

CONFERENCE

SHILOH, N. J.

AUGUST 23-28

*Come On
Let's Go*

The Sabbath Recorder



MRS. CORLISS FITZ RANDOLPH

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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Next Session will be held at Shiloh, N. J., August 23, 1921

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(INCORPORATED, 1916)

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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., AUGUST 8, 1921

WHOLE NO. 3,988

"The General Conference And the People"

The editor remembers very well the sessions of the General Conference at Shiloh in 1887, for he was then pastor there and had something to do with steering the thing through. He still has the memorandum book in which he listed every family and the number of guests each could entertain. This book shows just who found a home with the various families during that Conference.

The annual convocations in those days—thirty-four years ago—were not so well known to the Shiloh people as they are today, for only a few of the younger generation had then ever seen a General Conference. That Conference week was a great week for many of them and all the dear people were greatly blessed by the meetings. Since those days our Conferences have been helped by large delegations from the old church at Shiloh.

We know very well how royally the South Jersey friends can entertain; and we have something of an understanding of the present-day expectancy on the part of the loyal workers there as they look forward to your coming. They will be disappointed if the delegations are too small, for they are preparing for a large attendance.

In looking over the minutes of that Conference in 1887, we are impressed with the thought that a whole generation—as generations are counted—has passed away. Of course that church has entertained Conference since that day; but the fathers and mothers we knew then, upon whom we relied for our "Aarons and Hurs" are there no longer.

The minutes also bring to mind with startling force, the fact that most of those who went as delegates from the churches that year, and who were active in the work of Conference have passed away. The obituary committee for that year reported fourteen deaths, for the year, of official members of the churches. But this is a small number when compared with the great

company who have gone from earth since then. Twenty-one ministers of the gospel who were there have finished their labors and gone to their reward. Most of those who served on committees in all our societies have finished their work and gone home. Their work was well done.

This year from far and near, will come other hands to do the work. Other hearts have prayed for its success and other heads have planned it. Conditions have changed. New problems confront us. Lines of work and methods for effective service have greatly changed; but the spirit of our workers remains steadfast, and loyal hearts will go to Shiloh to join with new workers there in pushing on the Forward Movements of today. We will not find the fathers and mothers there, but we will find many of their children, enthusiastic and willing workers, doing efficient service under the new conditions.

There will be blessings for all—those who dwell there and those who go to help them will all be strengthened and fitted for better work.

One feature of that Shiloh Conference was the devoting of some time on the last day to a general discussion upon the subject: "The Conference and the People". This subject was divided into three topics. The first was: "The Conference a Bond of Unity or the Social Element", to be led by Rev. L. R. Swinney. He said:

"It was God's plan, anciently, that his people should come together once a year and commune at the one altar where the tabernacle was pitched. So with us, we meet once a year . . . as individual members of one people . . . members of the same family, children of one common Father, and all united in our one Elder Brother."

Dr. Platts said: "It is one of the features of strength in our General Conference that, throughout our borders, we know each other, and, knowing, love one another."

Rev. H. B. Lewis said: "The experiences of many years of separation from these gatherings, strengthens the conviction that this is an important element in our Conference work."

Rev. O. U. Whitford said: "The grasp of hands of loved ones, the tale of sorrows told, and the

words of condolence and encouragement spoken as we come together in these social relations, is a source of blessing to all concerned."

The *second* topic under the theme, "Conference and the People" was led by Rev. William C. Daland. It was "Conference as an *Inspiration* to the People". In opening the discussion Dr. Daland said:

"The work of the Conference is not done when the adjournment takes place. We who are here must take the work of the sessions home with us. We must give information of what is done, and we must carry with us the enthusiasm of the occasion."

Dr. A. S. Titsworth said: "We must go back carrying with us the blessing of that which we have received here."

Rev. L. C. Rogers spoke of the religious, social character of Conference as "peculiarly Seventh Day Baptist. The question on arrival at home will be, What of the meetings? Was the Spirit of God with you? and in our answers to these questions we shall make the Conference a blessing to those who stay at home."

Then followed the *third* topic, "Conference a Promoter of Doctrinal Unity", led by Rev. Joshua Clarke. Brother Clarke said:

Faith, or doctrine, is the basis of action. If we are substantially one in doctrine, we are, of necessity, one in action. The General Conference is an expression of our unity.

Socially, we love each other by knowing each other; so, coming together, thinking along the same lines, working together for the same ends, as we do in Conference, keeps us one in faith.

When this discussion closed, the people were in a good spirit for singing the doxology, which they did in a way that showed genuine praises to God from whom all blessings flow. Every voice that brought these good messages to the people that day is stilled in death. But the influences of those good leaders will never die. Something of their spirit and power will be behind the men upon whom their mantles fell and this will give life to the Conference, soon to be held, once more, in Shiloh.

How to Reach Shiloh, N. J. When this paper reaches its readers there will be less than two weeks before the General Conference convenes at Shiloh, N. J. Everybody knows where Shiloh is. Most of our readers have seen the beautiful garden lands in South Jersey that surround the quiet country village on the "Salem Pike", three miles from the city of Bridgeton.

Conference people will reach Philadelphia

by three routes. The Baltimore and Ohio station is at Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets; the Pennsylvania is at Broad and Market streets, and the Reading station is at Twelfth and Market streets. No matter by what route you come, the cars down Chestnut street or down Market will take you to the ferry where you can buy a ticket to Bridgeton by the Pennsylvania Railroad. Crossing the river to Camden, you can go to Bridgeton either by steam or electricity right from the ferry landing.

Trains leave Philadelphia by "Eastern Standard Time". This will be one hour slower than your (*miserable*) "Daylight Saving Time". For instance: the 10.30 train on the time tables means 11.30 by Daylight Saving Time. There are trains from foot of Market Street at 4.20, 7.20, 10.30 a. m., and at 2.28, 4.12, and 5.00 p. m.

Shiloh friends will meet the delegates at the Bridgeton station.

"Lo, the Poor Indian!" As one studies the Plymouth Pilgrim Celebrations of these days, he can hardly avoid the feeling that Christian peoples who exalt the white man's achievements and sing so enthusiastically of our "Beautiful America", may fail to show genuine Christian sympathy for the sturdy descendants of the red men who were driven from their homeland by the white man's fire lock and whose race has dwindled before the white man's fire water.

Of the three hundred and thirty thousand Indians now in the United States, ten thousand wore the khaki and rendered valuable service in the World War. The crops raised by the red man last year amounted to \$12,000,000, and the Indians own \$40,000,000 worth of live stock. Sixty three thousand are found in our schools and there are twenty-seven thousand Indian children that have no school privileges.

A little careful study should convince every one that America is not doing its full duty by the Indian.

Pastor Hutchins as Conference Musical Director We learn from the *Brookfield Courier* that the church in Brookfield has granted its pastor, Rev. Jesse Hutchins, a leave of absence to go to Shiloh, N. J., in order to accept the position of musical director for the General Conference.

He expects to spend two weeks in Shiloh

getting ready for the music of Conference week.

Why Not a Pentecost? What a wonderful send-off the church received on the Day of Pentecost! The power from on high took possession of human hearts and made them mighty. It was God's plan. From that day to this the church has flourished by spiritual outpourings when God's people came together in the right mind and heart to ensure a blessing.

Conference is just at hand. From various parts of the land delegates from the churches will go to Shiloh for our annual convocation. What are we looking forward to? What are our hopes and longings for the outcome of that gathering? What are we praying for? Are we praying over it at all? By what spirit are we filled; by what motives are we prompted, as we prepare to go? Do we really want a pentecostal season? If we do what hinders our having one? Has the day of revivals gone by forever? Do we not need the power from on high as much as the disciples did? Can the great Sabbath cause be promoted without it? Does it seem to you that something *must be done* soon, if we are to go forward as a people in the line of "Personal Righteousness"?

If our own hearts could assume the same attitude toward God which characterized the disciples when the Day of Pentecost dawned upon them, we too might share their hallowed experience.

First they had been praying, and when they came together they were filled with the spirit of prayer. There is nothing like real heart-yearning prayer to open the way between the soul and God. The disciples were craving a manifestation of God.

Common fellowship and deep-felt needs intensified this craving. When the burning embers of individual hearts were brought close together they burst into a flame. This is still the secret of power in the church of God. In this day, too, when God's children come together in the mood of prayer and in the spirit of holy aspiration the result must be somewhat the same.

Out from that conference in Jerusalem went a company of Christians to turn the world upside down. A great revival began by the spiritual replenishment of those who

were already Christians. It was a gift of tongues that set them to talking—to preaching the gospel.

Something like that is greatly needed! Something like that *must come* if our ministry is ever to be re-enforced with godly, consecrated, spirit-filled men. Oh! that out from the Conference at Shiloh there might go consecrated Peters, Pauls, Johns, and Philips, filled with the Spirit and dedicated to the gospel ministry.

A Conscientious Christian and A Devoted Home Maker In the obituary of Mrs. Corliss F. Randolph, wife of the President of our Tract Society, we are impressed with two thoughts that are worthy of more than casual reading. One does not need to read between the lines to see the characteristics of a conscientious Christian and a devoted home maker.

No two words have a more vital importance than Christianity and Home. The household came before either church or state, and is really the foundation for both. In the Christian home, as in no other place, is felt the influences which mould character from the cradle to the grave, and such a home is the surest preparation for the eternal home in heaven.

A house is not a *home* until it contains something more than things to refresh the body; it must have something to comfort the heart, to en-noble the mind and to strengthen the courage of its inmates. The woman who by her tact and spirituality succeeds in making such a home, has gained no small victory. Though she may never be able to serve before the eyes of the world, such a one may be one of God's heroic souls, the outcome of whose faithful life may never be told this side of eternity.

We have pleasant memories of Mrs. Randolph as a young woman whose mother was one of our non-resident parishoners in Shiloh; and as a young lady who gave promise of a true and useful life.

Brother Randolph and his daughter have our heartfelt sympathy in their lonely home today. But they also have our *congratulations*; that their sorrow is softened by the precious memories that linger like golden sunset rays after a beautiful and happy day. They sit in a light that assures them of a bright morning sure to come, in which they will find, that, according to God's estimate

of death, their dear one had just begun to live when the sleep of what we call death closed her eyes and gave her rest.

Some Things That Make Us Weak Among the things that tend to undermine our strength as a denomination we must place *indifference to our literature*. Wherever we find a family that cares nothing for our denominational papers and publications; one that takes no interest in our work and makes no effort to secure information regarding our activities, there we shall see one that adds nothing to the strength of our good cause.

Nothing but denominational weaklings can come from homes where little effort is made to keep the children well informed regarding the faith of our worthy forefathers, and where little or no care is taken to so instruct the children that they can on every occasion give a good reason for the hope that is in them.

These are days of specialists in all lines of Christian work. In a denomination based upon a very important truth, that is almost universally neglected and downtrodden, there should be thoroughly trained and competent specialists on the Sabbath question.

Only by wise and aggressive Sabbath reform work can we be expected to hold our own as a people, to say nothing of making real progress. In this matter we are weak—*seriously and dangerously* weak.

The days in which we made the greatest advancement as a people, were characterized by special work in Sabbath reform by such men as Rev. Thomas B. Brown, Rev. James Bailey, Rev. J. W. Morton, Rev. William M. Jones, Rev. L. C. Rogers, and Rev. A. H. Lewis—men who gave special attention to the Sabbath question and who exalted this truth with no uncertain sound.

This generation is notably weak upon this important phase of our work. And this is so while Sunday people have several strong specialists doing their best to overthrow the plain Bible teachings regarding God's holy day which Christ observed all his life.

Again, we are weak in that the rank and file in our churches have ceased to manifest an abiding interest in Sabbath reform work, as such. Too many in our pews would rather their pastors would not mention the Sabbath question, even in their own pulpits,

if there are any Sunday-keepers present to hear them. They are too prone to make the impression that we do not regard the Sabbath as so very important after all. Such parents are sure to make their boys feel that Sabbath-keeping is too much of a burden for those who are ambitious to get on in the world.

Everything of this kind saps our strength and seriously weakens us.

To lose sight of the idea of God's *sacred time*, made sacred and set apart as the representative of his imminence in all ages, lest his people forget him, is also a source of weakness to any people who try to exalt Sabbath truth. Here is one great element of weakness in those who advocate a day of rest which they have to admit is not Sabbath or *sacred divinely sanctified time*.

Good Meetings A personal note from Rev. William L. Burdick brings the news that as the result of a series of meetings in Farina, Ill., eight persons were baptized.

Our readers will see elsewhere in this paper what he says about the church in Farina.

Brother Burdick also mentions the fact that "twelve persons took a stand for the Christian life in the meetings in Hebron, Pa."

Our First Visit To Brookfield Since the recent association at Brookfield some scenes of our first visit to that church have frequently come to mind. It was in September, 1879. The General Conference was in session, and there was a spirit in the air that could not be ignored, impressing everybody with the urgent need of immediate reinforcements for our China Mission.

Rev. Julius M. Todd was pastor at Brookfield. Rev. Asa B. Prentice was the president of Conference, and Rev. Lewis A. Platts with David R. Stillman were clerks. Brother Prentice preached the introductory sermon from the text: "These things I write unto thee, hoping to come unto thee shortly: but if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." 1 Tim. 3: 14-15.

Of all the sessions held in the days of that Conference week, that of the Mission-

ary Society impressed itself most indelibly upon my mind. George Greenman, of Mystic, Conn., was president, and the present editor was then recording secretary of the Missionary Board. And in view of the advanced age of President Greenman he requested the secretary to sit by him and assist in presiding. The picture of that audience packing the house to the limit, and the impression made by the all-pervasive missionary spirit under which the business was done, will abide with the writer while life shall last.

Only a few days ago, while looking over papers we had not seen for years, we came across the original manuscript minutes of three special board meetings, held in the chamber of a home diagonally across the road from the church. They were held on September 26, 27 and 28, 1879, and resulted in the call to the China Mission of Rev. David H. Davis and his wife, Sara G. Davis, and Prof. Henry C. Coon, and Miss Ann Eliza Nelson.

Things did not turn favorably for Brother Coon to accept the call, but the other three sailed for China in December of that year.

On one afternoon during the days of mental strain that almost overwhelmed Brother Davis, at his request, we walked together up the road over the hill above the church, and lay down upon the grassy bank of a brook while the lengthening shadows caused by the lowering sun on a clear September day, gave to the scene a restful softening effect for which both "boys" were thankful.

There in the halo of light which marked the closing hours of that perfect September day we talked the matter out, and "D. H." decided to go to China, and "T. L." promised to take his place as pastor at Shiloh.

Whenever we have visited Brookfield since that day, forty-two years ago, we have not been content to leave the place without visiting that sacred spot by the brook and living over again in memory the experiences of that afternoon with Brother Davis. So, on Sunday evening of the recent association, while the Brookfield hills were being bathed with gold by the setting sun, once again we went alone over the hill to the brookside, and tarried there listening to the voices of other days when "D. H." and "T. L." were in life's bright morning, and thinking of the many friends who once filled the church,

to which we must now soon hasten for the evening service that closes the association.

The grassy bank we knew forty years ago is no longer there. The spot where we lay is heavily overgrown with brush and briars, and the general scene, though much the same, shows the effects of neglect. The years have robbed it of its well-kept beauty and the landscape seems more desolate.

Well does this condition illustrate the change that has come to several sunny spots in the spiritual heritages of other days. Want of interest, neglect, loss of human hands to ensure the up-keep and the certain deterioration of unimproved years, have conspired to rob many a once promising church of its attractiveness and beauty, while the natural laws of uncultivated worldliness have done their work well.

Our readers may be interested in the names of those who attended these three meetings of the Missionary Board and planned there for the work at home and abroad. We give them here as found in our old first copy of the minutes: George Greenman, S. S. Griswold, Nathan Langworthy, George B. Utter, Sanford P. Stillman, Jonathan Maxson, Lewis A. Platts, Arthur E. Main, Joshua Clarke, Abram H. Lewis, Thomas R. Williams, Julius M. Todd, Ira B. Crandall, Walter B. Gillette, Nathan Wardner, and Stephen Burdick, members of the board.

Then the following missionaries and visiting brethren took part in the meetings: Charles M. Lewis, Charles A. Burdick, John L. Huffman, David H. Davis, Henry C. Coon, Ann Eliza Nelson, Lester C. Rogers, and several other visitors were present in some one of the three meetings.

Our readers will notice that of this list of men only three are now living. Mrs. Sara G. Davis is the only survivor of the missionaries mentioned here.

Other fields in the home land were provided for in these meetings. Rev. Charles M. Lewis was appointed missionary pastor of the North Loup, Neb., field, for which the Missionary Board appropriated \$200 a year. Charles A. Burdick was given charge of the Hebron field in Potter County, Pa. In one of these meetings John L. Huffman offered to give three months to revival work without charge in any field the board might designate. This offer was accepted with many thanks by the board.

IMPRESSIONS OF "DRY" AMERICA

A. J. COOK

The Rev. A. J. Cook, of Cape Town, who was sent as a delegate to the Fifteenth National Congress against Alcoholism, held in Washington last September, and who subsequently went on a tour of investigation through the states, has now returned to Cape Town, and is lecturing, under the auspices of the South African Temperance Alliance, on the results of his American trip. Mr. Cook is chairman of the executive of the Alliance, and is expected to take a prominent part in the forward movement towards the securing of prohibition in that land. Mr. Cook writes:

"During my tour I traveled approximately 7,000 miles by rail and motor, visiting some twenty-four cities in the states, besides a visit in Canada. I traveled often incognito, making it my business to see both sides of the question, and although I was constantly looking for drink and drunkenness, I have to record that in all the states I did not see half a dozen men visibly intoxicated. Meanwhile, I interviewed all and sundry—governors and judges, police and prohibition enforcement men, hotel-keepers and waitresses, business heads and labor leaders, newspaper men and social workers, superintendents of hospitals and of jails, taxi-drivers and elevator men and negro servants—and their universal testimony to the benefits of prohibition was almost monotonous. I found a great amount of violation of the liquor laws, and noticed some serious weaknesses in the permit system and other methods, but the general impression was that the enforcement officers are gradually perfecting their machinery, in spite of very inadequate provision. Liquor of sorts, and at a price, is obtainable in considerable quantities, but under such difficulties that the amount consumed is very small compared with the saloon days. There does not appear to be any alarming increase in the addiction to drugs and other poisons, although such problems have to be faced. In spite of the world-wide wave of crime, there is a remarkable decrease in the number of inmates of prisons, even in such places as New York and Chicago. I am writing up in detail the remarkable facts I have gathered from personal observation, and am prepared to show not only the wonderful decrease of drunkenness and crime, but the benefits from

the point of view of health and social welfare, as well as economics. Even vine farmers are prospering amazingly, and hotels are infinitely better off without their bars and, meanwhile, a generation is growing up without the taste or desire for alcohol. The Eighteenth Amendment will never be altered, and the party that ventures to aim at a wine and beer license will, de facto, commit political suicide.—*The Continent*, by permission.

PROGRAM OF THE SOUTHEASTERN ASSOCIATION

to be held with the Ritchie Church, Berea, W. Va., September 1-4, 1921

FIFTH DAY, SEPT. 1

7.30 p. m. Praise service, Rev. W. L. Davis
7.45 p. m. Sermon, Rev. George B. Shaw

SIXTH DAY

10.00 Devotional service
10.15 Moderator's address
10.30 Messages from delegates from other associations and representatives of boards.
Report of delegate to other associations
11.00 Sermon—Delegate from the Northwestern Association
Appointment of Committees
12.00 Adjournment
2.00 Interests of Tract Board, Secretary Shaw
3.00 Sermon, Rev. M. G. Stillman
7.45 Opening Sabbath Worship, Rev. G. H. F. Randolph

SABBATH DAY

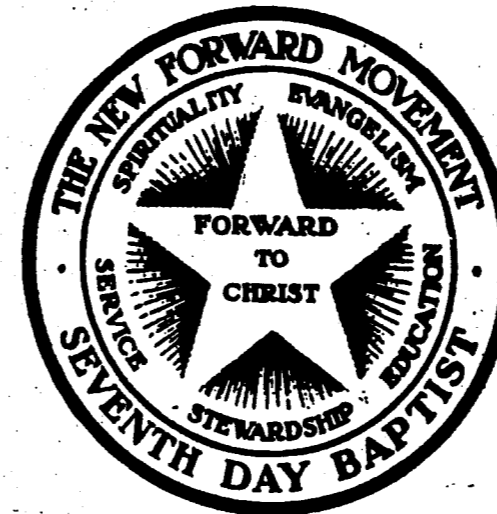
10.30 Morning worship, Rev. W. L. Davis
Sermon, Rev. F. E. Peterson
2.00 Woman's Work, Mrs. Wardner Davis
3.00 Missionary interests, Secretary Edwin Shaw
7.30 Young People's Work, Miss Alberta Davis
8.30 Sermon, Rev. R. R. Thorngate

FIRST DAY

9.30 Business, Report of Committees
10.15 Education interests, Education Society
11.15 Sermon, Rev. J. L. Skaggs, delegate from Eastern Association
2.00 Sabbath school interests, S. S. Board
3.00 Forward Movement hour, Director Rev. A. J. C. Bond
7.30 Closing service, Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner
Edna C. Lowther, Moderator
Roy F. Randolph, Recording Secretary

When one contemplates the madness of men and nations in maintaining great armies and navies, even now after the last world-bankrupting war, he does not wonder at Bernard Shaw's remark, "The longer I live, the more firmly I am convinced that the other planets use our earth as their lunatic asylum."—*Our Dumb Animals*.

THE COMMISSION'S PAGE



EVERY CHURCH IN LINE
EVERY MEMBER SUPPORTING

"Without me ye can do nothing."

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

HONOR ROLL

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

First Brookfield (1/2) (2)
First Hebron (x) ()
Portville (x) (2)
Shiloh (x) (2)
Richburg (x) (2)
Friendship (x) (1/2)
Walworth (x) (1/2)
Gentry (x) (1/2)
First Detroit (x) (1/2)
Salemville (x) (1/2)

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Receipts for July, 1921

Forward Movement:	
Adams Center	\$ 5 00
Second Alfred	407 20
Berlin	40 00
Boulder	200 00
First Brookfield	48 00
Second Brookfield	18 50
Carlton	35 00
Chicago	10 00
Farina	163 62
Second Hopkinton	45 85
Jackson Center	25 00
Marlboro	188 07
Minneapolis S. S.	10 50
Piscataway	399 93
Plainfield	60 00
Riverside	147 00
Souhtampton	20 00
Dr. Grace I. Crandall	80 00
Interest	4 16
	\$1,907 83

General Conference Expense:	
Salem	7 66
Lost Creek	22 75
Scholarships and Fellowships:	
Salem	1 53
Historical Society:	
Salem	77
Seminary:	
Salem	1 84
Alfred College:	
Salem	7 65
Milton College:	
Salem	7 65
Salem College:	
Salem	7 65
Ministerial Relief:	
Salem	7 65
Riverside	10 78
Woman's Board	
Salem	7 66
Dodge Center Ladies' Missionary Society	5 00
Young People's Board:	
Salem	3 06
Sabbath School Board:	
Salem	2 76
Tract Society:	
Salem	10 73
Detroit	16 57

Georgetown Chapel:	
Salem	92
Boys' School, Shanghai:	
Salem	3 67
Girls' School, Shanghai:	
Salem	3 67
Missionary Society:	
Salem	26 93
Detroit	49 72
Lost Creek	100 00

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD,
Treasurer.

Alfred, N. Y.,
July 31, 1921.

PSALM ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-NINE

CHAPLAIN GEORGE C. TENNEY

This is my favorite psalm because it brings out so vividly the fatherhood of God. It is only in that capacity that we can have any conception of God. Of his infinite power, glory, wisdom, and all other qualities we have no apprehension, they are utterly beyond our grasp. Of his person and the grandeur of his presence we have no adequate conception, nor can we by searching find him out. He is like a great mountain rising abruptly from a plane by precipitate cliffs many thousand feet high, entirely inaccessible to human hand or foot, but to which from one point only there is a path which people may climb to the very pinnacle.

So God stands solitary and alone, unapproachable and incomprehensible except from the one side or feature of his character, and that accessible point is his fatherhood.

It is in this character that he has revealed himself to us. It is by this name he has taught us to address him. The great yearning of fatherhood is toward children. He wants children, and he wants those children to be like himself. Like himself in image and form, like himself in character, and like himself in aims, in thought and in fellowship. And the entire object of our heavenly Father in his relations to men is to make them so—to bring them into conformity to him in all respects. He purposes to construct a great household of just such children as he can honor with the highest honors and take them into close relationship with himself and his Son.

Let us go through this beautiful psalm step by step. "O Lord, thou has searched me and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and my uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou com-

pasest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me before and behind, and laid thine hand upon me." These statements indicate a very intimate knowledge of us and a very close watchfulness of even the smallest details of our lives including every action however slight, every thought and every word. It embraces a thorough study and acquaintance of us individually so that our Father knows us a thousand times better than we know ourselves. Our Savior says that "even the hairs of our heads are all numbered". Whether that declaration be taken literally or as a figure of speech it certainly teaches a most wonderful truth and is a wonderful illustration of the capacity of the divine mind for holding details. And that capacity is, after all, the truest measure of the greatness of any mind.

No wonder that the writer breaks forth, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, it is high, I can not attain unto it." How shall we evade this close scrutiny? "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" Suppose we wished to get away from God, where should we go? It is impossible to get away from our best friend and our worst enemy—God, our Father, and ourselves. "If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in the grave, behold, thou art there; [happy thought]. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." I have descended a half mile straight down into the bowels of the earth and climbed around over the rocks and ledges where they dig the gold, and felt his presence all the time. I saw a speck of an island in the midst of the Indian Ocean six hundred miles from the nearest other land. A lone Scotchman lived there, I was told, and yet he was not alone, he had God and himself for company.

"If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." No, darkness does not hide us from the all-seeing eye. This is true fatherhood. To be thoroughly acquainted with his children, to be a close companion of them, to be conversant with their thoughts

and words, and associations, to watch over them constantly with jealous care—this is the part of true parenthood. How sadly short of this great model do most parents fall! Children are allowed to wander alone through the world, choosing their own associations and finding their own ways, the fathers remain in ignorance of their children who are compelled to seek their companions outside. Father declines their offered confidences, he has no time for their problems and their intimacies. Such a course drives untold thousands of children from good well-bred families directly to ruin, and the parents wonder why it is so. That is not the way God manages his children. He never repulses their confidences or shuns their little trials or leaves them without counsel and companionship. Never.

If, in spite of all that our great and kind Father has done for us, any wander away and are lost, it can not be charged to his lack of love or neglect.

He loved us before we were born. From the moment of our conception God assumed the obligations of fatherhood and took us under his special care. "For thou hast possessed my reins, thou hast covered me in my mother's womb. I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvelous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well. My substance was hid from thee when I was made in secret. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect, and in thy book all my members were written which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them." Many volumes could not contain a complete description of the structure of the human body. Huge volumes of anatomy, histology, physiology, embryology, and cellular construction and life, of the various vital functions of the body are studied, but all confess the half has never been told. The mysteries of life still remain undiscovered, and at last our deepest investigations can go no further, not because we have reached the final analysis, but because of the limitations of our vision, and we lift our eyes from our work and see only our heavenly Father looking benignly and compassionately upon his children. But we do learn that each individual is a distinct and thoughtful act of creative power and wisdom. God still creates men and women as much as he created the first pair. How many children

have life forced upon them and are unwelcome when they come into the world! They are not wanted, they are simply endured and neglected from the first. But God knows no such distinctions, he loves every child and is more than willing to be a father indeed to all, giving to every one born into this world an equal chance. And we may well believe that every one is made for some definite purpose. We are all of different adaptations and under the intelligent hand of an infinitely wise Creator, we must conclude that there is some place in his divine plan and economy that he has designed us to fill. To find that place and to fill it is the highest possible attainment in this life.

"How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God; how great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand. When I awake, I am still with thee." He refers to the numberless times when we individually are the objects of God's thoughts. In Psalm 40: 5, we have the same thought expressed thus: "Many, O Lord, my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward; they can not be reckoned up before thee; if I should speak of them, they are more than can be numbered." Our Father has us personally in mind every moment. How true are the words we sing:

Moment by moment I'm kept in thy love,
Moment by moment I've life from above.

Each beat of the heart, each inspiration of breath, all the vital functions of our bodies are kept in motion by his constant care. We have been taught to differentiate between "voluntary and involuntary muscles". It is very doubtful if there be such a thing as an involuntary muscle—a muscle that contracts and expands without a nervous impulse from some intelligent will. But we do not control our heart-beat, these impulses must come from a source outside of ourselves. We look in vain for such a source until we recognize God as that source. Verses 19-22 jar on our sense of consistency at first, they seem incongruous in such a lovely psalm, until we realize the feelings of the writer as he felt the awful truth that all the sinful thoughts of wicked men, all their vile plans and schemes and wicked words and songs have to pass through the mind of a pure and holy Father. Then

sin came up before him in its revolting, horrible character, and he protested in almost violent language. Then it occurred to him that very likely his own thoughts and ways were not as sweet at all times as they should be, so he closes this beautiful psalm with the fervent and appropriate prayer, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Shall we not all breathe this same prayer most earnestly before our Father very often?

SHILOH'S URGENT CALL TO CONFERENCE

PASTOR ERLO E. SUTTON, PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

[The editorial giving directions as to how to reach Shiloh was written and handed in before this article came to hand. With both explanations we are sure that our friends can almost see every step of their way to Conference.—ED.]

As I sit at my typewriter to write this short message to our friends of the Seventh Day Baptist denomination, a much needed rain is falling to freshen the thirsty earth. My mind and heart are turned toward the coming session of the General Conference. My prayer, and I am sure the prayers of many of the friends in Shiloh, Marlboro and elsewhere throughout the land, are being sent up that showers of spiritual blessings may fall upon us, as a people, during these days together. May the kind Father send us a new Day of Pentecost that we may go out carrying a message of life and obedience to God's law to the world. Can it be possible that the "Golden Day" for Seventh Day Baptists is gone by? No, not if we will seek showers from on high and go forth in the name of Christ.

We are looking for a large delegation of our friends from other churches. Will you disappoint us? No, I am sure you will not, for you have the cause at heart and will do your "bit" to make this the best Conference yet held. Just send along your name, either to Pastor Erlo E. Sutton or Deacon Auley C. Davis and then when the proper time comes buy your ticket to Bridgeton, N. J., our railroad station.

Now some of the timid ones may dread the change in the city of Brotherly Love. Philadelphia is one of the easiest cities to

get around in you ever saw. From the Reading terminal, Broad Street Station, (Penn. R. R.) or B. & O., just take a trolley or the subway to Market Street Ferry where you will cross to the Pennsylvania Station; where you will find your train to Bridgeton. Should you take an electric train out of Camden you will have to change at Glassboro. Either steam or electric is all right if for Bridgeton, for to change you just step across a platform. Arriving in Bridgeton you will, no doubt, find the smiling faces of the transportation committee. If not, after Monday noon, just step into the phone booth and when the operator says, "Number please," say "Four-four-eight-R-one-one, please," and then let us know what you want. Should you come earlier or fail to get a reply try 653-R-4. (Six-five-three-R-four.) Should you decide to come in your auto just drop us a line to that effect, or should you decide to come by aeroplane there is a good landing place just outside the village.

The Pennsylvania System has been very kind to us for they have arranged to run an excursion to Atlantic City August 30. So if you desire you can visit your friend another day and take a dip in the ocean.

Come to Shiloh, a garden spot in the "Garden State", and you may decide to stay with us.

Shiloh, N. J.,

July 29, 1921.

A crusade against gambling has taken hold of the Chinese people; 15,000 citizens of Canton in a parade several miles long, presented to the governor a petition from more than 50,000 members of the Anti-Gambling Society, asking for the abolition of the gambling vice in Canton. Churches, schools, trade and labor organizations took part in the affair. The answer to the petition was a proclamation to stop gambling, which order is to be enforced by military law.—*Christian Work.*

They went to seek the Summer
In lands where she had flown;
I bided with the Winter
In our stern north alone.
But now the haughty Summer
Comes back a-seeking me,
And only I who waited know
How sweet her smile can be.

Youth's Companion.

MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

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

LETTER FROM LIEU-OO, CHINA

MY DEAR FOLKS AT HOME:

Am sorry to be so long about writing you, but the causes of my delinquency are various.

Have lately been very anxious over a case which has been in the hospital about two weeks. This patient, named Mr. Sung, is of interest to all of us because he intends to follow the Lord Jesus.

He is the customs official here and has a very large family, two wives, eight sons and one daughter, besides grandchildren.

He sent for me when his condition was very serious, after he had had many Chinese doctors, not only in Lieu-oo, but Shanghai, Kungshan and Taitsaug. There was a Chinese doctor friend there when I got there. He had spent \$400 Mexican (a very large sum of money to a Chinese) for doctors' bills.

While I was doing what I could to relieve him he told me he knew Dr. Palmberg, that he had heard the Gospel and if God spared his life he wanted to be a Christian. He asked me to pray for him, which I did then and on the next visit brought Mr. Toong, the native evangelist, who read the Bible and prayed with the whole family.

He said his wife and daughter also wished to become Christians. Mr. Sung came to the hospital in a Sedan chair the next day, and greeted me with the words, "I have come to become a Christian." He was a little better but still in a serious condition. I told him I could not heal him, that he was beyond human help, but if he would pray in faith the Lord could and would heal him.

His condition has not showed much improvement till the last few days. He seems much more comfortable and better at the present writing.

Sabbath Day he was assisted down stairs to the church service and put his name on the church book as desiring to become a Christian. He had said he was going to live with his first wife only, hereafter—

though support both wives and their children.

One of his wives also put her name, or rather, mark, on the book where the husband had written her name.

Will you pray for this man and his family?

There is another official under our care, named Mr. Kyung. He is a vice-governor under Chang Chieu, "China's model city builder". Dr. Chu, one of our best friends, is helping Hon. Chang Chieu put an automobile road out here from Shanghai. The road will be completed in from four to six months. We have already seen where the road is laid out. They have been working on it several months already. Going to Shanghai will not be the tedious eight-hour journey which it now is, but will be about one and a half hour journey in a comfortable automobile too, instead of an overcrowded frail and battered steam-launch and then a train, or a wheelbarrow.

Dr. Chu has told us that the Hon. Chang Chieu is coming here and will try to do in Lieu-oo some of the things which he has done for his own native town, Nantungchow—that is, build schools, colleges, factories, charitable institutions, good roads, etc., etc. Little Lieu-oo will blossom as a rose if all these things are done for it.

At present the Hon. Chang Chieu is building a port at Woo-sung where there is a great natural harbor.

Well, to go back to the patient, Mr. Kyung. He is much better. He has Tb. (tuberculosis) of his throat and apices of lungs. When he came he could not speak above a whisper, but now can make a little noise in his throat. He is anxious to be well as soon as possible in order to help with the building of the port at Woo-sung. He has expressed a desire that we come to Woo-sung, and have a hospital there. He would like for us to build a college there too.

There seems to be some improvement in attendance at the church services. The helpers show an appreciation of the gospel and seem desirous of learning more. Two cooks and two nurses have put their names down as desirous of becoming Christians.

We are kept busy in clinic and hospital and I think in every way there is progress, and reason to feel much encouraged. The report shows this to be our record year in

the number of in-patients, and the number of out-patients has been largest since Dr. Palmborg left for America.

Miss Dixon, of Shiloh, has been helping me secure funds to get a mechanical ("miracle") arm and hand for the former patient who lost both hands and feet from gangrene. This will be a wonderful benefit to the woman, enabling her to at least feed herself. I am hoping in time to get enough for the other arm and hand and some legs.

The Battle Creek C. E. Society has sent me \$78 for the orphan I am responsible for, and for music lessons for our evangelist's daughter. This will last two years, and more for the above objects, as I got something over two for one in the exchange.

The Waterford C. E. Society is supporting the "Starvation Baby", the guardianship of which has been taken over by Dr. Crandall. I thought two were enough for me, and Dr. Crandall, in the goodness of her heart, has volunteered to mother this one, which she has become very fond of. The little one has improved in looks and grown a lot lately. She is indeed an attractive child.

The Milton Young Junior C. E. Society sent me \$30 which they said they were undecided whether to give towards the starvation baby's support or to the Famine Fund. As I got two for one in the exchange, I gave \$30 to the baby and \$30 to the Famine sufferers.

The Woman's Board sent us the *Missionary Review* for which we are grateful.

Thanking you, one and all for your generous help and asking for your prayers,

Yours in his service,

BESSIE BELLE SINCLAIR.

P. S.—This is just a sort of "In Memoriam" to Kyi-Ka-li, our favorite wheelbarrow man. He died the other day of heart disease. To push a heavy wheelbarrow with a person on it weighing from 120 to 220 pounds with that person's baggage weighing from 60 to 200 pounds all the way from Lieu-oo to Kating or Woo-sung is a feat which Kyi-Ka-li and his fellow wheelbarrow pushers were anxious to get the opportunity to do. For thereby they won their daily bread. From Lieu-oo to Kating is eight miles, to Woo-sung is about eighteen miles. Not thinking of the terrible strain and burden to their own muscles, and heart, their great happiness was not to let the day pass without getting a fare.

We who have, in comparison, easy tasks, may well take a lesson from the smile of the wheelbarrow man, when after waiting to serve, for many hours, he spies a passenger ready to sit on his barrow.

Kyi-Ka-li always received his fare with a smile and a "I thank you". A trustworthy, hard-working son of the soil has passed away. His lot on earth was hard. He frequently came and listened to the gospel. I pray he has a happy home above, where there are no wheelbarrows to be pushed through the hot tropical sun of summer nor the penetrating cold and rain and mud or snow of winter.

BESSIE SINCLAIR.

IN BORROWED CLOTHES

ROBERT B. ST. CLAIR

Quite frequently the Sunday institution is caught masquerading before First Day churches, Sunday schools, and the general public in borrowed clothes. We are sorry to say, also, that these clothes are not borrowed in a straight forward manner, but the masquerader secured the temporary use of the same by a method oft described as "climbing up some other way".

An illustration of this is found in "The Comprehensive Lesson Leaflet", published by the David C. Cook Co., in the Sunday school lesson entitled, "Rest and Recreation", May 8, 1921. After stating that the ceremonial sabbaths mentioned in Leviticus 23 were not to be confounded with "the creation Sabbath, as there would be need to give a special command regarding this", the following comment is made upon Deuteronomy 5: 14:

"The Sabbath is the greatest bulwark against selfishness that blesses our modern civilization. It is a divine shield held by the Almighty for the defense of the laboring man against conscienceless greed. To secularize it will be to lose the day. To keep it holy is as vital an item of morality as is the observance of any of the statutes of the moral law. It is as unremittably binding on the consciences of all men of all centuries as is the first, the second or the third commandment."

That sounds as if it might have been expressed by an extremist in our ranks, instead of one who quite generally proclaims, We are not under law, but under grace.

Later on, however, the reader is referred to "Dr." Canright's books to learn about

the change from "the seventh to the first day", and, behold, Canright states that the Commandments were abolished at the cross and that there is no proof of an existence of a creation Sabbath. So the witness agrees not with the commentator of the Comprehensive Leaflet, but this is nothing unusual in the ranks of the friends of Sunday.

To demonstrate, conclusively, that this is merely a case of masquerading, the commentator concludes:

"It is here pointed out clearly upon whom the responsibility falls when any who are employed are obliged to spend the Sabbath day—Sunday—in work instead of rest and worship as God has ordained."

And so the pagan Sunday is the institution the Sabbath Commandment is requisitioned to protect, and the Sabbath commandment says nothing about—Sunday—save that it is one of the six working days.

HEALTH CONSERVATION A CHRISTIAN DUTY

M. L. W. ENNIS

(Read at a session of the W. C. T. U., Ashaway, R. I.)

The supposition is that originally, when the human body came fresh from the hand of the Creator, it possessed a vitality sufficient to overcome disease tendencies, and life was then practically free from the racking pains now so prevalent.

It is evident that our artificial modes of living, our tendency to ignore the laws that inhere in our bodies is the one great reason why disease gets the mastery over us, and final dissolution ensues many years earlier than the supposed allotted age of man.

Some scientists declare that in order to approximate a perfect specimen of the human type, one should begin generations back. In other words, that diseased parents, or parents departing in any degree from the normal are almost certain to produce children physically or mentally imperfect, if not actually degenerate. For instance, it has been found that at least ninety per cent of the children of parents, one or both of whom use even in so-called moderation, alcoholic beverages, are born imperfect; whereas those born of total abstainers are ninety per cent perfect at birth. It will therefore be seen that people who are to assume parental responsibilities should be instructed early in

life, as to the disastrous consequences of contempt of physical laws, lest life-long suffering be entailed on their innocent progeny.

Pain is not, as some may suppose, an enemy to be fought against simply as such; but it is rather the voice of a friend, crying out against wrong conditions, and warning us to correct them before our lives pay the penalty. Very early in life, then, the child should be taught to safeguard its physical health by avoiding excess and carefully promoting healthful conditions. Of course in the very early years it becomes the duty of the mother to provide as far as possible, a healthful environment for her offspring, a plentiful and constant supply of fresh air being the first requisite, pure water the second, the mother's own milk the third, and comfortable, not too heavy clothing, and not an excess of heat the fourth.

Hence through the years of girlhood every prospective wife and mother should be taught to husband her vitality by firmly adhering to those habits of living that conserve instead of dissipate the life forces. And in his youth, every prospective husband and father should be taught to see to it that his splendid manhood is in no way debauched and debilitated by any form of dissipation. It is one of the gravest inconsistencies that any person should deliberately transgress the laws of his physical being, and think to escape the penalty of such transgression. In fact, abstinence from those things that enervate and destroy the harmonious functionings of physical life, and thus preclude future usefulness and happiness is one of the great underlying principles of our Christian religion.

The American Friends have steadily maintained their overseas service for the relief of suffering and need caused by the war. There is no country in the war zone where their praise is not heard. To their ministry of food they add a ministry of clothing. This summer is the time chosen for collecting supplies of new and used clothing for distribution in Europe, in advance of the coming of the colder weather. The American Red Cross is co-operating in the effort to secure such supplies. Those Christians who have two coats or a coat and a cloak will know what to do when the drive starts in a few days.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

MY FRIENDS—AN INTRODUCTION

"A new-found friend is a new-found joy." New friends I have found this winter who have broadened my view and deepened my appreciation, women whose friendship I count most dear. May I introduce some of them to you?

MRS. DAMI

Turn down the boardwalk which leads to the rear of the building. Walk carefully, for you might catch your heel in the sidewalk where the board is broken. Up the narrow, steep stairs we climb and crowd together on the landing lest, in opening the door, we should be pushed down the stairs. The big collie is the first to greet us. Strangely out of place in the wee little flat which boasts no sign of a back yard. Then comes Katie, with her cheery smile and hearty handshake. For the lesson, we will all sit in the immaculate kitchen around the table with its red cloth. Katie wants to learn English. She wants to speak so "sweet", drawing out the word, "like an American". To Katie, who has worked in the fields, that means softly. We read together a simple poem.

"Do you know what soul is, Katie?"

"Yes," thoughtfully, "soul is heart—live forever."

To form our rounded letters seems hard to Katie. I place my hand around hers as once, many years ago, the teacher did for me, and move her fingers to make the strange letters. There is such joy in her face when, after painstaking effort, at last she has written her name.

Then we can sit and talk a while. Or rather, Katie talks and we listen. She tells of the little cottage in Hungary with the dirt floor and the thatched roof. "Oh, maybe you don't think my house is very nice," she says as she looks about her little rooms, "but oh, I wish my mother could see it! She would think it is wonderful."

Katie is a fine cook. Her great loaves of bread are light and fine-grained. She can make "snei-ballen": no American

doughnut is more delicious; or "struddles", which would almost make you wish you were born in Hungary.

"Did your mother teach you to make these, Katie?"

"Oh, no, we never had that at my home. We never had enough to eat there. I always went to bed hungry. Many a night I have seen my mother take the frying pan and put it on the stove; then she would put in flour, without any fat, and stir and stir until it was brown, and then put in water, and that soup was our supper."

It is a tale of hardship and want and tears that Katie tells. A tale of separation too, with the constantly recurring thought of "mother".

"But do you really love America, Katie?" I ask.

Raising her hand, with a look of reverence the answer comes, "Before God, I love America." Katie is never idle. All day she crochets or knits. She is now planning a curtain for the glass door, made of filet crochet. The pattern on it is to be the Statue of Liberty.

MRS. PICCININNI

Other friends of mine are Mrs. Piccininni, from sunny Tuscany, very rich in the possession of Angelo, Bassanio, and Napoleon. She is sure to greet us with a kiss and welcome us gleefully into her pretty home. Or, come with me to see Mrs. Macros. No need to interpret the "Well Baby Primer" to her. She is taking care of the baby in most approved American style and is anxious to learn to talk better and be "all American" for his sake. She will offer us one of those delicious rich cakes, different from any we make, and, as we sit and have refreshments, her eyes will shine if we talk of the beauty of the homeland.

MRS. TSAIKOS

The house on the back of the lot looks so like a shed that perhaps you would think no one lived there. But only knock and Mrs. Tsaiikos will open the door. If the day is cold and the wind sweeping down the tracks, she will invite us in, though we are strangers.

There is only one room and an alcove to the house where Mrs. Tsaiikos lives with her twin boys of four, and the smaller lad of two, and, of course, the baby. We can sit down, for she has two chairs, and we

will keep nice and warm near the stove, for the bed and table and stove so nearly fill the room that we could not be far away from it. We talk with the baby—all babies use the same language—and then we try to explain to Mrs. Tsaiikos our errand. "Would she like to learn English?"

"No English, Greek," is the answer with a shake of the head.

"We teach, we learn," is the reply.

But again, "No English, Greek."

I try another method. "Chair, stove," pointing to each article. "You say—chair, stove." But the inevitable answer come again. Then, from a shelf, she brings a pencil and paper: "You write—man read," was the request.

With more smiles we leave, promising, "Next Wednesday."

On the next week she is ready. She smiles her welcome and brings the chairs; and then this note, evidently written with great pains:

"DEAR MRS.: One day of the last week evening time when I come home from work I find one little notice that you give to my wife and asking about me, would I like to see my wife learn to speak the English language and that you can learn the way to learn it. I am very thankful to you for the kindly that you visit my poverty house. I know it is hard for my wife to learn to talk English without a Greek-English dictionary. Yours truly,

"N. AL TSAIKOS."

Now I try again. "Chair, stove," and she repeats it, and this time my visit ends after a very successful lesson. This must be the beginning of a long series of visits. Sometimes, after she has learned to love me, I can teach her to keep "chair" and "stove" cleaner, but we will have to wait and do this oh, so tactfully and prayerfully. Yes, and sometime too, I can tell her of a Friend who loves her more than I do; who knocks at the door of her heart just as we did at the door of her little backyard home, and then, if I introduce him, perhaps she will let him in.

MRS. COSTAKES

It is hard to be a stranger in a strange land when the language is all unknown. It is hard, in these days of high prices, to make the family income go round the family needs; but when you are a widow it is in-

initely harder. There is much that an American friend can do for Mrs. Costakes. She has five sturdy children, all loyal Americans. A few weeks after Christmas was the Greek New Years and, according to the custom of the old land, Mrs. Costakes prepared to take the whole family to the Greek church; but to her surprise she met opposition. "No, mother," said the oldest boy, "We are not Greeks. We are Americans and we have to go to school today. We can not go to the Greek church."

"And I want to be an American too," Mrs. Costakes said, as she told the story. But, if being an American means abandoning the religion of the "old country", is it not the obligation of Christians in America to substitute the bulwark of our religion?

AMELIA

Down the narrow walk we go between two houses; until our progress is disputed by a great, big hog. He does not deign to recognize us. Neither does he make any attempt to follow us up the back stairs. Amelia is a housekeeper, though she is only fourteen years old. Back in Amelia's mind is a memory of the distressing day, two years ago, when in another house than this, she was startled by the sound of a shot in the next room. Crushed by a weight of care so heavy it seemed she could no longer bear it, the Polish mother forced her way out of this cold world, and left to the little daughter the bloody vision, the crowd and excitement of many women coming and going and gossiping, and the realization that she must fight against the hardships that her mother could not face. So, in these two little rooms, she keeps house for the father who can not yet speak the English language. We find him at home, for he has been out of work for three months. Several places he could have found if he had had the language.

"Why don't you go to night school?"

An embarrassed laugh follows our question.

"Too old for school," Amelia explains.

He is ashamed to go. We tell him that at the mission he can come and there he can learn the English.

"Is Amelia coming to sewing school?"

Her eyes shine. She will soon be ready. She has finished her work, and it is well finished too, for there is no speck of dust or disorder in all her domain. Amelia loves the mission and is never absent when it

is open. What hope does the future hold for her except through the mission? It is her friends there who must take the place of her mother and interpret America to her, its snares and its glories, as her father can not.

Would you like to have friends like mine? *Sweet-spirited service to a stranger* is the key which unlocks the door of such friendships and brings to many a new American the first Christian interpretations of the new land; and to the older American the enrichment of a new friendship. This is the true method of Americanization.

NAMELESS FRIENDS

Then there are my nameless friends. Such a one was the little woman with the shawl who sat with me one night in the crowded car. We talked just a little and it made the trip much shorter. Then came the problem—no easy one at rush hours—how could we get out of the door? But two are more than twice one when it comes to the "jam" and, keeping close together, we forced our way through. "Goot-bye, dank you," followed me as I hurried to my appointment, with a friendliness that warmed my heart all the way along on that cold night.

It would have been a drab, uneventful journey but for him. Just such a journey as each of us takes many times and never registers on the brain with enough force to recall. But he made it different, eventful, worth remembering. There was no seat left in the coach except the one beside him. Others had passed that by, one or two even standing in preference, for he was fat and, to state it plainly, dirty. But I sat down and then I knew first that my partner was a gentleman for, as I reached to place my awkward suitcase in front of me, he immediately offered to help. In reply to my thank you, he smiled so cordially that we were soon talking like old friends. Back to Syria he was headed. The wife was there and the children, too. "I come again to America. Bring them, too." Then, with that simple confidence so often found in our unsophisticated new Americans, he showed me the passport, and the letter from the mayor of Omaha to the American consul in Damascus, for he was no foreigner, but a fellow American, and I have the word of the mayor that he was a good citizen, too. Then we talked of America which he had

found "good"; and of Syria which he loved but which was not "good"; and of the hope that in the new days ahead, his native land might come to its own, in peace and prosperity. Yes, I like to think of that ride because I like to think of that friend.

And though the coat may a button lack,
And though a face be sooty and black,
And though the words be heavy of flow,
And new called thoughts come tardy and slow,
And though rough the words in the speech which
blend,

A heart's a heart and a friend's a friend.

—Missions.

WORKERS' EXCHANGE

REPORT OF THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY AID SOCIETY, RBOOKFIELD, N. Y., FOR YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1921

MRS. F. M. SPOONER

Our Society numbers 37 active members and 9 associate members, the associate members each paying \$1.00 a year dues. The active members are divided into two divisions, one division furnishing for the dinner or supper which we serve each month. Our greatest source of income is derived from these social affairs and we find them most satisfactory. The social hour spent in pleasant converse seems to meet the requirements of the people also.

We have served eight dinners and three suppers the past year with an average attendance of 55 people and a total of 612 meals served. The June dinner was omitted, being so near the time of the association; each member paying 50 cents instead, the approximate cost of the dinner to each one.

Our social committee planned for two evening socials during the year. One of these was held at the home of Mrs. Kinney Crandall, having the nature of a harvest social. A pleasing program of music and games was much enjoyed. Guessing contests afforded the chief amusement. This social called out a good attendance of young people. The other social was the one in connection with the lecture given by Mrs. T. J. Van Horn and has been previously reported.

A truck load of old papers has been gathered and sold by our ladies the past year. We have endeavored to make the business meetings interesting, many responding at roll call with some favorite quotation. At our

TRIBUTE OF MILTON CHURCH TO BROTHER DALAND

The members of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Milton and its allied organizations would, in this brief memorial, pay a tribute of love and appreciation of Dr. William C. Daland. There is no feature of the church work that did not have his utmost support. His voice and attitude in the church service told so unmistakably that reverence for divine things and worship were to him most sacred privileges and duties.

The message of his life to us always was "unselfish loving service". The message of his lips was instruction and inspiration and fatherly counsel. The message of his hands as he skillfully brought out the harmonies of musical instruments was an interpretation of the harmonies of the soul of God.

Life to him was so full of the divine that he had no time for the trifling; yet his great heart always stooped to comfort, cheer and lift the lowly and needy, just as his Master did who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life".

We sorely miss his noble presence, the genial light of his eye and tone of his voice, the warm brotherly handshake, his optimistic spirit and the lofty ideals he put before us all. But he is not dead. He has only gone just a little way ahead, assured of the triumphant entrance into the presence of his Lord.

We would assure Mrs. Daland, and the family, of our loving sympathy and earnest prayers that they who feel most keenly the loss of husband and father shall most intimately realize the gracious comfort of the words and presence of the God of all comfort.

In behalf of the Church, the Benevolent Society, Circles Number Two and Three, and the Brotherhood.

HENRY N. JORDAN,
MRS. J. W. MORTON,
MRS. E. D. BLISS,
MRS. A. E. WHITFORD,
WILLIAM K. DAVIS.

November meeting an impromptu thank offering was made.

Our program committee after some effort succeeded in persuading the society to take up some topic for discussion, and the book, "The Bible and Missions" was the one selected. Two well prepared papers on this subject were written and read by Mrs. Clifton Curtis. These articles were listened to with much interest and greatly enjoyed. We hope to finish this study later.

In our May meeting it was decided to revise our cook book, "The Tried Friend" to be re-published and offered for sale as a means of raising funds for the society. For this revision a committee of three was appointed. This book is full of practical recipes, all tested by our good housewives, and should meet with a ready sale.

Last of all our president and vice president fell into the hands of the candy man and were induced by his suavity into ordering his candy. On its arrival it looked like a mountain to us but by doing some hustling we disposed of nearly the needed amount in the fifteen days' time, so by borrowing a small amount from the treasury we sent on \$98.00, the cost of the candy. After disposing of the rest of the candy we shall have cleared \$53.00.

SUMMARY OF THE FINANCES

Receipts	
For meals served	\$172 72
Sale of old papers	41 78
Two socials	30 00
Thank offering	5 30
Associate members	12 00
Cook books, etc.	2 25
Balance on hand July 1, 1920.	35 57
Total receipts	\$299 62

Disbursements	
Forward Movement	\$105 00
Chinese relief	10 00
Near East Relief	10 00
General benevolence	10 10
Repairs on parsonage	18 86
Church	121 56
Total disbursements	\$275 52
Balance on hand	\$24 10

"I don't like these photos at all," he said. "I look like an ape." The photographer favored him with a glance of lofty disdain. "You should have thought of that before you had them taken," was his reply as he turned back to work."—*News Trade Journal*.

"We search the world for Truth:
We cull the good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
And all old flower fields of the soul;
And weary seekers of the best
We come back laden from our quest
To find, that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read."

PROVISIONAL PROGRAM FOR THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

August 23-28, 1921

General Theme.—Personal Righteousness the Fundamental Need

TUESDAY MORNING

- 10.00 Opening Service
Address of Welcome Rev. Erlo E. Sutton
Responses, Rev. Mazzini G. Stillman, Rev. Herbert Polan
President's Address Rev. Clayton A. Burdick
11.15 Quiet Hour of Worship. Preparation for the Sermon on the Mount, Rev. George C. Tenney
11.30 Reports of the Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer
Appointment of Standing Committees: On Nominations, on Credentials, on Petitions, of Reference and Counsel
12.00 Announcements

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

- 2.30 Key-Note Session—Personal Righteousness the Fundamental Need
Personal Righteousness and a Church Program, Alfred E. Whitford
Personal Righteousness and Education, M. Hoffman Van Horn
Personal Righteousness in Business and Professions, George W. Post, Jr.
Personal Righteousness in Everyday Relations, J. Nelson Norwood
3.00 Children's Service—In charge of Miss May Dixon and others

TUESDAY EVENING

- 7.30 Evening Worship Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins
Baby's Lullaby.....Mrs. T. J. Van Horn
By two Girls
8.00 Report of the Commission Rev. Edwin Shaw
What The Forward Movement means to me
A Pastor, Rev. Walter L. Greene
A Layman, Courtland V. Davis
More Laborers.....Miss Ethelyn Davis
Miss Alberta Davis
As It Looks to Me Now Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond
Young People's Rally Song, Mrs. Luther F. Davis
Chorus

WEDNESDAY MORNING

- 6.30 Early Morning Worship
9.30 Business Session
Minutes of Tuesday
Report of Trustees of Memorial Fund
Report of Lottie Baldwin Association
Report of Committee on Engrossing Minutes
Miscellaneous
10.15 American Sabbath Tract Society Program
Message from the Board of Directors, Corliss F. Randolph
Report of the Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard
Report of the Publishing House, Lucius P. Burch
Annual Statement Rev. Edwin Shaw
11.15 Quiet Hour of Worship
Nine Rules for Happiness, Rev. George C. Tenney
11.30 Address—The SABBATH RECORDER, Jesse G. Burdick
Address—Aggressive Sabbath Reform, Benjamin F. Johanson
12.00 Announcements

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

- 2.30 Open Parliament on the Work of the Tract Society. Leader, Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner
3.00 Sabbath School Board Program
Annual Report A. Lovelle Burdick
Report of Field Secretary, Edward M. Holston
Awarding of Banners Alfred E. Whitford
The Vacation Religious Day School, Miss Mary Lou Ogden
4.00 Business Session
Open Discussion of Denominational Interests
3.00 Children's Service—In charge of Miss May Dixon and others

WEDNESDAY EVENING

- 7.30 Evening Worship Rev. Eli F. Looffboro
8.00 Young People's Board Program
President's Message Benjamin F. Johanson
Awarding of Banners Mrs. Frances F. Babcock
Address—One Among Many, Miss Marjorie Burdick

Address—What Kind of a Link Are You? Miss Alberta Davis
Address Edward M. Holston
Scenes and Selections from Pilgrim's Progress, Arranged by Edmond R. Babcock

THURSDAY MORNING

- 6.30 Early Morning Worship
9.30 Business Session
Minutes of Wednesday
Report of Federal Council Committee
Report of Faith and Order Movement Committee
Report of Vocational Committee
Miscellaneous
10.15 Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society Program
Message from the Board of Managers, Rev. D. Burdett Coon
Report of the Treasurer Samuel H. Davis
Seventy-Ninth Annual Report, Rev. Edwin Shaw
11.15 Quiet Hour of Worship
Placing Responsibilities on Disciples, Rev. George C. Tenney
11.30 Address Miss Rosa W. Palmberg
Address Miss Susie M. Burdick
12.00 Announcements

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

- 2.30 Missionary and Evangelistic Work on the Home Field, Rev. William L. Burdick
3.00 Lone Sabbath Keepers' Program
Our Duties and Relationships Under the New Forward Movement, George M. Cottrell
Tithing Mrs. Elmer Kemp
Dare to Be a Daniel Mrs. Ruth Threlkeld
Shepherding the Scattered Sheep, Rev. George W. Hills
Scatteration: Its Causes and Desirable Remedies, Hosea W. Rood
4.00 Business Session
Open Discussion of Denominational Interests
3.00 Children's Service—In charge of Miss May Dixon and others

THURSDAY EVENING

- 7.30 Evening Worship Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn
8.00 Personal Righteousness and the Nursing Profession, Miss Lucy H. Whitford
Personal Righteousness and Prayer, Paul E. Titworth
Personal Righteousness and Politics, Samuel H. Davis
(Memorial Services for Rev. William C. Daland)

FRIDAY MORNING

- 6.30 Early Morning Worship
9.30 Business Session
Minutes of Thursday
Report of Committee on Denominational History
Report of Committee on Correction to the "Historical Volume"
Report of Committee on the Incorporation of the General Conference
Report of Railroad Committee
Report of Committee on Obituaries
Miscellaneous
10.15 Seventh Day Baptist Education Society Program
Message from the Board of Directors, Rev. William C. Whitford
Reports of Secretary and Treasurer, Paul E. Titworth
Why Should a Young Man or Woman Get a Professional Education, Paul E. Titworth
11.15 Quiet Hour of Worship
Jesus Expounds the Law, Rev. George C. Tenney
11.30 Why Should I Sacrifice to Send My Son or Daughter to College? Claude L. Hill
Why Should Our Young People Go to College? J. Fred Whitford
12.00 Announcements

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

- 2.30 Why the World Needs Educated Men and Women, Rev. Arthur E. Main
3.00 Seventh Day Baptist Historical Society Program
Address by the President, Corliss F. Randolph
History of the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church, Rev. Erlo E. Sutton
4.00 Automobile Trips
3.00 Children's Service—In charge of Miss May Dixon and others

SABBATH EVE

- 7.30 Evening Worship
8.00 Sermon—Rev. Theodore J. Van Horn
Testimony Meeting—Led by Rev. Henry N. Jordan

SABBATH MORNING

- 6.30 Early Morning Worship
9.00 Communion Service
10.30 Sabbath Worship
Offering—Missionary, Tract, and Educational Societies
Sermon—Comradeship in Service, Rev. Boothe C. Davis
Overflow Service Sermon, Rev. James L. Skaggs
10.30 Children's Service
Sabbath Worship—In charge of Mrs. George A. Main
Sermon—Text, "Take Thee Much Soap", Rev. George B. Shaw
Sermon—There is Someone At Your Side You Can Not See, Rev. William M. Simpson

SABBATH AFTERNOON

- 3.00 With the Bible
The Book Rev. Paul S. Burdick
Christ The Center Rev. Harold R. Crandall
The Message Rev. Frank E. Peterson
Demonstration of Work in Religious Day Schools
3.00 Children's Sabbath School. In charge of Miss May Dixon
4.00 Young People's Meeting
Leader—Edward M. Holston
4.00 Intermediate Christian Endeavor Meeting
Leader—Rev. Henry N. Jordan
4.00 Junior Christian Endeavor Meeting
Leader—Mrs. Willard D. Burdick

EVENING AFTER THE SABBATH

- 7.30 Evening Worship
8.00 Woman's Board Program
Lantern Slide Pictures with Addresses by Miss Susie M. Burdick and Miss Rosa W. Palmberg

SUNDAY MORNING

- 6.30 Early Morning Worship
9.30 Business Session
Minutes of Friday and Sabbath Day
Report of Committee on Nominations
Report of Committee on Petitions
Report of Committee on Credentials
Miscellaneous
11.15 Quiet Hour of Worship
Advanced Ethics Rev. George C. Tenney
11.30 Sermon—The Righteousness that is of Faith, Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner
Offering—Sabbath School, Woman's, and Young People's Boards
12.00 Announcements

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

- 2.30 Address—Growth in Personal Righteousness, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn
Address Rev. Alva L. Davis
3.00 Closing Business Session
Report of the Committee of Reference and Counsel with Discussion and Consideration
Unfinished and Miscellaneous
3.00 Children's Service—In charge of Miss May Dixon and others

SUNDAY EVENING

- 7.30 Evening Worship
8.00 Sermon Rev. A. Clyde Ehret
Closing Meeting Rev. Willard D. Burdick

LOCAL COMMITTEES

- General Advisor Rev. Erlo E. Sutton
General Executive Committee, Leonard M. Smalley, Chairman
Committee on Grounds, Buildings, and Tents, George Lykens, Chairman
Commissary Committee Frank Harris, Chairman
Transportation Committee, H. Elsworth Hoffman, Chairman
Entertainment Committee Auley C. Davis, Chairman
Signs and Decoration Committee, Mrs. George Lykens, Chairman
Rest Room Committee Mrs. Harry Lupton, Chairman
Writing Room Committee, Miss Leona Hoffman, Chairman
Music Committee W. R. Glaspey and Mrs. Dora Davis
Music Director Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins

INFORMATION

The meetings of the General Conference are to be in Academy Hall. An Overflow meeting will be held on Sabbath morning at the church building.
Eastern Standard Time will be used for appointments.

Delegates and visitors will be transported to and from Bridgeton free at reasonable hours

The Information Bureau and General Headquarters will be in the School Office on the second floor opposite the entrance to the Hall.

The Post Office is so near the place of meeting that delegates and visitors can use that instead of a special office in the building.

On Friday afternoon at four o'clock special automobile trips will be given to delegates and visitors.

Headquarters and Exhibit of the Young People's Board will be in the Church Chapel.

The Communion Service on Sabbath morning will be in the church building.

The sessions will begin on time, and close on time. Come early and stay for the benediction.

Rooms in the building are provided as headquarters for each of the denominational Boards and Societies.

The General Conference telephone number is "Bridgeton, 448-R-11".

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS"

He was a good farmer; the furrows in the field he was ploughing stretched like railway tracks to the fence a quarter of a mile away.

"How do you make such straight furrows?" I asked.

"You see that slender pole with a white rag tied to the top of it?" he said in reply.

"Well, I set that pole at the point where I want my furrow to end. If I keep my eyes on it all the way across, I can make a furrow almost as straight as a crow can fly. Everything depends on the first furrow; if you get a crook in the first one, the rest have to follow it, for the guiding wheel of the plough runs in the old furrow. Get your first one straight, and the rest will be straight too."

I reflected that as much depends on the first furrows in life as on the first furrows in the field. As I looked back over my life and saw in it the many stretches of crooked ploughing, and remembered that they all began with a crooked furrow, I despaired of making it like the field of the ploughman. Then I remembered the slender pole with its fluttering white cloth and again heard the ploughman saying, "I keep my eyes on it all the way across."

Now I understand. The crooked furrows had come when my eyes were not on Christ. I resolved that, God helping me, I would plough my furrows straight from then on, and that I would do it "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of my faith"—*Youth's Companion*.

"For any house that is not too complicated in design the cubic content furnishes a safe method of estimating the cost of building. A well-built house this year costs about sixty cents a cubic foot."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

LESSONS FROM RUTH

MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
August 20, 1921

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Homesickness (Ruth 1: 6)
Monday—Reward of kindness (Ruth 1: 8)
Tuesday—The beauty of love (Ruth 1: 16)
Wednesday—Divine providence (Ruth 2: 1-9)
Thursday—Modesty (Ruth 2: 13-23)
Friday—Reward (Ruth 4: 1-12)
Sabbath Day—Topic, Lessons from the book of
Ruth (Ruth 1: 14-22)

A prominent Bible commentator takes up the story of Ruth immediately after the Song of Deborah in the fifth chapter of Judges. Placing it there in the stormy times of the Judges makes it most interesting, inspiring and restful. The story speaks by "the pre-eminent beauty of its pictures and descriptions", not to the hearts of Hebrews only, but to universal man. It teaches us that no times are so bad but that there are bright spots to be found somewhere, while it brings comfort and joy to the great mass of common people by showing that God is as interested in their welfare as he is in the welfare of the world's so-called great ones.

Modern travelers tell us that the fields of Bethlehem today illustrate many of the incidents of the book of Ruth. The farmers, as in the days of Boaz, greet their hired servants in the morning with the salutation, "The Lord be with you!" and receive the reply, "The Lord bless thee!" The supper of the reapers is parched corn, eaten on the spot; the owner sleeps by his grain heaps at night, and the veil, which binds down the head-dress, distinguishes the Bethlehemite women from other Eastern women; like Ruth's it is large enough to hold six measures of barley. The book of Ruth is a story—undoubtedly a true story.

I must take it for granted in this brief article that the reader is more or less familiar with the characters in this story, which contains many valuable lessons, only a few of which can be mentioned in this connection.

First, faith proved by works. When Naomi "heard in the country of Moab how that the Lord had visited his people in giving them bread" she immediately returned thither.

Second, the effect of right living. Naomi's life had been such in a heathen country that her daughters-in-law were attracted to her and her God.

Third, the necessity for a personal faith. Orpah evidently was carried along for a time on Naomi's faith but the faith that endures to the end must be the personal possession of each individual.

Fourth, the importance of right decisions. Both Orpah and Ruth came to the border of the promised land. Orpah was unwilling to give up all for God, so she turned back to her country, her people and her ancestral religion. Ruth gave up all, left the past behind and entered the promised land.

Fifth, the result of their decisions. We hear no more of Orpah. Ruth became the wife of a nobleman of wealth, the great grandmother of Israel's shepherd king, an ancestress of the world's Redeemer, and consequently a channel of blessing to all peoples of all ages and all climes. As a result of her decision you and I lift up our heads and rejoice over the fact that Gentile blood was mingle with the Jewish blood that flowed on Calvary.

Sixth, the value of home. Listen to Naomi: "My daughter, shall I not seek rest for thee that it may be well with thee?" Home if it be a home and "not merely four square walls" is the heart's resting place, whether it be a hovel or a mansion. Sad indeed is the fate of those who through misfortune have lost the home that once sheltered them; but sadder still is the fate of those who in this uncertain world have never known the rest and peace of home.

Earthly homes, it is true, lie under burdens; but they carry us forward in thought to the heavenly home where sin which has wrought such havoc in this world's history shall never enter and where God shall wipe the tears from all eyes.

SUGGESTED PROGRAM

Song service.
Announcements and collection.
Sentence prayers.
Song.
Story of "Ruth".

Special music.
Testimony meeting.
Song.
Benediction.

HINTS FOR LEADERS

Instead of the regular scripture lesson tell, or have some one tell briefly, the whole story of the book of Ruth, bringing out the points containing the most helpful lessons, but not mentioning the lessons themselves. Leave them for the members to discover and discuss.

Have in mind a number of verses from the book showing good lessons and if the discussion drags, read them one at a time, asking what lesson is shown.

REPORTS FROM INTERMEDIATE SOCIETIES

The letters that follow contain the reports of the superintendents of Intermediate societies as given by Rev. Henry N. Jordan, superintendent of Intermediate work for the Young People's Board, at the time of the Seventh Day Baptist Young People's rally in New York City. They were of interest then; and no doubt will be enjoyed by SABBATH RECORDER readers, so are given here:

Nortonville, Kansas,
July 3, 1921.

DEAR SIR:

Our Intermediate Society during the past year has been active.

We have meetings regularly every week.

There is an enrolment of fourteen and we have good attendance at our meetings.

We have learned the names of the books of the Bible and several passages of scripture.

We have read "Pilgrim's Progress" and we are now reading "The Great Test" written by H. D. Clark.

We have socials the last of each month.

Our society gave a play to raise money, which was coached by Mrs. H. L. Polan.

We now have \$19.98 in our treasury.

The members take turn leading each week.

Yours respectfully,

HELEN RING,
Corresponding Secretary.

North Loup, Neb.,
July 2, 1921.

DEAR BROTHER JORDAN:

Received your letter regarding our Intermediate Society yesterday.

We have a membership of twenty-three, with an average attendance of fifteen. There is about an equal number of boys and girls. Three of the members took the course in Expert Endeavor Work. The Intermediate gave ten dollars to the Young People's Board, five dollars to the

State C. E. Work, and four dollars to help the local church. Several gave also to the Near East Relief.

The interest has been very good much of the year, although several members do not attend as much as we hoped they would.

We have the topic lessons and are doing a little missionary study work, also Bible study.

Only two or three belong to the Tenth Legion and Quiet Hour.

We hope, during the coming year to do more for Christ and the Church.

I hope this will be in time for your report, and will put us on record as helpers.

Sincerely,

MRS. W. J. HEMPHILL,

P. S. One of our members was Secretary of the District Intermediates.

MRS. H.

Milton, Wis.,

July 5, 1921.

DEAR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS:

The Milton Intermediate Christian Endeavor Society wish to give you our best regards and hope that you will have a wonderful time and will get many helpful things out of the meetings which will help you to have a perfect C. E.

Wishing that it were possible for us to be present.

In Christ's name,

MARGARET BABCOCK,
Corresponding Secretary.

Salem, W. Va.

June 30, 1921.

Mr. Henry N. Jordan,
Milton, Wis.

DEAR SIR:

I have received your letter asking me to give you an idea of the work our society is doing, and our aims.

Our society was organized in October, 1920, with nine members. We first made a thorough canvass of our church and society for new members which resulted in a total gain of six.

We adopted the budget system for our finances and secured a monthly pledge from each member. Our state pledge for the year was five dollars. We also paid one dollar and fifty cents for county pledge, and ten dollars to the Denominational Missionary Board, all of which has been paid. We have in addition to this budget sent two dollars and fifty cents to the Near East Relief, six dollars additional to the state work and subscribed to the *Christian Endeavor World* as a society paper.

Our committee work has been done under the Prayer Meeting Committee, the Lookout Committee, the Missionary Committee, the Good Literature Committee, the Social Committee, and the Temperance Committee. The Executive Committee holds regular meetings and many of the reports of committees have been given in writing. The Missionary Committee planned mission studies, on the subject, Our South American Neighbors, or Latin America.

The Temperance Committee secured anti-cigarette and total abstinence pledges.

The Good Literature Committee distributed Christian Endeavor books and serial stories from the Christian Endeavor World.

A special committee was appointed to organize an expert class from which six Intermediates graduated, which makes a total of eight experts in the society.

The Social Committee planned and carried out four socials during the year.

The Prayer Meeting Committee has planned leaders and the prayer meetings have been held regularly. Seven of the members attended the district convention and won two prizes. One prize was for the most miles travel to the convention, and the other for the largest cash contribution to state work in addition to the state pledge.

Our efficiency rating for the year is one hundred and fifty-three.

Two members have joined the church during the year. Three members have been promoted into the Young People's Society and three members have been dropped. So we close the year as we began, with nine active members and no associate members.

VEDA KELLY,
Corresponding Secretary.

Alfred, N. Y.
June 30, 1921.

DEAR BROTHER JORDAN:

Your letter of inquiry reached me yesterday. I plead guilty to being Intermediate Superintendent. We have twenty-eight members, and have had an average attendance of about twenty since I have been here. One of the intermediates leads and then I generally follow with questions and comments. They also furnish the music. We also review the books of the Bible and their contents, whether it is poetry, history, or prophecy. To be a real Christian and be of service is the great impression we leave with them. Some member of the Senior C. E. takes charge when I am absent. We have a supervised social each month.

This is our work at present. We may change our plans next year. I expect to see you at the convention at New York.

Sincerely,

A. CLYDE EHRET.

A MESSAGE TO INTERMEDIATES

DEAR INTERMEDIATE ENDEAVORERS:

This is my last message to you as your superintendent. Younger, abler hands, will assume the tasks which are pleasant and vitally important, and give direction to your aspirations and activities.

More and more are our people realizing the importance of your problems and their right solution. More and more are you to be made aware of how much depends upon you.

You are, and you are to be, a big factor in the trained leadership of the church and community. This is a tremendous task and

can not be successfully undertaken by unskilled hands nor untrained minds and souls without serious consequences. "Study, then, to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

I wish you could have been in New York at the World C. E. convention, especially at our denominational rally. But the editor of our page in the RECORDER will give you an excellent account of this.

May your future be greatly blessed of God and may you ring true to every Christian principle.

HENRY N. JORDAN,
Superintendent.

Milton, Wis.,
July 26, 1921.

BELATED COPY BUT TOO GOOD TO LOSE

[The following article on "Progress Among Indians" was prepared by Miss Marian Ingham, for the Christian Endeavor topic to be used on July 30; but for some reason was belated and could not appear in time for that date. The main article, however, is too interesting to lose, and so we omit the daily readings for that date and give the main part to our young people here. It was written for a home missionary meeting.—T. L. G.]

Recently the Onondaga Indians in northern New York sent a message to the chiefs of every other tribe of Indians in the United States, asking co-operation in an appeal to President Harding and Congress to place another star—the forty-ninth—on Old Glory.

Bit by bit the Indians have been driven back and compelled to give up their land to the white men; now they have adopted the flag of their conquerors. They now ask that a star represent them on the United States flag, to represent a nation that will live as long as the American nation lives.

Independence Day, 1921, finds the American Indian in the white man's court seeking recognition. He supports the plea of his numerically dwindling race by saying, "We want our own star in the flag."

The *Missionary Review of the World* for June in comparing the conditions of the Indians in California in 1850 with the present conditions, states that out of 200,000 Indians in northern California about 1850,

barely 20,000 remain, some of whom were later provided with land. Today, however, the number of "non-reservation" Indians in California is less than 15,000. Of these only three thousand have been reached with any Christian influences whatever. There are twenty-five counties in which there is no work done for the Indians and fifteen where there is only partial work.

"These non-reservation Indians are scattered over forty counties in California. About 3,500 have taken allotments on the public domain, as homesteaders. Approximately the same number are living on small tracts of land purchased for them by the government, and about twice the number are without land and are living in rude shacks, as squatters on the corners or rock piles of the various ranches, or any spot where they can locate until told to 'move on'.

"Among the first class, there is an upward tendency in the matter of housing conditions, and there is some improvement among the second class. The third group, however, make little or no progress toward permanent home building.

"There seems to be a growing sentiment on the part of the county officials in the welfare of these scattered bands of Indians. Where there has been a combination of social welfare and missionary work, there has been a great improvement in conditions. In several counties, where the Indian population was regarded as a drunken, degraded, and worthless set, a menace to the communities as a result of this 'Lend a Hand' movement, these same people are now sober, industrious, thrifty and well-behaved, transformed from a liability to an asset; and the demand for their labor is greater than the supply. In most counties of California, Indian children are now admitted to the public schools.

"There are also about three thousand non-reservation Indians in Nevada, and probably not more than ten per cent of that number is reached by Christian influence.

"As the Indian more and more becomes an economic factor in meeting the demand for labor on the ranches, the railroad and the other industries, the prejudice now existing is bound to be lessened. If these three thousand non-reservation Indians could be brought under the influence of strong Christian men and women and given an oppor-

tunity to develop materially and spiritually, the Indian problem in Nevada would soon be solved."

MARION MELISSA (HOWARD) FITZ RANDOLPH

(Mrs. Corliss Fitz Randolph)

Marion Melissa, daughter of William Henry and Sarah Jane (Ayars) Howard, and wife of Corliss Fitz Randolph, who died at her home in Newark, N. J., on February 21, 1921, passed her childhood at Walworth, Wis., the place of her birth. With her parents, she subsequently removed to Shiloh, N. J., and then to Newark, N. J., where she spent the greater part of her life.

In 1881, she matriculated at Alfred University; but her studies were interrupted from time to time by her own ill health and by sickness in her family, until she graduated in June, 1888. On March 18, 1890, she was married to Corliss Fitz Randolph, who graduated from Alfred at the same time as herself. The newly-wedded couple at once established a home in East Orange, N. J. Later, in September, 1892, they removed to Giffords (now Great Kills), Staten Island, N. Y. In September, 1896, they removed to New York City, where, for three years, Mr. Randolph was a resident student in the School of Philosophy of Columbia University; and in September, 1899, they finally removed to Newark, N. J., where the latter became connected with the public schools of that city, and where the family has made its home ever since.

Mrs. Randolph was never robust; but, upon the whole, enjoyed good health until about fifteen years ago, when there developed certain symptoms that were long supposed to be an aftermath of an attack of bronchitis from which she suffered at that time, but which were subsequently known to be due to arterio-sclerosis of the heart. These symptoms grew more and more marked until about four years ago, when they culminated in violent paroxysms of *angina pectoris*, attended by extreme prostration, when her life hung in the balance for several days. In the course of a few weeks she recovered sufficiently to be about the house for the most part of the time, and palliative treatment was installed to arrest the progress of the disease. But the paroxysms continued at intervals of

some months, always attended by great prostration, and often by pain of the most intense and excruciating character. At times the apparent improvement was so marked as to seem real and permanent; but it was ever a false promise. Indeed, the attending physician—a specialist in such diseases—had, when first called, informed the family that recovery was impossible; that treatment might prolong her life for some years; but that she was likely to pass away at any time, and that without an instant's warning. Nearly a year before her death, she became convinced, herself, that there was no hope of ultimate recovery, and that the end was likely to come in the not far distant future; and she made her plans, material and otherwise, accordingly, but, to those about her, she always showed undaunted courage.

In September last, she had an attack of influenza, or *grippe*, which much reduced an already sadly depleted store of physical vitality. Early in December, as the holiday season approached, she again appeared to improve to such an extent that she carried out her usual Christmas activities; and on New Year insisted upon entertaining a certain small group of friends, who were virtually without homes, and whom she had made it an unvarying rule to entertain at that time, for many years. Not long afterward she began to feel the strain of this unusual activity, and by the latter part of January there was a perceptible change for the worse again.

These untoward symptoms continued, and on the 13th of February, resulted in an intense paroxysm lasting sixteen hours, when again she hovered between life and death for two days, after which she appeared to improve slowly. On the morning of the 20th, she was pronounced out of immediate danger, with a fair prospect of being about again as usual in the course of a couple of weeks. But the tremendous strain upon the heart during the last long paroxysm had been too great; and late in the afternoon of Monday, February 21, in the midst of a quiet, peaceful sleep, with the nurse at her bedside, and without an instant's warning the over-tired heart stopped beating; and without a pang, without a word, and without even a sigh, she passed to that sleep which knows no earthly waking. All that medical science and skillful nursing could do had been done, and that without avail.

The outstanding feature of her life was her devotion to her home. To her, home was not a mere stopping or abiding place, but a place of certain activities and influences that made it a place of life—a life of joy and happiness and peace—a place where lives unfold and develop into character, a place to which people should be attracted and from which they should carry away lasting influences for the better things of life.

A few years ago, a certain well-known American woman wrote a story entitled, "The Courage of the Commonplace", in which she very appealingly showed how the ordinary commonplaces of life with a faithful every day devotion to irksome tasks may develop a lofty courage that in a supreme test is little short of sublime. Such an author might well write a similar story entitled "The Glory of the Commonplace". Such a glorification Mrs. Randolph uncorsciously exemplified. She shrank from publicity; but in the bosom of her family and among her friends, she was wholly at her ease. Her own college life and her husband's professional career in study and teaching, extending through a period of more than thirty years after their marriage, brought her into contact with a somewhat limited, but, after all, a not small circle of friends.

As her daughter, Mildred, an only child, grew from childhood to womanhood, and passed through the elementary and high schools, through college and university, out into the field of teaching, there trooped through the home scores upon scores of children, girls, and young women, who returned again and again, and many times over, avowedly to visit the mother no less than the daughter. To the motherless, she was a mother; to others an elder sister; to those in trouble, she was a wise, sympathetic counsellor; she was the intimate confidant of many; and with all she was a good comrade and a valued friend. The announcement of her death brought literally hundreds of letters from this circle of friends; letters of which but few were mere formal or conventional expressions of sympathy with her family. Almost all were tributes to the memory of a real friend whose comfort and advice they esteemed, but which they could now only cherish and no longer seek; and they came from no one creed,

but from Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Roman Catholic, all alike.

By no means the least noteworthy of these expressions of grief and esteem came from people in the humbler walks of life. The negro servant; the Irish housemaid of other years; the modest little French wife and mother who had often come for comfort and counsel, but now hundreds of miles distant; tradesmen and mechanics who had made her acquaintance in their respective routine courses of business; all sought an opportunity for expression of their indebtedness to their departed friend.

Her husband has repeatedly said that whatever of success has been his in his chosen profession of teaching, no less than in his activities in denominational and church work, has, in no small measure, been due to the cordial, sympathetic encouragement and inspiration of his wife. Her daughter feels that the rather unusual opportunities she has had for education and culture are due in large part to the sacrificing devotion of her mother; and that whatever attainments she has made in that direction are no less due to the loving watch-care and tender devotion and wise counsel of that same cultivated, unselfish, and untiring mother.

As might fairly be expected of such a life, Mrs. Randolph's membership in social organizations was very limited. For several years she had been a member of *The Contemporary*, the largest woman's club of Newark, if not of the State of New Jersey; but here her activities were restricted to such personal service as she was able to render this member or that, as opportunity might offer. With her husband, she was also a member a very small literary club, in Newark, whose limited membership consisted of a group of personal friends.

Her literary attainments were of no mean order, and her skill in literary criticism was highly esteemed by her friends. Her early inspiration in that field she attributed largely to her activities in the Alfredian Lyceum, while a student at Alfred.

On December 31, 1870, she was baptized by Rev. Walter B. Gillette, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Shiloh, N. J., and united with that church the same day. Subsequently, on July 1, 1875, she became a member of the Fairmount Baptist Church of Newark, N. J., from which she was dismissed by letter, on November 5, 1885, to

join the Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church in that city. On May 4, 1889, she joined the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City, of which she remained a consistent member till her death.

She was the last surviving member of her father's family, as her parents died more than a quarter century ago, and her three brothers at intervals of some length since. Besides her husband and her daughter, Mildred, she is survived by one nephew and three nieces—two of them, the nephew and one niece, the children of her oldest brother, George; and the remaining two nieces daughters of her youngest brother, Walter.

Owing to an unusually heavy fall of snow the day before her death, making public highways practically impassable, it was necessary to delay final plans for burial for some days. The funeral services, conducted by her pastor, Rev. George B. Shaw, assisted by Dr. Theodore L. Gardiner, editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, were held at her home on Thursday evening, February 24. Prayer was offered by her pastor, who read appropriate selections from the Holy Scriptures and then spoke briefly of her life and the interests that lay near her heart. Doctor Gardiner set forth in simple and comforting terms the Biblical grounds of the Christian's hope of the resurrection and future life. A quartette, consisting of Mrs. William C. Hubbard, Mrs. Theodore G. Davis, and Roy E. Titsworth, all of Plainfield, and Dr. Harry W. Prentice, of New York City, sang her two favorite hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light" and "One Sweetly Solemn Thought". On the following day, her remains were taken to Plainfield and laid to rest in Hillside Cemetery.

"TO DO THY WILL"

"Thy will be done on earth,"
On bended knee we pray;
Then leave our prayer before the throne,
And rise and go our way.

And earth is full of woe
And war and evil still—
For lack of men whose prayer is: "Lo,
We come to do thy will."

"Thy will be done on earth,"
Lord, grant me grace to see
That if thy will is to be done,
It must be done by me!

—William Pierson Merrill.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

FROM STATE STREET TO FRIENDLY STREET

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

It was only a tiny flame working its way up through a pile of grass and leaves and branches in the yard adjoining her own, when Winifred Cunningham first saw it. And because it was so small and insignificant a fire, also because she was so much more interested in catching a last glimpse of the little group of laughing, talking girls going down State Street than she was in bonfires, Winifred entirely forgot about it two minutes after she had spied it.

"No, we're not in anybody's good times, Marjory Jean," she said, as she bent over the ten-months-old baby lying there asleep on the broad, low window-seat in the living room. "And what's more, I'm afraid we never will be. It's a perfectly splendid day for the Girls' Club luncheon, and I don't blame any one for going; but deary me, I do wish we could have been in it too. That is, I wish I could; you're a bit too small for society yet. Perhaps we'll get acquainted with some one in Elmhurst by the time you're grown up. Folks here don't seem to be very sociable, and whoever named this street named it just right; only they might have called it Stately instead of State. It is surely grand and stiff enough to suit any one who likes that kind of a street. I prefer friendly streets, where even the houses look as if they would be glad to have you come running in at the back door or the side door. I guess folks don't like the looks of us, for even our next-door neighbors don't seem to care to know us." And Winifred gave a discouraged little sigh, as she drew an extra blanket over the sleeping baby.

This was the fourth week in the new home, and only three people had called—the minister and his wife, and a little old lady who was soliciting funds for a missionary society. No wonder Winifred was discouraged. With the vanishing of the blue and brown and gray clad figures around the corner of State and Elm Streets had gone all hope of any invitation to the lunch-

eon. Even to the very last minutes, she had half expected that Bernice Atwood, the girl across the street, whom she had met at church the week before, would come bustling in with an invitation and an apology for its lateness, just as she would have done back there in Slocumville had Bernice moved into a near-by house. But Bernice had gone laughingly on her way, as if no Winifred Cunningham ever existed.

Not that she could go, even if she had received the most friendly invitation in the world—no, that wouldn't be possible, for mother had been obliged to return to Slocumville for a few hours and there had been no one else with whom she could leave Marjory. But it would mean so much just to know that somebody in this strange, new town thought of her.

"Oh, well, perhaps I'll get acquainted with some one when I begin school next week," Winifred wisely decided, as she sped to the kitchen to take up the tasks she had left in order to watch the girls. "Any way, I'm not going to spoil my cake or the salad—not when mother is depending on me to make them. No, I'm not!" And she hastily took the big, yellow mixing-bowl from its place in the kitchen cabinet and began to measure her sugar and spices. But suddenly she stopped, her spoon poised in the air. What was that she smelled? Surely something must be burning. And she hurried to the kitchen range, pulled off one of the front covers, then felt of the wall back of the stove. No, the trouble didn't seem to be there. Was it the furnace? Mother had cautioned her almost the last thing about the fires, and she had been unusually careful about looking after them.

Winifred was half-way down the cellar stairs before she once thought of the little pile of grass and branches in the next yard. Was that the cause of the smoky appearance of everything? Without waiting to go back and close the door after her, she rushed across the cellar and out-of-doors. Yes, there was the fire—only now, instead of a tiny, insignificant flame in the midst of a pile of grass and branches torn from the trees during a storm, it had grown to alarming size. It had already spread from the branches to a small heap of shavings nearby.

Winifred looked up and down the street, but she knew, even before looking, that almost every house within sight was without

an occupant at this hour. She had seen first one and then another open and close their doors, and go hurrying down the street. Today was not only the time set for the Girls' Club luncheon, but it was Dollar Day at the stores as well. And too, the high school boys were practicing for the basketball game next week. But where was Harry Randall, who should be at home tending that bonfire if he had intended it for a fire? He it was who had emptied a pan of ashes very late that morning, and right on top of them he had piled those branches and leaves. Winifred remembered now that she had wondered at his being so careless. There must have been fire in them. And oh, it was spreading faster and faster!

With only her big gingham apron drawn across her shoulders to protect her from the cold biting wind, Winifred grabbed a pail of water from the bench outside the door and staggered with it to the adjoining yard, trying to shout, "Fire! Fire!" as she went. But what could she do with only two hands and one pail of water; and would help ever come? To whom should she telephone if she could reach an instrument?—to the minister or the little old lady? There was no fire department in town, and the stores and shops were clear at the other end of Elmhurst. This was a new street, and there were not many residences.

The house on the other side of the Cunningham's was occupied by a lawyer named Mayfield—Winifred knew that. She also knew that he had a wife and daughter Carol; but they had not called, and Winifred had seen them only a few times when they had ridden by in a limousine. Twice lately she had noticed the doctor's auto there, the last time this morning, so some one must be at home. Why didn't they see the fire and do something? Would it be presuming too much to go to them for help? It wasn't altogether for the Randalls or herself, for unchecked, the fire might spread to every house on the street. Winifred feared to leave Marjory alone, so she rushed into the house, tore a heavy brown shawl from a hook in the closet and, wrapping it tightly around the now awakened baby, sped out-of-doors and across the lawn. The Mayfield house looked deserted, but surely somebody must be there. She tried first the back door and then a side entrance; still no one came. Just as she was ready to give

up and turn away, some one called to her from within, and trying the door, she found that it was unlocked. Half a minute later she was in the presence of a girl who must have been very near her own age—a girl whom she would love to have for a friend.

But Winifred had no time to make friends now. "Oh, please excuse me," she faltered, as she tried to keep Marjory from slipping from her arms, "but will you telephone to somebody about the fire quick? You can't see how bad it is from this side of the house, but it's spreading dreadfully. And oh, would it be asking too much for you to keep the baby while I'm gone? I can fight fires; I've done it lots of times, but not with Marjory to look out for."

Winifred was too anxious and frightened to notice Carol Mayfield's reply, but it must have been favorable, for she soon found herself almost flying home. From the cellar she secured an old coat, and the only stable-blanket father possessed. This she proceeded to wet very wet at the outdoors pump. She had seen Grandfather Cunningham drag a wet blanket across a burning field many a time; but some one would have to help her. With the coat she commenced to beat back the flames. Fortunately the grass was not as dry as it had been a few days before; also the fire was some distance from the Randall house. Winifred fought it with every bit of strength she possessed. Once a spark fell on her dress and set it on fire, but she succeeded in extinguishing it. Minutes that seemed like hours passed, then from all directions came men and boys and girls, automobiles and horses and wagons. Coats and blankets and pieces of boards picked up along the way were brought into use. Little by little the fire was fought back. A few times it lacked almost nothing of getting the best of the fighters, but at last it was under control. Harry Randall and his fellow-members of the basketball team felt confident that they could do all that was now necessary, so the others began to leave.

Winifred, tired almost to exhaustion, with scorched dress, and hands that ached and burned, was among the first to slip quietly away. She felt that she must not impose on the Mayfields another minute. They had been so good to take care of Marjory—that is, Carol Mayfield had. And Winifred remembered that she had seen no one else.

In the Mayfield home she sank down in the nearest chair, weak and limp. Mrs. Mayfield took her into her motherly care at once. The poor, smarting hands were doctored and bandaged, and she was persuaded to lie on the couch until she felt stronger. Somehow the smoke seemed to have filled her lungs to the very top.

How long Winifred lay there on the couch she didn't know. But the baby's gurgling little cry suddenly brought her to a sitting posture. Why, it must be long past Marjory's lunchtime, and she must hurry right home now and prepare it. She must finish the salad and cake too; mother would soon be back. But a restraining hand prevented her from carrying out her intentions.

"Don't you worry one minute, child," Mrs. Mayfield was saying, as she moved the wheel-chair in which Carol was sitting nearer the couch. "I took the liberty of going into your house and getting the baby's food, so she's all right. And it will be all right about the salad too. Now you must just rest."

"Oh, you brave, brave girl!" Carol Mayfield exclaimed, as she bent over the couch. "You're so much braver than I am. Why, here I've been complaining because I couldn't get my sprained ankle well in time for the Girls' Club luncheon, when we might have been burned out of house and home if it hadn't been for you! I saw the smoke, but was too busy grieving over my disappointment to take much notice of it, and mother was sick last night, so she was trying to get a nap when the fire broke out. If it hadn't been for the fire I might not have discovered you in weeks. We meant to call, but mother has so many sick days, and I can't walk. But there's to be another luncheon next week—a much nicer one than today's—and you must promise to go with me. I want you to meet the girls and join the club."

Winifred smiled happily; her heart was too full for her to speak. So there were friends in Elmhurst as well as in Slocumville. Never again would she believe there were not. Why, there were friends everywhere, even if one had to go through fire and water to find them.

"Is Miss Winifred Cunningham here?" Winifred heard the question asked by some one at the front door, but she did not see the owner of the boyish face who asked it.

What she did see was an immense bouquet of scarlet carnations. "With the heartfelt thanks of the Randalls," read the little card that accompanied them.

"Bernice Atwood has just gone to your house," announced Mrs. Mayfield from her chair by the window. "No, don't get up, dear. I'm going home with you a little later, but she can run in here this time. I'll call to her."

A bright smile played about Winifred's face, a smile that did one good to see. With the beautiful carnations pressed close to her mouth, she whispered, "Folks can call this State Street if they want to, but to me it shall always be Friendly Street.—*The Girl's World.*"

THE ENVIOUS BOY

The brilliant rays of the great sun passed through the branches of the trees, making beautiful pictures on the ground. Beneath a great elm sat a dirty, ragged, little boy.

He was not dirty because he hated to wash himself, as some naughty boys do, but because "little Johnny" had no one to care for him. He was an orphan. The only home he ever knew was that of his kind neighbor, for whom he worked to pay for his lodging.

Johnny's tasks were over for the day and now he had an hour in which to rest. He looked at his tattered clothes, and his great eyes welled with tears—if *only* he were rich.

Suddenly, a large, shiny automobile shot past him. His eyes drank in the beauty of this marvelous, dazzling, green car. They filled with pleasure at sight of the footman and chauffeur dressed in green uniforms with bright, gold buttons on their coats and hats. "How wonderful it must be to be able to sit in such a car!" mused the little fellow.

He looked at his ownself, besmeared with dirt and mud. He imagined himself sinking into the delicious softness of the cushions that lined the inside of the car. For a moment his eyes followed the path of that automobile—then he jumped up. Was he dreaming?

The car had stopped. From the front seat jumped one of the men in green, and the other soon followed him. Together they opened the shiny door. For a moment they disappeared within the car, then one emerged with care, carrying a heavy burden.

Johnny moved nearer the dream car. How

rich and wonderful the owner must be! Perhaps he was a king, or he must be a prince at the very least! How *he* would like to own that handsome automobile!

Johnny stopped wondering, and his great eyes grew larger and larger in amazement. Then he became quite pale. He looked down at his own sturdy, little feet.

Borne on the shoulders of his two servants, the owner of the car appeared—the small, shrunken form of an old man—without feet! Johnny looked at him, long and steadily, then he hung his head in shame.

"Dear God!" he cried, "I have learned a lesson today. I'd rather have my feet and be able to work than to be like that rich man without feet—oh, God, please forgive me, and bless the poor, rich man!"

And with his heart full of gladness of youth and the thought that he was *whole*, Johnny began to *run*. And he ran and ran and ran, and the brilliant rays of the great sun passed through the trees, shedding *their* gold on the curly locks of the dirty, ragged, but thankful, little boy!—*Dora S. Pine, in Christian Work.*

HOME NEWS

FARINA, ILL.—The writer was recently privileged to spend seventeen days with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Farina, Ill., and a word from him is only justice to a faithful pastor and people.

One is impressed with the number of families represented in the congregation, the good attendance at the Sabbath morning service, Sabbath school, and Christian Endeavor, and with the efficient work being done. This church, being far removed from other churches of like faith, is making a single-handed battle for the Sabbath truth. It was the first church in the village, being organized in 1866. Throughout these years it has stood high among the churches of the community, and its members have taken first rank as Christian workers and business men. It has the reputation of furnishing better music than any other church in the village, and under the leadership of Miss Ethlyn Davis the reputation is being fully sustained.

The faithfulness of the members of the church and congregation was put to the test during the recent meetings. The weather was extremely hot, even for that warm climate, it was a very busy time of the

year and some of the people lived three or four miles from the church, but night after night the meetings were well supported notwithstanding the heavy strain upon human endurance. This was continued without a murmur till the work undertaken seemed to be accomplished. At the time the evangelistic campaign was being carried on the people were also supporting a religious day school under the superintendency of Miss Ruth Phillips, of Alfred, and an able corps of assistants.

Owing to the wisdom and Christian spirit of Pastor John T. Davis, and his predecessors, a delightful fellowship exists between the Seventh Day Baptist church and the other churches of the village.

The new pastor, Rev. J. L. Hutchins, and his family are expected the last of August and the present pastor, hale and vigorous, wide-awake and consecrated, though nearly seventy-five years of age, expects to return to his home in California.

WILLIAM L. BURDICK.

RIVERSIDE, CAL.—Our C. E. Society is holding out-of-door meetings at the home of Miss Dora Hurley this summer.

Miss Mary Brown and Miss Maleta Osborn are attending summer school at Berkeley, Cal.

Rev. and Mrs. E. S. Ballenger with ten young people from our society, attended the state C. E. convention at Glendale, Cal., which was held the last week in June. At this time Miss Mary Brown was elected state junior superintendent.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Coon whose marriage was solemnized recently, were honored on the evening of June 18th, at a lawn party given by the members of the C. E. society at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hurley. The company was divided into two groups, Yale and Harvard, and these two opposing parties contested in games and stunts. A song, telling of the romance of Mr. and Mrs. Coon was sung by the company. This was the work of Lester Osborn. Late in the evening the young couple were presented with a silver set by the members of the society. Rev. E. S. Ballenger presented a handsomely bound Bible to the honor guests.

Refreshments were served at the conclusion of the evening.

BERNICE BREWER, Reporter.

MARRIAGES

CARTER-HARRIS.—At the home of the bride's parents, Deacon and Mrs. John T. Harris, near Shiloh, N. J., April 2, 1921, Mr. Millard B. Carter and Miss Linda E. Harris, both of Shiloh, by Pastor Erlo E. Sutton.

DUBOIS-BOWEN.—At the home of the bride's mother Mrs. Lucy Bowen in Shiloh, N. J., April 23, 1921, Mr. Mortimer DuBois, of Bridgeton, N. J., and Miss Leona Bowen, of Shiloh, Pastor Erlo E. Sutton officiating.

SWENSON-LANGWORTHY.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Langworthy, at Dodge Center, Miss Edna Mildred Langworthy was united in marriage to Mr. Marlow Swenson, of Stevens Point Wis., June 15, 1921, by Pastor H. C. Van Horn.

MORGAN-BABCOCK.—Everett S. Morgan and Mrs. L. Belle Babcock were married June 21, 1921, at the home of the bride, in Brookfield, N. Y. Ceremony was performed by Rev. J. E. Hutchins.

ELLIS-WALTERS.—At the home of the bride, 60 Greenwood Ave., Battle Creek, Mich., June 22, 1921, Mr. Harry E. Ellis, of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, and Mrs. Stella H. Walters. Ceremony by her pastor, M. B. Kelly.

WHITE-LARRABEE.—At the parsonage in Leonardsville, N. Y., June 22, by the Rev. F. E. Peterson, Mr. Ernest Frances White, and Miss Ruth Miriam Larrabee, both of the town of Plainfield, N. Y.

VAN NOTY-LIPPINCOTT.—At the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage, Battle Creek, Mich., June 30, 1921, by the pastor, Mr. Alfred E. Van Noty, of White Cloud, Mich., and Miss Gertrude E. Lippincott, of Battle Creek, Mich.

DEATHS

RANDOLPH.—Marion Melissa (Howard), wife of Corliss Fitz Randolph, and daughter of William Henry and Sara Jane (Ayars) Howard, died at her home at No. 76 South Tenth St., Newark, N. J., on February 21, 1921, of heart failure, induced by angina pectoris. (See biographical sketch elsewhere in this issue of the SABBATH RECORDER).

KOVATS.—John Kovats, father of Rev. J. J. Kovats, was born in Hungary, October 16, 1836, and died at the home of his son in Chicago, April 11, 1921, aged 84 years and 6 months.

When born he became a member of the Calvin Church through his parents, and in 1873 he

joined the First Day Baptist Church. He came to America from Hungary on June 25, 1895.

He settled down at Milwaukee June 5, 1904, where he joined the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church October 17, 1908.

On June 24, 1910, he moved to Chicago. He is survived by his son, four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. He was a quiet and devoted Christian.

The farewell services were held at 11819 S. Union Ave., April 12, 1921, conducted in American by the Chicago pastor, Rev. G. E. Fifield and in Hungarian by Mr. Michael Pastor. Interment was in the Mount Greenwood Cemetery, in Morgan Park, Chicago, Ill.

CURTIS.—Elva Babcock Curtis, daughter of Leander and Roxana Williams Babcock, was born in Brookfield, N. Y., December 3, 1863, being the youngest of five children, two of whom survive: Mrs. Elnora Clark of Brookfield and Mrs. Jacob Williams, of San Antonio, Texas.

When thirteen years of age she was baptized by Rev. J. M. Todd and united with the Brookfield Seventh Day Baptist Church. She was educated in the Brookfield High School and taught for seven years in the schools of the town.

February 20, 1889, she was married to Allie E. Curtis. For two years they lived on a farm near Brookfield, and then for five years they lived at Leonardsville. In 1896 they went to New Market, N. J., where they have since resided. Soon after coming to New Market she united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church by letter, and was always active in church work.

Although Mrs. Curtis had been in poor health for nearly a year her death on Sabbath afternoon, July 2, 1921, after a brief sickness, came as a shock to the community. She is survived by her husband and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Merle Smith, of Homer, N. Y.

A short service was held at the home on Monday night, conducted by her pastor, Rev. Willard D. Burdick, and the following morning the body was taken by the bereaved husband to Brookfield for burial. The funeral occurred at the Seventh Day Baptist Church on Wednesday morning, conducted by the Rev. J. E. Hutchins, assisted by a former pastor, Rev. F. E. Peterson. W. D. B.

CAMENGA.—John Dix Camenga, only son of Daniel and Lodema Butts Camenga, was born February 19, 1848, on the farm known as the Morgan Dix farm, now owned by Claude W. Camenga. He died May 23, 1921, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Bidwell, at Cortland, N. Y. Although his health had been poor for some time, the immediate cause of his death was pneumonia.

On October 21, 1874, Mr. Camenga was married to Elmina Whitford, and is survived by their three sons, Claude W. and Frederick D., of West Edmeston N. Y., and S. Kasson, of Fort Lupton, Colo.

In September, 1884, he was again married to Kate E. Burch, and to them were born three daughters, all of whom are living: Mrs. Walter Batson, of Ponoga, Alberta, Canada; Mrs. John

Bidwell, of Cortland, N. Y., and Mrs. Arthur Cotanche, of Utica, N. Y. Besides his six children, he left twelve grandchildren; also three sisters, Mrs. N. A. Crandall and Mrs. Elizabeth Craine, of Brookfield, and Mrs. Frederica Batson, of Cortland, N. Y.; several nephews and nieces, and a host of friends who loved and will miss him.

He was baptized and joined the Seventh Day Baptist church of this place, and remained a faithful member till his death. He was always ready with his support in any cause for the betterment of his home community, and was an honored and helpful member of the I. O. O. F. and of the Grange. For a number of years he was overseer of the poor, and later deputy sheriff.

Mr. Camenga was a man of strong convictions, and once he was convinced of the right course for him to follow, neither critics nor advice could turn him from what he believed to be his duty. He was blessed with a sense of humor which helped him over many a hard place in life, and his jolly smile and hearty handshake will be pleasant memories of all who knew him.

His funeral was conducted by Pastor Hutchins from the Baptist church of Brookfield May 26, and the large number of friends present and the many floral offerings gave proof of the high esteem in which he was held. He was laid at rest in Brookfield Rural Cemetery, the I. O. O. F. having charge of the services at the grave. J. E. H.

KILLDOW.—Minerva Jeffries Killdow, daughter of James Jeffries, was born December 3, 1837, and departed this life June 7, 1921, aged 83 years, 6 months and 4 days.

On September 26, 1861, she was united in marriage to Francis M. Killdow with whom she lived a happy wedded life until July 15, 1901, when he preceded her to the heavenly home.

For more than three years she bore the anxieties and hardships of a soldier's wife. With her good husband she became a Christian and united with the Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church in young married life. About 38 years ago, when they removed to Ritchie County, they moved their membership to the Ritchie Seventh Day Baptist Church, and both remained faithful to its Christian obligations until called into the church triumphant.

During her last long illness she bore her sufferings with Christian fortitude. In her profession of the Christian she was quiet and thoughtful, but always expressed an abiding faith and trust in Christ as her Savior.

Her funeral was conducted June 9th, at 10 a. m. by her pastor, and her body was laid to rest in the Pine Grove Cemetery.

Thus, another of our members who had the love and respect of all who knew her, has gone to her reward.

"Beyond life's toils and cares,
Its hopes and joys, its weariness and sorrows,
Its sleepless nights, its days of smiles and tears,
Will be a long, sweet life unnumbered by years,
On that bright unending morrow."

W. L. B.

BOICE.—Luther Boice, son of Mr. and Mrs. Insley Boice, was born in South Plainfield, N. J., and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. Alfred Wilson, in Dunellen, N. J., June 12, 1921, at the age of 75 years.

He was married to Miss Harriet Dunn. Their married life was spent on a farm near New Market. After the death of his wife on January 1, 1908, he spent several years with the daughter, Mrs. Margaret Wittenebert, at Saranac Lake, N. Y. Since her death he made his home at Dunellen.

In early life Mr. Boice accepted Christ and united with the First Baptist Church at Plainfield, N. J., continuing in the membership of that church till his death. He was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Besides his daughter, Mrs. Wilson, the deceased is survived by a son, Harry Boice, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The funeral was held from the home of Mrs. Wilson, Rev. D. Heyliger, pastor of the First Baptist Church of New Market officiating, assisted by the Rev. Willard D. Burdick. Interment in Evergreen Cemetery, Plainfield.

W. D. B.

ST. JOHN.—In Leonardsville, N. Y., June 24, Mrs. Myra Bradford Cushing St. John.

She was born in Plymouth County, Mass., July 1, 1830. She was married in 1910 to Henry C. St. John, who died in 1918. She was a woman of lofty character, and strong religious convictions. She had an artistic nature, and had painted many beautiful pictures. Her favorite motto was "Fear not, but trust in Providence wherever you may be."

Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. F. E. Peterson, and she was laid to rest in the village cemetery. F. E. P.

MAXSON.—At her home in Salem, W. Va., June 25, 1921, Mrs. John H. Maxson, aged 45 years.

Alice M. Ross was the daughter of William F. and Martha Ross. She married John H. Maxson in 1899. When sixteen years of age she professed faith in Christ as her Savior and joined the Methodist church on Tenmile.

She is survived by a mother, five brothers, two sisters, a husband, three daughters, three sons and a grandson, besides many other relatives and a host of friends. Funeral and burial services were at the Seventh Day Baptist church at Greenbrier and were conducted by Rev. George B. Shaw, pastor of the Salem church. G. B. S.

HUNTING.—Beatrice Hunting was born June 21, 1906, and died June 26, 1921.

She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hunting and lived her entire life in Alfred. On June 24, she underwent an operation in a Buffalo Hospital to remedy a defect in one of her limbs. It was not considered a dangerous operation and all were looking forward to a very happy outcome. Everything was thought to be successful and Mr. Hunting returned home, but Sunday afternoon they received the heart-breaking news that she had passed away. Funeral services were conducted at her home on Wednesday, by her

pastor, in the presence of a large and sympathetic congregation. The friends and neighbors were ready to do any thing in their power to help the grief-stricken parents in their time of sadness. The bountiful gift of flowers showed in a way, the sympathy to the parents, and the love and esteem in which Beatrice was held.

At the age of ten she was baptized and united with the First Alfred Church. She was devoted to her home, her friends and church, and was kind and loving to all.

She is survived by her parents and several uncles and aunts. While she will be so much missed, her dear ones have the assurance that our heavenly Father gives to those who love and honor him.

The remains were laid to rest in the Alfred Rural Cemetery. A. C. E.

BRAND.—Eli Sheffield Brand was born near Leonardsville, January 31, 1849, and died July 3, 1921.

He was the son of Roswell, and Almira Crandall Brand. In 1879 he was married to Harriet Isabel Maxson. He united with Leonardsville Seventh Day Baptist church October 18, 1867, of which he was a member at the time of his death. He attended DeRuyter Institute and Alfred College in his youth, and has always taken a deep interest in education. He was a faithful member of his church, and a liberal supporter of denominational interests. Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, and he was laid to rest in the West Edmeston Cemetery. F. E. P.

Sabbath School. Lesson VIII—August 20, 1921

PAUL PREPARES FOR WORLD CONQUEST
Acts 15: 1-16: 5

Golden Text.—“But we believe that we shall be saved through the grace of the Lord Jesus.”
Acts 15: 11.

DAILY READINGS

- Aug. 14—Acts 15: 1-6
- Aug. 15—Acts 15: 7-11
- Aug. 16—Acts 15: 13-21
- Aug. 17—Acts 15: 22-29
- Aug. 18—Acts 15: 36-16: 5
- Aug. 19—Isaiah 49: 6b-13
- Aug. 20—Isaiah 35: 1-10

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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Do you know what it means to be losing the fight
When a lift in time might set everything right?
Do you know what it means—just the clasp of a hand

When a man has borne all that a man ought to stand?

Did you ask what it was—why the quivering lip,
Why the glistening tears down the pale cheek now slip?

Were you brother of his when the time came to be?

Did you offer to help him, or didn't you see?
Don't you know it's the part of a brother of man
To find where the grief is and help when you can?
Did you stop when he asked you to give him a lift,

Or were you too busy, so left him to shift?
O I know what you mean—what you say may be true—

But the test of true manhood is, What did you do?

Did you reach out a hand? Did you find him the road?

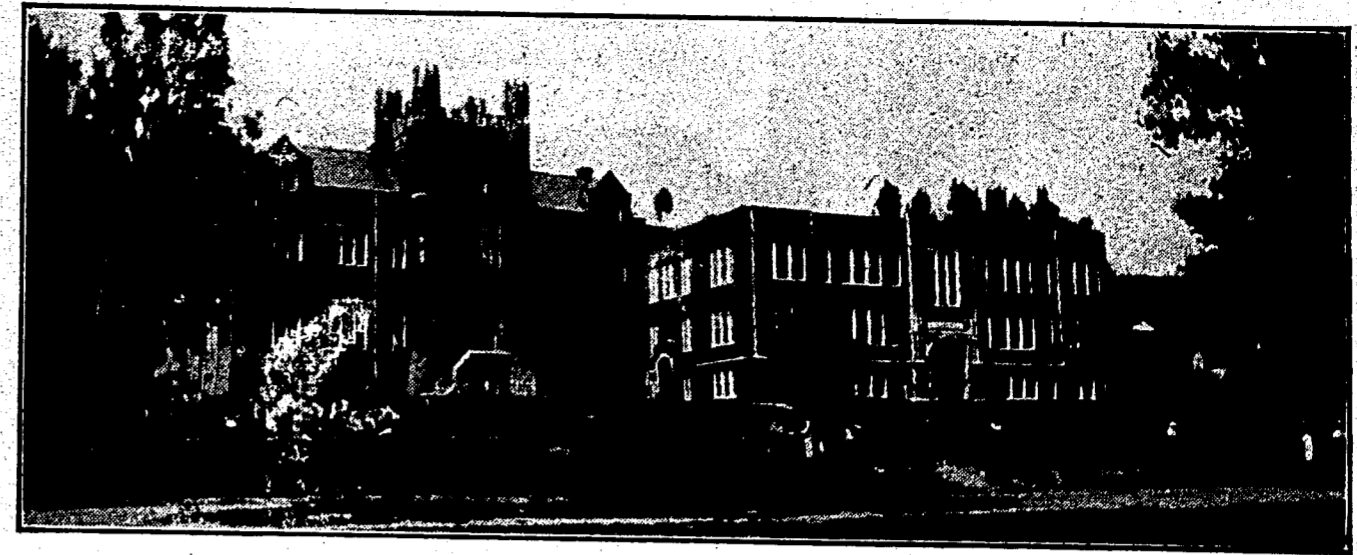
Or did you just let him go by with his load?
—Author Unknown.

“But now we are facing the future. Before us is a door opened that none but us can shut. Shall we close it, or enter it? Shall we be satisfied with what we have done, or shall we do still finer things? Shall we be content with half-success, or shall we make our success well-rounded, complete and fully satisfying?”

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SHILOH, N. J.

AUGUST 23-28

*Come On
Let's Go*

See Provisional Program
on Page 178

The Sabbath Recorder

It is high time the people of Christendom were reminded that, while we are saved for service, we are not saved by service. Eternal life can not be earned by the greatest saint that ever walked. It is the gift of God. Neither does religion consist merely of doing a lot of things. If it did, the invalid and the shut-in and the old and feeble would be un-religious, if not irreligious. It is something inner as well as outer. It is a spirit, a temper, an experience of God. It is "the life of God in the soul of man". If the gentlest Mary that ever sat at the Savior's feet has that, she has religion, and if the most bustling Martha that ever fretted over a surplus of duties hasn't that, she hasn't religion.

Furthermore, salvation is religion, pure and simple. As has been stated a thousand times, it is not so much getting to heaven as it is getting the heavenly spirit into your own heart, and then, through that, into the world. It is escaping hell in the sense of being delivered from greed and lust and envy and hatred and ill-temper and the unforgiving spirit and everything else that grieves God and hurts man. It is peace instead of self-condemnation, joy instead of discontent, hope instead of despair, power instead of impotence, sympathy instead of indifference, victory instead of defeat. Above all, it is the consciousness that God is living in us, working his will.—The Christian Advocate.

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