

The Seventh Day Baptist Forward Movement

The organization and actual work of the Forward Movement have promoted among the various boards a mutual understanding co-operation which is calculated to emphasize the unity of our program, as well as our oneness of spirit.

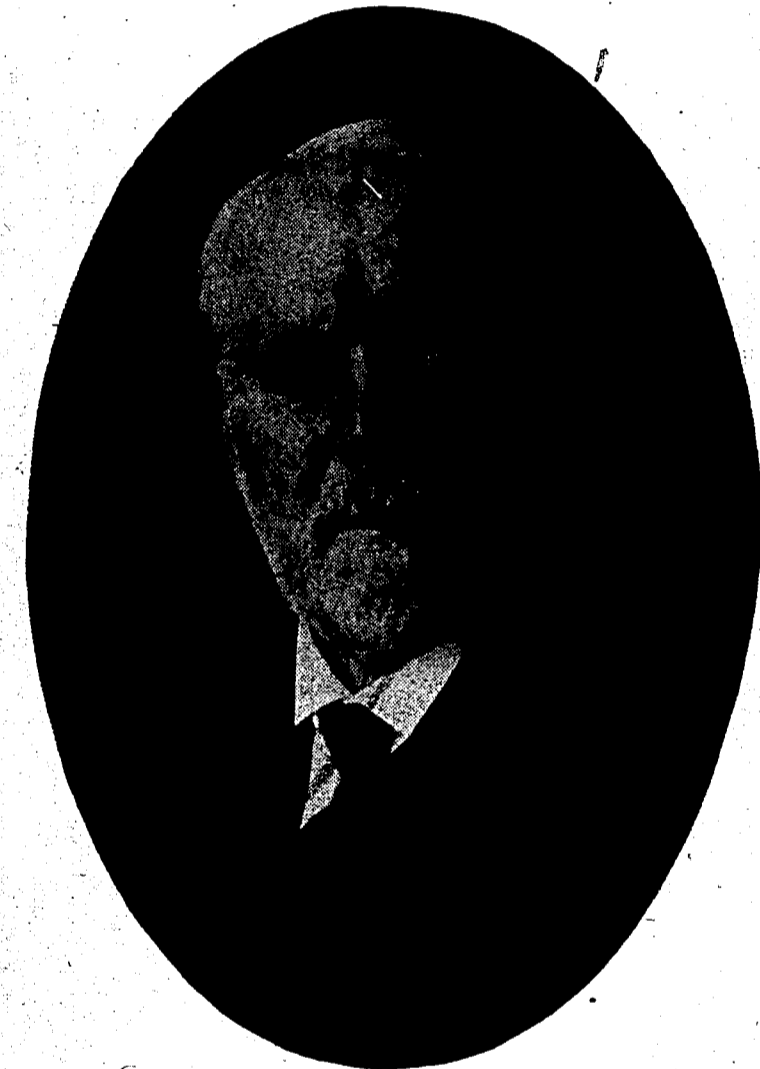
There is also, we believe, unmistakable evidence of a spirit of devotion on the part of the people, and a desire for a deeper religious experience

This growing disposition among the boards to be a part of the one organization and to promote the one program of Seventh Day Baptists, and this increasing sense on the part of the people of the value of personal righteousness, are evidence to us that the Forward Movement is of God.

—From the Report of the Commission.

AHVA J. C. BOND, *Director*
SALEM, W. VA.

The Sabbath Recorder



ELDER GEORGE C. TENNEY
1847-1921

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

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Terms Expire in 1923—Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Westery, R. I.; Benjamin F. Johanson, Battle Creek, Mich.; Lucian D. Lowther, Salem, W. Va.

Terms Expire in 1924—Rev. Theodore J. Van Horn, Verona, N. Y.; Paul E. Titsworth, Alfred, N. Y.; M. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va.

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

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.
Treasurer—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.
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Field Secretary—E. M. Holston, Milton Junction, Wis.
Stated meetings are held on the third First Day of the week in the months of September, December and March, and on the first First Day of the week in the month of June in the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.

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

The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., OCTOBER 10, 1921

WHOLE NO. 3,997

Accidental Death of Elder George C. Tenney Before this RECORDER reaches its readers, the sad news of the death of our beloved friend and brother, Elder George C. Tenney, of Battle Creek, Mich., will be known to all. We were in White Cloud, Mich., when the telegram sent to the RECORDER was returned to us by Brother Frank J. Hubbard, of Plainfield, N. J., so we went to Battle Creek to attend the funeral. All the city was in mourning. The shock had been almost unbearable, and signs of sorrow were stamped upon all faces. Men and women about the Sanitarium seemed dazed as though awakened from a sad dream.

Flags at half mast over the Sanitarium, the Annex, the Hospital, and elsewhere in the city, showed something of the deep grief into which the fearful accident had brought the people.

Elsewhere in this RECORDER we publish articles from the Battle Creek dailies concerning the accident, and showing something of the esteem in which Brother Tenney was held by all classes.

During the few years since Brother Tenney had found a church home among our people, he had made friends in all the churches, and we had come to love him for his sweet-spirited, helpful, and brotherly characteristics.

Many times in his visits to five Conferences and several associations did he express his joy over the Christian friendships he loved so much as witnessed among the friends from far and near as they came together.

Many have spoken since Conference at Shiloh of Brother Tenney's spiritual messages day by day at 11.15, in "The Quiet Hour of Worship". Little did we all think then that we were listening to his gracious words for the last time.

Little did he think when he wrote that beautiful article about our Conferences and his relation to Seventh Day Baptists, that the telegram announcing his death would appear in the same RECORDER. "In the midst of life we are in death."

The Last Sad Rites As we took our places on the platform in the crowded Sanitarium Chapel in Battle Creek for the last sad rites in honor of Elder George C. Tenney, we looked upon a sea of sorrowing faces.

For thirty years Brother Tenney had been the life and soul of that great institution in spiritual things. To many in this large assembly he had been a comforter and help in days of trouble. His spiritual daily devotions and parlor talks had many times cleared the darkened skies of those who came in wheel-chairs, with crutches, or by the aid of friends in time of weakness—convalescents at whose bedside he had prayed when they were too ill to come to morning worship; and we do not wonder at the marks of sorrow now, when they gather where the still form of their benefactor is buried in a profusion of flowers sent by many loving hands.

In this same assembly room many of them had listened to the gracious messages that fell from his lips, and to the sweet songs of faith and hope which he could sing so well.

As the time for the services drew near, a deep silence fell upon the large audience. As those who were to take part stepped upon the platform, the great organ began a funeral dirge, solemn, yet triumphant in tone, as if the very instrument itself was trying to transform its own wail of woe into a grand song of triumph.

The sweet perfume of beautiful flowers, so artistically arranged about the casket and the pulpit—flowers that seemed like the very smile of God bringing sunshine in our day of darkness; whispering sentiments of love and hopes of immortality to come, as only flowers can, added their wonderful testimony to the music of the organ, and made a fitting preparation for the messages soon to fall from human lips in songs of comfort for the living and in words of tribute for the dead.

Soon the organ tones were softened and the old Sanitarium quartet began one of Chaplain Tenney's favorite songs:

I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.
And 'round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His and He is mine,
Forever and forever.

When all the stanzas had been sung, Rev. Dr. C. W. Heald read Psalm 103:

Bless the Lord O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies.

The entire Psalm was read, and the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER followed with a prayer for the heavenly Father's blessing upon the dear ones in the darkened home; upon the institution left without its chaplain; upon the church he loved so well, and upon all the friends throughout the land who mourn the loss of a helpful counselor.

Then came the song: "Crossing the Bar", by the quartet:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg then told in simple and loving words the story of his intimate association with Brother Tenney for forty-five years; how, after the fire that destroyed the old Sanitarium, Brother Tenney volunteered to return from his mission in Australia and become his helper in bearing the heavy burdens consequent upon rebuilding and re-establishing the institution.

Brother Tenney had always been ready with help and sympathy. For some time in the early days this good brother carried

a full share of the business burdens, planning and helping to solve the problems that confronted them; and at the same time conducting the excellent parlor worship which for many years has been so helpful to hundreds of people.

Dr. Kellogg closed by saying: "Everybody here respected and loved Chaplain Tenney. He has always been my most loyal and trusted friend, a man of superior judgment and good sense; always sympathetic, broad-minded, and full of faith; hopeful, cheerful, devout—a man whose place will be hard to fill."

Dr. S. B. Crandall, president of the Battle Creek Ministerial Association, spoke of Brother Tenney as a most helpful and interested member of that association. He was its dean. While others had come and gone as pastoral changes had made it necessary, Elder Tenney has remained to bid the goers good-by and to welcome the newcomers. He was a father to all the pastors; a constant helper and friend who was seldom absent from the meetings. He possessed the elements of strength and the superior qualities of a Christian gentleman; strong in every way and yet he exercised his strength in gentleness.

The ministers of Battle Creek will miss this good man. While he possessed the faith of a child, his trained mind enabled him to draw the spiritual elements so needful for the help of man. He was not only an advisor, but a comforter whom it was a rare privilege for the ministers of Battle Creek to know.

In a few well chosen words, Pastor Kelly spoke of "Elder Tenney the Christian". He said that after all the words to which we have listened there was needed no added testimony to the practical, loving, Christian life of our departed friend and brother.

Pastor Kelly referred to the work of Elder Tenney as teacher of the nurses and helpers, in the Sanitarium and hospital.

"For years," said the pastor, "he has stood as the bulwark of righteousness that has made this institution great. Its hopes in the future depend upon its loyalty to the spirit and principles exemplified by its respected and worthy chaplain.

Brother Kelly and his coworkers in our church there feel their loss most keenly, and

the pastor hardly knows how they can get along without his help and counsel.

All the speakers were brief, giving in few and simple words something of the pent-up feelings of bereaved hearts.

The casket was not opened, and the people were requested to think of Elder Tenney as he looked while going and coming in his work among them.

The services at the Sanitarium were closed by the quartet, with the song: "The King My Shepherd Is". At the grave Rev. Henry N. Jordan made the prayer and Pastor Kelly, who had charge all the way through, pronounced the benediction. Then the large company of friends turned away from the tomb to take up the various duties of life awaiting them.

We must not close this account of the funeral without some mention of the scene at the tomb. In some ways it was the most beautiful and impressive we remember of ever having seen.

The mound of earth was completely hidden until it seemed like a mound of flowers. The casket, too, was completely covered with roses and ferns. While the instrument for lowering the casket was allowing it to sink so slowly that one could hardly see it move, the quartet was singing: "Abide with me". When the flower-topped lid of the casket was just even with the surface of the ground, so its flowers just graded off with those of the mound, looking like a flower-bed at its base, there the machinery stopped, until the song was sung and the prayer was made.

Then the people under the glow of the autumn sun, and nearing the close of day, turned quietly away from what seemed only a beautiful bank and bed of flowers, rather than from an open grave. The message of the roses, and the beautiful sentiment of this closing song will never be forgotten by some who stood by.

Abide with me; fast falls the even tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou that changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

The Northwestern Association After about sixty miles of auto riding from Little Prairie to Stuttgart, and a night and day of rail-roading by way of St. Louis and Chicago to Milton, Wis., we found ourselves in the home of Pastor Henry N. Jordan and wife, ready for the opening of the Northwestern Association.

A little before ten o'clock on Thursday morning, September 15, the people began to gather in the church and many happy greetings characterized the inpromptu social hour before the meeting was called to order.

The weather was ideal. It was such a complete change from the humid, burning heat we had endured in the southland, that we were glad to lay aside our summer clothing and don the winter suit. For two days, a gentle rain or slight mist kept the atmosphere cool and pure and we certainly did enjoy the change.

Soon after President M. J. Babcock, of Albion, Wis., called the association to order, the congregation was singing most heartily: "I will sing the wondrous story of the Christ who died for me", and all through the splendid sessions of the next four days, the spirit of that song was prominent, and the story of redemption and of service for Christ was told in various ways.

The theme of the association was: "Christian Challenge to Life Service". In the opening devotions, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn spoke of the many problems now confronting the Christian world, and of the apparent feeling that Christ is too far off to be of practical help in our time of need. It is the Christian's duty now to overcome this feeling by bringing Christ near. We must find in him the message for our times. The Scripture lesson was about the "great light which the people who sat in darkness"

saw, and the message of Christ who came to "preach good tidings", and to bring release for captives, sight for the blind, "liberty for the bruised" and to "proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord". The next appropriate song was:

"We have an anchor that keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the billows roll, Fastened to the Rock which can not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love."

Pastor Jordan's welcome was in keeping with the old Scotch custom of saying: "Come all the way in." We need you and you need us. Let us put spiritual things first and exalt Christ in all our gatherings.

You have come to the home of Milton College. It needs you and you need it. While here will you not keep in mind the welfare of the churches, and of the college, and of the world's work.

The college has been passing through trials this year; but we are hopeful. The outlook is good. The school is regarded on every hand as a safe, ethical, spiritual and moral institution where our young people can find the culture necessary for the true manhood and womanhood so greatly needed in a time like this. Milton holds a high place among the educational institutions of the State. We plead for loyalty on the part of the churches of the Northwest.

We have passed through a tragic experience in the loss of President Daland, but we still hope to go forward, and we are trusting God for the future.

With a constructive program we hope to improve the opportunities of the new year. If you can only see, while here, the spirit of the founders and of the supporters of the college, you will then see the true Milton.

For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? was the text of the first association sermon, preached by Rev. G. D. Hargis, of Walworth, Wis.

The speaker showed the greatness of eternal life as compared with the physical life. The loss of human souls should be the burden of all denominations.

The selling of the soul for mere baubles

is the greatest tragedy of earth, and if men could have the vision to see the end, there would be greater efforts to save the lost. We all need to heed the call of the prophet Ezekiel to the watchmen unto the house of Israel.

Reports From the Churches and the People The corresponding secretary read letters from some fifteen of the twenty-one churches of the Northwestern Association. These letters show that the spirit of the Master is leading the people and that many are longing for a revival of interest in the good work.

The delegates from sister associations and from the boards brought helpful reports from other parts of the denomination. Rev. Theodore J. Van Horn represented the three associations in Rhode Island and New Jersey, and in New York. The Southeastern was represented by Rev. M. G. Stillman, and Secretary Shaw spoke for the Southwestern and read their letter. Although he was not present in the session at Little Prairie, he was requested by that association to speak for it.

The second sermon of the association was by Rev. M. B. Kelly, of Battle Creek, Mich. He had three texts: "For we are laborers together with God" (1 Cor. 3: 9). "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that built it" (Psa. 127: 1). "For I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge" (Rom. 10: 2).

The first text challenges to work. God needed no help in his work of creation, but he does call upon his children to help in the work of saving lost men. For this work Christ came and to it he called his followers. The key to his matchless life was: "Not my will; but thine be done."

A lost world is here and Christ came to save it. There is need of old fashioned pentecostal revivals. We need the gospel of obedience to law; and if we can not defend the Bible we must go under. Grace is undeserved favor. We do not *deserve* grace. God gives it, and if we go on violating God's law after he has granted pardon through grace, what can we expect. Being under grace is being in harmony with the unchanging law of Jehovah.

Talks with the Master Near the close of four sessions at Milton the program called for "Talks with the Master". The first of these was by our aged friend, Elder Simeon Babcock. He used the story of the walk to Emmaus in which two disciples talked with the Master about his death and resurrection.

The disciples were discouraged about the problems that confronted them. They had hoped for certain things and had been disappointed. They knew not what to do nor where to turn and Jesus helped them solve the problem.

We too sometimes find the outlook dark and become discouraged. At such times we know not what to do. But Christ will help us too; for he said, "Lo, I am with you always." This is true today, and may we in our talks with the Master have our eyes opened until we may say, It is well.

"Talks with the Master" number two, was by Rev. George W. Burdick, of Milton. He spoke of the blessings that have always come to men by their communion with God. When in the process of time and the fulfillment of God's plan, the veil of the old temple was rent and men found nothing between them and the Master—when they found that every person could come in close touch with him, there was a great gain.

Power comes today by letting Christ in to talk with us. He meant just what he said when he promised to come in to us and sup with us and we with him.

On Sabbath evening Rev. John T. Davis gave the third of the "Talks with the Master". He reviewed the topics of the other two—The Walk to Emmaus, and, "The prophets communed with God until the veil was rent and there was nothing to come between Jehovah and his people." Prayer is a talk with God. Let us lift up our hearts and talk with him when the way is not clear to our finite vision.

Are we as a people doing all we should to hasten the work God has given us to do? If we are not, then we had better talk with the Master about it. Many practical things have been spoken of in these meetings. Many problems have been mentioned, and we must now have a talk with God about the work.

Here Brother Davis requested Brother A. J. C. Bond to lead the congregation in

a talk with the Master. All stood and at the close of Brother Bond's prayer, they together prayed the Lord's Prayer.

The fourth of these talks was by Brother Hosea W. Rood, of Madison, Wis. He had taken pains to write his address out in full, and we are glad to offer it to our readers elsewhere in this SABBATH RECORDER.

We need not tell you that the treatment of this subject, "Talks with the Master", brought much spiritual food to the large audiences that listened to them.

Some Open Doors An interesting feature of the work in Milton was the showing of several open doors. This occupied much of the second day of the association.

First came open doors in Java, by Mrs. D. L. Babcock. She gave a brief biography of Marie Jansz, and a description of her good work, with a brief history of the Java mission. Our readers will find it on page 408 in the RECORDER of September 26.

Then came Open Doors in South America, by Mrs. G. W. Crosley, which we hope she will give the substance of in her RECORDER work.

Open Doors in the Southwest was the subject given to Secretary Shaw. He began with a plain sheet of paper on his board, showing the outlines of the southwestern mission field. But when he was through, several paper doors on his map had been opened, one by one, as Rev. T. J. Van Horn with a pointer showed, Little Prairie, Fouke, Gentry, Belzoni, Hammond, Attalla, and other mission points on the field. These little paper doors stood open on the sheet showing a spot behind them indicating the town described. This was a very effective way of showing our open doors.

Open doors in the Michigan field came next. Brother Adelbert Branch, of White Cloud, presented a brief paper which appears on another page of this RECORDER.

Prof. Paul E. Titsworth gave a brief account of the mission churches in the Western Association where Rev. William L. Burdick is the field missionary. Brother Burdick's home is in Portville, N. Y., and he is enjoying the work in that interesting field.

Brother Titsworth spoke of the oppor-

tunities for community service where our churches are surrounded by many families who have no church connections. We need twice as many men in the field as we now have.

These open door discussions were very helpful, giving a vivid conception of the needs of our fields of work.

The Gospel Wedding Feast In the parable of the wedding feast, Rev. T. J. Van Horn found a challenge for service which should be heeded by all. The feast exceeds any wedding feast you ever saw. It will be sad if we begin to make excuses. In the parable, we are taught to invite "every one both good and bad"; to "go quickly"—we must not dally and wait, for all things are ready. Now is the time. We are to "compel"—constrain—them to come, by removing all distractions. The teacher must not show himself so much that he distracts the attention from Christ. The manner too in delivering the message must be in harmony with the spirit of the Master.

There must be found a point of contact between the messenger and the one invited. This can be done best by those in contact with God. With one hand in his let us reach out with the other for our fellowmen.

Our Outlook for Workers This was the subject given to Rev. A. J. C. Bond whose duties have kept him in touch with many churches during the year.

He spoke of some open doors that did not stay open for want of workers. The Forward Movement is bringing out some good workers in the churches. If the situation is well presented, men will come. He mentioned Brother Claud Hill, who has left the North Loup farm for Christian work; of Charles Thorngate, the North Loup carpenter, now pastor of a small Wisconsin church; and of Ellis R. Lewis, of Stone Fort, who recently responded to the call of God and now pastors his home church, as illustrations of what he said about workers responding to a proper call.

While young people are usually slow to announce their purpose of entering the ministry, Brother Bond knows of some who are looking that way. The card movement at Conference is likely to bring out some full-time or part-time workers for the Master.

Sabbath at Milton Sabbath eve brought a crowded house, and after a sermon by the editor, Brother Claud Hill led the testimony meeting in which ninety-four persons witnessed for their Master.

The sermon by Dean Paul E. Titsworth, of Alfred, N. Y., on Sabbath morning, was a strong appeal to make the most of one's life. We hope something of it may be given our readers in the RECORDER soon.

The Temperance lesson was taught by three speakers to a class that filled the church. The topics were: "Abstinence for the Sake of Others", by Mrs. Abbey Babcock Van Horn; "Victory Assured", by Mrs. C. S. Sayre, and "For the Gospel's Sake," by Edwin Shaw.

The young people had a strong session in the Northwestern Association. Practicing the presence of God or a real living Christianity was presented in a paper by Miss Myrtle Lewis, and we hope to see it in the RECORDER soon.

The Social Task of the Church was discussed by Prof. L. H. Stringer. This task has grown upon us in the last ten years. The "movies" have greatly changed the outlook for social life. The church used to be the center of social life; but the automobiles have changed things by bringing the city near.

Much now depends upon training for leadership of the right sort. No matter how much natural ability one may possess, the training is still needed.

A liberal education trains in many lines, and our young people can not afford to miss it. Seek the education that belongs to the Christ life, and that fits for service and leadership. Great business interests need Christian leaders. If such leaders can be secured in the various departments of industry the problems of the social tasks of the church will be solved.

George Thorngate spoke upon the Opportunities of the New Day. We make our own opportunity when we dream for years of some great work. To dream a new dream every day will get us nowhere; but sometimes the dreaming of years will show us an open door.

Moses, Nehemiah, Frances E. Willard are good examples of successful dreamers. What is the dream of your life? By God's help you can make your own opportunity.

Rev. C. B. Loofbourrow's subject was that of our opportunity to carry the Sabbath into our chosen profession or occupation. Parents make a mistake when they magnify the sacrifices their children have to make in order to keep the Sabbath. A wise God made the Sabbath for the good of his children. The Bible gives no hint of any special burden for the obedient. There are several good occupations in which the Sabbath can be kept and we be true to our God and our conscience.

"The Challenge to the Young People" was the general topic for this hour and it was well presented.

When we went out of the young people's meeting Sabbath afternoon everything looked bright and hopeful. A most delightful change had come in the weather. The misty drizzle of the last two days had given place to the glorious sunshine of early autumn; and its brilliant rays glimmering through the trees, with a temperature cooled by continued rain until the atmosphere was pure and bracing, all gave a cheering and hopeful closing to this Sabbath day. Then when the day was done the silvery sheen of the September moon made the evening ideal.

There was no real connection between the hopeful sunny session of the young people's hour at close of the Sabbath's work, and this bright clear-off at the close of day. But in some way, we could but feel that the sunshine was prophetic of a bright day to come in which overshadowing clouds may give way to the sunny hopeful light-shining of our loyal young people.

Milton College and The Northwestern Association The interests of Milton College were given a large place in the association. Dr. A. L. Burdick had charge of the session devoted to its interests. He said its ideals are the same today as those held by the founders of the school half a century ago.

Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn spoke of the workings of Milton College when he was a student here, and of the vital relation-

ship between it and our churches. Its influence is beyond all estimation. It emphasizes the spiritual life and aims to develop well rounded-out characters in those who enter its classes.

The atmosphere is always clear. The student body will not allow smoking within its buildings; they insist upon pure language and gentlemanly ways. In athletics they must play a clean game. In study they must do honest work. Families, churches and communities have ever received rich blessings from Milton College.

The attitude of the churches and communities around this excellent school should be one of loyalty and result in generous support.

Dr. Daland had a broader vision than most of us, when he proposed the Thanksgiving Offering of last year. But we found he was right. The result was beyond our expectation. The churches should do no less in the years to come.

The college quartet sang a beautiful song about the true riches, and Professor John Daland gave an excellent talk upon the danger of short cuts in education. He called attention to all the young people in twenty-one churches. Many long for higher service. They desire to be developed along the lines of their own peculiar aptitudes, and Milton College does this very thing for them.

Hard times tempt some to make short cuts by going to some business school. This may be better than no education; but the longer course lasts longer for a real life-work, and it will not pay to make the short cuts.

The college stands for the highest ideals, and every student should strive for higher Christian manhood. There is danger in going out from the high school into the world of business with its unfavorable surroundings, before character is matured. Milton College stands to offer just the superior training that matures character and enables young people to stand true.

Walton H. Ingham made an appeal for better support of the college from the churches. What can the school do if it can not call upon the churches, until its endowments are sufficient for its support. Its only hope now is in these churches. The college is yours and not Milton's. Dr. Daland be-

lieved in the people when he confidently asked for, and expected a day's wages from every one. We had fears and misgivings. But when the returns showed almost \$400 more than the hoped-for \$3,000, Dr. Daland said: "Isn't it glorious?"

The next association will be held with the church in White Cloud, Mich. The officers are: Dr. B. F. Johanson, Battle Creek, Mich., moderator; Mrs. Nettie Fowler, White Cloud, Mich., secretary; Mrs. D. N. Inglis, Milton, Wis., corresponding secretary; and Pastor Charles Thorngate, Exeland, Wis., treasurer.

The delegate to the Eastern, Western and Central associations in 1922 is Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, with Claud L. Hill as alternate.

The delegate to the Southeastern and Southwestern associations in 1922 is Rev. W. D. Tickner, Adams, Wis., with Rev. G. D. Hargis as alternate.

The people were entertained in the homes of Milton for all meals excepting for dinners on Sabbath and Sunday, when every one was provided for at the church. On Sabbath day five hundred and forty persons were fed in an hour and three quarters.

The Forward Movement was ably set forth by our "Pastor at Large" on Sunday afternoon, M. G. Stillman preached a practical sermon; and in the evening Rev. H. C. Van Horn, of Dodge Center, Minn., preached and Charles Thorngate led the farewell conference meeting. We had to leave out this meeting as it seemed best to go to Madison in order to secure an early train for the north in the morning.

GEORGE C. TENNEY: AN APPRECIATION

EDWIN SHAW

I very dearly loved Brother Tenney, although my acquaintance with him had been for but a few brief years.

The first time that we met was at Garden City, Long Island, where he had been sent as a representative of the Battle Creek Sanitarium to attend the meeting of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America. The next time, if my memory fails me not, was at the Plainfield General Conference in 1917.

But I came really to know him when I was sent to Battle Creek for a few weeks of rest three years ago next winter. He met me at the railway station, and left nothing undone for my every comfort. He took me to his own home, where with Mrs. Tenney's loving help he gave me the most beautiful, intimate, ideal hospitality. There was no sham in that welcome.

I spent the days at the Sanitarium, and the chaplain's office, his office was my headquarters. I seldom failed to attend his early morning service of worship in the parlors of the Sanitarium, about the only public services that I did attend during my stay. Those morning talks were richly laden with the spirit of calmness and steadiness, of Christian faith and hope and trust, a spirit much needed to counter balance and dispel the spirit of restlessness, impatience, doubt and uncertainty, which is so characteristic of many who come to the Sanitarium. That institution will look in vain for another like Elder Tenney.

But it was in his home, during the evenings, when we sat in quiet, each of us reading, or when we talked of their work in Australia and their journeyings about the world, that I came to know them best; when the Bible was opened at bed-time, and the three of us took turns in reading from the Word of God, and then kneeling in prayer, in thanksgiving and praise we committed ourselves and all our interests to the care and wisdom of our Father in heaven—then it was that the unspoken intimate fellowship was formed which nothing can ever remove or destroy.

Great good has come to me, great help, from this friendship, this delightful, much appreciated comradeship. What he was to me he was to multitudes almost without number. His blessed influence continues in ever extending circles, for, "he being dead, yet speaketh".

"Have thine own way Lord, Have thine own way.

Thou art the Potter, I am the clay,
Make me and mold me after thy will
While I am waiting yielded and still.

Have thine own way Lord, Have thine own way,

Hold o'er my being absolute sway.
Fill with thy spirit till all shall see,
Christ living only always in me."

—Sallie L. Morton.

THE COMMISSION'S PAGE



LAUNCHING THE CAMPAIGN

AHVA J. C. BOND

The Forward Movement director has been asked to launch a campaign for funds to carry on the work of the denomination.

Well, the fact is, the campaign is on. But there is very urgent need of our speeding up. Many churches made a special effort to collect as much as possible on their pledges before the close of the Conference year. It may be remembered by readers of the SABBATH RECORDER that more than fifteen thousand dollars was received by the treasurer of the Forward Movement in June. That was very fine. But the result is a slump just now. This falling off was to be expected, and is not especially discouraging or disconcerting. But the work of the denomination goes right on. It can not stop. It must not stop. It must not even be temporarily checked in any quarter. The issues are too vital and the results too far-reaching for the boards to do other than to carry on.

Doubtless they are doing this with full confidence in the people. And I am sure that confidence is not misplaced.

Funds will come in faster now that many churches are approaching the end of their financial year. Efforts will be made to collect pledges that remain unpaid. A systematic effort should be made to collect these pledges before another canvass is made.

It is a handicap to have an unpaid pledge hanging over the one solicited. I have known a church member to say: "I am going to wait till I pay the pledge I have made

before I make another." Not only does the cause suffer from the lack of his support, but it is hard on the poor brother's soul. His soul contracts with every such experience. Too many of them will prove fatal. On the other hand, if one is all paid up at the end of the year, and his interest and circumstances are such that he can increase his pledge, that Christian is growing.

Let the campaign start in the churches, therefore, by an intelligent, sincere, persistent and devoted effort to pay up.

Next week there will appear on this page, in parallel columns the quota of each church, the amount paid in last Conference year, and the amount received by the treasurer for the two months, July and August, this year.

LITERATURE SALES

The Forward Movement director had on sale at the General Conference and at two of the associations, some Forward Movement literature. This consisted of a volume of sermons, "Reconstruction Messages From a Seventh Day Baptist Pulpit in War Time", "Seventh Day Baptist Hymns and Songs", and a handbook of the Forward Movement. The price of the sermons was 75c, hymns and songs 15c, and handbook, 10c.

The result of this effort was very gratifying. The sales were as follows:

Shiloh (General Conference)	\$62 15
Berea (Southeastern Association)	10 05
Milton (Northwestern Association)	16 00

Total

.....\$88 20

The full amount has been paid to the Tract Society. If sold by agents the commission would have amounted to \$44.10.

Some one is wanted in every church to sell this literature to our people, with liberal commission. Any one interested should write Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager, Plainfield, N. J.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Receipts for September

Forward Movement:	
First Alfred Church	\$242 14
Berlin	37 00
Second Brookfield	28 00
Chicago	36 13
Dodge Center	20 50
Farina	14 70
First Hopkinton	100 00

Plainfield	348 85
Syracuse	10 50
Interest Washington Trust Company..	9 02
	<hr/> \$846 84
All but the Building:	
Salem	\$269 00
Young People's Board:	
First Hopkinton	\$ 61 50
Marlboro Junior Society.....	5 00
Tract Society:	
First Hopkinton	\$ 5 00
Detroit	3 50
Missionary Society:	
First Hopkinton	\$ 5 00
Marlboro Junior Society	5 00
Exeland	20 00
Detroit	10 50
Collections at Conference:	
Sabbath Day	\$300 00
Sunday	120 54

William C. Whitford,
Treasurer.

Alfred, N. Y.,
September 30, 1921.

BRIEF SKETCH OF CHAPLAIN TENNEY'S LIFE

(From the Battle Creek Enquirer)

Elder George C. Tenney, aged seventy-four years, and for nearly thirty years chaplain at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, was struck and run over by an auto truck at 5.30 yesterday afternoon, dying from the effects at 6.50.

The accident happened at the corner of Newark Avenue and East Main Street, as he, Mrs. Tenney and their little grandson, George, were returning from Oak Hill Cemetery, where they had been visiting the grave of their son, Ivers, who died about a year ago.

CAME AS A DISTINCT SHOCK

The sudden and tragic passing of Elder Tenney came as a great shock to the Sanitarium family and to many homes in all parts of the city, where he was greatly beloved, for his life during his long residence in Battle Creek has been one whose spirit of true Christian service had touched many homes, and made him respected and beloved by all who knew him.

The truck which struck and killed Elder Tenney, was driven by Rex Rodman, of 360 Coldwater Street, a colored man, who was hauling a load of lumber with his own Oldsmobile truck. He fainted when he saw the aged minister struck down, though the accounts of witnesses do not seem to place blame upon him for the tragedy.

MRS. TENNEY SAW ACCIDENT

Mrs. Tenney told friends that their grandson, Ivan, had driven them in his car to the cemetery, but that they had decided to

ride home on the street car, the grandson leaving earlier. As they reached Main Street, coming from the cemetery on Newark, there was a line of automobiles going east on Main Street. Mrs. Tenney says that she and her little grandson, George, took the first opportunity to cut through the line of cars, but did not think Elder Tenney would attempt it on account of his lameness. But, turning her head a moment later, she saw her husband on the ground, his head being dragged by the left rear wheel of the truck. Other witnesses saw the front wheel pass over his head. A pool of blood was left where he was picked up, unconscious.

Strangers in a passing automobile took the elder with Mrs. Tenney and little George, into their car, taking him immediately to the Sanitarium hospital, where he was attended by Dr. James T. Case. His skull was found badly fractured, the right ear was torn off, and he was badly injured internally. He never regained consciousness and died an hour and twenty minutes after the accident. The body was taken to the Farley funeral home to await funeral arrangements which will be made later.

WAS BORN IN PENNSYLVANIA

Elder George Cyrus Tenney was born in Liberty, Pa., August 27, 1847. At the age of eight he went with his parents to Wisconsin where they settled on a farm. When a young man he decided to go to school and study for the ministry. He attended a special preparatory college and after graduation in 1876 was ordained a minister. For the following ten years he labored in the Seventh Day Adventist church preaching in Wisconsin, North Dakota and Minnesota. In the early eighties he went to Australia, where for a period of five years he was minister, editor and publishing manager for the Seventh Day Adventist Denomination in that country. Returning to the United States he came to Battle Creek, being connected with the college of the sanitarium, teaching and doing editorial work along the lines of medical religion. Five years later he returned to Australia where he resumed his extension work for the church for the following five years.

HERE FOR THIRTY YEARS

Returning to Battle Creek again in 1891, he became instructor in the medical train-

ELDER WHEELER'S MESSAGE

Dear Brethren and Sisters in Christ in General Conference at Shiloh, N. J., August 23-28, Christian salutation.

Four years of early boyhood—eleven to fifteen years of age, February, 1846-March, 1850, were spent at Shiloh in the home of Isaac D. Titsworth.

The memory of the events of those years thrill me now and move me to do this writing.

The first year, 1846, occurred the session of Conference at Shiloh which made final arrangement for Brethren Solomon Carpenter and Nathan Wardner with their wives to go and start the China mission. This has ever been in mind as one of the great events of the denomination.

The Shiloh Church with its earnest Christians, religious services, preaching, Sabbath school and prayer meetings gave me an active start on the Christian journey. Also it fell to my lot to be among the first students in Union Academy started by the very energetic Ethan P. Larkin. Thus was created a desire for an education which never left me.

The winter of 1848 Rev. James Summerbell accepted an invitation of Pastor David Clawson to hold a series of revival meetings at Marlboro. I attended those meetings with the Titsworth family and publicly confessed Christ. But my father and mother being members at Shiloh, I was baptized by Pastor Giles Langworthy and became a member of the Shiloh Church, February, 1849.

March, 1850, seemed to be the time for me to leave Shiloh and begin sixteen years of variable physical and mental work which brought me to graduation at Alfred, July 4, 1866, and to an open door to a life work in the gospel ministry.

At a church meeting at Alfred in 1862 or 3, license to preach was voted without any consultation with me, and I was surprised when David R. Stillman gave me the written license after he had enrolled Brother O. U. Whitford and me when out walking together as subjects of draft in the army. The war was then fiercest, but neither of us or Brother A. H. Lewis, enrolled at the same time, were called into the war service. Evidently God wanted us in the pulpit instead of on the battle-field.

ing school which was in the Sanitarium college at that time. At the same time he was editor of *The Medical Missionary Magazine* which was then published at the Sanitarium. He had been connected with the Sanitarium since that time and for the past few years as elder of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination and chaplain of the hospital.

Elder Tenney is survived by his wife, Elsie L. Tenney, and one daughter, Mrs. Ralph C. DeVault, of Chicago. Mr. DeVault was formerly staff photographer at the Sanitarium and only recently went to Chicago to enter the motion picture business. A sister-in-law, Mrs. John Tenney, and a nephew and niece reside on Manchester Street. A son, Ivers, died about a year ago and was buried at Oak Hill Cemetery. The grandsons, Ivan and George, are both sons of Ivers Tenney.

HAD NATIONAL REPUTATION

Elder Tenney was known all over the United States, both through his sermons and through his extensive writings on medical religion and travels. When a young man he made a journey around the world and in 1895 published a book, "Journeys by Land and by Sea". He is the author of several other books.

During the late years he was very active in the educational and religious departments of the Sanitarium, being editor of the *Welfare Bulletin*, a weekly pamphlet issued by the Sanitarium. He was in charge of the two large libraries there and directed the purchase of books for them. He was a teacher of the Bible in the training school for nurses, and during the past three years was very much interested in the founding of a home in Battle Creek for sick and aged missionaries and ministers. He was mild of manner, sweet of temper and of an exceedingly social disposition. He had a broad outlook and wide religious sympathy, and despite his advanced age took an active part in the religious and social life not only of the Sanitarium but of Battle Creek, cooperating earnestly in the joint religious efforts that of late years have been entered upon by the churches of the city.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

Ordained at Hebron, Pa., with brethren Reverends Nathan V. Hull, Thomas B. Brown, Leman Andrus and L. A. Platts in the council; then after two years' service at Hebron out on the broad open field of Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Minnesota and Colorado for thirty-six years, with very little opportunity to attend any of the general gatherings of the denomination, surely then it was a remarkable change and a very, very satisfactory and pleasant time of my life to become pastor of the Marlboro Church. This brought me to my early surroundings at Shiloh and also to other places of the Eastern Association where I had lived some years, and to the general denominational gatherings.

But at the end of four and a half years bodily condition obliged me to resign which was forty-eight years from preaching my first sermon—June, 1861, the first year of the war—in Brother Joel Tappan's log-house in Minnesota where Dodge Center now is.

Through all these years the progress of the denomination was prayed for, worked for and watched with interest.

THE FINANCIAL PROGRESS

At a session of the Western Association in my student life at Alfred University a report showed a surplus of several hundred dollars. A motion to make this the beginning of a permanent fund brought a thorough discussion as to the advantages of such a fund. But the motion did not prevail and the money was used for immediate work.

No doubt this discussion had a lasting effect. For in 1871, a few years later, somebody somewhere proposed raising a permanent memorial fund of \$200,000; \$100,000 for each of the two centuries since the first Seventh Day Baptist church in America was organized at Newport, R. I., with seven members. Some thought it not possible to raise such a large amount. But it was raised and "The Board of Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund" was organized and legally incorporated. This board at last year's session of the Conference reported this Memorial Fund to be \$568,241.93—five hundred sixty-eight thousand, two hundred forty-one dollars and ninety-three cents. Nearly three times the

\$200,000 proposition of fifty-two years ago.

Now is it too much to say that the same advancement has been made in the various departments of our denominational work?

Look at our schools, publications, young people's and women's organizations, our missionary work at home and in foreign lands, and churches established in new localities.

It would be a wonderful pleasure to me to attend this session of the Conference. But this can not be. Bodily infirmity requires daily home treatment and my four score and seventh year allows but little activity to thoroughly weary me. Stay at home, read, think and pray is my portion now.

A. H. Lewis, O. U. Whitford, L. E. Livermore, L. A. Platts, Charles A. Burdick and myself were at Alfred University together. I am the only one of the six left to await the call to the heavenly home through the abundant forgiveness, mercy and love of Jesus Christ our Savior.

God grant at this time the Pentecost mentioned by Brother Gardiner in the RECORDER is the earnest prayer of your brother in Christ,

SAMUEL R. WHEELER.

TO JUNIOR CLASSES

An inquiry has come regarding the "tiny red circles and gold stars" to be used by the Juniors in marking their Bibles.

If the circles are not easily obtainable, tiny red stars and gold stars, already gummed may be purchased from David C. Cook Publishing Company, Elgin, Ill., for ten cents per box of 100. Ask for one box of each.

The red stars are to mark the passages referring to the Sabbath. The gilt stars will be found convenient for many uses. The stars can be had in red, blue, gold and silver.

Each pupil should have a whole box of the red stars. The class might order one box of the gold stars.

MRS. T. J. VAN HORN.

"The wets can not fool the people with the foolish and false cry that Prohibition is a failure. Too many proofs to the contrary."

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

THE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

PROF. JOHN N. DALAND

(Address in Northwestern Association, Milton, Wis., September 17, 1921)

Last fall in an open letter to the churches of the Northwestern Association President Daland made the double statement that the Northwestern Association needs Milton College, and that not less Milton College needs the Seventh Day Baptists of the Northwestern Association, both as students and as supporters.

I suppose that at the evening session you will hear a speaker explain the second part of this statement. Now I wish to address myself to the task of emphasizing the first—that the Northwestern Association needs Milton College.

Well, why does it need Milton College? As a matter of fact, it works out something like this. Think of all the churches of this association; then think of all the families of these churches. In these families are a lot of young people. They almost all go to high school, and practically all finish the high school course. Now when they graduate from high school at the age of eighteen or nineteen or twenty, some return home, or go on the farm, or into the factory or store directly. Some even get married! But besides these, who terminate their education with the high school course, there are always a good many others who do not wish to work near home. They want to get out into the world, so to speak, to enter a business career, or some profession, in short to render a different type of service. This is not necessarily because they are discontented with the farm or the home surroundings, but rather because they feel a kind of urge, as it were, drawing them into a certain calling, impelling them to develop their own peculiar aptitudes. It is this group of ambitious young people that is the natural material for Milton College students. For the work they wish to do, they must have further preparation. This preparation Milton College stands ready to give. She has

given it many years to many students.

The present danger, however, is right here. Why not take one year at a business college, or two years at a normal, or a short course at some vocational school, and so get out and get a job quickly? This temptation is real, and keeps presenting itself to our young people year after year. It is the easy way; but the easy way is not always the best way. Of course, the short technical training is better than none. But the longer and more thorough training will outlast the shorter. Seventh Day Baptist leaders have a broader vision for our young people than the gaining of a bread and butter job at the earliest possible moment. The bread and butter job is important. We frankly admit that. All Seventh Day Baptist young people must become self-supporting. But is the short-cut to self-support the prime consideration? Where does the Seventh Day Baptist part of it come in? Is it not true that we as Seventh Day Baptists stand for a group of principles that the world desperately needs? Do we not stand for the purest, finest, highest type of Protestant Christianity? If we do not, how is our contribution different from that of other groups of Christians? All our Seventh Day Baptist young people, when they enter upon a career or a profession, ought to consider themselves bigger than a mere bread and butter job. The jobs they will get—never fear. Indeed, the positions will seek them. But they should go out into their life work, whatever it is, calmly, courageously, confidently, as heralds and exponents of this higher type of Christian living. This is their distinctive contribution, this is their blessed gift to stumbling and unhappy men everywhere.

Now if our young people leave the home high schools and go immediately into non-Sabbath-keeping communities to attend vocational schools, it is doubtful whether they will have the surrounding or the opportunities or the time to cultivate those special qualities of Christian leadership which they desire to secure for the fullest service. It is this special equipment of Christian leadership that Milton College prizes above all else. For this she lives; for this her teachers labor; for this her sons and daughters sacrifice; for this students come from far and near to enter her doors. It is true that Milton College offers an education which is

similar to that of other colleges of liberal arts. But it is the dominant aim of Milton to give this education surrounded, shot through, and supported at every point by Christian principles.

Less than a year ago, in one of the most notable of his chapel speeches, President Daland said: "The supreme aim of the members of the faculty of Milton College is to lead by their example and their teaching the minds of their students, so that the young people who go out from Milton shall, while possessing a fair degree of culture, be dominated by a strong purpose to render the largest possible service to God and mankind. Every student of Milton College must recognize the ideals of the school. Let them, therefore, co-operate in a constructive way to make our school in reality what it is in name, a Christian College."

Does the Northwestern Association need such a college for the highest welfare of its young people? Willingly and confidently I leave the answer to you.

A GOOD MAN GONE

(Editorial from the Battle Creek Moon-Journal)

It is not every day that death summons a human being of whom a whole community can say, "He was a good man." No matter who he may be or how he may rank in business, in his social connections, in his civic righteousness, or in his charitable achievements, the average man is known to somebody for his shortcomings as well as his virtues. There are usually those who have seen the petty, the selfish, the scheming side of his nature.

But in the death of Elder George C. Tenney, there is a summons that seems to leave no wake of modified appreciation. He was a good man, thoroughly good—and thoroughly human. Deeply religious himself, he never flaunted his religion in the face of those who needed it, but rather he lived it, every hour of the day, in his home, at his work, and in society. It shone through his eye, it warmed his handclasp, it permeated his whole personal environment. If there is a man in the community who knew George Tenney and did not love him, we have yet to find him. Perhaps there is such a one, who hates goodness on general principles and carries his hatred far enough to embrace all who love goodness.

The perfect embodiment of a Christian gentleman, Elder Tenney moved about his little world with a saintly smile and a friendly greeting for everybody. The "ministerial demeanor" so often assumed by men of the cloth never showed itself on George Tenney. His goodness was human and natural and we in newspaper offices loved to see his kindly face in the doorway or hear his mellow voice over the telephone. He had traveled far and retained a fund of information. He had read volubly and acquired the polish of unassumed intelligence. He had seen man at his worst and at his best, gaining pity rather than contempt for those who were beneath him and sincerest admiration for those who were above him.

The Sanitarium folks—the staff, the workers, the patients, the guests—will miss him. His work will go on, of course. This is inevitable. But fortunate indeed will be this institution if Providence can provide another George Tenney—a man who can combine his love for God and his love for man so beautifully. Few men of the cloth acquire the faculty of carrying the gospel of human goodness into the hearts of a diversified community. Some touch only those who sit in their pews each Sunday, some carry their spiritual beneficence into the homes of those whom they know or whom they make it a point to reach, and even penetrate the social avenues of the community so deeply that hundreds become convinced of their strength of character and sincerity of purpose. But few indeed leave their everlasting impression on all types of minds in the way Elder Tenney has done, through his years of Christian service and citizenship in Battle Creek. The Sanitarium will miss him, but no more than the rest of us, who will wait in vain for his gentle tap on our office doors, his beaming and friendly countenance, his honest, sparkling eyes, and the wholesome presence that has never found us too busy or too preoccupied to be glad for the interruption.

It is sad, very sad, that death should have utilized such a terrible and tragic plan for summoning this lovable old man to the Courts of God, but Elder Tenney, were his soul to speak, would point back to that more terrible and more tragic summons that came to the Son of God and that will forever stand as the epitome of man's earthly sufferings.

OPEN DOORS ON THE MICHIGAN FIELD

ADELBERT BRANCH

(Paper given at the Northwestern Association)

Turning our eyes toward Michigan, we see a condition some what different, perhaps, than is found in many of the States of the union. Unlike many, Michigan has a diversity of occupations, being divided among the mining, the lumbering, the manufacturing, and the agricultural interests.

Its mining and lumbering interests are in the northern portion of the State, its manufacturing interests in the larger cities, such as Detroit, Grand Rapids, Battle Creek, Flint, Muskegon and several others. Its agricultural interests are largely in the south and central portions, and consist chiefly of small farm homes, in each locality of which can generally be found the "Little Red Schoolhouse", and public halls which are open to the missionary and Christian worker.

The industrial situations of the last few months have had a serious effect in many places, especially in the cities where tens of thousands of men and women have found employment, but who now are idle; and in many homes there is great concern as to what the future may bring forth, and what the realities of approaching winter may have for them.

But man's extremity is often God's opportunity, and it would seem that the present is no exception to the rule, for there seems to be just at this time, on the part of many people in all these places, an enquiring mind and a desire to know of the way of salvation.

In the city of Detroit there are several bands of Sabbath-keeping people, some holding services in tents, some in rented halls, and some in church buildings, each band standing seemingly alone, but who show a real desire for harmony and unity in service.

Battle Creek was formerly "The Hub" for Sabbath work in Michigan. At one time it was the home of Seventh-Day Adventists, and through the activities at this center other churches were organized in various places. But dissensions arose at headquarters, and as a result their printing presses were moved away, and their membership scattered. Many lost faith in some of the most pertinent doctrines taught by that church, and today stand alone so far

as church membership is concerned. Many lone families scattered in various parts of our State, though fearful, are wishing that the Sabbath-missionary, with nothing for his textbook but the Bible, might come into this home and this neighborhood, and break to them again the bread of life. They long for some one who will again tell them the sweet story of love, who will repeat again to them the declaration of the angels who said, "Why stand ye upward gazing, This same Jesus which is taken up into heaven, will so come in like manner as ye have seen him go away." And the story of Jesus who said: "If I go away I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also." This is not proselyting. This is missionary work, and the fields are ripe for the harvest.

In depressing times like the present, there are some whose hearts are hardened. Others are turned to God in their troubles, and know of no other fortress so strong and so dependable. Such as these must be told of the saving grace of our God.

There are in the world today, thousands upon thousands who are destitute of food and clothing. Thousands of little children in foreign countries are in a starving condition today, and our hands have opened wide to the cry for help, all of which is very commendable, and we could not do our whole duty other than to respond. But what of the men and women who are in the slough of despondency, on the very verge of despair, whose hearts have not been touched by love, yet whose hearts are as susceptible as ours to the spirit of grace had they the chance that we have had to hear the gospel of God.

And so in Michigan, in the north and south, the east and the west; from the mines and the forests; from the cities and the farms, as in Macedonia, can be heard the cry of a man, a woman, a boy or a girl, saying, *Come over and help us*, and shall we, as did Paul and Silas, go straightway.

O let us gather as friends and say,
"Come, let us try the Master's way.
Ages we tried the way of swords,
And earth is weary of hostile hordes.
Comrades, read out his words again:
They are the only hope for men!
Love and not hate must come to birth;
Christ and not Cain must rule the earth."
—Edwin Markham.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

MEDITATIONS ON AN EARLY OCTOBER MORNING

How cool and clear the morn! How sere
And scarlet are the trees!
How bright and wonderful the sun
On mornings such as these!

The billowy lake, its lights and shades,
In the early morning light!
The dew-sprent lawn in the autumn dawn—
There is no lovelier sight!

To see the Drive at half-past five!
To see the dawning sky!
Those sights sublime you ought some time
To see. And so ought I.

—F. P. Adams.

At the risk of leading you to think that I have never been away from home before I am going to tell you a little more about our Conference trip. When we left Philadelphia there were eight in our party, six of whom were bound for the parsonage in Dunellen. While we were visiting the Betsy Ross house Prof. and Mrs. A. B. West had gone to the headquarters of the Friends' Service Committee. They had learned more about the work of that philanthropic organization, had talked with a woman who had seen their daughter Miriam in Germany not long before. On every hand they heard good words of the work Miriam has been doing. This made them happy, and we all rejoiced with them.

The last stage of the journey was made on the trolley and I should like to tell you how the men paid for our entire party three times. I have heard of people who see double, but I judge that our street car conductor could see more than that, for he collected for eighteen people when we could see but six.

Upon our arrival at the parsonage we were given the freedom of the grounds—and there were peaches, pears, grapes, blackberries and strawberries. Mrs. West and I claimed the (to us) novel experience of picking the peaches. In the interest of accuracy I am compelled to say that there were but few peaches and that probably they might have been gathered more

quickly without our help, but we were there, we had nothing to do, and the peaches were ripe.

The days at Dunellen were full of pleasure, all the little intimate pleasures that are attendant upon family reunions, whether the separations have been longer or shorter. There is always so much to talk over at such times, and at this time there was the new home of the young husband and wife, our nephew and niece, to visit, there were pleasant visits under the parsonage roof with friends from Alfred, Nile, Westerly, and Salem who were returning from Conference. It was also our pleasure to assist at a reception in honor of the recently married nephew and niece. Then on the Sabbath we had the privilege of attending services in the old New Market church, a dignified old building that houses the church that in its organization is the oldest of any of our existing churches. The setting for the old church is beautiful, with its magnificent old trees. We enjoyed all the services of the Sabbath spent in that beautiful spot.

Our visit at Dunellen passed all too quickly, with little trips here and there, visiting and calling on relatives and old friends. One very delightful day we spent at Asbury Park and Ocean Grove, two ocean resorts of which we had formerly heard much, so we elected to go to those places rather than to the more fashionable Atlantic City. The Methodists have had summer camp meetings there for many years, and it seems a most delightful place in which to spend a vacation. The day was bright and beautiful, the temperature of the water was just right and there was a rope handy for such as I who can not swim. The others of our party could swim, and it was a pleasure when I became tired to sit and watch them ride the waves. We loitered along the board walk, stopping often as something unusual caught our eyes. In this way we strayed off the board walk and finally came upon a group of people who were apparently listening to some man explaining something, we went closer to investigate and we found a model of the city of Jerusalem with its environs, within a circular enclosure occupying a space about seventy-five feet across. The man who was explaining its features called to us to wait and came over to shake the hands of Pastor

and Mrs. Burdick, and we found that he also lived in Dunellen and is pastor of the Methodist church. He told us that this model was made some years ago at quite an expense, that it has been needing repairs for some time, and last summer it seemed that unless the repairs were made speedily it would soon be too far gone for any repairs, so for two summers now he has given the time of his vacation to repairing this model so that it may be saved for future Bible students. There are many more repairs to be made but he feels that a good beginning has been made.

I did not care about visiting hospitals and public health service departments—the kind of things that spell vacation to a doctor you know—so one day I spent several hours in the art galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. I was the guest of a cousin from Plainfield, who is a frequent visitor to the Museum and who enjoys the same kind of pictures that I do, so we had a wonderful time together, agreeing that some pictures were beautiful and that we could not see why others were allowed in the building. I always enjoy an art gallery, but it is much more enjoyable with a companion of congenial tastes.

All the country around Dunellen is historic ground—there are tablets and monuments in many places to this man or that man, to this battle, or that camp. Just out of the town on a high hill is such a monument to Washington, at a place where Washington is said to have stood and watched the British army advancing. The view is beautiful from this point and not to have been up "Washington Rock" after visiting Dunellen for the second time would have been very neglectful of our opportunities, and so one afternoon, a family party of fourteen met at this rock and after enjoying the view from the monument cooked our supper over one of the open grates placed upon the grounds of this little park for just such occasions. This little impromptu picnic arranged for the two visitors from "the west" will long remain a pleasant memory with us.

Then there was the trip up the Hudson, words fail me to tell of the delights of that trip. I wish you might all take this trip some time. It was an unusual experi-

ence for us to steam out between rows of torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers, and then to pass battle ship after battle ship, on one side a Red Cross Hospital ship and on the other side an ocean liner getting up steam. Indeed it seemed that every kind of ship that ever was made was out taking the air that morning, and here, there and every where was the little ferry boat nosing her way about. We were so occupied in watching the boats that we did not realize that the fog shut out the distant view until we were well out upon the river, away from the city, then we suddenly discovered that we could see the bluffs distinctly but a short distance away, but when the sun and wind were driving away the fog we stood entranced, watching the country disclose itself much as a scroll unrolls, disclosing distant scenes of unexcelled beauty. There are many beautiful homes of America's richest people along this river. Conspicuous among these residences is Lyndhurst, the home of Helen Gould Shepard, and close to it is the little old home of Washington Irving, and a little farther along the river we looked over into "Sleepy Hollow", we were sure that we saw the shadow of our old friend Ichabod, but although we waved at him he did not seem to remember us, we were sorry for we remember him as one of our oldest friends.

We passed numerous schools for girls, and here too we saw the massive buildings of West Point Military Academy. A little farther on is the house where Washington made his headquarters while his army was in camp a few miles away. Here too is pointed out the spot, "Treason Hill", where Arnold and Andre had their meeting and so on—every foot of the way has some historic value. We left the boat at Poughkeepsie—connected in the minds of many girls with Vassar College, some of whose buildings we were able to discern through the thick foliage. After a little time spent upon the streets of this interesting town we took another boat for the return trip. This seemed even more interesting than the trip up in the morning, and was over all too soon. As we came back we steamed past a dock where was an old boat said to be the oldest boat in the world. It was built in India in 1790 and was a convict

ship. We were much interested in its quai it appearance, with its large openings along the side for the oars to be placed, and it was constructed so that no convict could get through and so get away to safety. It was dark when we reached the ferry to take us to our train to Dunellen, and we stood outside to catch the last beautiful picture of New York at night and to take another look at the Statue of Liberty, and wonder if we know what it is all about any more than do those who are coming to our country from some foreign shore and are getting their first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty.

The next day we started for home over the Lehigh Valley Railroad. This road runs along the Lehigh River and makes as many curves as does the river, I think. The hills are high and the valleys are narrow. If you have a journey to make over this road you have a treat in store for you. We particularly enjoyed the beautiful views we had of Cayuga Lake for miles after we passed Ithaca. We were also interested in the glimpses we caught of Cornell University at Ithaca. We wished we had kept count of the number of colleges and universities and private schools that we have seen this summer, it would be interesting and inspiring to know the number.

We reached Buffalo that evening and were met by our good friends and yours, Prof. and Mrs. J. Fred Whitford and their little daughter, Gladys. We were quickly whisked away in their waiting automobile to their pleasant home in Orchard Park, a suburb of Buffalo, and then we sat talking away into the night, talking of many things that are interesting to people who have lived in the same town and have attended the same school and belong to the same church. The next day they took us for a long drive to interesting points about the city of Buffalo and its suburbs, and then we bade them good-by that evening at the station in Buffalo. Both Professor and Mrs. Whitford believe that they should help in the religious work of the town where their home is, and they are interested in this work, but Mrs. Whitford said to us, "I don't see how people can become weaned from our people when they live away, it seems to me that we think more of our denomination all the time." I am sure that

is the feeling of many of our members who are living away from their church-home, it is a lonely life in many ways, I know, for we have tried it.

And now we are home again after a delightful trip, and I am glad to be home, and I have no doubt that you are glad that I am home, so we are all glad together.

MINUTES OF THE WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD

September 19, 1921, the Woman's Executive Board met with Mrs. A. E. Whitford. Members present were: Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. H. N. Jordan, Mrs. L. M. Babcock, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Miss Phoebe Coon, Mrs. E. M. Holston, Mrs. E. D. Van Horn.

Visitors: Mrs. L. A. Platts, Mrs. J. C. Carr, Milton, and Miss Anna Wells, Dodge Center, Minn.

The President called the meeting to order and read for our instruction Luke 6: 12-49, and Mrs. O. U. Whitford and Miss Phoebe Coon offered prayer.

Minutes of the last meeting were read.

The Treasurer read her report for August. Total receipts for the month were \$145.70; disbursements, \$100, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$874.95. The report was adopted.

The Corresponding Secretary read a letter from Dr. Bessie Sinclair, Lieu-oo, China, expressing gratitude for the year's subscription of the *Missionary Review*, which the Woman's Board had sent to her and Dr. Grace Crandall. A letter from Dr. W. H. Morse, Hartford, Conn., was read. Dr. Morse is interested in instructing and converting Italians before their return to Italy, and would like the help of the Woman's Board in his Bible Mission work.

Voted that the Treasurer be instructed to make the usual appropriations to the secretaries for the correspondence of the Board.

Mrs. West gave the financial report of her expenses to Conference—giving a refund check of \$12.

Mrs. West also gave a very interesting and encouraging report of the recent meeting of the Commission and General Conference held at Shiloh, N. J.

After the reading and approval of the minutes, it was voted that we adjourn to meet with Mrs. E. M. Holston, on October 3.

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

IN MEMORY OF ELDER GEORGE C. TENNEY

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

Before this, the news has reached you of the great loss that has come to the Battle Creek Sanitarium, our local church, the denomination of which it is a part and especially to the bereaved family in the tragic death of our beloved brother Elder Tenney. Others will write of his life and work. I hardly know why I have taken up my pen unless it is to give relief to the thoughts that crowd upon my mind.

On September 17, a week before his death, in the absence of Pastor Kelly, Elder Tenney was in charge of our Sabbath morning services and gave a report of the General Conference, in which he was ably assisted by Dr. Johanson and Mrs. Frances Babcock.

For the benefit of the strangers in the audience, who he said might not know anything about the Seventh Day Baptists, Elder Tenney prefaced his part of the report of the General Conference with a brief history of the Seventh Day Baptists, their origin and growth in the United States, their foreign missions and their schools. He paid them as beautiful a tribute as could be desired, saying, "I can say these things because I haven't belonged to them very long, not more than four or five years, but I am glad I joined them and the more I become acquainted with them the better I am pleased with them."

"There is one thing," said he, "among Seventh Day Baptists that particularly interests me, and that is the warmth and familiarity of their greetings. It is 'Hello, Henry', 'Hello, Ed'. Sometimes I wish I had been born a Seventh Day Baptist so I could be included in this familiarity; but I can stand to one side and enjoy looking on." To me there was pathos in his words. In what proved to be his last message to us, he unveiled his heart. I wish every word

of his message had been taken down so it could appear in the RECORDER.

In Dr. Johanson's remarks he told us of the beautiful lessons Elder Tenney gave at Conference and how well they were received by the people. How timely were these words; far better than flowers on the casket.

I can not recall that I have ever known any one in whom the spirit of service was more fully developed than it was in Elder Tenney. He loved the Master's work, indeed it was his very life. One would have thought that at his time in life his arduous work as pastor of the Sanitarium would have been all he felt he could do, but no one in the church was more anxious to fulfill his church duties than was he. In fact he was a sort of assistant pastor without a salary. We used to hold our quarterly church business meetings on Sunday evening. On account of its being difficult for him to attend on that evening he asked if we could not change the time to Monday evening—a request that was readily granted. His interest in the church was an all assured interest.

The pastor occasionally asked him to lead the prayer meeting and it was there it seemed to me he excelled. The warm, tender spiritual lessons that flowed out of his heart as they flowed into it by the Holy Spirit through God's Word have enriched hearts for time and eternity.

Elder Tenney was quick to see an opportunity to render service to another. Perhaps I can best illustrate this by relating a circumstance that happened a little more than a year ago. A service was to be held on the Sanitarium lawn one afternoon at which a missionary from India was to speak. An easy chair had been put near the desk for Elder Tenney. He took the chair a few moments previous to the time for the service to begin, but when he arose to open the service he spied in the audience one who was recovering from an operation. He picked up his chair, carried it to the patient and said, "I will enjoy this chair a great deal better if I see you sitting in it. You need it and I don't."

A few months since one of the Sanitarium doctors and I were speaking of how well preserved "Elder" (he objected to the title Reverend) Tenney was, of the keenness of his intellect, his wonderful knowledge of

the Bible and his activity. We mutually expressed the hope that there would not be at the end of his life a long period of forced inactivity because it would be so hard for him to bear. Our hopes in that respect have been realized but the manner of his taking off was not of our choosing.

All hearts that mourn his loss are filled with the deepest sympathy for the bereaved family and especially for the dear companion who for so many years of his strenuous life has stood faithfully by his side. The shadow that rests upon her heart is dark and heavy, but with her hand clasped firmly in the hand of Infinite love and strength she calmly awaits the dawning of the morning when they shall awake clothed in bodies like unto the resurrection body of their Lord to serve him forever.

Very truly yours,
MARTHA H. WARDNER.

202 N. Washington Avenue,
Battle Creek, Mich.,
September 25, 1921.

OH! MY HEART IS GONE!

REV. G. M. COTTRELL

This was my soul's cry this afternoon as I read the sad notice between the black lines in the RECORDER of the passing away of our dear Brother Tenney.

I had just read through his most kindly appreciative Conference review in the paper, and upon turning over the leaves, came to the shocking account of his sudden death.

It seems such a loss to us! We had all come to so love and enjoy Brother Tenney with his sweet personality, his Spirit-filled life. His Conference talks, his Bible expositions, brought our Lord so close to us. Like Moses from the Mount, so he came from the presence of the Lord with his face aglow as he stood between God and the people; giving them the spiritual law; feeding them the real bread of life.

We had hoped to enjoy for many years more, these blessed ministrations, and now they are ended! I am so thankful for his last message about the General Conference. It leaves a sweet aroma while our hearts are bowed in sorrow.

Topeka, Kansas,
September 29, 1921.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF FEDERAL COUNCIL TO MEET IN CHICAGO

The annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America will be held in Chicago, December 14-16. In view of the fact that this meeting brings together the official representatives of thirty constituent denominations, it is hoped that denominational meetings may not be scheduled for these dates.

Word has just been received in this country of the death, on September 26, of the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council, Bishop Walter R. Lambuth, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in a hospital at Yokohama, Japan.

Bishop Lambuth has been one of the most notable figures in American church life during this generation. His missionary service in China, Japan and Africa has been of far-reaching significance, not only to his own denomination, but to all the churches of the world.

The first vice chairman of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council, Rev. Frederick W. Burnham, president of the United Christian Missionary Society, will be the acting chairman of the committee.

CORRECTIONS TO HISTORICAL VOLUME

On page 290, Vol. I, of *Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America*, referring to Sabbath schools and the First Brookfield Church, occurs the following: "Members of the school who afterward became ministers were Charles Lewis. . . O. U. Whitford and Henry D. Clarke." Of the foregoing names, "Charles Lewis" should be "Charles M. Lewis", and "Henry D. Clarke" should be "Herman D. Clarke".

On page 282 among (4) Vice Presidents, "Henry D. Clarke" should be "Herman D. Clarke".

• CORLISS F. RANDOLPH.

A man who subverts his life to his business is a travesty in the sight of mankind and a tragedy in the sight of God.—F. C. McConnell.

Christ passed through the dark for the glory of God. The lesson that he set us there was that he still believed.—C. H. Spurgeon.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

KNOWLEDGE OF GOD

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
October 22, 1921

DAILY READINGS

- Sunday—We know that God is Creator (Gen. 1: 1-31)
- Monday—That he loves (1 John 4: 11-16)
- Tuesday—That he is righteous (1 John 2: 21-29)
- Wednesday—That he cares for us (Ps. 37: 1-11)
- Thursday—That he rules (Ps. 121: 1-8)
- Friday—That he judges (Rev. 20: 11-15)
- Sabbath Day—Topic, What we know about God (Ps. 139: 1-12)

A PERSONAL LETTER

DEAR ENDEAVORER:

I would like to have you consider this as a personal letter from the president of the board to each Endeavorer.

Conference has now passed and we are well started on another year. Are you making plans for a better year than the last? The board has some new things for you this year that will interest you. The way to find out about them is to watch the RECORDER, and read these weekly bulletins which we will be sending you for several months. We ask that you read them at your weekly meetings.

The theme for Conference this year was Personal Righteousness. You will remember that certain people of old were admonished that their righteousness must exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees. How would it be for each one of us to decide this year to attend Christian Endeavor with greater regularity, do our work a little better, be a little kinder and friendlier to our neighbor, smile a little more, extend the helping hand more often, pray and read the Bible with more regularity, pay a little more money into the treasury, for remember Jesus sits opposite the treasury and beholds how people cast in their money. If you will follow these suggestions your society will be a blessing to your church and the Master's cause, and you will be a better and happier Christian.

How would you like to have a bulletin

from the president of each Christian Endeavor society? Just a cheerful, crisp message from the captain of each band. Of course if you don't read these messages it would not be wise to expend the time and energy, but this year I believe all the bulletins will be read.

Sincerely,

B. F. JOHANSON,
President Young People's Board.
Battle Creek, Mich.,
September 25, 1921.

REPORT OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD 1920-1921

SPECIAL THINGS ACCOMPLISHED

1. Organization of Social-Fellowship Work.
2. Funds started for an independent missionary.
3. Organization of a Lone Sabbath Keepers C. E.
4. Field Secretary, Mr. Holston, has completed the visitation of all Christian Endeavor societies except Riverside.
5. Closer fraternal relation has been established with other boards.
6. A very successful year at Fouke.

SPECIAL PROJECTS FOR NEXT YEAR

1. Organization of, and financial help for, Life Work Recruits.
2. Standardization of socials.

GOAL FOR 1921-1922

1. Reconsecration to church work.
2. Active support of missions.
3. Personal Work for Christ.
4. Organization of more societies.
5. Greater Christian and social fellowship.
6. More Christian Endeavor members.
7. More Quiet Hour Comrades.
8. Increase of Tenth Legioners.
9. Every society studying Missions.
10. Budget Apportionment paid up.

STATISTICAL REPORT

Christian Endeavor societies	40
Societies organized during the year	4
Societies disbanded during the year	1
Active members July 1, 1921	761
Quiet Hour Comrades	388
Tenth Legioners	319
Christian Endeavor Experts	144
Societies having Mission study	13
Societies using Simpson Mission Study	7
Societies using Efficiency chart	21
Junior societies	24

Active members	402
Intermediate societies	8
Active members	149
Quiet Hour Comrades	40
Tenth Legioners	27
Christian Endeavor Experts, 14	

All of the associations have had the Denominational social to use.

There are twenty-eight (28) members on the board.

The societies receiving the banners are: Highest Efficiency rating, Salem; Greatest gain in Efficiency rating, Walworth; Most Christian Endeavor Experts, Salem; Goal, Adams Center; Intermediate, Milton; Junior, Battle Creek.

All but three societies have sent in the yearly report.

The amount of money raised this year was \$1,862. The budget for next year is \$2,000.

Dr. Palmborg's salary	\$ 300
Missionary Society	100
Salem College Library Fund	75
Fouke School	700
Field Secretary (salary and expenses)	550
General Missionary Fund	100
Board expenses	175

Total

\$2,000

ALFRED UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS

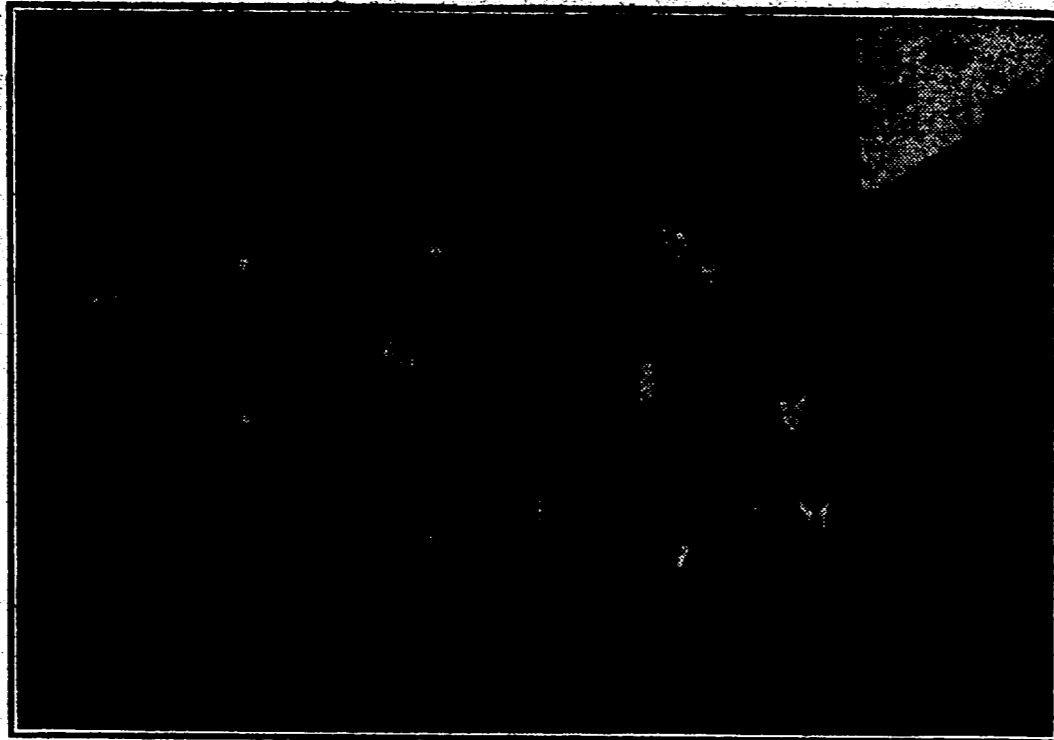
CARLTON M. SHERWOOD

General Secretary of the New York State Christian Endeavor Union

The Christian Endeavor society of the Alfred, N. Y., Seventh Day Baptist Church, which is the university church of Alfred University, is a going concern. Situated in the pretty hills of Allegany County, the university is the intellectual center of its section, and is developing a splendid group of students in its arts and science courses, and especially in its agricultural school.

The Christian Endeavor society of the university church has a large membership from students of the various departments of the university, and includes among its members a Hindoo and a Chinese. One of their most active workers is a young Syrian.

Miss Clara Lewis, the acting president of the society, writes: "At the opening of



every college year we have a social and reception for new students. In that way we gain the attention of many who would not otherwise be touched by Christian Endeavor.

"Our missionary committee at present is holding bi-weekly services in a country schoolhouse some little distance from here, where the people live so far from church that most of them never get the opportunity to attend. Our mission-study class has just concluded the study of 'The Near East', and we are about to take up the study of the book, 'The Church and the Community'."

This year the society won the Efficiency banner for the greatest gain along all lines among the societies of its denomination.—*C. E. World.*

WHY SHOULD I SACRIFICE TO SEND MY SON OR DAUGHTER TO COLLEGE?

CLAUD L. HILL

(Conference Address)

This Conference has to do with personal matters: personal righteousness, personal efficiency, personal prayer, and personal responsibility. Every message seems filled with the thought of a personal Savior and personal accountability. Now the subject assigned to me is so personal in name and fact that it would be unfair to let it stand as it is in the singular number, for, more than twenty years ago I formed a partnership with a little woman who four times has gone down into the valley and shadow of death that we might have children in our home. The road has often been rough,

the load heavy, and the grade steep. She has always carried her half of the load and her singletree has never dragged the wheel, therefore the subject is, *Why We Sacrifice to Send Our Children to College.*

I also wish to carry with me in this discussion the demand of King Nebuchadnezzar to Ashpenaz, the master of his eunuchs (Dan. 1-4), (which is but the demand of the world today), to search the ranks of the captive Israelites for "children in whom was no blemish, but well favored, and skillful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, and such as had ability in them to stand in the king's palace".

There are three natural divisions to this subject, namely, we sacrifice, our children, college. I wish to dismiss the first, for like the present day feminine dress there is too little of it to be worth talking about.

Second, our children. By the general voice of mankind children are held to be a blessing to the good, and where the bonds of love do not tighten as they grew older, it is like those cases where the cords and muscles do not unite after a hurt. There has been malpractice. We send our children to college because we do not wish to act like quacks in the discharge of this blessed responsibility. Are children a blessing? Last winter I had the pleasure of having in my home a friend of my young manhood days. Together with gun and dog we had tramped the hills of his old homestead, and the adjoining country. We had worked together, eaten together, slept together beneath the roof of his sod shack, felt the pinch of cold and privation, in fact we had done everything together that it was possible for young men to do. Our lives however were different in one thing: I had married, he had remained single, and now after twenty years we met again to talk over the happenings of those years. I found that though from sod shack there had grown a magnificent dwelling with expensive rugs upon the floor; and though it contained modern equipments, with the luxuries of player piano and Victrola; though he owned an auto, and other modern devices, he was not satisfied. He had left the farm, moved to the city, and tried to find happiness, but his friends were not there, old associations were not there. He had traveled—east, west, north, south—

all these things could not take the place of children. I realized then as never before what it meant to be childless. He had never heard the patter of baby feet as they run to greet him; he had never seen the smiling face and felt soft warm arms about his neck; he had never stood with a loved one, anxiously watching about an uncertain bed of sickness; he had never wrestled with the foolish, though real problems of adolescence, nor stood shoulder to shoulder with sons and daughters as they fought their way through life's battles. No wonder his life was empty. God had blessed us with that which his gold, his lands, and houses could not buy—children, God's greatest blessing. Where there is great blessing there is great responsibility. My friend's was that of wealth; ours, the responsibility of children.

We send our children, who by the grace of God are without blemish and well favored, to college that they may be skilled in all wisdom and cunning in knowledge, and understand science, and that they may have ability in themselves to stand in the King's palace, and thus we discharge as best we can the obligations to Almighty God and to our children, that parenthood places upon us.

Again, we believe that to throw vilely educated young people upon the world, is over and above the injury to the young people themselves, a positive crime of a very great magnitude; as great, for instance, as poisoning our neighbor's well or burning his home, greater in fact, for the poisoned well could be filled and its poisonous effect stopped, and upon the ruins of the old home, a better and a grander home could rise. The poet sings:

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,
You can't do that way when your flying words:
Thoughts unexpressed will sometimes fall back
dead,

But God himself can't kill them when they're said.

If this is true about flying words, what will we say when we are flying lives? We sacrifice to send our children to college that we may discharge every obligation that society and the world may place upon us.

Third, college. Generally speaking our lives are governed by two great influences, heredity and environment. Some magnify the one, and some the other; but certain it is that in a large measure we are molded

by the influences with which we come in contact.

My first lesson in ceramics was at a little tent show at an old soldiers' reunion at Grand Island, Neb., to which I gained admission by carrying water to the elephant. Among the other attractions and the one most vividly impressed upon my mind was a little woman with beautiful face and pleasing personality, who stood behind a table, the top of which revolved fast or slow by foot pressure. After an introduction by the gentleman in charge, the lady began her demonstration. A ball of clay of just the right consistency began to take shape under the manipulation of her hands as she sent it round and round upon the table top before her. To my astonishment, there quickly appeared a perfect little tray, and in their turn as the table spun round and round, now fast, now slow, a crock, a bowl, an urn, a pitcher, and various other articles. But at the conclusion of the demonstration, and as she bowed to the generous expression of our admiration, there stood before us her masterpiece—a splendid vase, beautiful, artistic, useful.

Now how can this apply? Why certainly. We are upon the turn-table of life and as it spins round and round, now fast, now slow, now in, now out, the hands of the world are reaching out and pushing, pulling, rubbing us into various characters of usefulness; characters that the world must live with, characters that we shall present at the throne of God, and by which we shall be judged.

To be sure Paul says that God uses vessels of clay, wood, stone, silver and gold. Would not we rather stand as the finished product? Would not we as parents have our children stand as such, children in whom was no blemish, but well favored, skilled in all wisdom, and cunning, and understanding knowledge, and having ability in themselves to stand in the King's palace?

A college governed by godly men and women is to the youth of the land what the fattening pen in the agricultural district is to the stockman, converting second rate material into the finished product; and the Ashpenazes of corporation heads, coal, steel, and railroad magnates, directors of colleges, school boards, co-operative concerns, in fact all agencies, are fine combing the highways and byways for children in whom is no

blemish, but well favored, skilled in all wisdom, and cunning, in knowledge, in understanding and in science, and such as have ability in them to stand in the King's palace.

God is still saying to his Ananias, Go down to the street called Straight, there is a man there taught at the feet of Gamaliel, he is a chosen vessel of mine, skilled in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, who understands the sciences, and philosophies of life, and who has ability in him to stand in the King's palace; strike off the shackles of blindness and send him forth on his mission.

We sacrifice to send our children to college that they may stand four square as Seventh Day Baptist men and women; rendering efficient service in whatever avenue of life they may choose to serve, children in whom there is no blemish, but well favored, skilled in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, and such as have ability in them to stand in the King's palace.

THE FEW

The easy roads are crowded;
And the level roads are jammed;
The pleasant little rivers
With the drifting folks are crammed.
But off yonder where it's rocky,
Where you get a better view,
You will find the ranks are thinning
And the travelers are few.

Where the going's smooth and pleasant
You will always find the throng,
For the many, more's the pity,
Seem to like to drift along.
But the steepes that call for courage
And the task that's hard to do
In the end results in glory
For the never-wavering few.

—Edgar A. Guest.

SEMIANNUAL MEETING

The semiannual meeting of the Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin Seventh Day Baptist churches will convene with the Dodge Center, Minnesota, Church, October 28, 29, 30, 1921. Rev. C. B. Looftbourrow, of New Auburn, Wisconsin, is invited to preach the introductory sermon, Friday evening, with Pastor Thorngate, of Exeland, Wisconsin, as alternate.

MRS. L. B. BURDICK,
Recording Secretary.

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

TALKS WITH THE MASTER

HOSEA W. ROOD

(Paper given at the Northwestern Association)

Talk with the Master evidently means prayer. I have lately seen this definition for prayer: "Talking with the Unseen." Talking seems to imply words. Since much of prayer is not in words let me suggest the definition, Communion with the Unseen. I think we may easily understand that the word "Unseen" in this sense means the divine Ruler of the universe, seen only in the manifestation of his power and felt only in the heart.

I have read lately from a book having Prayer for its subject that all men have a belief in some supreme ruler, whether called God or known by some other name; and, believing there is such a being are led in one form or another to commune with him. And so the author of the book says that all men pray in one way or another. He says, indeed, that men pray when they do not even know it themselves—that there is such a thing as subconscious prayer. I saw a week ago some of the most beautiful scenery in this good State Wisconsin, which is, because of its beauty, now said to be the most attractive to tourists of any State in the Middle West. My soul was truly enraptured with the clear, sparkling waters of a chain of lakes that might well be likened to a string of pearls—its indented shores forming bays and straits and peninsulas, and capes, and inlets, with gems of islands; the banks adorned with oaks, elms, birches, poplars, maples, linden trees, spruce, firs and pines, every tree dressed in its characteristic foliage; flowers of every color in bloom next to the water; the deep blue of the sky reflected from the mirror-like surface of the lakes, the glorious sunlight flooding the woods and the waters; birds flitting around and about singing their sweetest songs; and, seen here and there through a vista among the trees the forest covered hills, with now and then a field of corn and clover. Lovely indeed, it was, in all its beauty. As I looked upon this changing scene of nature's harmony I could not help

thinking reverently of Him who made it so beautiful, unseen except as his glory, his love, his sense of beauty, were thus made manifest to me. Though I said not a word, in spirit I was led to commune with the Unseen. And that was prayer. How many a prayer has almost unconsciously gone up from the hearts of men whose lips do not speak the words so that others may hear them. And this not only when nature is so decked out in beauty, but betimes in the storm, the winds, the roaring of the thunder and the flash of the lightning. A cold, unresponsive man he must indeed be who does not at such times in some way commune with the Unseen. In the warmth of his worshipful nature David exclaimed: "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou has ordained, what is man that thou are mindful of him? and the Son of man that thou visitest him?" And again, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork, day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."

I know a good old German and his wife who love flowers. It is a beauty spot, their garden of flowers. He deals with every plant as if it were to him very precious. He studies its nature and so cultivates it as to bring out its beauty. To him it has its individual nature—almost a personality. No weed, however small, is tolerated among those flowers of his. In making his garden so beautiful he is a laborer together with God. God gives the life and he develops it, trains it, brings out its possibilities. Neither he nor the Life Giver could alone make that garden such a beauty spot; but together they accomplish wonders. I do not know about the church relations of these old people. I do not know that they pray aloud. I feel sure, however, that as they work among their flowers they are consciously or unconsciously, communing with the Unseen. How can it be otherwise when they are working together with God? I do not believe he is an irreverent man. He seems to be of a gentle nature. I should indeed be shocked to hear from him an indecent or profane word. Indeed, in a very real sense he is a man of prayer, for he spends much of his time in communion with the Unseen. I wish that to every

father and mother their children were as precious in their sight as are the flowers in this garden to those who so lovingly labor together with God to bring out their beauty. The psalmist says: "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord. . . . Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thy house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table." When so much can be done with the flowers of the field to increase their loveliness, how much also may be accomplished in studying the individuality—the personality—of every child in order to develop what is best in him—beauty and strength of character. If the flower gardener is a laborer together with God, how much more so may the father and mother be in the garden of the home, carefully training every good trait in the children and removing all that is bad as diligently as our old German friends pick out every weed as soon as it makes its appearance. In so doing there is need of much communion with the Unseen, by word of mouth at certain times, and all the time from the quiet, prayerful depths of the soul.

We have a friend—a prayerful woman—who, when her children were young, was given to praying in her closet when they were naughty. She shut the door according to the Scripture, yet hardly prayed in secret, but loud enough for the children to hear all she said, for her prayer was directed to them as well as to the Father which seeth in secret. I have heard a minister pray not only to God but to his congregation when it seemed to him that they had been naughty. His prayer was not altogether communion with the Unseen. A friend of mine, an old minister, told me today that he had known two preachers to lose their places because of praying at their congregations.

Paul speaks to the Romans about "continuing instant in prayer", and bids the Thessalonians to "pray without ceasing". Christ spoke a parable unto his disciples, saying that "men ought always to pray". These sayings can not mean that we are all the time to be praying in words. If we should undertake this we should have little time to do anything else. I once knew a very religious man who came to feel that the world was so wicked it would be better for him to withdraw himself from it so far as possible. And so he sold all the

goods in his store at a sacrifice and began to spend his time at home reading the Bible and in prayer. I boarded in his family while I was teaching in the community. He gave about five hours a day to his Bible reading and devotions, becoming every day more certain that the world was going to the bad, or, as he put it, "going to the devil". His good wife kept the house going by taking several teachers to board; and she was a hard worker. In the meantime he was so intent upon his devotions that he let her milk the cow, bring in the wood and do all the other chores in addition to her cooking and housekeeping. I could not help the feeling that he was taking too much time to be holy; and that it would be better for him to do some chores while he communed with the Unseen. One of the favorite quotations of my pupils in school was this—"Work is prayer." I believe it was the old-time monk named Dunston who gave this admonition to those who served under him. Though we may not be all the time praying in words, is it not possible for us to cultivate and carry with us everywhere and all the time a devotional spirit; to be busy men and women about our worldly affairs, yet commune with the Master—thinking how beautiful a world it is in which to live and work; how many blessings of life and health and strength we enjoy; how many good friends we have and how dear they are to us; how good God is to us, and so rejoice in his love and his goodness? Though we may suffer somewhat from poor health, be deprived of many things that others have in abundance, have to work hard while some others play, if we but undertake to count our blessings we may come to feel that we have very much for which to be truly thankful; and in our gratitude we may hold sweet communion with the Father who so richly blesses us. In this world we commonly find what we look for.

A feeling of gratitude is prayer. Though we may not express this gratitude in words so that men may hear, God knows. Is it well, though, for us never to say, "Thank you"? I hear people every day say these words to one another. They are good for him who says them, for they beget gratitude in his heart, and they are pleasant to him to whom they are spoken. If in any real sense God is a Father, he must have the

feelings of a father, and what father is not pleased when his child, truly grateful, says, "Thank you, father"? Though he may already know the little one is thankful, he is glad to hear him say so.

I have heard that a little boy asked his father if he might not come into his study and stay with him. Now, this father was a minister, busy in preparing his sermon for the next Sabbath. I fear that some father might have told the little fellow that he was too busy to have him there. But this father asked, "And why does my little boy want to stay with me here?" The answer was very sweet to that good father: "Just so as to be near you, papa." May we not believe that our Father is pleased with every such expression from us, his children? May we not know it?

When I was away from home years ago my little girl, seeing her mother writing to me, said she wanted to write to papa too. It was quite an undertaking for her, yet with much care she printed out these words: "Dear papa, I love you." Bless the dear baby! I was lonesome for her, and that little letter was truly one of the best I ever had. Is it not possible—is it not probable—that these very words from a heart of love may be very dear to our Father who art in heaven?

Though silent communion with God is real prayer, and in such communion we may continue instant in prayer, are we not called upon at stated times to pray in words? If not, there would be no prayer meeting; and what would the church be without its prayer center—the time and place set apart for united communion with the Master; when the most devoted Christian men and women, both old and young, join in their petitions for God's blessing upon the church in its work for the development of Christian character? The church may well be judged by the interest of its members in the prayer meeting. I have heard it called the thermometer of the church.

And now, what about family worship? What shall we think of that home in which the children never hear the voice of prayer—never heard their parents pray? I am myself very thankful when I remember the prayers in the home of my childhood; and I am truly sorry for boys and girls in whose homes there is no open communion with our heavenly Father.

I like to say over the words of Montgomery's:

HYMN ON PRAYER

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of words
That infant lips can try—
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters Heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

Oh, thou through whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

ON REDUCTION OF ARMAMENT

This article is quite largely a reprint of one that was published a week ago, but attention is especially called to a change in the last paragraph. Be sure to read that part to avoid a misunderstanding. It is really an important matter, and each of us has a personal responsibility.

"If the clergymen of the United States want to secure a limitation of armaments they can do it without further waste of time. The responsibility is entirely on the professing Christians of the United States. If another war like the last one should come, they will be responsible for every drop of blood that shall be shed and for every dollar wastefully expended."—General Tasker H. Bliss.

"There is no more inconceivable folly than this continued riot of expenditure on battleships, when great masses of humanity are dying of starvation."—Herbert Hoover.

It is urgently suggested that all Seventh Day Baptist churches take an active part in

the program on the reduction of armament that is proposed by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

There is to be, at the invitation of President Harding, a Conference on Limitation of Armaments to which the leading nations of the world have arranged to send representatives. This conference is to convene on Armistice Day, November 11.

The Federal Council has issued a call to the churches of America:

1. To unite in every city in the latter part of October in holding public mass meeting on a real reduction of armaments.

2. To observe Sunday, November 6, 1921, (for Seventh Day Baptists this will be Sabbath, November 5, 1921) as a special day of prayer for the divine blessing on the Conference on Limitation of Armaments.

3. To consider in the sermon of that day America's international duties.

4. To hold special services on November 11, 1921, at the hour when the conference convenes at Washington.

5. To provide for special meetings in every city on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings (November 7-10) to study the problems of international relations, methods for their solution, and disarmament.

The Federal Council has prepared for distribution to American pastors a booklet entitled, "A Warless World", in which the salient facts and statistics of the present situation, the moral aspects of the disarmament issue, and the responsibility of the church are presented in such a way as to furnish the pastor with effective material for discussing intelligently with his congregation all the topics outlined in the program for the week.

There has also been prepared a pamphlet of Church Programs and Topics as suggestions for the meetings of the week. These topics are as follows: 1. A vision of a Warless World. 2. The Staggering Burdens of a Warring World. 3. Causes of the Big Armaments of the Warring World. 4. Problems before the Conference Aiming at a Warless World. 5. The Distinctive Contribution of the Church in Establishing a Warless World. 6. The Great Decision to Achieve a Warless World. (This last topic is for a meeting to be held at the hour when the conference convenes.)

In years gone by Seventh Day Baptists have stood in the front ranks of the forces of peace on earth and goodwill among men. Let us now make special preparation to join with others in mass meetings, where such meetings are held; and let each church do its full part in this united effort to arouse ourselves and all humanity to secure a warless world for the abode of the kingdom of God.

One week ago in this same connection it was stated that the undersigned would secure a supply of these pamphlets and send copies to all our pastors, or local leaders where there are no pastors. It is found that this literature is not for free distribution, as was supposed, and so this offer will have to be withdrawn. However, it is urged that each pastor or local leader send for literature himself. The booklet, "The Church and a Warless World" can be had for 15 cents, or a larger package containing this and several smaller leaflets on the same general topic can be had for 25 cents. Address the Federal Council of Churches, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City, N. Y. This is well worth the cost, and will be very helpful in making this effort successful.

M. WARDNER DAVIS,

President of the General Conference.

EDWIN SHAW,

Secretary of the Commission.

PAGEANT OF MISSIONS IN BRITISH GUIANA

REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON

I. SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN (in ill-fitting clothes)

Before the white man came to our shores we Indians were the only people in Guiana. We were free to hunt, fish, and roam anywhere we pleased. Then the white man came, and cut down our trees, farmed the land, built cities and roads, and gradually drove us back to the swamps and remote places. There are about thirteen thousand of us in British Guiana now. (Squirm uncomfortably). We don't like to wear white man's kind of clothes, but we have to when we come to town.

2. DUTCH SETTLER (bearing Dutch flag)

There were strange stories long ago of a Gilded King who lived in a wonderful city somewhere in the Orinoco valley. I am one of the Dutch settlers who came in search

of this king and his city. In 1580 we made a settlement there. At the first our settlement was only a trading station. But in 1621 the Dutch West India Company was granted a portion of Guiana, and after that the Dutch began getting a foot hold in Guiana.

3. BRITISH SETTLER (bearing a British flag)

The British were also making settlements in Guiana. In 1666 war broke out between England and Holland, and a British expedition from Barbados captured important Dutch possessions in Guiana. After that English settlers began to arrive in Guiana.

4. FRENCH SETTLER (bearing a French flag,)

The French also wished to plant a colony in South America. In 1689 French corsairs took a Dutch station, and after that French settlements were made in Guiana. After 1740 people from various nations were coming to Guiana in considerable numbers. At length Guiana was divided into British Guiana, Dutch Guiana, and French Guiana.

5. NEGRO

My people came to British Guiana not for exploration, or for conquest, or for colonization. We were brought here by force, in days when many people did not think it wrong for one man to own another as a chattel. Some times as many as five thousand Africans were brought to British Guiana in one year. In 1814 a law was made forbidding the importation of any more slaves. In 1838 the Africans who were held as slaves were apprenticed for four years, and at the end of that time we were free. There are now more than one hundred thousand of us in British Guiana.

6. CHINESE

There are only about three thousand of us Chinese in British Guiana. After slavery was abolished, the immigration companies encouraged us to come here to work.

7. EAST INDIAN

I came to British Guiana from India. The immigration companies had tried Chinese, Portugese, natives of Madeira, and finally us. We now comprise more than one third of the total population of British Guiana; and we have come to stay.

8. HINDU PRIEST

You would not expect so many people to come here from India without me. I

am the Hindu priest. You may have heard that our religion is not a missionary religion. Well, we regard that every one born in India is a Hindu unless he goes over to some other religion. So we do not have to make converts in India. But when Hindus migrate to other countries they take their idols and priests with them.

9. THE CATHOLIC PRIEST

I am the Catholic priest. I try to make people believe that their chief aim in this life is to get to heaven, and that the only way to do so is through the ministrations of the Catholic Church. I conduct mass, administer the sacraments and teach the Catholic doctrines. About six per cent of the population of British Guiana is Catholic.

10. THE PROTESTANT MISSIONARY

I am the Protestant missionary. I come to British Guiana not for exploration, or conquest, or financial gains, nor yet am I brought here by force. Neither do I bring with me idols. I come to bring natives and Europeans, and East Indians, and Negroes, and all of mixed parentage—in fact, to all men in British Guiana who will hear it, the gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ. I am opposed by ignorance and prejudice, and superstition, and idolatry, and selfishness, and especially by the social caste system peculiar to British Guiana. My task is not an easy one. It requires wisdom, patience, endurance, Christian integrity. It also requires the moral and financial support of Christians in more favored lands. May the banner of the cross claim the allegiance of the men and women of Guiana.

NOTE: Any one desiring to present this exercise will find it comparatively easy to improvise costumes. Find pictures of Hindu priests, etc., in missionary magazines, and imitate them. Participants come to the stage one at a time, and take the following positions: No. 1 coming to center, No. 2 to his right, No. 3 to left of No. 1, etc, making this arrangement when complete—8, 7, 4, 5, 3, 1, 2, 6, 9, 10.

Having saved the world for democracy, it is now up to the victor nations to save democracy for the world.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

"O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him."

DEATHS

BELL.—Hattie Bell, daughter of Marion and Ruth Maxson Spinks, was born September 15, 1919, and passed away at Benton, Ark., August 12, 1921. R. J. S.

FRIES.—Eliza Boss Crandall Fries, daughter of Henry C. and Lucinda Ennis Crandall, was born at Little Genesee, N. Y., April 10, 1848, and died at her home in Friendship, N. Y., September 6, 1921.

She was married to George W. Fries October 3, 1883, by Rev. G. W. Burdick, at Little Genesee, N. Y.

At the age of twenty-three she was baptized by Rev. T. B. Brown and united with the Seventh Day Baptist church of Little Genesee, N. Y. October 18, 1895, she united with the Seventh Day Baptist church at Nile, N. Y., by letter from Little Genesee. Here she was a faithful member till her death, supporting the church work with her means, the Sabbath school work as a Home department member, and attending services as she had opportunity. She was an enthusiastic worker for prohibition and suffrage. For many years she was connected with the official staff of the Allegany County W. C. T. U. She, together with Mr. Fries, was the cause of the establishment of the Friendship Library Association, of which she was president from the date of its charter in 1898 till her death.

She is survived in her immediate family by her stepson, William H. Fries, of Detroit, Mich., and her adopted daughter, Pearl Fries Cogswell, of Oswego, N. Y.

Funeral services were conducted by Pastor John F. Randolph at her home September 9, and interment was made at Maple Grove Cemetery, Friendship, N. Y. J. F. R.

BEE.—In Berea, W. Va., September 13, 1921, John Nelson Bee, aged 94 years, 1 month, 21 days.

He was the son of Elder Ezekiel and Elizabeth (Rogers) Bee, and was born July 22, 1827.

April 26, 1849, he was united in marriage with Perdilla Bland, who departed this life May 19, 1917, after a companionship of 68 years. To this union were born five children, all of whom are living: Eusebius L. Bee, Mrs. Cynthia J. Collins, Lloyd C. Bee, C. Thomas Bee and Mrs. Mary E. Kelley. He is survived also by grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

"Uncle Nelson", as he was familiarly known, professed faith in Christ and joined the Pine Grove Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1881. He lived an exemplary Christian life and died triumphant in the faith. Though for many years forced to sit in idleness he was ever patient and sweet spirited, and thoroughly appreciative of the tender ministrations of his faithful companion and children.

The largely attended farewell services were held on Wednesday afternoon and all that was mortal was laid to rest in beautiful Pine Grove Cemetery. Rev. Harold R. Crandall, of DeRuyter, officiated, assisted by Brother Samuel Ford, of Berea. H. R. C.

ROUNSEVILLE.—Daniel Tompkins Rounseville, eldest son of Phillip Rounseville, was born February 13, 1854, in Tomkins County, N. Y., and was shot to death by a bank robber at Dodge Center, Minn., September 14, 1921.

When about three or four years of age his parents moved to Minnesota becoming Territorial pioneers of this State and settled near St. Peter, Nicollet County.

On December 27, 1881, he was united in marriage to Mary North and to them were born two children, Mrs. Grace Burdick and Irl N. Rounseville, both of Dodge Center.

They came to Dodge Center in 1892 where for twenty-nine years he has been actively engaged in business, as a merchant, insurance, hail adjuster, real estate and real estate loans and banking.

He was one of the five original incorporators of the First National Bank, which was organized in 1903. Of this institution he has since been continuously an active member of the board of directors and for nearly all of that time either its president or vice-president.

Closely identified with the welfare work of the community he served its interests as member and clerk of the public school board, cemetery board, Commercial club and other local organizations. For seventeen years he was a member of the Yeomen and twenty-seven years a member of the Modern Woodmen of America.

A man fair-minded, cool and of excellent judgment, he was constantly sought for advice, the writing of wills and other legal matters.

When still a young man he became a Christian and was early a member of the New Auburn, Minn., Seventh Day Baptist Church. When he came to Dodge Center he became identified with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of this place, of which he has continued to be an active member, serving it many years as trustee and moderator. For the past four years he has been its efficient treasurer. Always interested in church and denominational work he regularly attended services of worship and faithfully maintained a quiet, helpful Christian life. Of strong, conscientious convictions he was outspoken and fearless in making plain his position. One always knew where to find him on any moral issue.

He was a devoted husband, kind loving father, and a real neighbor. People in trouble instinctively turned to him for help, never to be denied.

The home, the community and the state have lost one of the very best. He leaves to mourn his tragic going, besides the son and daughter already mentioned, the wife, six grandchildren and other near relatives and a host of friends.

Farewell services conducted by his pastor, H. C. Van Horn, were held at the home, Sabbath afternoon at 2 o'clock, after which his remains were laid to rest in the Riverside Cemetery. *

HOME NEWS

FARINA, ILL.—Our church here is certainly alive if continuing to keep right on through sunshine and showers are any signs. Notwithstanding the exceedingly difficult years for farmers financially, and a number are farmers, every one seems willing to aid the society in any way possible.

We learned to love Rev. T. J. Davis and daughter. This summer an interest has been awakened and the effort to revive the religious sentiment and activities in our society and town was not in vain. The summer school was appreciated and we hope it may be continued other years.

The Martha Circle held a very pleasant social some time ago, arranged by Mrs. Roy Greene.

Miss Ethelyn Davis has done such excellent work for the choir and Junior choir we feel we can never express a debt we owe her either materially or in sentiment.

The Ladies' Aid have been busy meeting each week under the leadership of Mrs. Eva Coon.

The Christian Endeavor is continuing its work and has had several interesting things by different committees.

We heartily welcome our new pastor, Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins and family. We hope to be faithful in helping him in his work here. We look on the bright side, but when the sun shines with its strongest rays it is harvest time, and the pastor will need helpers here and there.

A LABORER.

Sabbath School. Lesson IV—October 22, 1921

PAUL'S LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM
Acts 20: 1-21: 17

Golden Text.—"Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Gal. 6: 9.

DAILY READINGS

Oct. 16—Acts 20: 1-12. Starting for Jerusalem
Oct. 17—Acts 20: 13-27. Interview at Miletus
Oct. 18—Acts 20: 28-38. An affectionate parting
Oct. 19—Acts 21: 1-17. Paul's last journey to Jerusalem

Oct. 20—Rom. 16: 1-16. Paul's greetings
Oct. 21—Psalms 133, 134. Brotherly love
Oct. 22—John 15: 1-14. Abiding in Christ

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

A. C. E.

DAVIS.—Samuel Brocks Davis, eighteen months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Harlin Davis, of Salem, W. Va., died September 20, 1921.

He was born March 25, 1920, and was a healthy child until taken seriously ill just six days before his death.

"But Jesus said, Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for to such belongeth the kingdom of heaven."

"And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above."

Services were held in the home September 23, 1921, conducted by Pastor George B. Shaw and Rev. A. J. C. Bond. A. J. C. B.

ESTEE.—Delia L. Estee was born in the town of Alfred, January 13, 1831, and died in Alfred, September 22, 1921, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Eda Shepard.

She was the daughter of Rev. Spencer and Hannah Rose Sweet, and was next to the youngest of fifteen children, being the last to survive. On November 8, 1849, she was married to Delos Crandall. Mr. Crandall died May 11, 1879. On March 26, 1885, she was married to Henry Estee. Soon after her first marriage the family moved to Milton, Wis., where she, with the exception of a few years, lived her life until 1909, when she came to Alfred to live with her daughter.

At about the age of twelve years she united with the church at Alfred, was always active and helped to organize the Ladies' Aid.

She is survived by her daughter and one grandson, Mark Shepard, of Philadelphia.

"Aunt Deal", as she was called, was loved by all who knew her. She was a most beautiful character and brought good cheer and sunshine to every one. While at Milton her home was always open. She was a real mother to the students. Her complete faith and trust in her heavenly Father kept her cheerful and joyful all her life. Her presence was a benediction of love and good cheer.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, assisted by President Davis, at the home of her daughter in Alfred, after which she was taken to Milton for burial.

The following which she often quoted and practiced expresses her true character: "Love as many as you can, so that death will not make you friendless."

"The Blessing of Heaven is perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil."

"Have you had a kindness shown?"

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone,

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Till it wipe another's tears,

Till in Heaven the deed appears,

Pass it on."

"Of true joy a smoothly flowing stream is a better image than a bubbling fountain."

"The Bible says the man who trusts God is never ashamed. Neither is he ever disappointed."

SPECIAL NOTICES

Contributions to the work of Miss Marie Jansz in Java will be gladly received and sent to her quarterly by the American Sabbath Tract Society.
FRANK J. HUBBARD, Treasurer,
Plainfield, N. J.

The address of all Seventh Day Baptist missionaries in China is West Gate, Shanghai, China. Postage is the same as domestic rates.

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church, of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services in Yokefellows Room, 3rd floor of Y. M. C. A. Building, 334 Montgomery St. Preaching service at 2.30 p. m. Bible school at 4 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Friday evening at homes of members. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Rev. William Clayton, pastor, 1345 Oak St., Syracuse. Phone James 1082-W. Mrs. Edith Spaide, church clerk, 1100 Cumberland Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago, holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42nd Street and Moneta Avenue every Sabbath morning. Preaching at 11 o'clock, followed by the Sabbath school. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Pastor, 264 W. 42d Street.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Church holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible School. Christian Endeavor, Sabbath afternoon, 4 o'clock. Cottage prayer meeting Friday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. Rev. E. S. Balenger, Pastor, West Riverside, Cal.

The Detroit Seventh Day Baptist Church of God holds regular Sabbath services at 2.30 p. m., in Room 402, Y. M. C. A. Building, Fourth floor (elevator), Adams and Witherell Sts. For information concerning mid-week and special services, call Walnut 1886-J. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church, of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 10.30 a. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium) 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Parsonage, 198 N. Washington Avenue.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of White Cloud, Mich., holds regular preaching services and Sabbath school, each Sabbath, beginning at 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor and prayer meeting each Friday evening at 7.30. Visitors are welcome.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London, holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Argyle Hall, 105 Seven Sisters' Road. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held, except in July and August, at the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park, N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

Seventh Day Baptists planning to spend the winter in Florida and who will be in Daytona, are cordially invited to attend the Sabbath school services which are held during the winter season at the several homes of members.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor

Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager

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There is a contagion of doubt as well as a contagion of faith. With facts still favorable to a victory, an army may lose morale. When the general and all his officers keep hopeful, their confidence works its way downward to the enlisted men. If the hopeful word is on many lips the morale is saved, and the whole army is confident of victory. Witnessing to any belief has a tremendous psychic influence for good or evil. The facts concerning any great subject are never deeply analyzed by the masses; yet the people possess a rare power for sensing the spirit of their times. In the fight for eternal life the morale of the church is too low. The confidence at the top is not always as rugged and commanding as it might be.—*Dr. Richard La Rue Swain.*

Of all the holy ambitions of a normal man or woman the purpose to have a home is the highest.—*Russell H. Conwell.*

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THE three things needed most by the Church today are: first, to set forth more clearly the person, mission and teaching of Jesus. We must lay aside our dogmas, theories and cults, and simply lift up Jesus Christ as he is revealed in the Gospels. His is the power and wisdom of God. Secondly, put emphasis upon the work of the Spirit. Read the fourteenth chapter of John—the final message of Jesus. Thirdly, an awakened and united Church. The whole world is not only open to the Gospel, but demanding it. It is our only hope after the devastations and reactions of the Great War. We are on the verge of world disaster and destruction. Another war—which is possible—would destroy Christian civilization. It is time for the Lord to work. Also for the universal Church to awake, unite, marshal all its forces and, under guidance of its Captain and the baptism of the Spirit, to go forth from conquering unto conquer. We have the message, the men and the institutions. Fifteen millions of aliens awaiting to be Americanized and Christianized. Our civil government, capital and labor and social life all need the Gospel. How many of us will say, Here am I, send me, use me?—Christian Work.

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