west!

The Old Indian and the New Trophies of Indian life in the form of war paint and feathers, bows and arrows, blankets and moccasins, are about all we have left of the old American Indian. The warrior of

the old régime with scalping knife and battle-ax is a thing of the past. To see real relics of Indian days one must now visit the museums and exhibitions in which they are found as souvenirs of other days.

The old Indian has passed away, and the new Indian is fast coming into citizenship and taking his place in well-ordered civilized life. The United States is doing what it can to prepare the red man for the things that belong to loyal citizenship. There are now more than three hundred Indian schools with an attendance of nearly thirty thousand students; to say nothing of many private schools for Indian children. Still there are several thousand children of various tribes unprovided for, who must receive proper attention at an early day.

When the call to the colors came for the World War no less than nine thousand Indian young men responded. Six thousand of these were volunteers.

Having entered upon the highway of knowledge and having turned his face toward the established home on the farm in place of the wigwam in the forest, there can be no turning back to the old trail and hunting ground. Yet there will be much to do by way of overcoming the downward pull of the past; the ignorance and superstition of many generations; and the shiftless habits due to the old nomadic life.

Unfortunately the evils of our present-day civilization will place many barriers in the way of the red man's advance, and there must be something more done for him than that which can be done under our public school system alone. What the Indian calls "The Jesus way" is not very well exemplified by too many white men with whom the red man must have to do.

The Indian of the old trail was a religious being, longing for some relationship to the great Spirit and believing in an unseen world of mystery all about him. Blinded as he was by superstition and ignorance, he now needs *religious* education such as the public school can not give. Therefore the new Indian stands in great need of consecrated, Christian, missionary teachers who can open to him the new and living way to vital relationship with God as Father and with Jesus Christ as Elder Brother.

As yet not more than one-third of the Indians are related to any Christian com-

munion, and fully two-thirds of them are being neglected by Christian agencies. The welfare of our democracy calls for more Christian teaching with those who are now in the transition period between the old and the new Indian. The gospel of "a fair chance for every man at every good thing" is altogether too much neglected in America.

Wonderful Growth Of Salem College And Its Needs

Readers of the SABBATH RECORDER who for more than thirty years have been interested in Salem College, and who have watched its growth in material things, such as buildings and equipments, will be glad to know that its growth in other respects has kept pace with its material growth.

The year just closing has been very satisfactory in respect to the attainments of students in the college courses. The net enrollment for the year in everything was four hundred and fifty-five students. The summer school opens next week with a prospect of two hundred students. There are twenty-one members of the college faculty, including two medical examiners, and seven teachers are to serve in the summer school.

We had no idea of the up-to-date equipment in the line of apparatus for practical demonstration in the sciences and in natural history. Where we had only one good microscope during our day in Salem, we now find no less than twelve in the classroom, each one of which is enclosed in a fine case to which it is especially fitted.

All available rooms in the two large buildings are in use for class work. The fine auditorium will seat some thirteen hundred people, and every evening of commencement week this is well filled.

There is only one drawback to darken the bright outlook for Salem College. This is the serious condition of its finances. We can write more advisedly upon this matter after the board meeting which comes this afternoon. The deficit is what we should regard as alarming. We can think of no greater calamity that could befall our good cause in the Southeast than to have this splendid school closed up for want of funds. Our people throughout the land should understand that with this college debt unpaid, and with an annual deficit of five to seven thousand dollars, there can be no other

outcome but death to Salem College. Something must be done to save it. And that something *can* be done if our people really awake to the seriousness of the situation, and determine to save the college.

This reconstruction period, we are sorry to say, is seriously handicapping some of the most loyal supporters of Salem College in this community, making it seem impossible for them to do all that was in their hearts to do for the school. Every one feels the strain of this, stress of financial conditions in the college, and every one sees that "*something must be done*". The question is, Who can do it?

THE WAY OF LIFE

Life is the center of human interest. Its material aspects are so immediate, so impressive, so persistent, as to claim, in many instances, chief consideration. But there come times when the spiritual aspects gain the ascendancy: the soul cries out for its satisfactions. Things assume their proper proportions, and the spirit in man most earnestly seeks relief, rest, companionship, not in material things, but in God.

To meet this human need God has given to us a revelation of the Way of Life. He says to men, If ye would know me, if ye would find the full satisfaction of soul longings, ye must come to me through Jesus—the Way of Life.

There are doubtless mysteries in the grace and power of God as manifested in the forgiveness of sin and the changing of a wicked man into a Christian, which our minds are unable to fathom or comprehend. But it is not important that we should understand them. The part that a man has to perform in becoming a Christian and in living the Christian life is made very plain.

Faith in God, and in Jesus as the Way to him, is the beginning. That faith is introductory to a manner of life—a way of living. If that *way of living* fails to appear in actual experience, after a profession of faith has been made, something is wrong.

Jesus said: "I am the Way, . . . no man cometh unto the Father but by me." "Get my point of view, assume my attitude toward God and the world, live my kind of life, and you will come unto the Father."

As we look upon the life of Jesus we see in him the Holy Spirit—the Spirit holiness—which the Father gave unto him. That

Spirit was the fountain of his life, and made the life that he lived not only possible, but perfectly natural. That same Spirit is promised to all who come unto him. The secret of his life is to be given to every follower.

The aspects and deeds of Jesus' life were the natural product of the Spirit within. A similar demonstration of the working of the Spirit should be found in the Christian. It is helpful to reflect upon the manifestations of the Spirit in the life of Jesus:

The Spirit manifested himself in *faith*: faith in God as a loving Father; faith in the spiritual possibilities of every man. His was a faith that laid hold upon God and demonstrated that the tabernacle of God is indeed with men—that the communion and fellowship of God and man constitute a normal relation.

The Spirit manifested himself in *prayer*: Jesus talked with the Father about the needs of his life, the longings of his soul, the accomplishment of his work—always listening for God to make known his will.

The Spirit manifested himself in *love*: a love which encompassed heaven and earth, God and man; a love which drew out the full man-power of Jesus to lift this world out of sin and suffering up unto God—to holiness and health.

The Spirit manifested himself in *service*: a service limited only by need and opportunity. Jesus could truly say: "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

This brief review sets before us characteristics of the *way of living* which should be manifest in every Christian. If they fail to appear, the individual may wisely question the correctness of his instruction or the presence of the Spirit.

The essential thing for every one who wants to get into the Way of Life is an actual turning to that Way. No man turns to the Way in vain. The Father is waiting and ready to welcome the returning prodigal—to bestow upon him the Spirit of the Way.

When one has turned to the Way of Life and has become conscious of acceptance, of sins forgiven, of joy in the newly given Spirit, one has only made a beginning—taken the first step in the Way of Life: God has blessed him as far as he has gone. At this point some may have been deceived, supposing that through this initial experience

they had made an end, but such an end is only a failure at the beginning. The soul has become like unto the hard and stony field upon which good seed was sown—no harvest, no reward. If the new Christian understands his position and yields himself to the leading of the Spirit he will soon find himself progressing in the Way of Life, in a companionship and fellowship of faith, prayer, love, service, with Jesus.

Indeed, some understanding is necessary for those who would pass through the Way of Life to God. It is essential that the individual should know that he must be responsive to the impulse of that cleansing, incarnating, Spirit of the Way. The Spirit of Jesus is the Spirit of the Christian. That Spirit seeks expression in accordance with his essential nature, the perfect example of which is found in the life of the Master himself.

Entrance to that Way of Life—that Way to God—is wide open for any who wish to travel it. Jesus said: "He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." And again, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." John, the Revelator, proclaimed the invitation: "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And he that heareth, let him say, Come." And the proclamation has been relayed from generation to generation, and still it stands, attested by millions, as the most gracious invitation that the world has ever heard. "Whosoever will may come!"

What we need today is a joyful church. It is this carrying a sad countenance, with so many wrinkles on our brows, that retards Christianity. Oh may there come great joy upon believers everywhere, that we may shout for joy and rejoice in God day and night! Let us pray that the Lord may make us joyful, and when we have joy then we will have success.—D. L. Moody.

Many try to be like Christ by imitating Christ. The most discouraging thing that any earnest-minded man can attempt is to imitate Christ. Nothing else will plunge a man in deeper despair than to try to imitate Christ in his own strength. Instead of imitating him we should open our hearts wide for him to come in and live his own life out through us. Christ in us is the secret of a Christian life.—R. A. Torrey.

HOW CAN PASTORS AND OTHER LEADERS HELP YOUNG PEOPLE TO FIND THEIR LIFE-WORK?

J. CAMPBELL WHITE

1. By making clear to them that God has a perfect plan for every life. Many young people grow to maturity without realizing this. Is it any wonder that there are so many misfits and failures and so much unhappiness in view of the spirit and method in which many life-plans are made?

2. By remembering that all young people need help in this realm. Not only those who are to give their lives to Christian work, but also those who are to go into business or professional life need guidance. There is no other matter in which young people generally are more deeply interested than in finding their life-work. Approaching them from this vantage-point of interest, many other helpful influences can be brought to bear upon them. They can also be led in this most natural way to an understanding of many of the deepest facts and principles of life. Can anything be more important than helping young people to find what they can do best and can do with largest measure of personal development and happiness? Surely all of this is in the will of God for every life.

3. By recalling the fact that life-choices are often made at a very early age. Though not then made known, very many of them are arrived at between twelve and eighteen years of age. This emphasizes the great importance of bringing proper influences to bear upon young people during this period, as well as throughout the later years of preparation.

4. By providing adequate public and private instruction in the fundamental principles underlying all right choices in life, and by making very clear and emphatic the spiritual conditions under which God's guidance may be expected and secured. This instruction should include an occasional series of sermons, systematic instruction in the Bible school, periodic discussion in Young People's societies and Mission Study classes, the circulation of carefully selected literature among young people and a vast amount of personal conference with individuals.

5. By arranging for systematic, comprehensive and thorough processes of education upon the total task of the church in this world of need. These should show the won-

derful opportunity for the Christian solution to be applied to all problems in our own land and among all the nations of the world, and also the way God uses individuals in expanding his kingdom.

6. By persuading many bright boys and girls to go forward with their education in a college with a healthy and vigorous Christian atmosphere. This is one of the greatest services that can be rendered both to the young people themselves and to the kingdom of Christ. One of the chief aims of Christian colleges is to train an adequate supply of leaders for all kinds of Christian callings.

7. By placing definite responsibility upon some carefully selected individuals in each congregation, who will give special and sustained attention to this matter of helping young people to find God's plan and will for their life-work. These individuals should then be brought together occasionally in District Conferences to share their best experiences with others and thus multiply the number of recruiting specialists and vocational counselors.

8. By following up carefully those who show special interest. This may be done with suitable literature, Bible Classes, Personal Workers Groups, Mission Study Classes, and other forms of Christian education and activity, so that the interest that is once awakened may be fed and developed. Most of this follow-up work can be done only by local leadership, either by the pastor or others working closely with him in these matters.

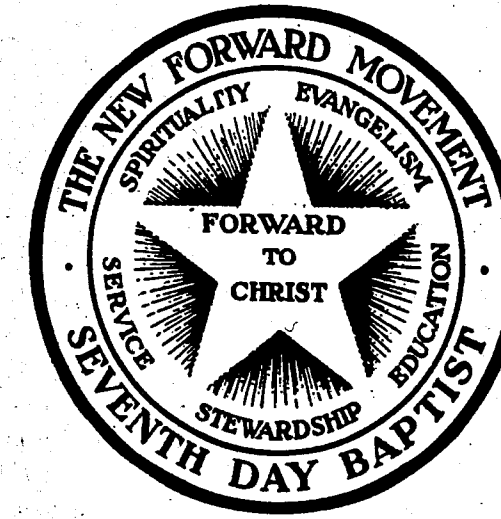
9. By practising the habit of prayer for laborers to be thrust out into the harvest fields, and by laying this burden of prayer upon others.

10. By making plain to parents the folly and sin of interfering with God's plan being realized in the lives of their children.

11. By promoting vital religious faith and life in the homes of the people. This may be done in such a way that, from childhood, the young people shall be living in an atmosphere which breathes the habitual prayer: "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

One way to gain self-control is to love God so devoutly that we shall fear to hurt him by any misdemeanors.—*Record of Christian Work.*

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

First Brookfield (1/2)
First Hebron

Portville (x) (2)
Shiloh (x) (1/2)
Richburg (x) (1/2)

CHAPTERS IN EARLY SABBATH HISTORY BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF MODERN DENOMINATIONS

AHVA JOHN CLARENCE BOND

CHAPTER VI

As the atmosphere became charged with the spirit of religious freedom religious orders were dissolved, and the authority of the church was denied. A new amalgamation was taking place, and the loadstone was the Bible; a new authority in religion was being recognized, the Holy Scriptures interpreted and obeyed in harmony with one's own knowledge and conscience. This spirit gave birth to the Independent churches. Those who believed in faith baptism and baptized by immersion were called Baptists. At the very beginning of Baptist history we find those whose interpretation of Scripture and whose loyalty to truth led them to the observance of the Sabbath of the Bible.

The first Baptist church composed of Englishmen was founded by Rev. John Smyth, who with his followers had gone to Holland. Smyth at first opposed the Independents, but later accepted their position, and even went beyond them in his adherence to the teaching of the Word. Some members of Smyth's congregation in Holland evidently came to America in the Mayflower group. For a century and a half in England and in the American colonies Baptists played an important part in the development of Biblical Christianity, and its legitimate offspring, modern democracy.

Helwys, an associate of Smyth's, returned to England and established a church of General or Arminian Baptists in 1611. Another congregation of Dissenters was organized in London in 1616. Accepting the Baptist position they sent one Blount, who "understood Dutch", to Holland, to be baptized. On his return he baptized others, and there was established the first Particular or Calvinistic Baptist church.

At about this same time a "Sabbatarian Baptist" church was organized in London,

the old Mill Yard church which has a continuous history to the present time. At the beginning as at present Baptists held to the principle of local church autonomy. There was present from the beginning certain differences of belief which later developed into distinct bodies, all holding the fundamental Baptist doctrines of faith, baptism administered by immersion, religious freedom, separation of church and state, and local church independence and the priesthood of all believers. They soon associated themselves together for certain common purposes of defense against the state church, and for the dissemination of Baptist truths, especially their doctrine of the authority of the Bible. "Sabbatarian Baptists" took their place along with the others, often taking the place of leader and spokesman. Later in this century, during that stirring period of English history not covered by these "Chapters", the learned Dr. Joseph Stennett addressed the king on behalf of all Dissenters. Dr. Peter Chamberlain, physician to three sovereigns of England, was in a position to render like service. These were both Seventh Day Baptists. No dissenters ever suffered more on account of their non-conformity than these Sabbath-keeping Baptists, and no roster of Christian martyrs is complete without the name of John James, the pastor of a London Seventh Day Baptist church.

While the early Baptist movement had its beginning in Continental Europe, the first churches of that faith were organized in England, and were founded by ministers who came out of the Established church. This was true of "Sabbatarian" Baptists equally with others. One of the first names to appear in this connection is that of John Traske. He applied for orders in the Church of England but was refused; perhaps on account of his advanced evangelical views, for later we find him preaching as a Puritan minister. He came to London from Somerset sometime between 1615 and 1620, where he did the work of an evangelist. He preached not only in the city but in the fields, thus anticipating Wesley by a hundred years in this kind of preaching. His opposition to the Church of England is said to have been expressed in his ranking of men into three "estates", of nature, repentance, and grace. This sounds quite Biblical, and goes to show that he preached an evangelical

Gospel, and was no doubt in conflict with the views of the Established church.

Traske was himself a school teacher, and one of his converts was a school teacher by the name of Hamlet Jackson. Fired with the evangelistic zeal of his leader, Jackson too became an evangelist. These preachers of the Gospel in breaking away from the Established church evidently took the Bible as their authority in religion, and true to its teachings Jackson became a Sabbath-keeper. A vision of this truth came to him as he was walking alone in the fields one Sunday. Possessing the courage of his convictions he began keeping the Sabbath, and soon Traske followed his disciple in his new-found faith.

By this time Traske had gathered about him a company of followers, and these accepted the truth of the Sabbath with their pastor, forming the first Seventh Day Baptist church referred to above. Jackson later went to the Continent. Traske forsook his Sabbath-keeping practice on account of the severe persecution which he was called upon to suffer. In this his church did not follow him. Many of them remained true, among them his wife, who spent sixteen years in prison because of her Sabbath-keeping, where she finally died.

Mrs. Traske was a school teacher also, and her services in that capacity were much in demand. They had no free schools of course, and only tuition pupils came to her; but she was compelled to turn many away on account of lack of room. Testimonials are still extant which praise her as a teacher. Her disregard for the Church of England was expressed in the request which she left in regard to the disposition of her body after death. In that day of course burial by "the church" was quite necessary to insure one a place with the saved in the heavenly kingdom. She requested that she be buried not in the church-yard, made holy by the priests, but in the fields. She doubtless based her hope for the future on obedience to God through faith in his Son Jesus Christ. Her desire in this matter was carried out. Richard Lovelace, the lyric poet, while in this same prison wrote: "To Althea from Prison". The following lines are supposed to refer to Mrs. Traske:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a heritage."

THE OPINION OF "THOSE OF ITALY"

"When he had eaten his spirit came again to him."

David had found a starved slave whose master, David's enemy, had left to die. The man was given bread and made to drink water. Then, when he was revived, he had inveighed against his master. Having eaten, his spirit came again to him.

"Those of Italy", our Italian Protestants, famished in Rome, and deprived of the Bread of Life, upon coming to partake of it, revive, and with all their heart delight in denunciation of the doctrines and customs of Romanism, or of Romanist origin, for which they fail to find any sufficient ground in the Scripture that has been newly brought into their hearts.

Hence it is that they are heard to say that "it would be only right if all Protestants were Sabbath-keepers, for if they are not, then they do but follow Rome, which changed the days." This has been told over and over again, and how often we find these sincere people sad and regretful because the Protestants have followed Rome in this matter.

Allied to this concept is another that is hardly less interesting. If it is true, as has been said, that "all Italian Protestants would be Seventh Day Baptists or Seventh Day Adventists, if possible", quite as much so would be the declaration that "if Italian Protestants had their way they would not celebrate the Lord's Supper except in the evening." Why? Because they tell us with splendid emphasis that "our Bible says so", and that in communing in the forenoon Protestants are but following Rome.

It is interesting to hear them argue this point. Invariably beginning with their "Now listen!" their Bibles are open as they emphasize their opinions. They go on in this way:

"Is anything more clear than that the evening observance is clearly stated right here in God's own Book? So how can those who go by the Book do otherwise, honestly. See! The Lord's Supper was so like the Passover. It was at night that the paschal lamb was eaten. So, then, Paul says Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us. And in the remembrance of the feast he says it was 'the night he was betrayed'. See! There are five places in our Bible where it tells of the Lord's Supper, and it always makes

prominent that it was in the evening. Why, then, is it ever observed in the morning? Why? Because Rome changed the day. Look at it! The early Christians kept the feast in the evening just as Jesus had ordained; but after the third century came the papal decrees fixing the morning as the time of day, so that now, for many centuries past, the Church of Rome has had the celebration up to noon—not thereafter. And see! Protestants do as Rome does, and not as the Bible says. Which is right, the observance as instituted by the Lord, as revealed in Scripture, practiced in apostolic and early times, or the observance as commanded by Rome? Does it say 'breakfast' or 'lunch'? No, 'Supper'. Why can we contradict the inspired name? Does it not say, 'When evening was come, he sat down with the twelve, to eat? See! Who ever sits down at evening to eat—breakfast Oh, but the Romanists say that we have no command to observe the Lord's Supper in the evening. Command? Do we need a command when we follow that which our Lord himself did? It should be enough that he put it at night; and there we ought to keep it, regardless of what the Romanists say. See here! It says that as the Lord commanded Moses, he put the golden candlestick on the south side of the tabernacle. No one can say why it was there instead of at the north side where the table for the shewbread stood. It was the proper place. Do you have any idea that those heedless sons of Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, or anyone else, ever moved it, or in any way disarranged the furniture of the tabernacle of their God? So why should we do such a thing?"

W. H. MORSE, M. D.

Hartford, Conn.

The most essential element in any home is God, but we are willing to do almost anything for God except to use him. Yet the thought of God is the most practical of all thoughts. It solves problems, eases loads, unties hard knots, smooths out complications. The God-thought is the most deeply educational for children.

Plan your day so that you will have a little while with God. Once in twenty-four hours reach up and touch the Infinite. It is well to do this alone. It is better to do this with your family.—Frank Crane.

MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

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

MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

We hear in these days a good deal about standards and standardization, not only in business, but in professional circles. Our own colleges are brought face to face with a standard which they must attain in order to be recognized as colleges in educational realms. There are certain minimums which must be reached in number and academic qualifications of the professors, in building and laboratory equipment, in productive endowment, etc.

The Sabbath schools of our denomination are asked to strive to become standard schools. That standard has been carefully worked out to include matters of organization, instruction, preparation of teachers, administration, finance, etc. The schools are keeping score on their own efforts and attainments, all reaching forward for a standard.

Those of us who are trying to keep in touch with the matter of foreign missions know that in this work standards are also being formulated. Unless a mission station has reached a certain minimum in its equipment of teachers and evangelists, unless it is doing certain types of work, in certain approved ways, to certain amounts, it is not recognized as a standard mission.

In all this there is no disposition to disparage the work of colleges, or Bible schools, or mission stations, that do not come up to these standards. Many kind, even complimentary things are said of them. The standards serve as ideals, as goals, to be sought for and reached if possible, not as the end of attainments, but as starting points for efficient service.

And now comes the standard for town and country churches. Specialists in the study of the work in such churches have made out what they call a "Par Score Card". A church which can satisfy all the

requirements would be a standard church. This standard has six divisions and thirty-one items. As given below it is taken from an article in a recent number of the Christian Work. It may be of interest, and perhaps an incentive to more progressive work, to score your own church by this standard. It should at least be suggestive. But standards are only means of measurement, and you can not tell how warm the day is by looking at your watch, nor how fast you are traveling by consulting the oil gauge on your automobile. No more can you measure the real spiritual power of a church by checking it up with this standard. And yet if you can mark "yes" to all these items, or even to one half of them, your church is probably doing even exceptionally good work.

PAR STANDARD FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY CHURCHES (Use dotted lines to grade your church)

- I. Pastor
1. Church has a resident pastor living within the bounds of this community.
2. Pastor devotes his full time to the work of this community.
II. Parish
3. Church works systematically to extend its parish to the limits of the community.
4. Church works systematically to serve all occupational classes in the community and all racial elements which do not have their own Protestant churches.
III. Physical Equipment
5. A church building with an auditorium having a seating capacity adequate to the maximum attendance at regular service, and equipped with organ or piano.
6. Space for social and recreational purposes fitted with movable chairs and a stage and large enough for the largest crowds in the habit of assembling there.
7. Separate rooms or curtained spaces for Bible school classes or departments.
8. A stereopticon or motion picture projection facilities.
9. A well-equipped kitchen.
10. Comfortable, attractive parsonage with modern improvements.
11. Adequate sanitary toilets on the church property.
12. Horsesheds or adequate parking space for automobiles.
13. All property kept in good repair and in sightly condition.

IV. Religious Education

- 14. Bible school maintained throughout the year.
15. Bible school enrolment at least equal to church membership.
16. Definite and regular attempt made to bring pupils into church membership and the offering of specific instruction in preparation therefor.
17. Provision for teacher training or normal class.
18. Definite provision for training of leaders for church and community work.

V. Finance

- 19. The church budget, including both local expenses and benevolences, adopted annually.
20. Every Member Canvass made annually on the basis of the local and benevolent budget adopted; all church members and adherents canvassed; envelope system used.
21. The budget for benevolence at least 25 per cent as large as the regular current expense budget.
22. The pastor receiving a total salary of at least \$1,200 a year and house, with an annual increase up to at least \$1,800 and house within five years.

VI. Program

- 23. A definite program of work adopted annually by the officers and congregation.
24. A definite assumption of responsibility with respect to some part of the program by at least 25 per cent of the active members.
25. Public worship every Sabbath.
26. Systematic evangelism aimed to reach the entire community and every class in the community.
27. Co-operation with church Boards and denominational agencies of world-wide missions.
28. Community service a definite part of the church's work, including a continuous and cumulative study of the social, moral and economic forces of the community and a definite program of community co-operation led or participated in by the church.
29. Co-operation with the other churches of the community, if any.
30. Definite organized activities for the various age and sex groups in the congregation and community (as Young People's Society, Men's Brotherhood, Boy Scouts or similar efforts).
31. A systematic and cumulative survey of the parish with a view to determining the church relation-

ships and religious needs of every family, and such a mapping of the parish as will show the relationship of each family to local religious institutions.

Number of points answered in unqualified affirmative.
Number of points answered in partially affirmative.
Number of points answered in negative.

The following paragraphs are taken from an address given at a Young People's Rally at Milton Junction, Wis., in 1909, by Rev. Charles B. Clark.

"Do the conditions of life in the industrial, social, political and religious world in which it is ours to live demand a change in the dominating purpose of our university, colleges, seminary and academies; or do present-day conditions reaffirm the wisdom of the purpose of men like Kenyon, Allen, Whitford and their colaborers? For one, I believe the conditions facing us today not only confirm the wisdom of their purpose, but make it absolutely imperative that we shall reaffirm that purpose, unless we prove recreant to the trust Christ has imposed in his church. It thus becomes our duty consciously, consistently and intelligently to adapt that purpose to the changed conditions of this complex age."

"Who does not agree that present conditions highly emphasize the need of a stronger moral and religious tone to culture and education? One does not need to cite at length or to emphasize certain conspicuous facts of common observation to show how unconditionally true is this need at the present hour. In the first place, there was never a time when both public and private life were so beset with temptations and pitfalls as they are today. Never did national safety stand in more slippery places. Never before was civilization so complex and perplexed with so many unsolved problems which demand a clear distinction between temporal expediency and the eternal principles of truth and justice. Never before, to my knowledge, could one read so many articles and editorials in magazines and papers reiterating the need of a higher order of discipline, as a remedy for the problematic conditions of twentieth century civ-

ilization. Never before have I heard so much restive speech from men of all classes as in the past fifteen months."

"On my way to this place, it chanced that the mayor of a city not more than one hundred miles from this place took a seat with me in the coach and among other startling revelations that he made was this: During the six years of his office as mayor of that city, every seeker, except in a single case, desiring a public franchise or other good, accompanied his proposition with the offer of a "rake-off" in some form or another. The tone of the National Education Association held at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1908, and which I attended, indicated on the part of national educators a decided consciousness of a lack of moral tone in public education. Less than a year ago the State Superintendent of the State of Ohio said, in substance, that if we as a nation fail, it will not be from lack of resources or industry or enlightenment, but because we are failing in moral discipline and moral training."

"Can any of us, after witnessing the debauchery of the student life in many of our large colleges and universities deny the need of schools where higher education can be prosecuted in an atmosphere favorable to moral ideals? Our need as a nation is a cure for insincerity, misrepresentation, social and moral pretense, false views, unsanctified diplomacy, selfishness, sensuousness and amusement. Our trouble is a fundamental one of ideals. Higher ideals can be found only by going to the source, namely, to education and culture permeated with a Christian atmosphere created by both faculty and students."

"It would seem to me that, as a people, both young and old, we should be profoundly grateful for the fact that our young people have the opportunity, through our several educational institutions, of creating an educational environment which shall be peculiarly favorable for the development of Christian character—and that not only for our own salvation, but that we may be living missionaries in an age weighted all too heavily with materialism and self-seeking. This, then, is a great and splendid opportunity, and I wish to designate it as our duty to maintain an atmosphere of Christian culture in all schools supported by our denomination and its influence."

III. MISSIONARY EDUCATION OF STUDENTS

(From a report of the Foreign Missions Conference)

1. We believe that every denominational institution for education should make some provision for instruction in missions.

2. In secondary schools and academies we would recommend an emphasis on missionary biography and studies of the great areas of mission activity.

3. In denominational colleges and universities we believe that the departments of Biblical Literature or of Religious Education should include studies specifically missionary in their content and objective. In case no provision for such instruction exists, the mission board or boards of the denomination may wisely encourage the establishment of a regular course for this purpose. To focus the interest of the student body in courses which may be offered as a part of the curriculum, colleges should be encouraged to provide adequate lecture courses covering the most important and dynamic aspects of missions.

4. We believe that the time is ripe for strong presentations regarding the culture and practical values of courses of study in comparative religion, ethnography, Asiatic history, interracial sociology, and the history of civilization to the authorities of state and other non-denominational institutions where such courses are not offered. We believe that the Board of Missionary Preparation, acting as the agent of the Foreign Mission Boards of the United States and Canada, is the proper agency to further such a proposal.

5. It is our conviction that, whether there be curriculum study or not, mission study classes of a voluntary nature should be established in all higher institutions of learning.

6. In addition to the general study of missions, we emphasize the necessity for the study of denominational missionary enterprises.

7. We urge Christian students in the Christian Associations of educational institutions and in local churches to provide programs and devise ways and means to present in attractive ways the broad cause of missions. Missionary giving is a most helpful accessory in such programs, and should be made an important factor in missionary pre-

sentation, that missionary impulses may find a helpful expression. Prayer for missions should be brought strongly before the students as a present duty and a high privilege.

OPEN LETTER NO. 4

MY DEAR FOLKS:

It was a real pleasure to me to address our young church at Muskegon, Michigan, last Sabbath. They met at the home of Mrs. Cora Kent in Muskegon Heights. Twenty people were present. This little church has been gathered together from widely scattered homes in and about the city of Muskegon through the continued efforts and leadership of our state missionary, Dr. J. C. Branch. The work was done by house to house work and the holding of cottage meetings. The people seem like our own real folks. I had met some of them in White Cloud during my work there some years ago. I was happy to see among the number Brother and Sister Roy Dawson who lived at White Cloud when we held our tent campaign there. They were members of the Methodist Episcopal church of that place at that time. But they were faithful attendants of our tent meetings. Since then they have had a great and joyous experience over the Sabbath question. They are now staunch Seventh Day Baptists.

The Sabbath school last Sabbath was ably led by Brother Daniel Boss, lately ordained deacon of this newly organized church. This little church meets every week for the study of the Sabbath-school lesson. Dr. Branch, who was with us last Sabbath, usually preaches to this people on alternate Sabbaths. They are looking for others to unite with them soon. Don't forget to pray for this faithful band of commandment keeping people.

Sincerely yours,

D. BURDETT COON.

121 Ann Avenue,
Battle Creek, Mich.,
May 24, 1921.

"Does your family look ahead?" "Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls look ahead 'most too much. We spend all winter thinking about where we'll live next summer and all summer thinking about where we'll live next winter."—*Washington Star*.

A SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL

Such was the Summer School of the New York State S. S. Association held in the buildings of Skidmore College, Saratoga, in the summer of 1920. The next session will be held in the same place July 16 to 23 with an enlarged faculty and curriculum.

Prof. Frank K. Sanders, formerly of Yale University, will teach the Bible; Prof. H. H. Foster, of the University of Vermont, the Pedagogy and every department of Bible school work will be treated with special courses in Story Telling, Missions, Bible Geography, Teacher Training, Rural Schools, etc.

The needs of the most immature teachers will be met while the most advanced will find something still to be learned.

Great attention will be given to music under the Precentor of the School, Rev. Albert C. Thomas, of New York City.

Every afternoon will be given to outdoor recreation under the direction of Fred D. Cartwright, Young People's Superintendent of the State.

Good fellowship is increased by the fact that the whole school is housed in the buildings of Skidmore College where board and room are furnished for \$14.00. The tuition is \$4.00 and there are a few scholarships covering this for early applicants.

For further information write the New York State S. S. Association, 80 Howard Street, Albany, N. Y.

"FAINT YET PURSUING"

J. FRANKLIN BROWNE

We nestle 'neath Thy sheltering wing,
Jehovah God, with trembling soul;
Near to Thy heart our grief we bring,
Our fear, our hope, our joy, our sin;
O speak and make us whole.

Longing for Thee the weak heart strives,
But oft our sun goes down at noon;—
Our work undone,—our little lives
Ill-spent and marred;—faint love survives;
How canst Thou say "Well done?"

Way-worn and weak, the failing eye
Bends o'er the footprints of the King
His steps to mark, to walk His way,
Slow climbing to the Hills of Day;—
Bid us "awake and sing."

When the dark vale before we see,
Then to Thy strong hand may we cling,
So at the last our song shall be
"O grave, where is thy victory?
O death where is thy sting?"
May 14, '21.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

If a wren can cling
To a spray a-swing
In the mad May wind,
And sing, and sing,
As if he'd burst for joy,
Why can not I contented lie,
In His quiet arms,
Unmoved by life's annoy.

—Author unknown.

FORWARD MOVEMENT IN SHANGHAI

MY DEAR MRS. CROSLY:

After a busy day, one doubts the wisdom of sitting down to write a letter for so many friends, readers of the RECORDER, to receive a month or six weeks from to-night.

Spring has been very slow in visiting us this year, and so we here in this mission home have delayed many repairs that have been needing doing. I am more and more astonished at the ravages upon paint, wood, brick, mortar, wire netting and cement which our climate here makes. It seems as if we no more than get one thing renewed than another has gone to destruction's verge, and must be cared for. We are trying to do some of the work ourselves, but busy missionaries have little time to devote to carpentry, painting, masonry, etc., excepting to oversee it.

You will have known of the addition to our mission property by the purchase of the piece of land between the two schools. Last week the people from whom we purchased the land, came to take out the twenty-one graves in this spot which is a little less than a fourth of an acre. Some of the graves were very old—an estimate of the friends being that some were a hundred and twenty years old. Most of the mounds were quite high, possibly ten feet above the level of the ground, others were somewhat lower, but almost every mound contained the remains of several coffins. Some days before the disinterring took place, and at the annual season for extensive ancestor worship, the descendants came to burn the large tied-straw baskets filled with paper money which is offered for the use of their

progenitors in the spirit world. At the time of the disinterment, some of the women came, and sat at the graves to watch for any possible jewelry, gold or silver hair ornaments—bracelets or what not. Their vigilance was rewarded.

Mr. Crofoot is now having this part of the land levelled and filled in, so that an old acquaintance of the spot would scarcely recognize it now. The other end of the lot Mr. Davis has had put into garden, and the mission members are to bear joint expense of it and share jointly in enjoying its produce. Of course, this garden arrangement is only a temporary one, simply utilizing the ground until it is to be used in the extended school grounds needed with the planned for new school buildings.

All of which leads me to mention that the Chinese representatives of the Boys' School and Girls' School Alumni, together with foreign advisers, are now preparing to launch a plan of soliciting funds for the purchase of such land as may be needed in the Forward Movement of the Shanghai Seventh Day Baptist Mission. It is an important undertaking, and we suggest that the prayers of the friends in the land which is home to some of us, may assist in the success of the efforts of these young people.

Yours in faith,

MARY R. DAVIS.

*Shanghai, China,
April 27, 1921.*

TWO CHINESE WEDDINGS

DEAR RECORDER FRIENDS:

It has been many a day since I have written to the RECORDER and I should beg somebody's pardon for my silence but I do not know who the somebody is, so I will let that go.

The early part of the month there were two weddings of the older school girls in Shanghai and as I attended both of them some of our people wanted me to write them up a little. They were both Christian weddings so it was rather different from the usual Chinese wedding.

The first one to be married was an older sister of the Miss Su who is now in Battle Creek taking the nurses' course. They are granddaughters of the Lucy Daung of whom you have often heard. These girls have no home as their father and mother are both dead. They have been caring for

themselves for some years, this oldest one being a teacher.

When she was married she was living with a younger sister who is married but she made most of the arrangements for the wedding herself. She hired some rooms in a Chinese hotel where she and her near friends gathered to prepare her for the chair. The feasts for the woman's family were also held here.

It is not the usual custom for the wife's friends to go to the husband's home where the wedding is always held but Miss Su had arranged that four of us should go, two as bridesmaids and a married Chinese friend and myself simply as friends.

The ceremony was the Episcopal ring ceremony performed by a foreign pastor in the husband's church. It seemed a little incongruous to me to hear a bride making all those sacred promises of love and faithfulness to a man whom she had never seen but such is the result of a mixture of customs.

After the ceremony we repaired to the bridal chamber where all could come in and get a peep at the bride. Then there was a brief feast after which we returned to the bride's place for another feast, the bride and groom going in a motor car and we four in carriages as we had come. At this feast most of our mission people were present and while we were eating the bride rather departed from formal custom by chatting with us unreservedly and even getting herself a bowl of rice and begging some of the food from our table which she ate sitting in chair near us. She, of course, felt free with us as we were all old friends, the men eating in another room.

The second wedding was that of our Mr. Dzau's only daughter, Soo-kyoen. She has been a teacher for about ten years and has taught in our school at West Gate for several years lately. She is a granddaughter of the Mr. Dzau who came to America with the Carpenters so many years ago.

This betrothal was very old-fashioned, so much so that the bride had almost nothing to do with any of the plans, but we hope that it will prove a happy marriage in spite of the handicaps.

This time there were three days of feasting. The first that we attended was an evening feast to which many of the bride's unmarried friends were invited. It was held in the school room in the city as the family live up stairs there. We had a very

pleasant time seeing the bride's new things and visiting with the other friends. Mabel West and I were the only foreigners as Anna was not well.

The next morning the bride was to leave for her husband's home at about eight o'clock. The husband lives in a small city over in Poo-toong, the district between the Whang-poo river and the ocean. He is post master there and is reported to be a most devout Christian, although, of course, at this time none of us had ever seen him excepting Mr. Dzau. They had hired a small launch to take the bridal party and Mr. Dzau had said that two of the friends could go if they wished. There had been some talk of Mabel and my going, but we had been afraid that it would seem like crowding in so we had thought that we would not do so. But Soo-kyoen had seemed so to wish that we should go that we went into the city prepared to go if it seemed wise to do so. And we did finally go.

At the house after the bride was dressed they had a little ceremony in the school room at which the school girls sang while the bride walked out to the chair. They had a brass band outside and it disturbed the harmony a little when they struck up their music before the singing was completed but, of course, they had to begin as soon as the bride reached the door no matter what was going on inside.

Going to the boat the band went in front and then the chair. Following that was the carriage with the middle men and then we came in rickshas. The boat was very comfortable with a nice little compartment where we women could stay. The bride could take off her head dress and visit with us very comfortably there.

When we reached the landing at Tseu-poo, the chair was there for the bride and chairs for all the rest of us. We were taken immediately to the little chapel where the wedding was to be. Mabel's and my chairs were in the lead and as we got out we saw Mr. Parch of the Northern Presbyterian mission who is evangelist for that district. He was across the street so we went over to speak to him.

In the mean time the bride's chair came and the people crowded into the entrance until it looked as though we should have to attend the wedding in the street. But the woman with the bride motioned for us to come to her. It looked rather impossible,

but by the use of some mild football tactics and by keeping close together we finally made it. We found Mrs. Parch whom I knew in the first of my days here as Dr. Wood of the Women's Union Hospital at West Gate, up in front with the two little children who belong to the new husband. The ceremony this time was a shorter foreign one, in the Chinese language of course, and performed by a Chinese pastor. He first explained very carefully what the Christian idea of marriage is, emphasizing the belief in one wife only. In the ceremony he very mercifully let the joining of hands by the bride and groom be the evidence of their troth rather than the spoken word.

After the ceremony the ladies were taken to a room upstairs for a time and then came a very nice feast. This was in the home of the pastor there. Later Mrs. Parch lead Mabel and me to the new home where we were when the bride came. We were glad to see evidences of thoughtfulness on the part of the groom in the arrangement in the home. He appears like a very fine gentleman and we hope that all will be very happy there even if there will not be much money.

The next day was the real feast at the bride's home and the bride and groom were there for it. I will leave that and any other additions which she may wish to make to what I have written for Miss Mabel West to complete.

GRACE I. CRANDALL.

WORKER'S EXCHANGE NEW YORK CITY

The Women's Auxiliary Society of the New York City Church meets regularly on the second Thursday of each month from September to June, inclusive, at the homes of its members. Unlike our sisters in many similar organizations, some of the workers travel 35 or 40 miles to attend. In view of our wide separation we gather in the morning and the hostess, with her assistants, serves a warm luncheon to which each one present contributes.

Our work is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. This, by some, is considered our best work, since of necessity teas, dinners, and bazaars are impossible. Others feel that the social side of the meetings is our chief work. For scattered as we are we find none too many opportunities to acquaint ourselves with the intimate life

of our workers. Still others feel that our sewing for the poor is our great work. Our fingers are busy, for the major part of the session in repairing partially worn clothing or in making new garments. These garments are sent to the Judson Memorial church, where our Sabbath services are held, and its workers distribute according to the greatest need among the children of the foreign peoples in the vicinity. Occasionally the society sews for some of its members and the money thus earned is spent for new material by the directresses who prepare work for the meetings. Whichever side of our work seems most worth while, none can well be spared and all is helpful to the cause of our Lord.

SPECIAL REPORTER.

WHEN NO ONE SMILES BACK

WHAT A CLOUD IT CASTS OVER THE DAY IF
ONE SEES ONLY FROWNS

I left the office yesterday feeling as though I had come into a large and splendid inheritance. I was so happy that I wanted to laugh aloud, and to sing. The work that I had planned to do had gone quickly and easily, a certain favorite story of mine had not been returned, and I had received many pleasant letters from many pleasant people. Indeed, as our doughboys used to say, I was "sitting on the world!"

I left the office, smiling to myself over a good day that I had just added to the procession of the past. And on the street outside the office I met the Nicest Man, who was waiting for me. And we got into the subway train together—for we had a far-away dinner engagement—and started upon a long and crowded ride. And just once I patted the sleeve of the Nicest Man's coat—just once! Because I was happy, and my work had gone well, and the day had been a good one. And as I patted it I heard a voice from across the aisle speak sharply. And I heard another voice answer it.

"It seems," said the first voice, "that the women are doing the love-making this year."

And the second voice said—

"Yes, indeed! And in the subway, too!"

I looked furtively across the aisle. And I saw two severe ladies staring at me. And, though I had a perfect right to pat the Nicest Man's sleeve, I felt suddenly guilty. And I folded my hands in my lap, and erased the smile from my face. And I

sat quietly and silently in my place. And as I sat there I could feel the eyes of the two severe women upon me, weighing, judging, criticizing. When they finally left the subway train and I was released from the weight of their disapproval I could not help feeling that some of the joy of living had been drained from my soul and I knew that my heart was not beating quite so gaily.

The subway car was crowded, as it usually is, with weary people. As I looked down the length of it I realized, suddenly, that I, too, was tired. Perhaps I realized that I was tired, because so many faces were dark—because so many people looked peevish and out of sorts. A woman laden with bundles spoke crossly to the tiny girl who sat beside her; a prosperous-looking business man, apparently on his way home, reprimanded a small messenger boy who inadvertently tripped over his outstretched legs.

"Look where you're going!" he snarled. "Can't you see where you're putting your feet?"

The little messenger boy wanted to answer back. I could tell it from his small, sullen face. It was not good temper on his part that made him refrain from answering; it was the size of the business man, who was far larger than the average!

Up and down the car I looked. And, as I looked, I realized poignantly that I was no longer "sitting on the world"—that my head was no longer in the clouds. Once or twice I essayed a timid smile—but the smile was not answered. Indeed, the folk that I smiled at regarded me with raised questioning eyebrows. And I could almost—in imagination—hear them say:

"I wonder who she's looking at, anyway! I wonder if it's possible that she's daring to smile at me!"

I sighed, very softly, to myself. But the Nicest Man heard the sigh.

"What's the matter?" he questioned. "You were ever so happy just a moment ago! I thought when you met me, that you were out-pollyannaing Pollyanna! Has anything happened?"

With my hands tight folded in my lap I answered. And perhaps my answer was just a shade cynical.

"It's lonesome business," I told him, "being the only happy person in a subway train!"

The Nicest Man laughed—as he almost always laughs—understandingly.

"Then," he said, "let's go! For here's our station." And together we left the subway and went up to the street, and to the pale sunlight of the dying day.

People don't always realize what an effect their expressions may have on the folk who pass them by upon the street, who rub elbows with them in the market place. They don't realize how much their chance words of disapproval may mean, how deep their frowns may go, how terribly their pessimism may hurt. They don't realize that a bit of uncontrolled anger may leave a lasting impression upon some just-forming child mind—and upon the mind of some disinterested observer who may be a grown-up!

I once knew a singer who was the leading soprano in a large city church—a woman with a splendid voice and a beautiful personality. She was a very kind and gentle woman herself, one who never spoke in anger, or found fault, or looked at people unkindly. And she was a great favorite—every one came to her for advice and encouragement.

"Perhaps you've noticed," she said once, "that my voice is better on some days than it is on other days. Perhaps you've noticed some times that the tone of it is full and sweet and at other times that it is heavy and dull! Perhaps you've noticed that, but I doubt if you could guess the reason for it!"

"When I stand up in my place to sing, the faces of my audience make a great impression upon me. If they're friendly, smiling, glad, I feel that I really want to give them my best, and I feel more able to give them my best! Their smiles are like a tonic to me; their happy eyes are like a message of love.

"If they're friendly it helps—oh, immeasurably! But if they look at me with hard, super-critical eyes I feel all choked-up inside. I feel stifled! If they look as if they had angry emotions in their hearts, if they look fretful, or impatient, or dissatisfied, my voice seems to dry up. And I sing badly. I can't help it!"

That is the effect of unsmiling faces upon a great singer. Perhaps unsmiling faces—and cross expressions—have the same effect on other famous people, too.

I can imagine a judge making an unfavorable decision because every one near him had seemed out of sorts for a couple of hours. I can imagine an editor missing the

point of a good story because his office force had been taciturn and glum. I can imagine a writer failing to put inspiration into a poem because of a lack of sympathetic understanding in the crowds about him. And I can imagine many other situations along the same line of reasoning.

Friends of mine, don't carry unsmiling faces with you! For, by doing so, you may be the ones to keep something worth while from the world! The effect that you have upon your friends—and even upon perfect strangers—may be a profound and lasting one!

Smile, instead, and be cheerful. And, perhaps, then you will be the one to give—quite indirectly—some great gift to your fellow-men!—*Margaret E. Sangster, in The Christian Herald.*

THE WORLD'S NEED TODAY AN ANCHOR

The world is today face to face with problems which challenge the wisdom of man as it has never been challenged in any age. The thought of the world is in a state of revolution. Novel political theories and extravagant economic doctrines are manifestations of the fact that men have broken away from their moorings and are drifting hither and thither in the chaos of ideas which has been one of the most sinister consequences of the World War. Society is in a state of flux, and men who believe in the civilization which has developed during the past centuries can not see the aimlessness of present-day thought without anxious concern as to what lies beyond.

The great need of the world today is an anchor which will hold it from being swept along by the winds and currents of fantastical and fanatical ideas which have sprung up everywhere. The only sure anchor seems to me to be Christian faith. Modern progress, modern civilization and modern social order have been built on the teachings of Jesus Christ. There has been a tendency in recent years to emphasize the material expression of these teachings and to ignore the spiritual side. Utilitarianism has invaded the church as it has invaded nearly every field of human endeavor. There has been a corresponding loss of idealism. Belief and its importance are little thought of and less talked about. Moral betterment and charity have become ends in themselves and

not, as they should be expressions of Christian faith.

If I do not misread the signs of the times or misinterpret the events of the present, the Christian ministry has a greater opportunity and a more imperative duty to serve mankind than ever before. It is the opportunity and duty to restore the spiritual faith of Christianity to its place in the thoughts and lives of men. I do not think that we have been doing too much for the physical and intellectual well-being of mankind, but the motives have been material and not spiritual.

Man in these days needs something on which he can build right thoughts as well as right actions. Such a foundation rock is spiritual truth, and the master workmen to imbed it in men's lives are those who have dedicated themselves to the Christian community. The impulse to right living, to true thinking, to real progress depends on faith in the spiritual truths of Christianity rather than on the humanitarian instincts of the philanthropist and the moralist. Man may be good but not righteous; he may be moral but not religious. These motives are good but not the best. We need the best today. A righteousness founded on religious faith will give us the best. It must dominate humanity if we are to have a better world in the future.

Can there be a higher or nobler calling than to be the bearer of the eternal truth, on which rests the very hope of the coming year?—*Auburn Chapel Bell.*

Have you ever said: "I wish I had a more cheerful disposition"? How much do you wish it? Enough to dispose yourself so as to be in the way of getting it? Your words are idle and sinful unless you will to have it instead of wishing to have it. You are not responsible for the disposition you were born with, but you are responsible for the one you die with.—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

If a man will follow the God of Jesus Christ and seriously make his life assume the attitude to the world which Jesus assumed himself, he will share in the splendid faith that, however hard his lot, the great process in which we are involved will not end in vanity and the ashes of moral defeat.—*Shailer Mathews.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

SUN AND LIGHT

REV. FRANK E. PETERSON

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
June 18, 1921

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—God our sun (Ps. 84: 8-12)
Monday—The Sun of righteousness (Mal. 4: 1-6)
Tuesday—A lesson on impartiality (Matt. 5: 45)
Wednesday—Light from the Word (Prov. 6: 23)
Thursday—Walking in the light (John 8: 12)
Friday—Light of the world (Matt. 5: 14-16)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Lessons from the sun and light (Ps. 74: 12-17)

The sun is the center of light, of heat, and of power in our solar universe. The planets obey its will and march in orderly array. Each morning the sun opens the gates of day and floods the world with light. Age after age, undiminished, inexhaustible, steadfast, the sun goes forth forever and forever. God is a sun, or rather the sun, in and throughout the infinite universe which he has created.

Many are oppressed, at times, with the thought of a distant God. The sun is over ninety millions of miles away, and with its light and heat illumines and warms many worlds; yet adjusts its power with much exquisite nicety as to make the lily bloom and the rosebud redden, to give the delicate blush to the peach and the colors to the rainbow. So the Creator who formed us, though high in his heavens, is yet near to us all; he understands our inmost thoughts, he tempers the winds to the shorn lamb.

We read that in the beginning the world lay in darkness. It was without form and void. God said, Let there be light, and there was light. I do not know that this took place instantly, or within twenty-four hours. It may have taken ages. Little by little the light gained on the darkness, separating the waters beneath from the mists and clouds above, and gradually making the desert to bloom like the rose. In like manner, the moral and spiritual world was in chaos and darkness. God said, "Light shall shine out of darkness, who shiniest in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory

of God in the face of Jesus Christ." In the spiritual world, as in the physical world, the Light that Christ has brought into the world gradually, age after age, shines with growing ascendancy, dispelling the clouds of selfishness and ignorance, and sin, bringing illumination and order and fruitfulness and sweetness, where was before night and chaos.

Without the medium of the eye, all the sunlight of the universe would leave us groping blindly in darkness. There must be the faculty to receive spiritual light and to respond to it. Christ tells us that the eye is the lamp of the body. So long as the eye is undimmed we walk in light. The enlightened reason of conscience which is the faculty of spiritual perception, is the lamp of our highest life. It is important to keep this faculty sound and unimpaired if we are to walk safely and securely along the pathway of life.

We are told there is in the human eye a place where the optic nerve centers that is known as the blind spot. It is thought to account for certain accidents where the engineer on the railroad train fails to observe the signal, and a wreck ensues; or where the baseball player misses the ball, or is struck by it. Satan is sure to play for our blind spots, if we have any. Let us ask Jesus to make our spiritual eyes single, that there be within us "no part dark".

We little realize how great the necessity is that every Christian should let his or her light shine. At a certain dangerous place where a bridge was being repaired, a workman placed a lantern, but failed to refill it with oil. It went out in the night, and an auto went over the embankment, causing the loss of several lives. The lantern was supposed to give light, but, failing to do so, disaster followed. On the coast of the Gulf of Mexico a vessel went ashore in the darkness and many lives were lost. When the wreck occurred a lighthouse loomed high over the waters not far distant. Why the captain of the vessel failed to see the light, seemed a mystery until it became known that a warm land breeze had blown myriads of insects out over the waters, and they had swarmed in thick masses upon the great globe of the lighthouse, thus obscuring the light and causing the wreck. Do we ever allow little defects of character, little neglects and sins to hinder our shining for

Christ? "Let your light so shine before men that they seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

PLOW WORK

DR. J. H. JOWETT

When Jesus of Nazareth thinks of a man enlisting in the life and labors of his kingdom he also thinks of a man laying hold of a plow and setting its share to a hard field and turning up the stubborn soil as the preparatory work of a golden harvest. He does not think of a husbandman attending the vines. He does not think of a reaper taking a sickle to gather the ripened corn. He thinks of plowing which is the hardest and heaviest work of the farmer's year.

The service of the kingdom is first of all plow work, and plow work in sullen and obstructing fields. Christ Jesus sees the soil crowded with old established roots, running here and there, crossing and re-crossing, weaving a matted hostile net which has almost the consistency of wire. And these obstructions have to be cut and broken by the resolute share. The heavy mass has to be overturned; it has to be vitalized by the cleansing light and air. That is the beginning of things. The disturbed and broken clod is the first condition of the waving grain. And to send the plowshare through these obstacles is tremendous labor, yet it is this sort of exacting toil which comes to the mind of Jesus whenever he thinks of vital service in the kingdom of God. He thinks of a man putting his hand to the plow.

Now what has experience to say about this teaching? Does it disprove it, or does it confirm it? How is it in any field in human life to which a man brings a revolutionary plowshare? Do not history and biography bear unceasing witness that whenever a man lays his hand upon some revolutionary plowshare in any field of human life, he finds his progress hindered by bigotries, by prejudices, by deep-rooted selfish interests, by wire-like and almost impregnable traditions? Let us glance back upon one or two of these fields in order that we may get the "feel" of the heavy business as we watch a plowman at work.

Take the medical field; how has it always been with daring men in the medical field?

Some alert and venturesome plowman sets his plowshare to run through the field of medical theory and practice in a way that goes sharply athwart all accepted doctrine and tradition. Perhaps it is Sir James Simpson and his great discoveries in the domain of anaesthetics. Or perhaps it is Lord Lister with his experimental research in the realm of antiseptics. Was their plowing a light pastime, or was it heavy work? Did the plowmen encounter any obstacles? Were there any roots of prejudice in the soil, any incredulity, any harsh suspicions, any professional jealousy and antagonisms? Read the life stories of either of these men, and you will find that the plowing was tremendous work. The soil was alive with hostilities.

Or what about the field of art? There was a certain plowman named John Ruskin, and at the age of 24 he set his shining share to plow up the broad fields of his common judgment. His work on "Modern Painters" cuts right through modes and standards of artistic criticism. Traditional theories were overturned. Was it easy work for the plowman? Did the plowman encounter any opposition, or did his share slide along as though it were moving through clean and virgin soil? Read his life, or read the prefaces to the succeeding editions of his great work, and you will find that his share was opposed by the toughest prejudices and by stubborn ignorance and by a cynicism which affected a sort of contemptuous indifference. It was heavy work for the plowman.

Or what about the ecclesiastical field? What sort of experience has any venturesome plowman in that venerable field? As a matter of fact, he finds every inch of the field thickly massed with rooted traditions. And it demands some very stalwart and determined plowmen if the field is to be furrowed for richer and more commanding harvests. All these examples may help us to enter more deeply into our Savior's words and to get the "feel" of the plowman's work when he seeks to upturn the fields of immemorial usage and tradition.

Well, this revolutionary plowshare of the Lord is in our hands today. He called upon us to take it to the stubborn field where there is a congestion of hard obstacles, and we are to overturn it in his sacred name. Our commission is the same as was laid

upon Jeremiah, with this mighty difference, that we use the incomparable share of Christ's gospel, the sharp shining share of his gracious holy word. The prophet Jeremiah was called by God "to pluck up, to break down, to destroy, to overthrow and to plant." And that, too, is our commission, and we are to do it with the radiant splendor of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

We are Christ's plowmen. What is our labor? What is our field? It is our holy work and privilege to plow up the life fields of nations not our own. Our field is larger than our native land; "the field is the world". "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son"; "Go ye into all the world". And therefore we are to take our plowshare to fields where life is lived in unfamiliar ways. Some parts of this wider field are comparatively easy. The soil is not crowded with hoary traditions; it yields to the touch of the plow. There are no stiff historic precedents—there is scarcely any history at all. It is almost a virgin soil.

It is infinitely different when the plowman puts his plow to the field in India or China or Japan. There the field is preoccupied. The roots of ages are in the soil. In the soil there are old faiths, old creeds and old philosophies. There are reverences and bigotries and traditions, with the strength of centuries in their veins. And the work of the plowman is to overturn these crowded fields to the light and glory of Christ. And, oh, what plowmen it needs to do it! Men who when they have got their hands upon the plow will not relax their hold until they drop in the furrow which, by God's grace, they have been able to cut!

We are Christ's plowmen—where is our field? It is our privileged call to take the Lord's plowshare to the field of our own country. We are to plow up the social life of our own people with the revolutionary plowshare of Christ's holy gospel. The gospel is always revolutionary. Wherever the Lord's plowmen and the Lord's plow have done their work, it will be said of them as it was said in apostolic times: "They that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." But in turning the common life of America upside down, think what the share has to plow through! Think what obstructions there are in the soil. There is numb indifference; there is hard and com-

plicated worldliness; there are vicious philosophies; there is a big brood of mental systems which divorce progress from religion; there are dead creeds, all the more obstinate because they are dead; there are stubborn opinions; there are steely habits; there are old-established sins. And we are to cut through them all with the overturning share of the gospel of Christ.

And it is our privileged work to plow up the industrial life of our country with the revolutionary plowshare of Christ's holy will. We are to turn up old industrial relations with the share of Jesus Christ. Put your share down to this field and begin to cut your furrow—what manifold hindrances you encounter! You never know what stubbornness really means until you begin your work in this particular field. There are massed, complicated roots of vested interests. There is the grip of greed, there is the strength of mammon, there are the wiry withes of selfishness. We need steady and resolute plowmen. More than ever, I think, do we need men and women who will put their hands to the plow and never look back.

The Lord is afraid of plowmen who look back. He can make little or no use of them in the work of the kingdom. "The plowman homeward plods his weary way"—yes, but that was when curfew tolled and the day's work was over. But to retire from the field before the Lord's curfew has tolled "the knell of parting day" betrays a spirit of disloyalty which unfits us for the Master's service. It is almost a startling coincidence that the Master uses the very words which we have been so frequently using during the past four years concerning men who were not able to take their places in actual warfare and fight the battles of their country. They were "not fit". And the great Savior declares that there are some men who are "not fit" for the labors of the kingdom, and they have to be left on one side.

How can we be made fit plowmen who will never turn their back, and never lose the forward vision? There was one moment when the apostle Paul looked out upon the field that lay before him. It bristled with difficulty, and for the moment his spirit seemed to faint. But he did not look back; he looked up, and he cried out: "Who is sufficient for these things?" And the cry itself was interpreted as a prayer, and the strong and gentle spirit of God nerved him

with fresh confidence and hope, and the spirit of fainting passed away, and he cried out in joyful assurance: "Our sufficiency is of God!"

That is how we are made fit for the service of the kingdom. The Lord who calls us into the field is ready to provide the equipment. Any plowman who puts himself into the hands of the great Renewer will find that he is more than equal to every circumstance, and that his strength is more than sufficient for the most exacting day.—*From the Continent, by permission.*

HOW I FIND THE WILL OF GOD

THE LATE GEORGE MUELLER, OF BRISTOL,
ENGLAND

1. An obedient heart. I seek at the beginning to get my heart into such a state that it has no will of its own in regard to a given matter. Nine-tenths of the difficulties are overcome when our hearts are ready to do the Lord's will, whatever it may be. When one is truly in this state, it is usually but a little way to the knowledge of what his will is.

2. Feelings not enough. Having done this, I do not leave the result to feeling or simple impression. If I do so, I make myself liable to great delusions.

3. The will of God revealed through his Word. I seek the will of the Spirit of God through, or in connection with, the Word of God. The Spirit and the Word must be combined. If I look to the Spirit alone without the Word, I lay myself open to great delusions also. If the Holy Spirit guides us at all, he will do it according to the Scriptures and never contrary to them.

4. Providential circumstances. Next I take into account providential circumstances. These often plainly indicate God's will in connection with his Word and Spirit.

5. Prayer. I ask God in prayer to reveal his will to me aright.

6. Deliberate judgment and a mind "at peace". Thus, through prayer to God, the study of the Word, and reflection, I come to a deliberate judgment according to the best of my ability and knowledge, and if my mind is thus at peace, and continues so after two or three more petitions, I proceed accordingly. In trivial matters, and in transactions involving most important issues, I have found this method always effective.

The special significance of this testimony lies in the fact that during his lifetime George Mueller provided for the maintenance and education of over 10,000 orphans at a total cost of over \$5,000,000, in addition to raising other large sums for day schools, Bible schools, and the circulation of the Scriptures and tracts, and that he raised all this money through prayer, without any personal financial appeals. Mr. Mueller said: "I have joyfully dedicated my whole life to the object of exemplifying how much may be accomplished by prayer and faith." His deep experience of God gives his testimony about guidance very unusual weight.—*Interchurch World Movement.*

HOME NEWS

DERUYTER, N. Y.—The last two weeks in April our church united with the local M. E. church in an evangelistic campaign. We had Rev. Ward Mosher, D. D., as evangelist. Doctor Mosher is a strong and impressive preacher. His methods are not along the sentimental lines, but are straightforward and convincing. He is ably assisted in the music by Mrs. Mosher, who is an adept in training and leading large choruses. Both Doctor and Mrs. Mosher have beautiful Christian characters and win the love and esteem of those with whom they come in contact.

Sabbath, May 14, we were happy in visiting the baptismal waters and leading eight young persons in the beautiful and significant ordinance. All these were received as members of the DeRuyter Seventh Day Baptist Church, and we are expecting others soon. We rejoice in these additions and feel that our spiritual life is strengthened.

We are persevering in our efforts to pay our full amount to the Forward Movement. While the past year has been hard on the farmer and it means sacrifice on the part of many of the people here, there has been such joy in giving that all are interested and anxious to do their best for the cause. We confidently expect full payment of our quota again this Conference year.

H. R. C.

CITY NEIGHBORS

I thought the house across the way
Was empty, but since yesterday
Crêpe on the door makes me aware
That some one has been living there!

—New York Tribune.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

ANOTHER TRUE ST. BERNARD STORY

This St. Bernard lived in Switzerland. His name was Santo and he belonged to an innkeeper up in the mountains. One wild, stormy night when he was lying by the hearth-fire apparently asleep, and his master and mistress were taking their ease because they knew no guests would come on such a night, Santo suddenly jumped up and insisted on going out. His master tried to dissuade him saying: "No, Santo, you do not want to go out such a terrible night as this; see how the snow drifts and how the wind blows!" But Santo grew much excited and in spite of all persuasion got out and started down the mountain road as fast as he could go and as if he knew exactly where he was going.

About two hours later he returned, almost exhausted, with a baby lashed to his back with a piece of harness. You can imagine how amazed the innkeeper and his wife were and how quickly she took the baby and warmed and fed him. The man roused the neighbors, who followed Santo, now restlessly waiting for them. With such things as they could carry to help those they knew they should find in dire need, they waded through the snow two miles to a gully road, where they came upon an overturned bus from which the frightened horses had run away. There they found, huddled together for warmth, seven people, including the baby's father and mother. You can imagine how happy they were to know that the baby was safe. The innkeeper and the neighbors succeeded in getting all the travelers back to the inn, and so Santo really saved all those lives.

Now how did Santo know, in the first place, that there was trouble somewhere? Shut your eyes and think, before you read the next line, and learn that what made him prick up his ears and insist on getting out was the sound of the pounding of the runaway horses' hoofs, which his keen hearing caught above the roar of the storm. He had before associated that sound with trouble and his instinct made him go to the rescue.—*Selected.*

SAVED BY A THISTLE

Billy, a bright-eyed boy, in his eagerness after flowers, had wounded his hand on the sharp, prickly thistle.

"I do wish there was no such thing in the world as a thistle," he said, in hot temper.

But his father said calmly, "And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it that they engrave the thistle on the national arms."

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Billy. "I am sure they could have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds."

"But this thistle did them such good service once," said the father, "that they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland and they prepared to make an attack upon a sleeping garrison. So the Danes crept along barefooted, as still as possible, until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted Dane stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound in the still night awoke the sleeping Scotch soldiers and each man sprang to arms. They fought with great bravery and the invaders were driven back with great slaughter. So, you see, this thistle saved Scotland, and ever since it has been placed on their seals and emblems as their national flower."

"Well," said Billy, "I could never suspect that so small and ugly a thing could save a nation."—*Pleasant Hours.*

What fruit grows on telegraph wires?
Electric currents.

What three letters change a girl into a woman? Age.

Where can money always be found? In the dictionary.

When can you carry water in a sieve? When it is frozen.

How many clams can you eat on an empty stomach? One.

What is older than its mother? Vinegar.

Why are good people like pianos? Because they are grand, square and upright.—*Selected.*

When we can no longer blame things on liquor or war's reaction, we may begin to suspect that human nature itself is a little faulty.—*New London Day.*

Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE

FROM A LONE SABBATH KEEPER IN THE SOUTH TO ONE IN THE NORTH

DEAR FRIEND:

You may continually believe that I am thinking of you and hoping that you all are enjoying the glory of the holy Sabbath. Its glory surrounds everything even though many are unconscious of it, even as little babes are unconscious of many things that are near them. A very young babe is unconscious of its father's love, but by degrees it can become conscious of it. And so the world is to a great extent unconscious of the sweet influences of the weekly Sabbath. Many, through a darkened mind, attribute those influences to the keeping of Sunday as the Sabbath, in the same manner that holy influences are supposed to circle around a babe that has been sprinkled to dedicate it to God. I have known children so dedicated to plunge into wickedness unmindful of their parents' love and care. But still the longsuffering Creator, the Word that was with God and the Word that was God in the beginning, bears with them and lets them have every opportunity to return to him, until they finally do repent and turn to him, or fill their measure of wickedness, as did the Amorites. See Genesis 15:16.

And the Word that was God also said to his eleven disciples, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen" (Matt. 28:19, 20).

Only those were to be baptized who were already bringing forth fruits meet for repentance (Matt. 3:8); those who had gladly received the word of life (Acts 2:41). This word of life was to be committed to faithful men, who should be able to teach others also (2 Tim. 2:2). I have no doubt but every true apostle tried to ordain to the ministry only such as were faithful. But it was impossible for them to know what was in every heart, for from different Scriptures we understand that

only God knows what is in the heart. So with all their care, false teachers crept in and taught their heresies, until the ranks of so-called Christendom are divided into more sects than there were among the Jews at the time of the apostles.

We enjoyed the hickory nut kernels which you sent us, very much. The ax-handle hunters have destroyed nearly all the hickory trees about here; there never were but a few in this locality since we moved here in 1850.

I have not written well. One eye is almost past seeing things plainly, but do write when you can to

YOUR FRIEND IN THE SOUTH.

April 5, 1921.

A REPLY FROM THE NORTH

DEAR FRIEND:

Your welcome letter arrived in due season, coming on Friday so that I had the enjoyment of it on Sabbath eve, and this evening I am taking my pen to accomplish a part of my communication with you, as so doing seems conducive to good-fellowship, there being no nearer method of assembling together with Sabbath-keepers, as far as I myself am concerned. Years ago when I first began keeping the Sabbath, I determined to be careful how I spent Friday eve. As the grange in our town met on that evening, you can imagine there came frequent temptations to side-step, in the form of invitations to become a member, or at least to participate in the enjoyment of open meetings; and I am happy to say that my rule to remember to keep holy this part of the Sabbath has never been broken by attendance at any secular gathering, though the village people have frequently urged what seemed to them advantageous.

In all the twenty years of Sabbath-keeping, I have attended only one Sabbath evening prayer meeting in a church of Sabbath-keepers, and that was an event to be long remembered. When not too exhausted with the week's labors, I always spend the Sabbath evenings in pursuit of the Wisdom of the Highest, and the benefit has been immeasurable. Of late I have been studying church history, concerning the time you refer to when converts to the gospel were becoming innumerable, and apostasy was creeping in amongst the truths Christ taught. The operations of God and the world's way of living were not so very dif-

ferent then from what they are now; therefore the wonderful truths of the gospel are as true and applicable in dealing with the world as they were then. It seems to me that now, as when Christ planted the seeds of the gospel, the true church is amongst the humble minority, and the future growth of the gospel is committed by the Creator into their hand.

I have met a number of contemporaries who consented to the tempting invitations to attend worldly entertainments on Friday evening, claiming such diversion was "a rest", "certainly no harm in going"; and they have since given up the Sabbath altogether. I feel that there is a wealth of meaning in Jesus' words, "The Sabbath was made for man", and "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, to save life rather than to destroy." If we dedicate the Sabbath of Jehovah to services that lead toward him, we are saving life rather than destroying; but it is a mistake to participate in worldly entertainments on that day with the plea that they are restful; for the influence is destructive, both to ourselves and those who will be led by our example to undervalue eternal truths.

There was several years ago a young Seventh Day Adventist woman who married a young man from a family of independent Sabbath-keepers. One Sabbath afternoon as she sat on the piazza during a visit with her husband's family, a couple of city acquaintances came along and spoke. After a few moments conversation, this young wife arose and without explanation accompanied the other two girls to a ball game held that day in the village. The relatives were surprised, yet hardly knew how to judge in the matter. Similar instances of participation in worldly amusements occurred at intervals in the next few months, and in a short time the young husband renounced the Sabbath and became an infidel. In the fifth year from the summer day of the ball game, the young wife's body was laid to rest in the cemetery, succumbing to a rare and mysterious malady. The case shows where indulgence leads, and how wisely God operates in cases that baffle human judgment.

I am wondering how your crop outlook is this spring. Are you planning and carrying out another cotton planting? We have had quantities of rain, to keep nature from advancing too fast after an unusually warm

and beautiful March. There is often so much difference between your weather and ours that I am wondering whether your skies are gray or blue. A story in a farm paper reminded me of you in your disappointments with cotton prices.

A colored man in Kentucky drove to a sales warehouse with a load of produce. When he received his sale slip after the load was disposed of he found no check in payment, so he said to the cashier, "Look here, where is my check for this load?"

"It's like this," said the cashier, "The expenses for commission, weighing, unloading, housing, etc., amounted to more than the load was worth. You really owe me 59 cents.

"Well, I haven't a cent in my pocket."

"Then, next time you are coming bring along a chicken and we will call it square."

About a week later the man appeared at the office with two chickens. "Here are your chickens," he said to the cashier.

"But you didn't have to bring two. One would have paid your bill."

"Yes, boss, but I've brought another load."

There are protests arising everywhere against this sort of commission work which almost renders farming futile, so you are not alone in your struggle. We commenced our protests and reforms so long ago we are now reaping some of the benefits, and are glad to help or encourage others in the way to better things. I hear there is a movement on foot to move some of the large cotton industries from the congested cities of New England to the South nearer the cotton plantations. This plan would give you southern people a better market for vegetables as well as cotton, and the North would not appreciably lose by the change.

I trust you will keep up your courage, and write another of your welcome letters soon to

YOUR FRIEND IN THE NORTH.

Sabbath Eve,

April 29, 1921.

Johnny—What makes the new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?

Tommy—It don't cry so very much—and anyway, if all your teeth were out, your hair off and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying yourself.—*London Ideas.*

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. ELLA EATON KELLOGG—APRIL 1853-
JUNE 1920

[Old Alfred students of the early seventies will be deeply interested in the life sketch of their old student friend, Ella Eaton, of Alfred, N. Y., as published in *Good Health*, a magazine of which she was assistant editor for many years.

Following this article, in the next two issues of the RECORDER, we shall give Dr. Kellogg's tribute to his "Helpmeet", which also appears in a neat booklet sent to the RECORDER.—ED.]

The death of Mrs. Ella Eaton Kellogg, wife of Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, occurred at her home in Battle Creek on June 14, 1920. Thus was ended a service of forty-three years to the readers of *Good Health*. Thus also was ended a life whose energies were unstintingly poured out that humanity might be bettered through knowledge.

Those who have regularly attended the school which she taught in the pages of this periodical will have a clear conception of one side of her life. They will know that her endeavor was to lessen suffering, disease, and unhappiness through the spreading of enlightenment. She felt that great burdens could be lifted from the race if only ignorance could be banished. With education, too, she coupled character.

The early bent of her mind is shown by the address which she gave at her graduation from Alfred University at the age of nineteen. Its subject was "Whither?" In the weekly newspaper of the place was recently printed this account of what she said:—

"After showing something of the failure and disorder of empty lives, Miss Eaton beautifully pictured the shining path and the increasing glory of consecrated living and the noble impulse that every true person gives to a natural life.

"These ideals were part of her own self. Empty her life never was. Always it overflowed. Consecrated living and noble impulse were the order of her days."

Through her writings in *Good Health* and in other magazines and in her books she reached larger audiences. Here in itself were justification for calling hers a very fruitful life. But in her oral teaching and in her part in the upbuilding of the great Battle Creek Sanitarium she had another

career which was broadly helpful. In her public activities, such as the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Women's Christian Association, the American Home Economics Association, she likewise accomplished a work with far-reaching effects. But those who knew her personally will always place ahead of everything else the sympathy, the kindness, the Christian helpfulness of her own private life, the forgetfulness of self in her efforts to replace the wrinkles of care with the smiles of contentment.

Mrs. Kellogg's work lay along the lines that come closest to woman's life—the care and education of children, the cleanly and orderly management of the home, the providing of a wholesome yet palatable dietary, the inculcation of health habits in all the activities of life, and, above and beyond all this, the vital need of character and virtue. Perhaps her greatest single achievement was the present diet system of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, in the development of which she was the most important individual factor. Destructive criticism of bad foods had to come first, but was by itself of little effect. It was not enough to convince people that many of their customary dishes were harmful; these must be replaced with others which absolutely had to be palatable. Here was the essence of the situation. The past must suggest not the handing out of food medicine or medicinal foods, but those pleasures of taste which give to all of us a good share of life's joys.

For years Mrs. Kellogg studied this problem and experimented with it. Day after day she cooked new dishes, varying the ingredients slightly, until at last she came on the supreme combination which was fit to set before a king. Just how successfully she accomplished this endeavor is shown by the tens of thousands who are following the Battle Creek Sanitarium dietary daily in this and foreign countries.

The productiveness of her life may be measured from another angle—the enumeration of a few conspicuous biographical facts. As an outgrowth of her teaching of dietetics to nurses in the Sanitarium, she founded the School of Home Economics, which has grown into an institution of wide renown. She was also graduated from the American School of Household Economics.

Her philanthropy took practical form in

her part in the founding of the Haskell Home for Orphan Children in Battle Creek. Of this she was managing chairman for many years.

Her connection with the Women's Christian Temperance Union was conspicuous for a long time. First she was superintendent of hygiene, and later was the associate of Miss Frances Willard in the social purity department. Subsequently she became national superintendent of Mothers' Meetings and then superintendent of Child Culture Circles in the purity department.

Of the Young Women's Christian Association she was a life member; belonged to the household economics department of the Federation of Women's Clubs; was an associate member of the National Congress of Mothers; a member of the American Home Economics Association and the Woman's League; charter member and honorary president of the Michigan Woman's Press Association.

The books she wrote were: "Talks with Girls", "Science in the Kitchen", and "Studies in Character Building".

Mrs. Kellogg was born at Alfred, in western New York, on April 7, 1853, the daughter of Joseph Clarke and Hannah Sophia (Coon) Eaton. She attended the local school and academy until she was sixteen and soon after entered Alfred University.

Her university course she described as one long joy. She was fond of her teachers, interested in her studies and delighted with the association with her classmates. Some of her fellow-students achieved fame. Vandelia Varnum won renown on the Chautauqua platform. "Dan" Lewis was later New York State's Commissioner of Health. "Pete" McClellan became a judge of the Supreme Court of New York, and George Utter was twice governor of Rhode Island.

Even at this time was evident that love for flowers, trees and the beauties of Nature which in later years was one of her strongest traits. As a freshman she knew more botany than most of the seniors. "When you like a study, you can learn it easily," she explained.

When she was just three months beyond nineteen she received the degree of A. B. for completion of the classical course. The president spoke of her as "the youngest Daughter of the University", since no one before had gained her diploma at so early

an age. In 1885 her Alma Mater conferred on her the degree of A. M.

The bent of her mind was toward teaching, and when her A. B. degree was attained she took charge of a community school at Harmony, N. J. She had sixty-five pupils in her room, but she enjoyed her work. Three years more she taught, and then came a providential happening which utterly changed the course of her life. It was one of those instances, happily not uncommon in human experience, in which an apparent misfortune was turned into a great blessing.

She made a summer visit to an aunt who lived in Battle Creek. A sister came with her. A fortnight after their arrival the sister fell ill with typhoid fever. The aunt lived near the Sanitarium and was a firm believer in its system of treatment. So she summoned a physician from the institution, Dr. Kate Lindsay, to attend the patient. The sister promptly installed herself as nurse. At first she was opposed to the water treatment, but she loyally carried out instructions. Under this joint care of doctor and nurse, the young girl was soon convalescent.

At this time there was an epidemic of typhoid fever in Battle Creek. Nurses were exceedingly scarce, and Dr. Lindsay urged Miss Eaton to help in the emergency. She had intended to return home September first, but obeyed what she felt to be a call of duty. Several sick persons were under her care in succession, the last of them a young woman student. It was while in attendance on this patient that Miss Eaton first met Dr. Kellogg.

The patient was desperately ill, but finally was well on the road to recovery. Her nurse, tired out with her labors, went to her aunt's home for a rest. One evening she was packing her trunk preparatory to returning to Alfred, when she received a call from the patient's brother. He told her that his sister had had a serious relapse and that Dr. Kellogg had said that the only hope of saving her life was to get Miss Eaton back on the case. The trunk was unpacked and three weeks of strenuous nursing were put in at the bedside of the young woman. She was then out of danger.

Dr. Kellogg was at this time just starting a school of hygiene. Miss Eaton was

(Continued on page 735)

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

CHILDREN'S DAY SERMON

REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON

Scripture: Matt. 18: 2-6; Matt. 19: 3, 4; Eccl. 11: 9-12: 1; Deut. 6: 4-12; Eph. 5: 22-6: 9.

It is a good thing to have automobiles, finely furnished houses, large farms, money in the bank, vacation resorts, entertainments, recreation. It is better still, if one can have these things, and with them clear conscience, moral integrity, good health, an honorable gainful occupation, a friendly attitude towards his fellow-man, and true reverence towards God. Have Americans, during the last few decades of prosperity, lost the sense of proportion of values,—so that they count material things of more value than things spiritual? Our Scripture in Deuteronomy reminds us to beware, when we are enjoying many riches inherited from preceding generations, lest we set our hearts so much upon them, that we forget the Giver of them all, and fail to teach the growing generation the value of the eternal riches.

It is a good thing to provide for the physical needs of our children. It is a parent's duty to see that children are properly fed and clothed. Also that care should be taken for their protection in case of death of parents. Life insurance is a good thing. But there is a more important protection than life insurance,—namely, the religious and moral training of children. The maintenance of true piety in our commonwealth depends upon the training of children. It is as much a civic duty as is the payment of taxes. It is also our duty as a church, and the maintenance of our church depends upon it. It is the best evangelism. The teachers of classes in Junior and Intermediate grades in the Sabbath school have offices highly comparable to that of the pastor.

But the training of children should not be left entirely to the state or to the Sabbath school. It is the parents' right and duty *first*, before anyone else, to fortify their children against moral foes which they must surely meet. The first part in this is that the lives of the parents themselves

should be worthy of emulation. Their teaching will have little value, if their living counteracts it. "What you are speaks so loudly, that I can not hear what you say," says the proverb. We are to be our best selves,—not for our own sakes alone, but for the sakes of our children.

"This above all; to *thine own self* be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
Shakespeare.

"Is this *our* little girl?" says a parent, when the child loses its temper, falls on the floor, and kicks and screams and yells. Indeed it is—"your little girl". And you may just as well own her. That temper resembles yours and the tactics she has learned at home. There is no clearer mirror of parents' faults than the ways of their own children. The parents' mannerisms, habits of speech, attitude towards life are copied by the little imitators. Our first duty, then, in the training of children, is to be good examples.

Besides, we must make conscious effort to instruct. Our lesson says of the words of Scripture, "Thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up." This does not mean, of course, that we are to make religion a bore to our children. But we are to grasp every opportunity to teach the things of religion. To illustrate: Two little girls were riding with their mother. "Who made that tree?" one said. "It grew," replied the mother. "But who made it grow?" "God made it grow." "And who made that other tree grow?" "God did." And who made that maple tree grow?" "God did." "Mamma, God makes all the trees grow, doesn't he?" "Yes." "And does he make us grow too?"

Thus, as opportunity offers, we will grasp it, and teach the best truths while the minds are plastic. Sometimes the questions will be hard to answer, but we will make an honest effort; we will not shrink. A little dishonesty in answering a child's question may make us much trouble later.

I think that it is also a good plan to have regular special times for training the children in our homes. Of course, we are all busy. But our Scripture reminds us not to be so taken up in the affairs of business,

that we have no time for religion. Some families spend the Sabbath afternoon together. That is less practicable for us in our home than is the Friday evening. It helps to strengthen the home tie, besides training them in religious truth.

One family that I know spends a little time following the noon meal every day. Their children are home from school for an hour, and the father, who works by the day nearby, is home at that time too. They read a chapter or two and talk about what it means.

Of course, all parents should try to suit the kind of instruction to the age of the children.

"God help all mothers to live aright,
And may our homes all love and truth enfold,
Since for us no loftier aim can hold,
Than leading little children to the light."

"Fathers, provoke not your children unto wrath, lest they be discouraged."

One mother said, "Well, if I *tell* my boy what is right, and he does not do it, why then I will not be to blame." As though once telling a child fulfilled a parent's duty! A pastor serves a church for a short term of years; but parents are pastors *for life!* They must adopt a wise persistent plan of religious training.

"What shall we teach the children?" "The word of God," says one. But what is the word of God? Well, it is not the paper upon which the Bible is printed; not the binding of the book; not the capital letters or the punctuation; not the order of words in the sentences; not the one particular "version" to the exclusion of all others; not even the "original text". It is not the *text*, but the *truth* which the text contains. A little girl in an orphan asylum was reciting golden texts. "And what was the text for the next lesson?" asked the matron. "Teach a kid how to act when it's little; and when he gits big he won't quit," promptly replied the little girl. She comprehended the "word of God" as it is written in Proverbs 22: 6. Jesus made use of any possible means to teach the truth; his illustrations came from the Scripture, but also from nature, industrial life, current events, from popular proverbs, from true stories and from imaginary stories. The chief thing with him was that those whom he taught should know the truth, the all-important truth of God, and his love, and how they

might express their love to him, and to their fellow-men. This is also the "word of God" that we shall try to teach our children. We will try to familiarize them with Scriptural language, we shall try to teach them how to grasp the truth that the language tries to express. We shall try to train them in worship, and in living upright moral lives among their associates. We shall try to lead them to believe on Jesus Christ, in whom is life eternal. We can seek no higher plaudit than this: "They were true parents."

Sabbath School. Lesson XII—June 18, 1921

Making the Social Order Christian

Luke 4: 16-21; Matt. 25: 34-40

Golden Text.—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me." Matt. 25: 40.

DAILY READINGS

June 12—Luke 4: 16-21
June 13—Matt. 18: 1-10
June 14—Luke 3: 9-20
June 15—Acts 9: 36-43
June 16—Acts 11: 27-30
June 17—Acts 19: 23-34
June 18—Matt. 25: 31-40

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

An English minister, traveling in the Scottish Highlands, called at a house to rest. He found a widow in extreme poverty, who complained of her condition and remarked that her son was in Australia and doing well.

"But does he do nothing to help you?" inquired the visitor.

"No, nothing," was the reply. "He writes to me regularly once a month, but only sends me a little picture with his letter."

The minister asked to see one of the "pictures" and found that each one of them was a banknote for ten pounds. All the old lady needed was the ability to recognize those "pictures", and all the bodily comforts she needed were hers.

Is it ignorance or indifference that is keeping our souls in such a poverty-stricken condition? The Bible is full of pictures of the soul, showing what it is, and what it should be. The Holy Spirit is as ready to enlighten and instruct as in the day of old. Upon whom then does the blame rest if we continue to live in spiritual poverty valley? (Hebrews 4: 12).—*Record of Christian Work.*

DEATHS

SHERMAN.—Ruth Hemphill Sherman was born May 8, 1853, in the town of Hartsville and died May 8, 1921, on her sixty-eighth birthday.

She was the seventh of twelve children born to Robert and Avilda Babcock Hemphill. Five of these children survive: Betsey Hemphill, of Alfred Station, N. Y.; Sarah Watson, of Watson, Mont.; Guerdon Hemphill, of Salmon, Idaho; Elverton Hemphill, of Elmira, N. Y.; and Fred Hemphill, of Alfred Station, N. Y.

She was married to Harley P. Sherman, November 26, 1879. To them were born three children: Mae A., now Mrs. Schuyler Whitford, Louesa P., who died in 1907, and Ellen M., who remains at home. She also leaves three grandchildren—Ruth, Clinton, and Mary Ellen Whitford.

She was baptized by Elder A. H. Lewis and joined the Second Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church January 19, 1878.

Memorial services were held at the church at Alfred Station, Tuesday afternoon, and burial was made in the Alfred Rural Cemetery. The large number of friends present attest the esteem in which Mrs. Sherman was held. w. m. s.

CLARKE.—Walton B. Clarke, son of Chester S. and Ophelia Clarke, was born at Friendship, N. Y., March 28, 1889, and died at Okmulgee, Okla., May 3, 1921.

Mr. Clarke was graduated from Alfred University with the class of 1912, and after graduation taught for four years very successfully in Bay Shore, L. I., and Twin Falls, Idaho. After these four years of high school work he took up mining engineering in the University of Idaho, where he was at the time the United States entered the World War. He immediately entered the service and was commissioned First Lieutenant. Later he was promoted to Captain. He was first at Camp Presido, Cal., later at Fort Stevens, Ore., and finally at Fortress Monroe, Va., where he was so unfortunate as to have some serious hospital experience, caused by the carelessness of an army physician. From here he was transferred to Camp McPherson, Ga., where he was discharged from the service. Because of his disability in the service he had to seek employment in another field than that of engineering. He then went to the oil field and became an oil scout for the Carter Oil Company with his headquarters at Okmulgee, Okla., in which work he was very successful.

About ten days before his death he was stricken with pneumonia, from which it was impossible for him to recover because of his impaired health that he had received in the army. His brother Clarence was at his bedside at the time of his death and accompanied the remains to Alfred, where services were held at the home of A. B. Kenyon, conducted by Pastor A. C. Ehret. His body was laid to rest in the Alfred Cemetery.

He is survived by his mother, two brothers, and one sister, besides a host of friends, who looked upon him as a young man of much promise and high ideals. He will be remembered as one of courage and cheerfulness. We feel that such young men are needed in the world to bring a blessing to all their associates. A. C. E.

WITTER.—“George W. Witter, son of Josiah and Calista Witter, was born in Brookfield, Madison County, N. Y., August 10, 1839, and died May 8, 1921.

“He had five sisters and a brother, the late J. D. Witter, who died at Grand Rapids in 1902. When eleven years old the deceased came to Dakota, Waushara County, Wis., with his parents, who located on a farm at that place. At nineteen years of age he began teaching school in winter and working on his father's farm in the summer, until at the age of twenty-three years in August, 1862, he enlisted in Company G, 30th Wisconsin V. I., which went into active service. He was discharged from service the thirtieth day of August, 1864, and was commissioned in the 43d Wisconsin V. I., serving to the close of the war, being mustered out at Milwaukee, Wis., July 9, 1865. He then returned to agricultural pursuits in Waushara County where he remained until November 24, 1874, when he and his family moved onto the farm in the town of Maine, one mile west of the city of Wausau, where he has been a continuous resident helping to supply the residents of the city with the products of the farm and milk from a herd of fine Holstein and Jersey cattle. He was a progressive farmer and in politics, a republican.

“On February 27, 1868, at Grand Rapids, Wis., he was married to Miss Emma Coon of Nile, Allegany County, N. Y. One son, Harry E. Witter, was born to them. They also have an adopted daughter, Mrs. Silas C. Fletcher, of Mosinee.”

Since the death of his wife several years ago he has lived alone until a few weeks since when he became unable to care for himself and gladly accepted every attention members of his family lovingly gave. Death was due to cerebral hemorrhage.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Witter were loyal Seventh Day Baptists.

Funeral services were conducted at the home by Rev. William Taylor, Master of Lodge No. 130, F. & A. M. Interment was in Pine Grove Cemetery. F. W. B.

SATTERLEE.—John M. Satterlee was born at State Bridge, N. Y., August 8, 1857, the third in the family of Edwin C. and Catherine E. Coppemoll Satterlee.

At about sixteen years of age he was baptized by the late Rev. D. H. Davis and joined the Second Verona Seventh Day Baptist Church. He was always faithful to his vows as a Christian, earnest and dependable as a worker in the church. He was an efficient teacher in the Sabbath school until the services at the old church, on account of death and removals to other sections of the country, were finally discontinued. It is noteworthy that on the day of his burial the property

of the old church to which he belonged was sold.

He was a man of firm integrity of character, sincere and lovable. The Bible with him was a book to be studied, and he loved and followed its counsels. Failing health compelled him to leave the farm on which he had lived alone for many years, and he went to live with his sister in Oneida early this spring. On Friday afternoon, May 6, he went to visit his sister, Mrs. Roe, in Syracuse. Here he suddenly fell asleep, no more to waken on earth, in the early hours of Sunday, May 8, 1921.

The two sisters, Mrs. Clara Burton, of Oneida, and Mrs. Nellie Roe, of Syracuse, the remaining members of the family, sincerely mourn the loss of this beloved brother. The writer of this, conducted the funeral from the Syracuse home, from whence loving friends brought him and laid him to rest in the cemetery near the old church which he loved.

“Jesus saith unto her, thy brother shall rise again.” John 11: 23. T. J. V.

AMES.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., April 27, 1921, Warren Whitford Ames, aged 71 years.

Mr. Ames was the son of Fordyce Warner and Electra Ray Ames, the third in a family of eight boys. He was educated in DeRuyter Institute, and in his early life was a teacher, but his life-work was as editor and publisher. He established the *DeRuyter Gleaner* forty-three years ago and relinquished his activities only when compelled to do so by failing health, about ten months ago. The paper is continued by his son Clifford W. Ames, who has been his father's faithful assistant all his life, having been born the day following the first issue of the *Gleaner*.

February 17, 1872, Mr. Ames was married to Ella M. Wilcox, of Lincklaen, who has devotedly and tenderly cared for him in the long months while he patiently awaited the end.

Mr. Ames was an honest and upright in character and worked for the betterment of the community and state. He was a strong advocate of temperance and prohibition.

He is survived by his widow, one son Clifford W., three grandchildren, Fordyce J., Grace E., and John Ames; also four brothers, Henry R., Hartwell B., and Fred L., of DeRuyter, and William E., of Chenango Forks.

The largely attended funeral services were held at his late home in the *Gleaner* block, Sabbath afternoon, April 30, Pastor Crandall officiating. Interment was in Hillcrest Cemetery. H. R. C.

(Continued from page 731)

urged to enter this school, and decided to do so, and after a visit home, returned to take up that connection with the Sanitarium which ended only with her death. Shortly after her arrival, Dr. Kellogg, aware of her education and recognizing her gifts, asked her to help him in conducting *Good Health*, of which he had been for several years the editor. She took up the work

with her usual enthusiasm and continued it the rest of her life. Even on her deathbed she kept up her labors. The article by her in the present number of this magazine was sent in shortly before the end came. For many years she bore a large part of the responsibility of the make-up of the monthly contents.

On February 22, 1879, she was married to Dr. Kellogg. The clergyman who officiated then—Elder Lycurgus McCoy—also took part in the services at her funeral.

The activities of the next four decades of her life have already been indicated. At intervals, for thirty years, she taught cooking and domestic science in the Sanitarium. She wrote a good deal and was occupied with various philanthropic movements. The conduct of a large household took up a considerable share of her time and thought. Even if her horizon was wide, she treasured the opportunities and obligations of her home life. The lawn, the garden, the flowers and the park at her house were a continual source of occupation and pleasure. Through the open months she gave personal care to these growing things. Even in winter she would plan improvements and the trial of new varieties. This delight in Nature gave a keen interest to her travels, in this country and abroad. Journeys were not monotonous to her. There was always something to see, animate or inanimate.

The malady which terminated her life had its beginning when she was quite young, scarcely more than twenty years of age, and had been a constant handicap throughout her whole life, although combated by every means known to medical science, and by constant and special effort held in check until a little more than a year ago, when a pronounced failure of the vital forces marked the beginning of the final struggle.

Fortunately, her last hours were peaceful and not attended by great physical suffering, and her mind was clear almost to the last hour of her life.

(To be continued)

Little Mary, one evening when all were silent, looked anxiously into the face of her father and said to him, with quivering lips: “Pa, is God dead?”

“No, my child. Why do you ask that question?”

“Why, pa, you never talk to him now as you used to do,” she replied.

You, as a Christian, have a part in the work of evangelizing the world. Are you doing it? You have a place in which to work. Are you filling it? When you accepted Jesus as your Savior how eager you were to tell the story of his love. How your heart filled with the new, sweet joy. Have you retained that eagerness to "tell to sinners round what a dear Savior you have found?" Is that joy still in your heart? Does it enrich your life today? Is it not your duty, as well as your privilege, to bring others into the same blessed relation to their Savior, so that the gladness that comes with the knowledge of forgiveness may be in their hearts also?

You have a very important part then, in the great task of helping to redeem the world by bringing men, women and children to the feet of Jesus Christ, their Savior. Will you do your part? Will you do it today?—*Christian Statesman.*

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Alfred University

EIGHTH SESSION

July 5 to August 19, 1921

Physical Training

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The Sabbath Recorder

COMMENCEMENT TIME

What Shall I Do?

In Choosing a
Life Work

Do You put
Service

First?

INDWELLING

J. Franklin Browne

Dwell in my heart, O Christ, and I in Thee;
Cleansè me, O Living Fount; I shall be clean;
Then flow through me in healing to the sons of men,
So I a tiny rill from Thee may be:
For this I pray.

And thou, O friend, that thou mayst share such grace,
That thou a true branch of the Living Vine
Mayst grow in Him, and thus His life bear fruit in thine,
And thou with joy at last mayst see His face,—
For this I pray.

Eastertide, 1921.

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