

The Sabbath Recorder

DO YOU KNOW

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

The rate of income is as follows:

Persons 40 to 50 years old	5%
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Persons 61 to 70 years old	7%
Persons 71 to 80 years old	8%
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At death the principal of the gift, less excess interest, remains a memorial to the giver in the permanent fund of the Tract Society.

WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR INCOME,
ASSURE IT!

CREATE A MEMORIAL

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

LINCOLN NO LONGER AMERICAN

Lloyd George, British Premier, spoke as follows at the unveiling of St. Gauden's Lincoln in Parliament Square:

"I doubt whether any statesman who ever lived sank so deeply into the hearts of the people of many lands as Abraham Lincoln did. I am not sure that you in America realize the extent to which he is also our possession and our pride. His courage, fortitude, patience, humanity, clemency, his trust in the people, his belief in democracy, and, may I add, some of the phrases in which he gave expression to those attributes, will stand out forever as beacons to guide troubled nations and their perplexed leaders. Resolute in war, he was moderate in victory. Misrepresented, misunderstood, underestimated, he was patient to the last. But the people believed in him all the time, and they still believe in him.

"In his life he was a great American. He is an American no longer. He is one of those giant figures, of whom there are very few in history, who lose their nationality in death. They are no longer Greek or Hebrew or English or American—they belong to mankind. I wonder whether I will be forgiven for saying that George Washington was a great American, but Abraham Lincoln belongs to the common people of every land."

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

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

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

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., FEBRUARY 14, 1921

WHOLE NO. 3,963

Re-read With Profit We have just been reading again the message of our "Pastor at Large" on pages 166, 167 of the RECORDER for February 7. It is so full of interesting and important matter that we as a people can not afford to allow it to go with one

Please Read Carefully In the Sabbath School page, Brother Holston's Sabbath School Page

Brother E. M. Holston explains the plans for summer vacation religious schools in which the friends in our churches should be interested. The

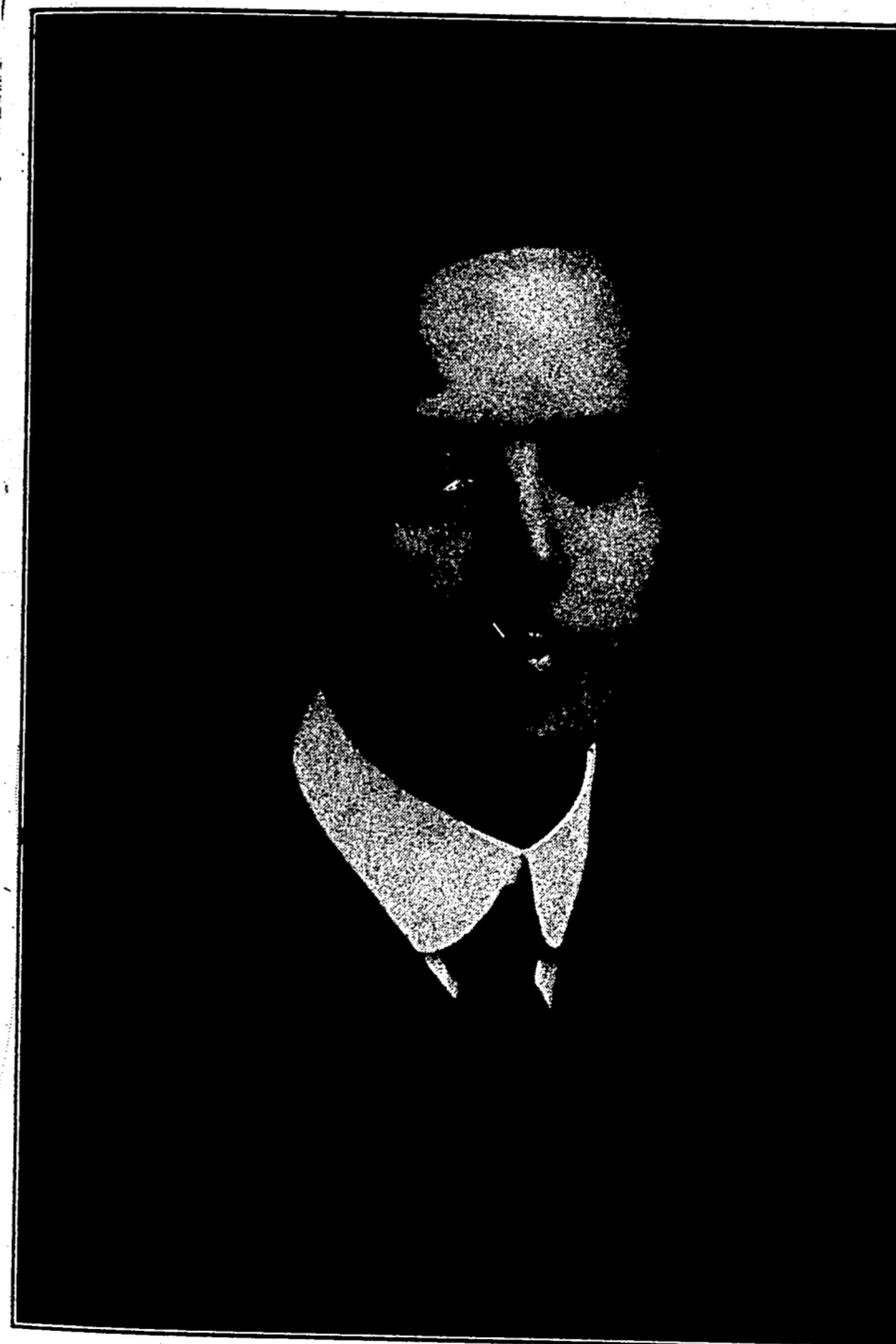
kind of work proposed is greatly needed, and every loyal Seventh Day Baptist should be enthusiastic over the movement. Brother Shaw also calls attention to the matter in the Missions and the Sabbath page. Read carefully everything you see on this subject and be prepared to secure the benefits of a summer school.

Washington and Lincoln With only ten years between the death of George Washington

and the birth of Abraham Lincoln, the lives of these two men may be said to span the history of this nation to the end of the Civil War. So, when we say, "Washington and Lincoln", we start emotions concerning the founding and the saving of a great nation. In a most important sense Washington and Lincoln still live, and their influence in some respects safeguard our institutions as certainly as do the swords and bayonets of their sons. Their very names inspire a stronger heroism, a broader philanthropy, an intenser patriotism, and a firmer faith in the God of nations. The spirit hands of these noble heroes resting upon the hearts of men in this generation are imparting strength and inspiration without which the problems of

these perilous times could not be met and properly solved.

Ask any American today who were the two greatest men in our nation's history, and without a moment's hesitation the reply would come: George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. In the days of the na-



hasty reading. We can not afford to forget some things found in that message, and we urge a re-reading—may we not say, "A careful study" of its contents?

Many, especially among the lone Sabbath-keepers, have never met Brother Bond and so we reprint his picture here.

tion's travail these men were equal to every emergency. And now, when a great world crisis is trying the nation's heart the memory of Washington and Lincoln gives stamina to patriots until men are ready to lay down their lives if need be to perpetuate the principles of American freedom.

Just at this time it would be especially appropriate for every citizen to learn anew Mr. Lincoln's burning words on reverence for law:

"Let reverence for the law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, seminaries, and colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and almanacs; let it be preached from pulpits, and proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice; in short, let it become the political religion of the nation."

The True College Ideal As Seen by Shailer Mathews When a great educator like Shailer Mathews, Dean of Chicago University, takes up his pen to write upon educational matters, we look for words of wisdom which this country can ill-afford to neglect.

In the *Independent* of January 29, a brief article by Dean Mathews, entitled: "A Challenge to Colleges" is attracting considerable attention. It was written upon the inauguration of the new president of Berea College, and the writer takes occasion to comment, not only upon Berea and its ideals, but also upon Oberlin from which Berea's new president came. The Dean regards it as very significant that Berea has gained such a high standing "in the eyes of the world without recourse to football teams", and he declares that Berea and its president "stand for more than that unstable compound of athletics, dances, and enforced class attendance which too often pass for college education".

The Dean classes Berea with, "that all too small band of colleges which are set on manufacturing men and women unashamed to have ideals" of sacrificial service which make that college a "center of Christian Americanism".

In writing of American educational methods, this great educator claims that the tonic of Christian ideals is greatly needed, and asks if our colleges and universities are "seriously inculcating the principles of faith and hope and justice, and impressing the

conviction that self-denial is the one antidote to the sensuous hedonism which is sweeping across the continent, and that poorly paid service like that of the teacher and preacher is best paid in social results."

That writer thinks that life is more than a succession of jobs, and that its highest tests of success are not to be found in salaries or in titles. The object of education should be higher than the production of miscellaneous job finders and specialists. The schools of America are being swamped by crowds of "students who want 'to go to college', but who care very little for an education". The problem of moral and spiritual direction of large bodies of students is so great that many institutions surrender to their difficulties.

Can Parents Help Matters While great educators are trying to solve the problems that confront the colleges in regard to the real education of which the country stands so much in need; and while on-lookers find fault with the products that come forth from the schools, it might be well for parents seriously to ask whether any blame rests upon them for the unsatisfactory results of college education.

No matter how bravely consecrated teachers may strive to give moral and spiritual direction to the thousands of young people who fill their classrooms; no matter how deep may be the sense of responsibility resting upon the faculties to whom the young men and women are sent for their school training, this one thing should not be forgotten—the college has to use only such timber as is sent it by the parents of the land, and it can not make boys and girls very much better in spiritual things than they are when the fathers and mothers furnish them. Boys and girls going out from unchristian homes make hard problems for any school. If the boy has been started wrong in his home life; if all the home-teachings have favored worldly things; if the high and noble ideals of self-sacrificing service for the good of others and for the spiritual uplift of the world have been neglected before he enters college, the best school in all the land must be handicapped in its efforts to make something worth while of him.

In such a case it is all the more necessary that the school's ideals shall be high, and that the moral and spiritual atmosphere in

college life shall always favor the things that promote true and noble manhood, rather than those which tend to magnify the frivolous and the vulgar.

What Made the Difference If Not Prohibition? Those who fear that prohibition

is a failure will find encouragement in studying figures from the report of Boston's first dry year. Official figures show that there were 36,195 fewer arrests for drunkenness in 1920 than in 1919. During the first year of prohibition there were only half as many robberies as in the preceding year. In 1919, 271 women were sent to the reformatory while in 1920 only 118 commitments were made. The prison population of the Bay State dropped off 28 per cent the first year after the saloons were closed. A sanitarium for alcoholic patients had no business and was sold to a religious society.

The conditions are so completely changed that social workers bring in such reports as the following from the National Organization for Public Health Nursing:

A nurse was hailed from across the street by a woman who was an ex-patient. "Come over and see my baby carriage," she said. "In ten years, with eight children to carry around in my arms, I have never been able to buy a baby carriage. Now, thanks to prohibition, I have a baby carriage instead of Jack hanging around at the corner saloon."

A year ago we received a call to visit a family in which we found three children ill with measles. The home, children, and mother were in a destitute condition, no bedding, little food, and the usual lack of necessities that are to be noted where intemperance rules. The man was, to all appearances, a confirmed drunkard, seeming not to care that his children had no food, and conditions grew worse as time went on. Then prohibition came, and the impossible seemed to happen. The man went to work and kept at work. After a time he suggested that they move to a better location, as he did not think that his neighbors were very nice. Now wife and children are much better clothed; new furniture has been bought, and the entire family standards are changed.

"The women in these homes that we know, who in the past have borne the brunt of the hardships" says Mr. Pear, "are unanimously in favor of the changed condition. There are only three out of the twenty-six we have studied who protested against the new order. One woman, mother of six children, says: 'I thank God for prohibition for it has given me a home; and Johnnie is going to high school instead of to work. If you'd told me this a year ago I wouldn't have believed it.'"

Thank God, the country is full of just such excellent testimony as to the good

effects of one year of prohibition. The next year will show still better results; and as the years come and go with conditions growing better and better under strict temperance rule, the American people will wonder that they ever submitted to the blighting curse of the liquor traffic so many years.

Let the wet newspapers continue their fruitless efforts to belittle prohibition and to prove it a failure if they will! No caricatures, or arguments, or ridicule, can turn the eyes of the people away from the ever-accumulating evidences, so apparent, that the nation is infinitely better off without rum than with it. More and more must the wets admit that prohibition has made these better conditions. More and more will it be impossible to account for them in any other way.

We Believe in the Heart Of America Yet While we have to admit that many

things made prominent since the World War began tend to cause misgivings as to the future of the republic, not the least of which is the fact that a candidate for the presidency, while in a federal prison, condemned for treasonable agitation while the nation was in the all but death-throes of war, could poll a million votes,—and that, too, when the spirit of anarchism was showing itself in many and various ways—still we do not lose faith in the heart of America.

That invisible, intangible sense of right and justice that has brought us through many trials and given prosperity beyond the most sanguine hopes of its founders is by no means dead. Above and beyond all the turmoils and differences due to the conflict between capital and labor, and beyond all the tendencies to anarchy, this inherent sense of justice and right must in the end assert itself and prevail. In this we see the final victory over the rum power, and in this lies our hope of peace and good will.

Grateful to All A friend in western New York State, in renewing her subscription, writes words of appreciation for the SABBATH RECORDER and remembers all who have a part in making it helpful. She says: "Its fine literature is much appreciated and a great comfort, next to my Bible. I pass some of the numbers along to friends, trusting they will cheer and comfort, and also create an interest in the Bible Sabbath. I

am thanking all who do so much to make the RECORDER so helpful and interesting."

We believe that every one who helps to make the SABBATH RECORDER a blessing to others is himself or herself doubly blessed. The friend who has the good of others at heart; who desires to give help and comfort and courage to his fellows whenever he tries to prepare something for the RECORDER, is very much like the true pastor when he frames his message for his congregation. The pastor longs to do his people good, and whenever he sees that his words are appreciated and that his message is helpful his own heart is strengthened and he has courage to go on.

Why should it not be so with one who takes his pen to prepare a helpful message for the large congregation to which the SABBATH RECORDER goes? Pastors are glad when they see large audiences waiting to hear them. Why should they not rejoice over the opportunity to extend their influence and broaden their fields for helpful work through the RECORDER?

We, too, are grateful for all the helpers who are trying to make the denominational paper better. And we would be still more thankful if a larger number of our pastors who prepare such good messages for home audiences were willing to send their words to something like two thousand families beyond the borders of their own little parishes.

Startling Facts and Urgent Needs We have received a pamphlet of thirty-one large pages giving a history of the work done by the Religious Education Survey Department of the Interchurch World Movement. No matter what mistakes may or may not have been made in that great undertaking, the Survey Department did a very great and much-needed work which the churches of America can not afford to ignore.

It will be a great mistake to allow the revelations made of conditions and needs in regard to Christian work in this country to go unnoticed and unused. Some means should be made available by which all the important data can be tabulated and made use of in the churches.

We have not space to give all the history of the Survey; but here are some of the conclusions. They are classified as "Startling Facts" and "Urgent Needs".

FACTS

1. There are millions of American children and youth unreached by any educational program of the churches. 2. The time devoted to religious training is utterly inadequate. 3. There is an army of immature, untrained, unsupervised, voluntary teachers and officers trying to do what educational work is now being done. 4. There is no proper and adequate curriculum of study. 5. Equipment for religious teaching is all too meager. 6. Religious education in the home is sadly wanting. 7. Evangelistic emphasis in religious work has greatly declined.

NEEDS

1. A campaign of Bible school extension. 2. Better use of the time devoted to teaching work in religious education. Week-day extension in vacation schools of religion. 3. Training courses in the churches and communities for preparing professional workers. 4. Enriched courses of study. 5. More adequate buildings and equipment. 6. Revival of religious training in the homes. 7. Greater evangelistic emphasis in the educational programs of the churches.

In view of these facts and needs the committee urges the churches to provide for a completion of the good work. It makes several wise recommendations, and calls for \$200,000 to meet expenses.

Yes Indeed! Just as we were about to "Going Some" hand in these editorials Brother Shaw showed me a letter from a missionary pastor containing these words: "As I was leaving home (to fill an appointment) the chairman of our canvassing committee phoned me that their quota was subscribed and the church had gone over the top."

Concerning this the pastor wrote: "It is going some for a church of twenty-one resident members to subscribe \$520.00, and this too, when potatoes are selling for fifty cents a bushel, when nothing has been received from their dairies since last October, and when lumbering and other business have closed down; and this, by a church that has had no pastor, until I came, for nearly a decade!"

We think this a good item for the encouragement of our Forward Movement director, and for the inspiration of other country churches that feel the pressure of hard times for farmers in winter.

Fifty-one years ago next summer the editor, then a student in the seminary, spent his first summer vacation as missionary pastor in that same little church. We worshiped in the schoolhouse, and the mission-

ary pastor from whose letter we have just quoted was then a very little boy living in a humble home with parents who met sabbath by sabbath with the faithful band who worshiped there. It is still a missionary church in more senses than one. It is being helped to a pastor by the Missionary Board, and it has given to the denomination the very man who now serves it as pastor. He has for years been serving churches large and small in three of our associations. And now in the spirit of self-sacrificing service he is strengthening the things that remain in several little country churches, including this one of his childhood home.

This little church of twenty-one members has indeed been "going some" in more ways than one; for it now joins the honor roll in our financial Forward Movement, and from it has come a successful pastor who for many years has been a leader in our churches and Conferences.

It pays to help the little country churches. From them have come most of our ministers.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS AND FINCH'S, THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

As we read the famous Gettysburg address the other day, we found, on the same page, the poem, "The Blue and the Gray", by Francis M. Finch. Some way the impression came that it would be most appropriate to let one follow the other in this issue of the RECORDER. The more we thought of the matter the more certain we were that Abraham Lincoln himself, if he could speak to us, would like to have this poem of such blessed spirit remembered in connection with his address. So we give them here:

"Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

"We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hal-

low this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

"It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS M. FINCH

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Brodered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

THE SPIRIT OF MOUNT VERNON

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Tired Girl sat looking gloomily out of the car window. Great house-dotted fields of rank grass swept past her—great spaces of low hills rose dully to meet the dullness of the gray sky.

"So this is—Virginia!" murmured the Tired Girl. "So this is—Virginia!" There was a world of scorn in her quiet voice.

The schoolgirls in front were chattering. The dark one grasped her companion's arm in a healthily strong grip.

"It was down this bridle path," said the dark one, "that Washington rode when he went to church. Down this very road."

"On a white charger?" supplemented the other schoolgirl, who was tiny and blonde and rather infantile. "Oh, Milly! do you s'pose it was on a white charger that he rode down that path?"

The dark one patted the small hand that gripped hers affectionately. "I'm sure it was a white charger," she answered.

The smaller one wiggled ecstatically, but the Tired Girl on the seat behind them sank even more deeply into her gloom. "Was I ever as young as that?" she wondered. "Could I ever have said such young things?"

More dull fields and gentle hills rolled by. Wooded stretches crept down softly to the car track and lost themselves in other wooded stretches. Once a holly tree grew gaily up from between two green pines.

The dark schoolgirl almost fell out of the window. "Holly growing!" she squealed and her excited tug almost pulled the small blonde one out of her seat. "Holly growing!" came from the blonde one, echo-like.

"What of it?" whispered the Tired Girl, also echo-like.

The guard came tramping down the aisle, his arms full of post cards. "Best views of Washington's home!" he cried. "Arlington and Mount Vernon! Church he worshiped in! Room he died in! Tomb! Three for five cents!" His voice resounded metallically through the car, and the Tired Girl shuddered at the grind of it.

All over the car folk were buying picture postals—at three for five cents. The schoolgirls were already addressing theirs to chums in the little home town up North. The bride and groom (there are always a bride and groom on the car to Mount Vernon) were sending a whole dozen home to mother. The Tired Girl waved the card-vender away with a limp, rather bored hand, and shrank nearer to the window. Somehow it seemed almost sacrilegious to her to see the eager people buying those almost sacred views—at least very personal views—at three for five cents.

She had the same feeling when she reached the gates of Mount Vernon. The car stopped and the crowd of people climbed off merrily and began to spend their money on popcorn, and candy, and souvenirs, at a little shop that stood near. The Tired Girl shrank from the ash-trays that were stamped with the view of our first President's last resting-place. She shuddered at the cheap china plates with the dignified kindly face painted on them.

"They must even commercialize him!" she murmured as she followed the crowds through the gate and up to the great house that stood out whitely from the greenness of the stately lawn.

It was a beautiful view. Even the Tired Girl caught her breath in delight at the wonder of it. The young groom put his arm quite frankly around his wife, and the schoolgirls stood hand in hand—for once quiet. Far off the Potomac flowed between graceful hills—a blue dream-river with a bit of pearly white cloud nestled in its heart. The lawn of Mount Vernon crept softly down until it seemed to meet the water, and the huge old trees cast long dark shadows on the terraces. Above it all the house stood—snow-white, dignified, a perfect type of high-pillared colonial architecture.

A spell hung over the crowd. Perhaps they saw, in a phantom procession, the brocade-dressed, powdered figures walking grandly across the lawn, down the broad porch.

The dark schoolgirl broke the rather heavy silence. "Seems like a dream—almost," she said softly.

The spell was broken like a pin-pricked bubble, and people began to talk again. The bride and groom hurried to the little stone kitchen that was connected to the house by a small bit of porch. Men and

women scampered in through the doors. The Tired Girl paused for a moment on the porch—alone.

"They have none of the finer feelings!" she half sobbed—"I've always looked forward to going through Mount Vernon in a reverent way. I can't go at it as if it were a matinee.

"But," said a voice commiseratingly, "you musn't mind that, you musn't mind it at all! They don't mean anything. It's just their way of being interested."

The Tired Girl looked around. A stately old man stood at her side—a man who had not come up with her on the car. Strangely she felt drawn to him.

"You see," she said rather eagerly, "you see, I'm a bit disappointed. I've been teaching a difficult class in school for two years, saving up money for this trip. And, after all the trouble and privation, I was so tired that I wanted to get away from folks and, well—almost worship by myself. And here I'm swamped with people, and loud conversation."

The man laughed gently. "You musn't feel that way," he told her. "You see, they love Washington as much as you do. But they don't love him in a morbid, hero-worshipping way. They love him, not as a legend, far above them, years back. They love him because he's the Father of the country; because he seems almost alive to them; because they feel as if they know him and he's a friend.

"As for the postals and souvenirs that you find—offensive. Well, those cards will probably go back home to folk who will never see Mount Vernon and haven't enough imagination to visualize it without a picture. Some of those pictures will go between the pages of the family Bible—and they will be looked at reverently."

The Tired Girl was staring across the blue Potomac. And, as she stared, some of the tiredness crept away—and some of the impatience. She smiled as the low gentlemanly voice spoke again.

"We'll go through the house now," said the old man.

Through the house they went. They peered into the library and saw Washington's books; they saw his flute and yellow music that rested on the top of the worn harpsichord; they climbed the old-fashioned stairs and saw the room where Lafayette slept, and little Nellie Custis' bedchamber.

They climbed another flight of narrower stairs to a bedroom far from the others. One could see Washington's tomb from that window.

"Martha Washington lived in this room after the President died," said the low voice, "so that she could see his last resting-place."

The schoolgirls were standing together, quietly. They clutched hands. The Tired Girl felt, suddenly, that after all they had something in common.

Slowly, very slowly, they made their way down the stairs, and at the foot the old gentleman bowed in a dignified, courtly way. "It has been a pleasure to talk with you," he said to the Tired Girl, "and I'm sure you feel differently. You don't resent the three-for-five-cents postal cards—or the noisy enthusiasm—do you?"

"I don't resent anything," said the Tired Girl warmly; "and I am not even tired—now. Why, I feel as if the spirit of Washington had taken me through his home."

The car was about to leave and the crowds of noisy people were hurrying for the best seats. The Tired Girl fell in with the two schoolgirls. They spoke to her in their frank, comradely way.

"You looked so lonely, going through the house by yourself," said the dark one.

"By myself?" echoed the Tired Girl blankly.

"And once or twice we thought you were talking to yourself," added the little blonde girl. "We almost asked you if you wouldn't join us."

They had reached the tawdry little shop, and the schoolgirls, giggling, rushed for the car. But the Tired Girl spoke hurriedly to the stolid clerk who leaned against the counter.

"I want a plate," she told him, "a souvenir plate. With the biggest head of Washington you have in stock!"

In a glory of gold and violet and rose the sun was setting. It turned the Potomac into a veritable sea of glory; the low little mountains rose grandly through a mist of color. It rested on the old manor house with a caress, but the last golden beams fluttered across the quiet tomb with all the gentleness of an eternal benediction.

With the cheap plate clasped lovingly in her arms the girl boarded the car.—*The Christian Herald.*

THE COMMISSION'S PAGE



EVERY CHURCH IN LINE
EVERY MEMBER SUPPORTING

"Without me ye can do nothing."

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

ROLL OF HONOR

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

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

(1) Churches which have paid their full quota, on the basis of ten dollars per member, for the Conference year 1919-1920.

(1/2) Churches which have paid one-half their quota for the Conference year 1919-1920.

(1) (2) Churches which have paid their full quota for the two Conference years beginning July 1, 1919, and ending July 1, 1921.

(1/2) (1/2) Churches which have paid half their quota for each of the first two Conference years of our Forward Movement, ending July 1, 1921, or for the calendar year 1920.

LINCOLN'S LAST PUBLIC ADDRESS

ONE WHO HEARD IT

On Tuesday, April 11, 1865, in response to a serenade at the White House about 8 p. m., Mr. Lincoln made his last public address, mainly on the anticipated reconstruction of the country. His tall form appeared back of the open historic window in the second story, over the entrance. He read, using glasses, from separate leaves by flaring lights which were held beside him. As he finished the leaves, he threw them behind him, where, as was afterward said, they were gathered up by his son "Tad".

As he appeared he was greeted with hearty and long-continued applause. While this was proceeding he almost diffidently placed his forefinger over his lip, waiting for it to subside. While he was reading he occasionally raised his hand to his face. I remember him as distinctly as if it had been yesterday, though it was fifty years ago. Mrs. Lincoln and other ladies were seen and heard at a side window.

The President spoke with a good deal of feeling and earnestness. It was plain that he had given the subject protracted thought. I still hear the humor of his voice as he said of the reconstruction already attempted in Louisiana, that we should sooner obtain a chicken by preserving an egg "than by smashing it".

A few things especially interested me as I listened to Lincoln's voice in that last discussion. First, his reverential reference to God. Among his first words were these:

"He from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten. A call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared, and will be duly promulgated."

His jealousy for the special credit due to the army and navy was apparent. "Their honors must not be parceled out with others.

To General Grant, his skilful officers and brave men all belongs. I myself was near the front, but no part of the honor, or plan or execution, is mine."

In allusion to conferring the franchise upon emancipated slaves, he said, "I would myself prefer that it were now conferred on the very intelligent and those who serve our cause as soldiers."

His caution was obvious. He said: "No exclusive and inflexible plan can safely be prescribed. It may be my duty to make some new announcement to the people of the south."

Yet he was firm. "Important principles may and must be inflexible." The earnestness of tone and manner emphasized all these utterances of the war President.

Within a week of my listening to these words of prudence and wisdom I twice saw the lifeless form of the great statesman lying in public view.—Selected.

SABBATH AND SUNDAY NOT THE SAME DAY

ARTHUR L. MANOUS—A LAYMAN BIBLE STUDENT

Recently a friend extended to the writer the following invitation:

"When you want to be in a good Sabbath school, come down to — any Sunday at 2:30 p. m."

That the words Sabbath and Sunday do not mean the same day, and therefore should not be used synonymously is evident from the following facts:

"Nearly every language of the Continent affords (testimony) to the difference between Sabbath and Sunday by the names of the two days."—Hessey's "Sunday", etc., 4th edition, p. 185.

"Sabbath, in the Hebrew language, signifies rest, and is the seventh day of the week."—Buck's "Theological Dict.", art. "Sabbath".

"Sabbath is not strictly synonymous with Sunday. Sabbath denotes the institution; Sunday is the name of the first day of the week."—Webster's Dictionary, art. Sabbath.

"In the Middle Ages Sabbath meant only Saturday. First used in England for Sunday in 1554."—American Encyclopedia, art. Sab.

"Sunday is of heathen origin (like our designations of the other days of the week), and means 'the day of the sun', or 'sacred

to the god of the sun'. It does not occur in the Bible, but is now in common use for the first day of the week."—Schaff's Bible Dictionary, art. "Sunday".

"The days of the week had no proper names among the Hebrews, but were distinguished only by their numerical order."—Kitto's Cyclopaedia of Bible Literature, art., "Day", Vol. 1, p. 533.

"The Sabbath was the only day with a name; the others were simply numbered."—Sanford's Cyclopaedia of Religious Knowledge, art., "Day".

"The enumeration of the days of the week commenced at Sunday. Saturday was last or seventh, and was the Hebrew Sabbath, or day of rest."—Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary, art., "Week", p. 1059, edition, 1905.

"Sunday is the name of the first day of the week, adopted by the first Christians from the Roman calendar (Lat. *Dies Solis*); Day of the sun, so called because it was dedicated to the worship of the sun."—McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature, art., "Sunday", Vol. 10, p. 18, edition, 1881.

"Saturday (Lat. *Dies Saturni*, Saturn's day). The seventh or last day of the week; kept by the Jews as their Sabbath. It was dedicated by the Romans to Saturn—whence the name."—The New Century Encyclopedia and Dictionary, Vol. 2, art. "Saturday".

"Saturday, in Italian, still retains the Hebrew name of 'Sabato'; so it does, with the slightest literal variations, which distinguish the several languages, in Spanish and Portuguese. . . . The journals of the English House of Parliament still designate Saturday by the name of 'Dies Sabbati'."—Hessey's "Sunday", etc., 4th edition, p. 359.

Query: In view of the foregoing facts, can any one go to Sabbath school on Sunday; the day after the Sabbath? See Luke 23: 56; 24: 1; Mark 16: 1, 2; Ex. 20: 8-11.

It is true we do not know how to pray, nor what to pray for as we ought, but let us kneel and remember that He is saying to God what we have tried to say and can not say for ourselves. If we must be dumb before God, let us point to Jesus and say, "What he says to thee, what his wounds say to thee, what his presence says to thee, that is what I fain would say," and the Lord Jehovah will answer us in peace.—G. A. Johnston Ross.

MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

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

MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

The every-member canvass for the denominational budget which is being made by the First Hebron Church has already resulted in \$432.60, or over 83 per cent of the entire amount, and there is enough yet in sight to make it certain that the church will meet the quota in full. Who says it can't be done? Now who will be next?

(Later. Just as this copy is being sent to the printer the word comes from the Canvassing Committee that the church has fully subscribed, has "gone over the top", and is now entitled to a place on the honor roll.)

An article appears in this issue of the SABBATH RECORDER concerning vacation religious day schools. Read it with care. If you wish to have such a school in your community, and desire the help of one of these trained supervisors whose names are given in the article, lose no time in making application to Secretary E. M. Holston, for there are only ten chances, two schools each for the five young women.

"To the scientist the earth must forever roll around the central solar fire; to the poet the sun must forever set behind the western hills," while to the Psalmist, "the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

The Seventh Day Baptist Calendar that is distributed as a supplement to this issue of the SABBATH RECORDER can be secured for ten cents a copy, or one dollar a dozen, by sending orders to the Tract Society Publishing House.

"Truth must be quaffed when freshly poured out; allow it to stand and it soon becomes stale." Apply this statement to the Sabbath truth, and never become weary in pouring out fresh supplies, disregarding any amount that may have become stale by standing.

Sabbath Evangelist Rev. George B. Shaw visited the Scott Church near Homer, N. Y., Sabbath Day, February 5. His grandfather, Rev. Russell G. Burdick, was at one time pastor of the Scott Church.

"He never lost his belief in righteousness because the errors of its advocates made it popular; but he gained new courage to publish that belief when the exposure of those errors made it unpopular." Read this over two or three times, and then give a concrete example.

Rev. William L. Burdick, general missionary, planned to begin a series of evangelistic meetings Friday evening, February 11, with the church at Farina, Ill., where Rev. John T. Davis is pastor. The people of Farina have been praying and working for these meetings for many weeks, and a rich spiritual blessing will surely come to them.

"The theory of evolution has done much to weaken arguments from design; it is doubtful, however, whether it can explain the superb flowering of thought and emotion evident in the realms of beauty and truth. It may account for the agreement between the conduit of environment and the enclosed current of ordinary life; but when the stream suddenly leaps up in a symmetrical fountain, with jets spouting out towards the four points of the horizon, and forming accurate mathematical figures, our agreement is at an end, and it appears as if the pipe had been designedly punctured."

Sabbath Evangelist Willard D. Burdick plans to spend about two weeks with the people at Salemville, Pennsylvania. Thus Pastor Thorngate's desire to have a denominational representative visit that community is being realized. The special services are to begin February 19.

INFORMATION WANTED—Ten or twelve years ago a set of lantern slides, pictures of people and places connected with the history of Seventh Day Baptists, was prepared together with a manuscript description lecture called "Heroes of the Faith". It was used in several of our churches. No trace of these slides can now be discovered. Any information that will result in locating them will be gratefully received by the secretary.

THE WORK OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY

V. CHINA, LIEU-OO

Lieu-oo is a rather large village about twenty-five miles to the northwest of Shanghai. Several years ago our people through Dr. Rosa W. Palmborg started a medical



Miss Bessie B. Sinclair, M. D., Medical Missionary at Lieu-oo since 1917, a Chinese nurse, a "starvation baby", a kid and a dog.



Miss Rosa W. Palmborg, M. D., Medical Missionary at Shanghai and Lieu-oo since 1894.

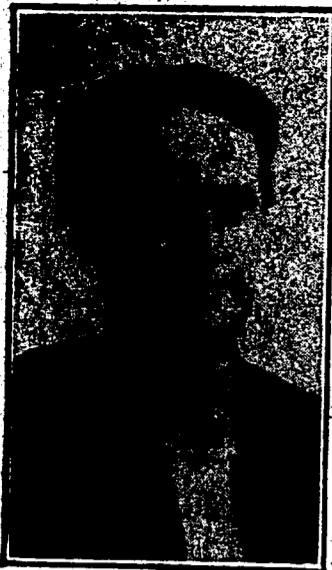
mission there, securing a small property a few rods outside the village limits, and put up a building for a home and a dispensary. Later a hospital was erected adjoining this building. The picture here shown of the home was taken before the hospital was built, and the picture of the hospital is rather unsatisfactory as only the entrance is seen.

In the *Year Book* for 1916 on pages 155 to 162, and in the issue of 1917 on pages 169 to 172 will be found pictures and cuts of the plans of the hospital, together with descriptions of the building and the work being done at the mission.

The Lieu-oo mission is not an independent enterprise, but rather a part or branch of our work at Shanghai. Three women, all



Mission Home at Lieu-oo, Seventh Day Baptist



Miss Grace I. Crandall, M. D., Medical Missionary at Lieu-oo since 1911.

of them graduate physicians, constitute the corps of American workers, Rosa W. Palmborg, now at home on a furlough, Grace I. Crandall and Bessie B. Sinclair.

There is no other mission at Lieu-oo or vicinity, and our work very much needs strengthening by the addition of

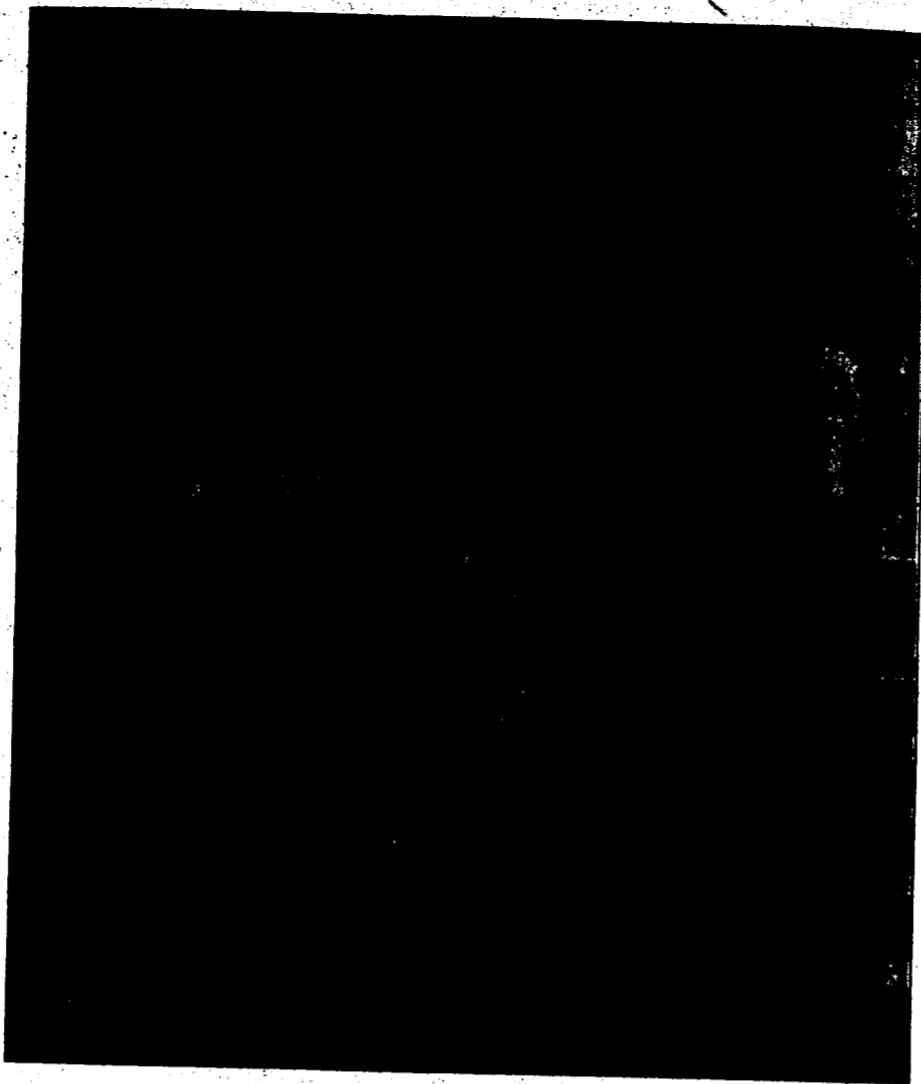
workers for schools and evangelistic efforts, or other Protestant missions will feel justified in entering this field which at the present time is wholly the care and responsibility of Seventh Day Baptists.

A capable Chinese young woman, one of the girls from our own mission, is now in Battle Creek, Mich., taking a course in the nurses' training school, with a view of going back to Lieu-oo for service in our hospital.

The small picture is from a snapshot photograph just received. Between Dr. Sinclair and the Chinese nurse can be seen the "starvation baby" which has been adopted by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor at Waterford, Conn. Dr. Sinclair calls the little creature near the child a "baby goat", and the other animal is a dog. I presume that the picture is taken in the back yard of the mission at Lieu-oo.

"I think when life's fretful fever is over we shall find that the royal road to intimacy with God lay through this old, undramatic, gainful way of pain. That is why God himself came to us not with argument and barren philosophy, but in experience, an incarnation. He himself has suffered, and through his pain we are alive. Some day, it may be here, it may be there, in or out of the body I know not, he will answer me and explain my suffering."

From saying to doing is a long stretch.—*French proverb.*



Group of People on steps of Mission Home, Lieu-oo, Seventh Day Baptist.

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Entrance to the Hospital at Lieu-oo, Seventh Day Baptist.

A REMARKABLE CHAPTER, AND A NEEDED LESSON

REV. A. L. DAVIS

There appeared, recently, in a religious magazine that comes to my study, a remarkable account of work being done by a remarkable church in one of our large cities. I don't know to what denomination this church belongs—that is incidental so far as the purpose of this article is concerned. The account reads like a twenty-ninth chapter of Acts.

I am taking the liberty to reproduce this account, much of it in the pastor's own words, for I am profoundly convinced it has a message for Seventh Day Baptists—a much needed message, too, at this hour.

Seven years ago this pastor took charge of a church of 700 members. During the first year of his pastorate 350 dead members were cut off! He says: "God helped us to get rid of them without any disturbance or ill will." Further we learn that no tobacco-user is allowed to teach in the Bible school or sing in the choir; that the same rule applies to "movie fans"; that they believe in having "only regenerated, saved people, as far as we can know, in our membership".

How does it work? Let this pastor answer: "For the past three years we have had to close the doors about seven o'clock on Sunday evenings, after the 2,346 seats in the upper auditorium and the 600 seats in the lower auditorium have been filled. At times there has been a crowd of 1,000 (estimated) outside, asking for permission to get in. On one occasion a man offered five dollars a piece for himself and wife to be admitted. And what was the drawing card that evening? The preaching of the old time Gospel of Jesus! Nothing else. But isn't that enough?"

"Our prayer meetings average about 1,600, sometimes more than 2,000 people gather—to pray and study the word of God.

"The past year we have had about six hundred professed conversions—and no outside evangelist called—not because we do not believe in it, for we do, but because we could not get the men we wanted, and we do not want any one who does not believe in the whole Bible—Jonah included.

"We believe in foreign missions, for we support five of our own missionaries—gone out from our own group—two in South America and three in China. Besides that

we support some ten or twelve native workers in Japan, Africa, India and Alaska. *We have six young people preparing now for the foreign field.* (Italics mine.—A. L. D.)

"We have not had a supper or an auction or any kind of trick to raise money in the seven years that I have been pastor of this church. Our people just plainly give. And they seem to be greatly blessed in giving. When we asked for an offering for the foreign mission work for the year, we received just twice what we were pledged to give.

"What is the secret of it all? Our generosity? Our wealth? No. We are common, working people.

"The secret is the Grace of God. We believe in God and look to him to work through us according to his own grace. He would do the same for any other church, if one will only trust him.

"Now I am closing to go to watch-night service. I expect to have 2,000 people with us, most of them on their faces before God, in prayer, as the old year dies. And God will be there. No social hour, no "fun", no nonsense, no "stunts", just heartsearching prayer and confession".

The Church today is shot through with "flowery infidelity", semi-skepticism and unbelief. It is tied up with worldly, fleshly things; cumbered with an unsaved, unregenerated membership. Nothing is more ominous and discouraging. This loosening up in fundamentals, this letting down of the bars, and this lowering of religious standards, is the bane of the churches. It is the greatest of all threatening dangers. It is possible for a church utterly to break down under self-imposed burdens, to become hopelessly handicapped by its unregenerated communicants. That sort of belief and practice will "denaturalize and emasculate our work and rob it of all power and stability." A lot of things we are trying to do with the aid of "machinery" the Holy Spirit would do for us if we would but give him a chance. Seventh Day Baptists will do well to read the signs of the times and to heed the lessons.

North Loup, Neb.,
January 31, 1921.

If you can not win thousands to Christ as the missionaries do, you can by doing the next thing in the kindest way redeem one soul for him.—*Robert Russel.*

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

EDUCATION AND COUNTRY LIFE

Does education uproot the country boy and girl from their native soil and transplant them to the city?

Some men and women with whom I have talked object to college and university training. They say that young men and young women who attend the higher institutions become infatuated with city life and work, leave home and the Sabbath, and are lost to the denomination. Seventh Day Baptists, these persons assert, are thus enticed from their religious loyalty; their new blood is drained off into alien channels; because they are so largely a rural people, denominational perpetuity is imperilled. The conclusion of these opponents of education is, therefore, don't educate, or get educated.

While the fears prompting such assertions are exaggerated, they contain sufficient truth to constitute a knotty problem. Its solution lies, not in less education, but in more and different education. For at least a decade, religious and educational thinkers have been more and more convinced that the country has been the Cinderella of present-day civilization. They have been asking themselves with increasing seriousness, What can the church and school do to serve country life?

Strangely, perhaps, the danger was first sensed by the great universities, those institutions at the top of the American educational system. By their courses in agriculture they aimed to make the professional, economic, and social life of the country strong. Following the lead of the universities, many colleges of liberal arts, of law, of medicine, of journalism, and theological seminaries began preaching the country idea. They are pointing to the places of usefulness and power of the country teacher, editor, lawyer, doctor, and preacher.

More strangely still, it is often the country school that is doing the mightiest work in the way of driving boys and girls into the city. Too often the subjects taught stimulate the idea that the only place to live is the city. Too often the country teacher

is young and green, who, possessed of meager education herself, doesn't even guess at the undeveloped resources—human and agricultural—of the country. Too often the teacher is the cheapest one obtainable, and the schoolhouse a bare shell of a structure.

The suspicion is spreading that country boys and girls have not been getting a square deal. A trade journal, *Building Trade with Farmers*, which comes to my desk, lately flashed the following facts upon my attention:

"Pupils enrolled in the country, 13 million; in the city, 8 million. Annual expenditures in the country, 250 million; in the city 390 million. Teachers' salaries in the country, \$414.00; in the city \$965.00. Expenditure per child in the country, \$18.00; in the city, \$53.00. Is it a square deal?"

"The Littleness of the Country School:

Little District
Little Valuation
Little Levy
Little Schoolhouse
Little School Ground
Little Terms
Little Attendance
Little Teacher
Little Salary
Little Children
Taught Little Things
In a Little Way.

"We have belittled the biggest job in America."

On the face of the foregoing facts, it would seem that the folk of America are asserting that the city child is about three times as valuable as the country child. As a country dweller I resent the implication. So do you.

Have we as country school patrons, as country school trustees been thinking in too little terms? Have we felt that that term of school was the most successful which cost the least and when our school tax was lowest?

To teach a country school successfully requires special gifts and training. To command the services of one who has these requirements takes money. While, therefore, the initial burden for the running of a rural school that shall educate boys and girls to become passionate lovers of country life rests upon patrons and trustees, the heart of the whole problem is the country teacher.

The importance—newly discovered and

still inadequately appreciated—of country life, of agricultural education, of the country church and of the rural school, had, even before the war, been bringing the rural teacher from her obscurity. She is now beginning to assume the pivotal place in her community that she deserves. During the war, she had a new ideal to achieve, a task which with the passing of the conflict and the coming of readjustment, looms more necessary and compelling than before. Instead of educating boys and girls out of the country into the city, she sees that she must take the traditions, skills, aspirations, aptitudes of the vicinity in which she finds herself and make these the basis for the education of her pupils. She sees she can and must be a large factor in energizing and directing the undeveloped human power of the country-side. A new dignity now hallows country life. New responsibilities rest upon its leaders. The teacher must know the subjects she is to teach and how to make them to appeal to country boys and girls. She must know country life, its needs and possibilities. She must have vision. To measure up to this challenge for specialized service, specialized training is imperative.

The country school issues a challenge to our young people. Rightly conceived, rural school teaching offers an unparalleled opportunity for growth, for the exercise of all one's powers, and for service. A child who has been taught by a consecrated teacher who is herself a lover of the country ought to have formed so many attachments to God's great out-of-doors that he can less easily be uprooted and translated to the city. When country children receive as careful educational nurture as the city children, the factitious lure of metropolitan life will fade. I am persuaded that thus our country churches will keep a larger percentage of their young people. To bring about this healthier condition, education needs the young people of power and parts who are today and tomorrow making a choice of their life work.

RELIGIOUS SURVEYS

CLIFFORD BEEBE

The hillside was steep and drifted with snow; there were two houses at the foot; two miles farther on, beyond the hill, were two other houses; the traveler was on foot. He was a religious surveyor, gathering sta-

tistics in a Pennsylvania rural district. The case was rather unusual, though, because the workers are ordinarily sent out, according to scriptural precedent—two by two; but it is often an arduous task, because they have to go with a horse, or a foot, when the roads are not fordable, and the country may be thinly settled.

The writer has recently had the privilege of co-operating in two rural surveys; the second was much the more typical, as the community was strictly rural, and in many respects like hundreds of other townships in western New York and northern Pennsylvania.

The methods of nearly all such surveys are essentially the same. In this case, it was the Christian Endeavor society of a small, but live, Seventh Day Baptist church in the township, which conducted the work; in other cases it may be a Bible school, a Men's class, or a Community club; but all use the same methods, and these methods are modeled to some extent upon the government census. The names of all persons are taken, each family on a separate blank; the church preference is asked for, also the church membership, if any; and often questions are asked concerning Bible school attendance. Other questions may be used, to fit the needs of individual communities; for instance, in the second of the two surveys previously mentioned, inquiries were made concerning membership in a Young People's society, and in the Grange. Questions are also sometimes asked as to economic conditions—size of farm, whether owned or rented, and the like.

The idea of the movement is closely allied to that of the secular census—to get definite, statistical information as to the religious conditions of a community. The advantages of obtaining such information are obvious. The churches, by referring to their survey statistics, can tell just how efficient work they are doing in Christianizing their communities. They may discover scattered members of their own or other churches, and they can detect any little eddies at the side of the stream where no religion has penetrated.

The results are sometimes surprising, as can be shown by some personal experiences. The writer spent nearly an entire day of his Christmas vacation tramping over the snow-clad hills and through the chemical-wood cuttings of a Pennsylvania rural dis-

strict. He had visited nine families, four of them containing no women; only two giving a church preference, and only one having any church members; he arrived at the tenth house; his ears were assailed by a volley of cursing and obscene language poured forth by a man to his wife.

"I'll get mighty little religious information here," he thought.

But the lady of the house invited him in, cordially. They were Methodists, not church members, but attended church when they could; it was so far away that they couldn't often go, but they missed the religious services.

Away back in the woods, the canvasser came, almost by chance, upon a little shanty and a small clearing. A fierce dog rushed forth, barking ferociously; a fiercer-looking woman, bearded like a man, came forth; but her words were gentle and mild. She and her husband had been members of a United Brethren church in the community; they were the only members left. They hadn't been to church in years, but their boy was a regular attendant at a small Sunday school several miles away.

These were the only church members found on this entire section of the survey. It was, indeed, about the worst end of the township; but other sections showed some surprising conditions, and the region around the church which made the survey was, alone, fairly well Christianized. And this in a township containing only about six hundred inhabitants, and three churches; and which has been regarded as a shining light of Christianity throughout that section! Can any one, bearing these facts in mind, question the value of such work?

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY—EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING

The Executive Board of the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society met in quarterly session at Alfred, N. Y., January 23, 1921.

Members present: William C. Whitford, Arthur E. Main, A. Clyde Ehret, Paul E. Titsworth, Ira L. Cottrell, Frank L. Greene, Samuel B. Bond and Earl P. Saunders.

Prayer was offered by Pastor A. Clyde Ehret.

The Treasurer, Dean Paul E. Titsworth, presented his quarterly report, which was adopted subject to audit. Following is a

summary of the revenue and expenditure account as shown by the report:

REVENUE	
Balances September 30, 1920.....	\$3,031 33
Interest	427 03
Contributions.....	16 22
Forward Movement Funds:	
For the Seminary.....	\$108 36
For Alfred University	464 42
For Milton College	449 42
For Salem College	449 42
	<u>1,471 62</u>
	<u>\$4,946 20</u>

EXPENDITURE	
Paid Alfred University.....	\$1,294 20
Paid Milton College.....	667 31
Paid Salem College.....	722 82
Paid the Seminary.....	160 00
	<u>\$2,844 33</u>
Temporary loan to Principal Account	65 00
Treasurer's salary	25 00
Accrued interest on mortgage purchased	25 00
Expenses of President to Tract Board Meeting	21 23
Printing	20 50
Balances December 31, 1920.....	1,945 14
	<u>\$4,946 20</u>

Total Endowment Funds.....\$51,879 45

It was ordered that the several balances shown be paid to the funds or institutions to which they belong.

It was voted to empower the Corresponding Secretary to prepare and submit to the pastors a questionnaire on Education.

The Corresponding Secretary gave a summarizing report of some of the interesting features of the work of the Council of Church Boards of Education, whose annual meeting, held in Yonkers, N. Y., January 3 and 4, 1921, he attended.

Voted that the President and Corresponding Secretary be a committee with power to determine how many copies of the magazine "Christian Education" should be taken and distributed by this society.

The Corresponding Secretary presented correspondence from the Commission of the General Conference relative to the budgets of the Seminary and the colleges.

Voted to recommend to the Commission that the amounts listed in the budgets of the Seminary, Alfred University and Milton College remain the same as at present, but that the amount for Salem College be increased if possible.

Voted that we contribute \$100 for the

general work of the Church Boards of Education.

A letter was presented from Rev. A. J. C. Bond, director general of the Forward Movement, relative to the proposed publication of a leaflet, and asking for material regarding the policy, program and work of this society for publication in such a leaflet.

It was ordered that such material be furnished to Director Bond, and that Professor J. Nelson Norwood be a committee to prepare the same.

It was voted to purchase a copy of the Milton Memorial Book.

E. P. SAUNDERS,
Recording Secretary.

HOME NEWS

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—At the annual business meeting of the Milton Junction Church the attention was called to the fact that news of our various activities had been noticeable by its absence in the RECORDER the past year. So, believing that what is everybody's business is nobody's business, the clerk was requested to send in the pastor's report complete, and I was asked to report the annual meeting as a whole.

The second of January was such a beautiful day both overhead and underfoot, that we expected a "big turnout", but in that we were disappointed. There were numerous good reasons for this, one of which was the several family gatherings that habitually occur on New Year's Day. The usual good chicken pie dinner was served in the basement during the noon hour.

At the business meeting, called to order by the moderator, at 10.30, and led in prayer by Mrs. A. B. West, reports of all the committees of the church were read, considered and adopted. In general these reports showed a year of activity and progress especially in the finances. The Sabbath school reported all bills paid and money in the treasury, and although the church books closed with about one hundred dollars deficit, we had in all raised about twice as much as any previous year—having raised for all causes about five thousand dollars.

The following officers were unanimously re-elected: Moderator, R. T. Burdick; clerk, Harold M. Burdick; treasurer, Alan B. West; chorister, Mrs. E. R. Hull. The latter was granted a vacation of two months, Mrs. Jennie Green consenting to take her

place during that time. A letter of appreciation was voted to Mrs. Hull for her faithfulness the past year. The Christmas eye song service arranged by her was especially worthy of mention.

We might add that the church also enjoyed a Christmas night social planned by Mrs. E. D. Van Horn. The Sabbath school elected R. E. Green superintendent and Mrs. Van Horn was re-elected primary superintendent.

Mrs. H. M. BURDICK,

Milton Junction, Wis.

FAR AWAY IN OLD KENTUCKY

Far away in old Kentucky,
One brief century ago,
In a little rude log cabin
'Mid the winter's frost and snow,
There we trace the first beginning
Of a life of humblest birth,
Yet whose name in song and story
Has been carried round the earth.

Though his boyhood oft was lonely,
Missing so his mother's smile,
Yet he treasured up her precepts,
And they kept him from all guile.
History records the lesson,
That his simple life will teach,
How he grew in strength and wisdom
Tho' uncouth in form and speech.

With a wondrous thirst for learning,
Thirst that would not be denied,
How he sought it—sought it ever,
Cared for little else beside.
How he labored till the evening,
Then with pine torch all alight,
How he culled the precious knowledge
In the stilly hours of night.

How the people learned to love him,
Learned to trust him in their need
How he led them through the conflict
Patient still in word and deed.
How he bore a nation's burden,
Pleading oft for grace and strength,
How he gave the Proclamation
When the time had come at length.

For he read the sacred volume,
And he pondered o'er the Word,
Till he learned to hate oppression,
Till his spirit's depths were stirred.
For he felt that men were equal,
Brothers of one common blood,
And this world was bound together
By the fatherhood of God.

—Mary B. Wingate.

Pittsfield, Me.

"Be cheerful. Don't carry around a woebegone look or act as though all the trouble in the world were resting on your shoulders."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go
right;
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God
appoints. —Jean Ingelow.

THE CAREER OF A COBBLER*

MARGARET T. APPLGARTH
CHAPTER III (CONTINUED)

Chunder Singh grew irritated: "You keep saying it, but what deeds did he commit to merit such high praise?"

"What? You trouble me for deeds, when I have filled your ears with nothing else since sunset time? Is it nothing that he lived in perfect peace with all the other sahibs? That he never rested? That he never held his gains unto himself? That he always tore his heart for those in sorrow to bring comfort? That he troubled much to learn our tongue and memorized our shastres that he might argue with our men of learning about God? That every breath he drew from first to last was drawn to serve the Living God and lead the men of India to him?"

"You say it and it has a fervent sound, but lo, I stop the praises of your lips with one question: Mention me one son of India's men who stepped down into this new religion; Ah, I have you now!"

"Not so, poor Chunder Singh, place your eyes again upon the stars, and note the lesser ones that twinkle in the sky. Oh, man of my own village, those little stars are those of India's sons who stepped down into the new religion and believed with joy. Moreover I named them but awhile ago—have you forgotten, Krishna Pal, for instance?"

Chunder Singh shrugged his shoulders in a non-committal answer. This man seemed of unending wonders!

"Bend down your ear, for it is true that seven long years passed by before Carey Sahib leveled any hill of heathendom. At

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the doors of how many huts did he salaam? On how many earthen floors did he sit down to talk about the way to God? How many hours did he spend toiling at his desk sharpening the tool of tools to level all those lofty hills? Soon I will name that tool; just now remember what a tedious space of time is seven years, composed of many hopeful days, of many disappointed nights. He drew out his soul in very anguish, Chunder Singh. Then there was a man of the carpenter caste, Krishna Pal, whose arm was dislocated. In pain it dangled by his side until the man of medicine, Thomas Sahib, mended it for him."

Chunder Singh was curious: "How as to that mending, of what nature was it? A chanting with the lips? A beating of drums—or what?" Vishnuswami laughed: "You man of ignorance! I have it as a fact that Thomas Sahib tied poor Krishna Pal fast to a tree to hold him quiet—he being too unused to Christian healing. Then with the aid of Carey Sahib and Marshman Sahib he replaced the dangling bone and bound it round in strips of cloth and slabs of wood to keep it straight. Meantime what questions gushed from Krishna Pal, who felt his sin most keenly. And, while he asked, the Living God stepped quietly inside the heart of Krishna Pal, and he was blest."

"All at once? Do you say he got down into the new religion all at once?"

"My friend, how can I say? I only know he came each day to talk with Carey Sahib and the hunger in his heart was fed. Moreover his wife and all his family were impressed, also his far neighbor, Gokool. Now I can prove their change of heart, since Gokool sat by Krishna Pal inside his hut and ate rice with him, a man of different caste."

"What? Lost caste deliberately? What was he thinking of, when gods are all so fickle anyhow?"

"The Living God is different, so they say, unchangeable from yesterday even until tomorrow. Moreover, Krishna Pal and Gokool sat down in the house of Carey Sahib and ate rice with him, showing all the village how they broke their caste to serve the God of Heaven."

"I like it not!" groaned Chunder Singh sadly.

"Then I make no doubt you would have been in the crowd of two thousand Hindus in that village to curse Gokool and Krishna

Pal, also Rasu, Krishna's wife, and Joy-mooni, her sister. You also would have dragged them by their hair before the Danish magistrate!"

"Indeed I would!" said Chunder Singh vindictively, "that brought them to their senses, I am sure."

"Think again!" said Vishnuswami, "for the magistrate himself was Christian and dismissed their case. So on a Sunday came the ceremony in the river, known as Baptism. It happened that Gokool and both the women wished to wait; so Krishna Pal and Felix, son of Carey Sahib were baptized together; picture that scene; the foot of Carey Sahib's garden when the Hoogli river ran. Hindu, Moslems, Europeans lined the banks. The blue river softly flowed, while Christians sang in sweet Bengali:

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?

Ah, brother, it would have drawn out your heart to hear Carey Sahib explain that the Christians did not think the river sacred, as Hindus count the Ganges sacred, but that by this act the convert was renouncing all his gods and all sins, to put on Jesus Christ, the Living God. Is there fire in your heart to feel the warmth of Carey Sahib's joy? Seven years in India—and behold, this first new Christian! And so full of joy was Krishna that when he spoke of it to Gokool, both he and the two women changed their minds again and asked to be baptized as soon as possible."

"Now as to Krishna,—did his joy continue week by week? Could any god give peace forever?"

"My friend, such peace, was his that his first act was putting up a house of worship to the Living God across the roadway from his hut. The very road on which the car of Jaganath was yearly drawn, while victims hung themselves beneath the wheels. And in this little house of worship Carey Sahib preached each week while the Christians rested from their daily work. A Christian's church they named it: the very first that Carey Sahib had in India. Then, one by one, as other Hindus joyfully got down into the new religion, they built new huts by that of Krishna Pal and dwelt in peaceful happiness."

A silence fell while each man thought his thoughts. Chunder Singh, still skeptical, his eyes fixed on the stars; Vishnuswami with strange impulses he never knew before.

"Chunder Singh," he whispered presently, "it comes to mind to sing to you the hymn which Krishna Pal composed to tell the drawing of his heart."

So through the silent night he sang with Christian cadence:

Oh thou, my soul, forget no more,
The Friend, who all thy sorrows bore,
Let every idol be forgot,
But, oh my soul, forget Him not."

(To be continued)

WORKER'S EXCHANGE

WEST EDMESTON, N. Y.

We have been asked to write of the best thing our Aid Society has done in the past year, but a study of the minutes shows so little done that there doesn't seem to be any "best" to write about. However, we are a living society, meeting once in four weeks at the homes of the members, and in the year just past we have not been obliged to omit any of the meetings and have had an average attendance of twenty.

For a little more than a year, we have been celebrating our birthdays by giving a cent for every year we have lived, and at the dinner there is a birthday cake with candles. This seems to be much enjoyed and adds quite a bit to the treasury. Perhaps when it is our turn again to write we will have done something worth telling about.

W. E.

NOTICE

Edward W. Perera, of "Thalagama Walauwa", Madampe, N. W. P., Ceylon, "requests the brothers and sisters of our faith to send him tracts, booklets, and old magazines for free distribution. Also books, or second-hand books to lend, and books of reference for his own use, and oblige". Brother Perera has been supplied with Sabbath literature tracts for free distribution by the Tract Society for several years, and the SABBATH RECORDER is sent to him regularly. Friends who have magazines and books to send to him can be assured that he will make a wise and helpful use of such literature.

E. S.

Study to be quiet and to do thy business. Make it thine ambition to have a heart at leisure. Without that there is no perfecting of fellowship, and without it no perfecting of toil.—C. H. Morrison.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A BOY'S THOUGHT OF LINCOLN

Some days in school, when teacher says,
 "Jim, name the Presidents,"
 I up and I commence,
 And say them all from Washington clear
 through Buchanan, then,
 I have to stop and clear my throat—I always
 have to when
 I come to Abraham Lincoln's name,
 E'en tho' the teacher whispers, "Shame!
 Can't you remember, Jim?"
 Can't I remember *him!*
 Why, he's my hero! That is why
 I get choked up and want to cry!
 Once he was just as poor as I,
 And homely, too, and tall and shy.
 But he was brave and made his place,
 Climbed to the top and freed a race!
 When I think what he dared to do,
 I just yow I'll do something, too!
 —*Children's Magazine.*

AN "EAGLE" HOLIDAY

Every year, just as regularly as February 12 comes around, grandfather tells Marjorie and Bob a story about Abraham Lincoln. Now, February 12 is not only the birthday anniversary of one of our greatest Presidents, but it is little Marjorie's birthday, too. It is what she calls her "eagle holiday". Bob says she means "legal holiday", but Marjorie declares she doesn't mean that at all, so there you are! Perhaps you might call your birthday an eagle holiday, too, if you had a big silver dollar given to you for each year of your age, with an American eagle on every coin. "And then," explains Marjorie, "they always have eagles over Lincoln's pictures, so of course it's an eagle holiday—what else could it be?"

"One day," said grandfather, "during war times, I went to call on President Lincoln with two other men. One was a governor and one was a senator, and we had very important business. Just as soon as the door was opened to the President's office a little boy about ten years old slipped in with us. Mr. Lincoln shook hands with us, and then he asked, 'And who is the lad?' The boy said he had been waiting three days to see the President, and that he wanted to be a page in the House of Representatives. But Mr. Lincoln shook his head and told him he must go to the doorkeeper of the House to ask about that. The little fellow looked

as if he wanted to cry from disappointment, but he didn't. He held out two letters and said, 'One of these letters is from my mother, one from our mayor. My father is dead and we are very poor, and I do want to take care of my mother, sir.' The President smiled and took the letters and ran them over. Then he looked at the boy steadily and smiled again. And on the back of one of the letters he wrote, 'If Captain Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy I shall be gratified. A. Lincoln.'"

"Oh!" said Marjorie breathlessly, "he loved little children, didn't he?"

But grandpa only nodded and kissed her sunny curls. There were tears in his eyes and his thoughts were far, far away with the great man who was never too busy or too absorbed in his own affairs to be kind to others—Abraham Lincoln, the martyred President.—*Selected.*

LINCOLN AND THE SENTRY

Foreign visitors are surprised to find that there are no sentries at the White House. During the Civil War a solitary soldier mounted guard, and on one occasion had an amusing colloquy with President Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door, his lank figure bent over, as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection.

As the blast struck him he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry, and, turning to him, said:

"Young man, you've got a cold job to-night. Step inside and stand guard there."

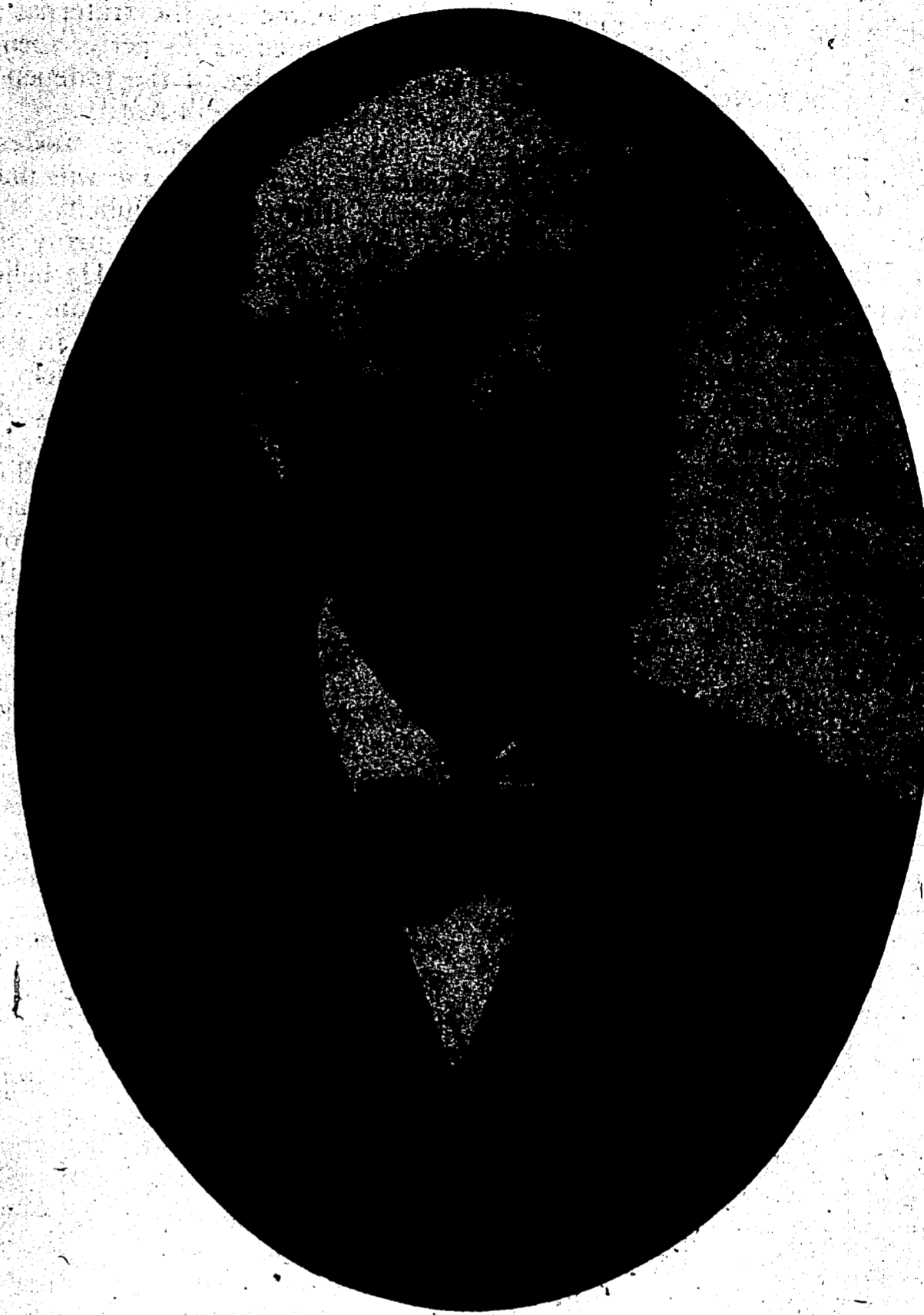
"My orders keep me out here," the soldier replied.

"Yes," said the President, in his argumentative tone. "But your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in."

"I have been stationed outside," the soldier answered, and resumed his beat.

"Hold on there!" said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again. "It occurs to me that I am commander-in-chief of the army, and I order you to go inside!"—*Selected.*

It is a grand thing to find joy in one's work. If you have found that, you have found the heart of life. Glad service is better than great service, unless that be glad, too.—*James Buckham.*



HON. PAUL M. GREEN

Paul M. Green, who has been a citizen of Milton township and village for more than eighty years and who has been closely identified with the business, political, educational, and religious activities of the community for many years, entered into rest January 25, 1921. He had suffered, often intensely, and for a long time from a malignant disease which prevented him from sharing in social and religious privileges he longed for.

"Uncle Paul", as he was familiarly and affectionately called by his acquaintances, young and old, was born in Allegany County, New York, August 15, 1837. His father was Henry W. Green, of Brookfield, N. Y.,

and his mother, Martha M. Coon, of Alfred, N. Y. Paul was the youngest of the three children of this home and at the time of his death was the sole survivor as his brother Ira was deceased in infancy and his sister, Mary E., afterwards Mrs. M. S. Burdick, died August 22, 1901.

In 1840 the family came to Wisconsin and settled in the Rock River Valley near Charley Bluff in the township of Milton. As Paul grew to young manhood he shared in the rigorous tasks and hardships that were incident to the clearing away of the forests, the breaking of the new land and the development of the pioneer home. The father bore a prominent and responsible part in the civic and religious life of the community and

the son found in the father's example the first principles of a serviceable life.

In 1868, the family moved to the village of Milton where Paul has since resided. Here he began his business career which continued to the time of his death. For four years after coming to Milton, he was partner with his father in the shoe business. For thirteen years he was postmaster. For eight years he owned and conducted the coal and lumber yards. He was one of the organizers and stockholders of the Milton Bank and in 1893 became president. Two years later he was made cashier and held this office until 1913 when he was again elected president which office he held till his death.

Mr. Green always had an active interest in the civic and political affairs of the community. He represented the various interests of his constituency with conscientious faithfulness and ability. He served on the town board as chairman for five years and was supervisor for a number of terms. He was an honored member of the State Legislature in 1893-1894.

Mr. Green was intimately connected with the educational work of the community. He was a member of the public school board for nearly twenty years. For more than fifty years he served as a trustee of Milton College to which he gave of his time and means to further the usefulness of the institution he loved.

On May 19, 1859, he was united in marriage to Miss Abbie McHenry whose childhood home was in McHenry Valley, Allegany County, N. Y. They were married in Milton by the late President William C. Whitford and for nine years lived in their Rock River home. Here was born their only child, Eldon L., who a little more than a year after his birth was taken to the arms of the Savior.

In his young manhood, Mr. Green was converted and fully surrendered his all to Christ. He was baptized into the fellowship of the Rock River Seventh Day Baptist Church. When he removed to Milton he transferred his membership to the church of like faith in that village. He has always been a humble, earnest Christian worker, one who loved his Lord and his church and loyally tried to do his Master's will. The beautiful pipe organ he presented to the church is a touching tribute of his affection for his sainted companion and his love of worship in the house of God.

He had time for the fraternal social relations with men as his active membership in the Du Lac lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows will testify.

"Uncle Paul" was a modest, refined, Christian gentleman. He was undemonstrative and shrunk from publicity. Only he and his God ever knew how many lives he has helped in critical times. He believed in the integrity and good intentions of men and they honored his confidence in them. Their gratitude for his kindly help made him happy. By his safe counsel, his generous spirit, his Christian character, his devotion to duty, his interest in his fellow-men and his devotion to his God he has erected a monument more precious than gold and more enduring than granite. Since the death of his wife Mr. Green has been cared for in his home by Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Crandall.

Farewell services were held at the house and at the Seventh Day Baptist church in Milton on Thursday afternoon, January 27, in which Pastor Henry N. Jordan and President William C. Daland took part. Interment was made in the village cemetery at Milton.

H. L. J.

In the Patent Office in Washington, D. C., there was discovered not long ago the following letter, dated 1833:

"Dear Sir: Because everything that can be invented has already been invented, it is inevitable that this office shall soon go out of business. Inasmuch as I will soon lose my position, I hereby resign to look for work elsewhere."

Good work was never found by one who had lost his vision. It is as true of individual accomplishments as of nations. "Where there is no vision, the people perish."—*Record of Christian Work.*

God has difficulty in getting us still. That is perhaps why he has sometimes employed the ministry of dreams; men have had "visions in the night". In the daytime I have a divine visitor in the shape of some worthy thought, or noble impulse, or hallowed suggestion, but I am in such feverish haste that I do not heed it, and pass along. I do not turn aside and see this great thing, and so I lose the heavenly vision. If I would know more of God, I must relax the strain and moderate the pace. I must "be still".—*J. H. Jowett.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

MAKING OUR LIVES USEFUL

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
February 26, 1921

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Useful by service (Gal. 5: 13-16)
Monday—Fit for Christ's use (2 Tim. 2: 19-22)
Tuesday—By prayer (Mark 9: 14-29)
Wednesday—By doing God's will (Acts 7: 30-37)
Thursday—By doing the day's work (Acts 13: 36)
Friday—By good example (Titus 2: 1-8)
Sabbath Day—Topic, How can we make our lives useful? (Eph. 6: 5-8)

It is likely entirely true to fact, and only fair to say, that young people, almost without exception, who have been raised under truly Christian influences have the desire to do something worth while in life. How best can they make their lives useful? Very frequently at first, perhaps, they may be thinking more of winning success for themselves than about contributing of themselves in service to the needs of the world. Desire to render service is the outgrowth of high ideals and purposes that have been stimulated through religious influences. Where these influences are lacking we need not look for consecration to unselfish service in any large measure.

In what way can one best render unselfish service and make his life most useful? It has not been so many years since young men and women were made to feel that if they were to render religious service to the world they must become ministers or missionaries, resulting in a sort of feeling that there was no very close relation between religion and Christian service and the so-called secular employments of life. One might be dutifully religious on Sabbath days, but on the other days of the week there need not necessarily be any very close and active connection with religion. Fortunately the time has come when we have a changed understanding of what relation religion sustains to life. It is all too true that as a denomination we have too few ministers; but one need not necessarily enter the ministry to make his life useful and one that will count in the service of God.

There is no calling today which one may enter without finding therein ample opportunity to make his life religiously useful.

One may remain in the open country and yet find a splendid opportunity for making his life useful as a Christian leader and teacher. The rural districts all over our land are sadly in need of religious leaders and teachers. I have in mind a man who operates a large dairy farm, yet who has for a number of years been a Sabbath school superintendent. And one, too, who has been so wide awake and progressive that, with the co-operation of others, the school is rated as a "Standard" school. Not only that, but he is president of the Bible school district of which his school is a member. The country districts are also in need of women who are willing to become Christian home makers and mothers. The standards of rural family life need be made more ideal, more cultured, more refined. These standards must be made so through the influence of Christian homes.

Then one may be a mechanic, a laborer, a doctor, a teacher, a dentist—it matters not what—and still find large fields for service. I have in mind now Christian teachers, doctors, dentists, farmers, and so on, who can not be surpassed as religious leaders and teachers. Those who thoroughly prepare for life with expectation of serving not only man but God as well, will not, can not fail of making their lives useful.

A MESSAGE TO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS

The following message from President Francis E. Clark to the four million Endeavorers of the world, on this fortieth anniversary of the founding of the society is especially appropriate at this time.—T. L. G.

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

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

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

Hold fast to it because without prayer and without the Bible, to which it commits

us, we can do nothing abiding or worth while as Christians.

Hold fast to it because it demands loyalty to the church as well as to Christ, for without definite and strenuous loyalty to the people of God with whom we have associated ourselves we shall disastrously scatter our influence and our power.

Hold fast to it because it enforces duty of testimony and outspoken allegiance to him whose we are and whom we serve. Expression is as necessary to religious growth as the impression of truth. A plant can not grow unless it expresses its life by its leaves and flowers. Strip off the leaves of a tree for three successive years and it dies. A bird if it lives will surely express itself in song.

Every honest word for him in the prayer meeting, every simplest service on a committee is an expression of our love.

A Christian if he would grow strong must express his love for Christ in words, and songs, and deeds.

Hold fast to the pledge because it has been and is the main cable of devotion to the prayer meeting which is the power house of our movement.

Hold fast to it because it has been the inspiration of all our many committees and of our multifarious welfare work, for soldiers, and sailors, prisoners and shut-ins, for children in fresh air camps and for people in all conditions of distress.

Hold fast to it because it is the bond of our world-wide fellowship. In a hundred different languages, in more than a hundred different denominations, in every continent and in all the great islands of the sea simple, reasonable, practical in spirit and purpose if not in exact phraseology.

Condensed into a line it is to strive boastfully or vain-gloriously, but to strive earnestly, persistently, humbly to do whatever Jesus Christ, our Lord, would like to have us do.

This is the gist of Christianity. This is the pith of Christian Endeavor. This, please God, will give strength and perpetuity to our movement in the long years that stretch before us.

To all the Endeavorers who listen to these words I give my best wishes and my affectionate greetings.

TWO MEETINGS OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD

I

January 27, 1921, a special meeting of the Young People's Board was called to order by the President, Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, in the Welfare office of the Sanitarium.

Prayer was offered by E. H. Clarke, Dr. W. B. Lewis and Rev. A. J. C. Bond.

Members present: Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, Miss Frances E. Babcock, Miss Edna Van Horn, Mrs. Nettie Crandall, I. O. Tappan, Emile Babcock, E. H. Clarke, L. S. Hurley, Allan Van Noty, Dr. W. B. Lewis, Dr. B. F. Johanson and C. H. Siedhoff.

Visitors: Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Rev. and Mrs. M. B. Kelly, Mrs. L. S. Hurley, Mrs. Cerena Davis Van Noty, Miss Alberta Severance.

The following report was presented by the Corresponding Secretary:

Number of letters written, 25; Board stationary has been sent to all the non-resident superintendents, editor of the Young People's page, field secretary, and associational secretaries.

Lists of officers have been received from Ashaway, Farina, Jackson Center, North Loup, Milton, Milton Junction, Albion, Adams Center, Nile, New Market, Shiloh, Fouke, Welton, Exeland, West Edmeston, Battle Creek, and Coudersport.

Correspondence has been received from the following: Harry Coon, Edna Burdick, Rev. H. N. Jordan, Mrs. W. D. Burdick, Mary Bonham, Zea Zinn, Lyle Crandall, Anna Scriven, Mrs. A. G. Crofoot, Rev. A. L. Davis, Rev. R. R. Thorngate, Viola Babcock, and Mrs. Randolph.

Zea Zinn reports that she has written to all of the societies in her section of the Northwestern Association concerning the missionary fund to be placed in trust but has received no funds toward it as yet.

Edna Burdick reports that the Plainfield Society has given five dollars toward this missionary fund, and that other societies were making pledges toward it.

Respectfully submitted, FRANCES FERRILL BABCOCK, Corresponding Secretary.

The following report was presented by the L. S. K. Superintendent:

Plans for a Christian Endeavor for lone-Sabbath-keepers has been worked out and will soon be sent to all L. S. K's who are on our directory. The work has been outlined for the remainder of the first quarter. It is along the following lines: C. E. topic, memorizing of scripture, reading of mission book, Denominational Study, etc.

Any lone Sabbath-keeper may become a member of this society by taking up the work outlined.

Respectfully submitted, FRANCES FERRILL BABCOCK, L. S. K. Superintendent.

Reports of progress were given by the Goal, Efficiency, Missionary, Social Fellowship and Extension Superintendents.

The Forward Movement Projector being compiled by the Young People's Board was read and discussed.

The tentative Conference program for the Young People's night was discussed.

A discussion was held with Rev. A. J. C. Bond, the Forward Movement Director, with regard to present work and plans for the future.

A report was read from the Fouke School. Adjournment.

Respectfully submitted, B. F. JOHANSON, Secretary pro tem. C. H. SIEDHOFF, Recording Secretary.

II

February 3, 1921, the meeting of the Young People's Board was called to order by the President, Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, in the Welfare office of the Sanitarium.

Prayer was offered by E. H. Clarke and Dr. W. B. Lewis.

Members present: Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, Miss Frances E. Babcock, E. H. Clarke, Dr. W. B. Lewis, Dr. B. F. Johanson, Allan Van Noty, I. O. Tappan, Mrs. Nettie Crandall, L. S. Hurley, and C. H. Siedhoff.

Visitors: Mrs. Cerena Davis Van Noty, Ellis Johanson and Miss Alberta Severance.

The following report was presented by the Treasurer and accepted:

E. H. CLARKE, Treasurer In account with The Young People's Board.

Table with columns for Dr. (Balance on hand, Elizabeth Randolph, Simpson Studies, Walworth C. E., Albion C. E., Conference Treasurer, Conference Treasurer) and Cr. (Nortonville C. E., Milton Junction C. E., Salem C. E., First Genesee) and a total of \$524 85.

Respectfully submitted, L. A. Babcock, salary and expenses E. M. Holston \$129 62 Mrs. W. D. Burdick, supplies 2 25

Table with columns for Balance Feb. 1, 1921 and a total of \$524 85.

Respectfully submitted, E. H. CLARKE, Treasurer.

Voted that \$3.50 be allowed the Corresponding Secretary for postage and supplies.

Voted that \$25.00 be paid Miss Ina Davis for teaching in the Fouke School this year.

The following report was presented by the Efficiency Superintendent:

Table listing nine societies and their ratings for January: Fouke (240), Battle Creek (224), Hammond (220), North Loup (206), Milton (203.5), Nile (149), Ashaway (118), Welton (113), Shiloh (100).

Respectfully submitted, I. O. TAPPAN, Efficiency Superintendent.

The Goal Superintendent presented the following report:

Table listing Goal ratings for January 1, 1921: Adams Center (232), West Edmeston (220), Battle Creek (191), Milton (176), First Hebron (172), North Loup (142), Nile (107), Boulder (100), Exeland (100), Little Genesee (100), Milton Junction (97), Hammond (90), Ashaway (82), Albion (78), Fouke (64), New Market (60).

Respectfully submitted, B. F. JOHANSON, Goal Superintendent.

The Social Fellowship Superintendent presented the following report:

Ten letters have been sent out this month, eight of which were to associational secretaries in regard to the giving of the Denominational Evening. This entertainment was sent to the Southwestern field. The Secretary of the Eastern Association has asked for the entertainment next. It will then be sent to Miss Zea Zinn to be used in the Northwestern Association. Plans are being made by the associational secretaries to have two or more societies join in giving this social.

A social entertainment was received from the

Social Committee of the Ashaway society. One has been sent to the Salem society upon their request.

Respectfully submitted,
MRS. NETTIE CRANDALL,
Social Fellowship Superintendent.

The following resignation was presented to the Board:

Owing to removal from Battle Creek, Mich., to Tulsa, Okla., it seems best for me to tender my resignation as President of the Young People's Board, to take effect at once.

RUBY COON BABCOCK.

With deep regrets that our efficient and hard working President must leave us the Board voted to accept the resignation.

Dr. B. F. Johanson was unanimously elected President of the Board for the remainder of the present Conference year.

A general discussion was held on Board matters.

Reading of the minutes.

Adjournment.

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

THE PAINTED POST AND THE STRUGGLING OAK—AN ALLEGORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

REV. F. E. PETERSON

It so happened in my wanderings to and fro, that my feet chanced upon the spot where, fifty years before, with other childish feet, they had run and skipped in boyish games and tireless play. It was in front of a stately country mansion, upon the bank of a river near where it flows into a beautiful lake. The manor house had fallen somewhat into decay, though retaining much of its former grandeur; the dignified elderly gentleman with a sweeping gray mustache was no longer to be seen walking beneath his shrubbery, as he, long ago, I was told, had been gathered to his fathers.

But what I missed most from its former place in the landscape, and what I had most hoped to see, was a certain painted gate-post that had stood at one side of the gateway in front of the old homestead. As held in my memory it was a most unusual and altogether a remarkable gate-post. It must have been some eight or nine feet in height, although to my young imagination it seemed ten or twelve. It was elaborately

carved and ornamented, and decorated in many, if not all, the colors of the rainbow. But now, in this day of grace 1919, it was nowhere to be seen. Much disappointed at its absence I cast my eyes about for other familiar objects; the river and the lake were before me as in former years, and there still stood the house in its decaying grandeur. On the other side of the driveway, opposite from the place where had stood the proud post of former years, my gaze met the outstretching branches of a magnificent oak tree. I did not recall ever having seen it before, although it must have been there in my boyhood days. It was then, doubtless, an insignificant tree, and thus escaped my notice, but in the half century that had elapsed it had grown to its present stately proportions.

It was a very warm afternoon in the month of August, and feeling somewhat drowsy, I sat down between two roots of the oak and leaned my head against its massive trunk. I must have fallen asleep and dreamed, though it all seemed very real, for the tree above me seemed to make a gentle bowing of its branches, as if to show a courtesy, and immediately a subdued voice seemed to issue from an orifice a few feet above me. The speech of the tree was unlike that of any other language I had ever heard, yet I had no difficulty in understanding its meaning. I will now translate for you what the old oak seemed to say. It was as follows:

"When I was a little tree, I dwelt in a great forest and hardly ever saw the sunshine for the many other trees that grew around about. But one day a great lady and gentleman rode through the forest to the river bank where we now are. They seemed very much delighted with the view from this spot, and, after much talk, gave many orders to the men that followed them. They all went away then, but afterward the men came again with axes and cut down many trees. One rough man caught me by the leaves of my head, and bent me far over, flourishing his cruel axe threateningly at me; but the lady who had just returned, stayed his arm, and tying a piece of ribbon about one of my branches, gave command that no one should do me any harm. I was very grateful to her for saving my life, as you can well believe, and I straightened out my branches and stood as erect as possible, to do my part in adding

beauty to the spot that was to be her future home. Other workers appeared with lumber and materials of various kinds. Roads and paths were laid out, rare trees and shrubs planted, and a stately mansion erected. Just here at my right the main entrance or driveway, led into the grounds; and the place occupied by myself seemed to be by accident one of honor, as a sort of guardian or sentinel to the portal through which all the grand carriages drove in coming to or leaving the governor's house—for no less a notable man was he than governor of the State, of whose summer home I was to become a member.

"The laborers spent many months in erecting buildings and beautifying the grounds. Winding paths were laid out, and a broad driveway paved with smooth pebbles from the beach passed the place where I stood.

"One day I noticed two men with pickaxes and spades digging a deep hole at the opposite corner of the driveway. They labored many hours, and must have dug to a depth of five or six feet before they ceased. The day following many men came bearing upon their shoulders a great post or beam, which they proceeded to erect in the hole dug the day before. This post or beam was a marvel of workmanship, having cornices and many carvings, and being striped and decorated with brilliant colors. It made a grand showing, as it stood so proudly by the entrance, and attracted a great deal of attention from all who passed or came to visit the governor.

"As I have already said, we two, the painted post and I, guarded on either side the entrance to the grounds and mansion of the governor. But all eyes seemed to be turned toward the painted gate-post as they passed. Grand ladies and fine gentlemen often stood and gazed with admiration at my companion, but scarcely gave me so much as a glance. Still, I tried not to be envious, but stood patiently in my place, spreading my leaves to the sunshine, and digging my roots deeper into the soil. Little by little I grew, from year to year, growing stronger and sending out new branches. All this was not the easiest thing for me to do, as I found not a few difficulties to overcome. At first some larger trees overshadowed me and kept away the sunlight, but they were finally cut down by the caretaker; then there was a very large flat rock where I

wished to strike my main or taproot into the earth beneath me. I found also that there was insufficient moisture on my side of the road, but that by sending out lateral roots across the road beneath the surface, I could reach a spring of water where I could slake my thirst in the driest and hottest seasons. This I found to be a very hard undertaking, as the roadbed was so hardened by many wheels and hoofs; but after several trials I succeeded in the undertaking. The biggest task that I had to perform was that of making a way through the flat rock already spoken of. At first I thought it would not be necessary, as I might be able to bend my main central root around it, or merely spread my roots fan-like on top of the rock. But a sudden wind that came upon me almost unawares taught me a needful lesson, as it nearly blew me over, although I hung on with every root for dear life. Resolved not to be caught napping a second time, I hunted the surface of the rock with all my rootlets, until my diligence was rewarded by the finding of a crevice. Into this I immediately sent one of my tiniest, yet most determined rootlets. That winter, the frost helped a little, and I sent into the widening fissure many more rootlets. Then the neighborly frost boosted some more, finally splitting the stone; and the next spring I sent a large root right through the rock into the clay soil below. I was very happy at my final success, and spent nearly a whole day celebrating my victory, by clapping my hands—leaves I mean—out of pure delight. But I soon set to work again on another task; in fact, though you may not in the least suspect it, trees, like people, find many things to do, if they would be useful, and their work is never done. As I was about to say, the ground where I stood was rocky and contained little nourishment for a growing tree, and in order to obtain sufficient plant food I made a long run with several roots to the corner of the garden where I found a quantity of fertile soil, thus assuring, as it were, a full larder for the future.

"I could tell you more about the things I was always finding to do, but I must leave myself a little time to tell you about my neighbor across the way, the painted gate-post."

"Oh, do tell me about him!" I exclaimed, "I am sure he must have been jolly com-

pany, besides being able to advise you in many ways."

"S-sh-sh-s," said the oak, making a swishing sound with its leaves. "Please let me do the talking now; besides you did not know the painted gate-post as well as I did." Whereupon the old oak resumed his story as follows:

"The stately gate-post stood in his appointed place, day after day, without moving so much as a muscle. He never looked at me, as I could see, but ever gazed after the fine gentlemen and ladies coming and going, who rode past. Once or twice I tried to make his acquaintance, but he seemed to regard me in haughty disdain, answering me in monosyllables only.

"He had only sneers for my efforts to better my condition. 'Why aren't you quiet for a moment?' he broke out at me one day. 'You are so uneasy, digging hither and yon with your everlasting roots! Why, I have seen them even way over here,—I wish you would stay on your own side of the road. I know enough to stay where I am put and be still, while you are always fidgeting and flouncing about. You surely make me nervous.' I felt very much vexed at this ill-humored speech, but I managed not to say anything worse in reply than, 'You just wait, you just wait!'

"That summer I drank in with my leaves great floods of sunshine, and grew considerably stouter and taller; and in the fall I had grown a nice crop of acorns. The birds and squirrels loved to come and gather them, and it was a delight for me to watch them skipping about in my branches.

"Mr. Painted-Post, the meantime, seemed in a very ill-humor, scowling and glowering at me. 'I don't see how you can tolerate those squirrels as you do,' he burst forth. 'I wouldn't work and toil for those pesky things, you don't catch me soiling my hands for anybody,—to say nothing of birds and squirrels.' At this I made reply, 'Oh, I love the squirrels and birds too,—they are such good company. I made a little house for them where the storm broke a limb off, and now there are six little baby squirrels chattering and giggling, and oh, it's such fun to see them frisking about!' At this the painted gate-post scowled so fiercely (probably from envy—'sour grapes')—that it checked a patch of red paint off its forehead, which made him look quite grotesque as well as cross.

"The next spring I made an extra effort, putting forth an immense number of twigs and leaves and rootlets. I sent my arms still higher into the air and the birds found several snug places to build nests among my boughs. The painted post stood idle from one season to another, grumbling sullenly every now and then because the carpenter or the painter did not come around to minister to its numerous wants. Of late years Mr. Post seemed to be getting too tired or lazy to stand up straight, and leaned over to one side or the other in a careless and shiftless manner.

"About this time the house and grounds exchanged hands, the governor having sold the premises to a practical farmer with a family of growing children who seemed to have little use for painted posts, or other articles of mere ornamentation. Mr. Post lost large patches of paint and grew greatly in need of repair. Besides it leaned dangerously to one side and often became the butt of ridicule from passing boys, or the targets of their slingshots. No one now stopped to admire the gate-post, for its former grandeur had quite departed. It led a lonesome life, being seldom visited by the squirrels or birds. It spent hours muttering and grumbling, but never seemed to think it could attempt anything in its own behalf. This seemed the more strange to me as it always had so many idle hours to pass away, while I always found so much to do every hour of the day.

"The post found a great deal of fault with me criticising me severely for about every thing I did. But I did not mind this very much. 'What next are you going to allow those boys to do?' he exclaimed, as one day he saw John and Henry affixing a long rope to one of my arms in order to make themselves a swing. 'You'll humor those boys to death, allowing them to climb all over you as you do, and giving them every thing they ask for: I wouldn't associate, either, with every tramp that comes along—I'm not so common as all that.' This because I had welcomed some weary travelers who stopped to rest beneath my shade. Then he would rehearse long tales of his former grandeur and honors, and bemoan the fact that the present times were out of joint. The poor old post went on grumbling and muttering to itself for a long time, until I grew very sleepy, and as the sun went down and the shadows thickened, I settled

myself for the night, finally falling asleep and dreaming of distant lands where the birds came from in the spring, and whither they flew when their nesting time was over, and the chilling winds of autumn began to blow. Then I seemed to see broad prairies and waste places where no trees grew, where there were no branches for the birds to rest on, or where they could build nests, and no shade for weary travelers. So I stretched my arms and threw all my acorns as far as I could; and where they fell many trees sprang up. Then I thought a mighty giant came and grabbed me about the trunk, and seemed about to tear me by the roots from the ground; I awoke with a great start, to find that a mighty roaring wind was twisting at all my branches, and torrents of rain was falling. I grabbed the earth and rocks with my roots, holding on with all my strength, while the wind tore off many leaves and small branches and threw my acorns far across the fields. Toward morning the storm subsided, and I saw that though my clothes were sadly rumpled, not much damage was done; but looking across the way I saw the painted post lying flat on its back, where it had been blown over and rolled into the ditch, nearly covered with mud and gravel."

This is the end of the oak's story, and of my dream, for just then I awoke. But I could but think that the old oak had really been talking to me, and had related a true story.

And thus perished the proud and pampered painted gate-post. It had never tried to do anything for itself, but had always had things done for it. It had never put its time to any real use, but spent hours in self-admiration. In its prosperous years the painted post had been vain and unsocial, and critical. In its latter years, it had been lonely and unhappy, and without friends, having never truly proved itself a friend to others.

On the other hand, the oak had been modest, and industrious, always working for the birds and squirrels and children and for weary travelers. It never had time to think of its own beauty. It had many hardships but always grew stronger as it overcame them one after another. Its last days were the most glorious days of its life. It had few to notice or to befriend it in youth, but these increased with the years, until in its old age the tree had hosts of friends and

admirers. Faithful in its place, the tree had exemplified the motto, "He serves who stands and waits", and proved the truth of the proverb; "He that is diligent in his business shall stand before kings", or at least before governors.

The moral of this allegory I will not try to explain; however, I would ask you two simple questions, the answers of which you may make, not to me, but unto yourselves: Which would you rather be—An idle painted post, to be always ministered unto by others; or a struggling oak, ministering unto others, and thus attaining the true end and aims of all life?

HOW SCOTLAND WAS SAVED

Little Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on the sharp, prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first, and pout with vexation afterwards.

"I do wish there were no such thing as a thistle in the world," she said, pettishly.

"And yet the Scotch nation thinks so much of it that they engrave it on the national arms," said her mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Minnie. "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 her mother; "that they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make an attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along bare-footed as still as possible, until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound awoke the sleepers and each man sprang to his arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss. So, you see, the thistle saved Scotland, and ever since it has been placed on their seals as the national flower."

"Well, I never could suspect that so small a thing could save a nation," said Minnie, thoughtfully.—*The Young Churchman.*

Any life which is so busy as to leave no room for meditation and devout affection, any life which spends all its energies in external work, without ever rallying or recollecting itself at its source, is certainly not the life of the Spirit.—*E. M. Goulburn.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

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

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST VACATION RELIGIOUS DAY SCHOOLS SUMMER OF 1921

AGENCIES

Recognizing the Vacation Religious Day School as a new and important step forward in the religious training of our children and young people, and noting the growing interest among our churches in the movement, and in order to stimulate further interest and conserve and co-ordinate the work already begun, the American Sabbath Tract Society and the Sabbath School Board have officially voted to co-operate in promoting, conducting and financing a certain amount of such work during the summer of 1921. (See minutes of the boards in RECORDER.) The plans in detail are left in the hands of Secretary Edwin Shaw for the Tract Society and Secretary E. M. Holston for the Sabbath School Board.

PLANS

To avoid overlapping and haphazard selection of courses, to relieve local committees of a great amount of labor in arranging programs and selecting textbooks, and to furnish the local church with one of the necessary teachers, it is arranged that a certain number of young ladies, qualified as teachers and organizers, be employed for seven or eight weeks during the summer at a salary of \$15.00 a week and traveling expenses. For convenience these young ladies will be called Supervisors of Religious Day Schools. They will be supplied in advance of entering the work with a complete curriculum and syllabus for a three weeks' religious school with which they will become thoroughly familiar and thus be able to assist in setting up and supervising two schools during the vacation period of 1921, following as closely as practicable the standard recommended by the Sabbath School Board. The supervisors will also be supplied with a complete set of textbooks for their personal use which will remain the property of and be returned to the Sabbath School Board at the close of the work.

The employment of these supervisors un-

der the arrangement noted above does not preclude any other employes of the boards, or other denominational agencies from taking part in this work. In fact, the freest and fullest co-operation will be extended to all persons, churches or agencies who will undertake to promote and carry on this important work.

THE LOCAL CHURCH

The local church will formally request the service of a supervisor of Religious Day Schools, will entertain her with room and board while she is employed with them, and will otherwise finance the school. The local church will provide suitable classrooms and apparatus, and see that pupils are provided with the necessary textbooks. The supervisor will be expected to teach one class in the grade or department in which she has specialized. Other teachers will be provided by the local church.

PERSONNEL

Misses Ruth Phillips and Marian Carpenter, of Alfred, N. Y., Miss Marjorie Burdick, of Dunellen, N. J., Miss Leta Lanphere, of Milton, Wis., and Miss Mary Lou Ogden, of Salem, W. Va., have accepted calls to the position of supervisor. At the close of each school the supervisor will render reports in duplicate to Secretaries Shaw and Holston for their respective boards. The salary and expense accounts will be audited and paid by the Tract Society.

THE SCHOOL

The term is for three weeks, Monday to Friday inclusive for regular sessions. On the two intervening Sundays nature study expeditions are taken, weather permitting. Regular sessions forenoons only, 8.50 to 11.45. The annual church and Sabbath school picnic should immediately follow the close of the term.

The courses include Bible study 40 minutes; Mission study, general and denominational, 30 minutes; supervised play 20 minutes; assembly, devotions, singing, general topics, 20 minutes; memory work, Bible, prayers, songs and hymns, 30 minutes; story period, 30 minutes.

The courses are planned for children of school age, grades 1 to 8 inclusive, to be divided into four classes, two grades in each class.

It would seem that the regular Sabbath school work would be sufficient for pupils

(Continued on page 224)

MARRIAGES

COLE-ELDRIDGE.—At Adams Center, Wis., Jan. 18, 1921, by Rev. W. D. Tickner, Mr. Gerald Cole and Miss Gladys Eldridge, both of Adams Center, Wis.

DEATHS

LANGWORTHY.—Louise Stillman Langworthy was born May 24, 1850, and died at her home in Alfred January 20, 1921.

She was the daughter of Samuel and Chloe Stillman. She was born in Alfred where she has lived her entire life. On November 9, 1870, she was married to John Langworthy. To them were born three sons: Howard S. of Orchard Park, N. Y., Olin F., of West Virginia and Q. Dean, of Berkeley, Cal. Besides her three sons she is survived by one sister, Mrs. Ophelia Clark, of Alfred, and two grandchildren. Her husband died July 1920.

At the age of thirteen she was baptized and joined the First Alfred Church and had been a faithful and consistent member until the Father called her to the home beyond.

Her death came as a surprise and shock to her friends. Her sickness was of but a few days; and even those who knew of her failing health did not realize the seriousness of her condition until almost the last hours. Funeral services were conducted by her pastor and she was laid to rest in the Alfred Cemetery. A. C. E.

REMINGTON.—Jerome P. Remington was born in Independence, N. Y., May 30, 1831, and died of heart failure at Painted Post, N. Y., January 31, 1921.

Jerome was one of six children born to Daniel S. and Eliza Eaton Remington. One brother, Delos D. of Andover, survives.

Jerome was first married to Aurilla Bloss in 1852. She lived about one year. In 1856 he was married to Mary Fish, daughter of Lewis Fish, and to them were born a son and three daughters, two of whom, Mrs. Fanny A. Carpenter and Mrs. Lenna E. Cahill, of Painted Post, are now living. After the death of his wife in 1889, in 1890 he married Mrs. Selina Green. He has been a carpenter and farmer most of his life, but for several years after 1890 he kept a store at Independence.

With his two brothers, Delos and Oscar he enlisted in the 130 N. Y. Co. E, afterwards the First N. Y. Dragoons, and except for four months in the hospital was with his regiment until discharged in July 1865. This regiment was in about forty engagements, among these, Culpeper, Cold Harbor, Shephardstown, Winchester, Cedar Creek and Appomattox.

Another tie with the early history of this town

is severed when we remember that his father and mother were the first couple to be married in the town of Independence.

Farewell services were conducted in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Independence, February 3, 1921, conducted by Rev. H. B. Williams, of Andover, in the absence of Pastor W. L. Greene on account of illness. W. L. G.

WILLARD.—Dewitt Clinton Willard, son of Daniel and Elizabeth Saunders Willard, was born in the town of Wirt, Allegany County, N. Y., July 15, 1831, and died January 2, 1921, at the home of his daughter Mrs. Franklin Nickey, Santa Ana, Cal., after a third shock.

In 1858 he was united in marriage with Lavina Potter Lanphear who died twenty-three years ago.

Five children mourn his loss: S. Orla Willard, Butterfield, Mo.; D. Everett Willard, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Evelyn Willard Clarke, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Elizabeth Willard Nickey, Santa Ana, Cal.; Rex E. Willard, Fargo, N. D.

In 1891 Mr. Willard was baptized by Rev. L. A. Platts and united with the Friendship Seventh Day Baptist Church, and remained a member till called home, responding to roll call by letter until recent years. E. W. C.

PALMITER.—Jane Fannie Furse was born in Cornwall, England, January 16, 1832, being the next to the youngest child of George and Mary Furse.

Her young days were spent in England, but she came to America with her parents in her teens and settled in Palmyra, Wis., and later in Fulton.

On April 26, 1856 she was married to Jonathan Palmiter, of Edgerton. Later they moved to Albion where they lived, except for two winters spent in Hammond, La., until the fall of 1919 when the infirmities of age compelled them to go to the home of their son, W. F. Palmiter in Edgerton, Wis. Mr. Palmiter died in June and his wife followed him October 12, 1920.

She leaves one son, W. F. Palmiter, three grandchildren and several great grandchildren.

Farewell services were held at the home of her son in Edgerton, conducted by Rev. C. S. Sayre, pastor of the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church of which she had been for many years a member. The interment was in Fassett Cemetery. C. S. S.

GREEN.—Hon. Paul M. Green, youngest son of Henry W. and Martha M. Coon Green, died at his home in Milton, Wis., January 25, 1921.

(See page 213 for an extended obituary).

H. L. J.

FOGG.—Isaac Sheppard Fogg, son of Joseph Harmer and Rebecca Davis Fogg, was born in Hopewell Township, near Shiloh, N. J., December 20, 1844, and died in the Bridgeton, N. J., Hospital, November 25, 1920, lacking only a few days of being 76 years of age.

He was married to Susan J. Ayars, daughter of Reuben J. and Matilda Ayars. To this union were born six children of whom but three survive—Reuben J., of Bridgeton, Mrs. Effie Hann,

of Bridgeton, and Mrs. Matilda Crandall, of California.

He was a man of retiring disposition, devoted to his family, ready to see only the best in every one and not willing to hear ill said of any one.

During his latter days he spent much time caring for the lot where his loved ones lay and where he, too, soon expected to rest. His Bible with its many marked passages, some of which were read at the funeral services, shows the interest he had in the precepts of that Book in the promises which it contains.

Many friends and relatives will remember with pleasure the man and the quiet helpful life he lived.

He united with the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church, February 24, 1867, and remained faithful to it until called to the church above.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Erlo E. Sutton, in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Hann, Sunday afternoon, November 28, and the body was laid beside his loved ones in the Shiloh Cemetery. E. E. S.

EMERSON.—Myra Thelma Emerson, only daughter of Castello and Mabel Emerson, was born at Milton, Wis., January 24, 1907, and passed away at their home at Albion, Wis., January 9, 1921, being nearly fourteen years of age.

She was baptized and united with the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church, May 29, 1920, and developed into an ardent faithful Christian. She was a general favorite in the community on account of her cheery ways and her willingness to use her talents, and her sudden and untimely death is a deep sorrow to all.

On account of the nature of the disease, diphtheria, no public funeral was held, but memorial services were held at the church Sabbath afternoon, January 15, conducted by Pastor Sayre, assisted by Prof. D. N. Inglis and Mrs. J. H. Burdick of Milton. C. S. S.

(Continued from page 222)

of kindergarten age. If a sufficient number of pupils of high school age can be enrolled a special course for them will be provided.

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Sabbath School. Lesson IX—February 26, 1921

REWARDS OF FAITHFULNESS.
Matt. 25: 14-30

Golden Text.—"Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things." Matt. 25: 23

DAILY READINGS

Feb. 20—Matt. 25: 14-23

Feb. 21—Matt. 25: 24-30

Feb. 22—Matt. 25: 31-40

Feb. 23—Matt. 25: 41-46

Feb. 24—Luke 2: 8-17

Feb. 25—Neh. 2: 1-8

Feb. 26—Psa. 40: 1-8

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardner, D. D., Editor

Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager

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"Let thy gold be cast in the furnace,
Thy red gold, precious and bright,
Do not fear the hungry fire,
With its caverns of burning light:
And thy gold shall return more precious
Free from every spot and stain;
For gold must be tried by fire,
As a heart must be tried by pain!

"In the cruel fire of sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wall;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail:
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain!

"I shall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
Of the fire they have had to bear.
Best on, true heart, for ever;
Shine bright, strong golden chain;
And bless the cleansing fire,
And the furnace of living pain!"

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