

# The Sabbath Recorder

Get men soundly converted, really surrendered to God and transformed by his power, and you can trust them to supply the very fundamentals society needs at this hour—a restored sense of honesty, honor, truth and love. But skimp or neglect that work, ignore conversion as the basic element in world salvation, and you can thunder away at social sins and tinker at social problems until doomsday without achieving any large results. What is the use of pecking away at the leaves and branches when the ax needs to be laid at the roots of the tree? Of flogging men for not applying their religion to their economic life when most of them have none to apply? One sermon that leads men to say, as did the old Scot, "I hereby give myself to Jesus. I am determined to go out and do the devil some definite damage," is worth a score of commissions on social service, for you have found the dynamic.

. . . . Down at bottom this new age will be just like all other ages—made up of sinful men and women who need a Savior. Men are saying, "We want an ethical and a social gospel. We don't want to hear about the cross. Give us something practical." Christ is utterly practical. He says, "You can not build up a regenerated society unless you have regenerated men." Christ does not attempt to build up a living society out of dead matter, nor to realize a pure order among corrupt men. Men will never be largely influenced by a social gospel until they have heard and listened to the gospel of regeneration.—Arthur C. Archibald.

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Alfred, N. Y.

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

# The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 93, NO. 1

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JULY 3, 1922

WHOLE NO. 4,035

**The Centennial Program** Sabbath afternoon at the Central Association was given to an extended historical program which was wonderfully impressive.

"I shall see him face to face" was sung by Mrs. W. W. Trowbridge and Rev. A. Clyde Ehret, a former pastor, read the first chapter of John. This was followed by prayer offered by Rev. E. A. Witter, another ex-pastor.

The historical sketch by William P. Jones appears elsewhere in this paper. A good letter was read from "one who could be with us only in spirit".

Then came a message that melted all our hearts. Those whose privilege it has been to attend our church in New York City within the last few years, will recall the sweet face and cheery words of our aged friend Mrs. S. A. Bates. She is the oldest member of the Adams Center Church, eighty-nine years young, and has been a member almost seventy-seven years. Her memory is bright concerning the people, and the work of more than three quarters of a century ago. In her inimitable manner of telling things she melted her hearers to tears telling the story given on another page of this paper.

Brother N. L. Maltby spoke of the spirit of the men who had served the church and of its charitable treatment of its members who have been subjects of discipline. The spirit of Christian love prevails today.

Brief sketches of the pastors were given by some friend or relative. Mrs. Sara Wardner wrote a letter regarding her father, Rev. James Summerbell, which was read by Mrs. Eva Bates. Rev. Everett T. Tomlinson's letter concerning his father, Rev. George E. Tomlinson, was read by Rev. E. D. Van Horn. Dr. Harry Prentice, of New York City Church, paid a beautiful tribute to his father, Rev. A. B. Prentice, who served this church as pastor for a third of a century. It is seldom that an audience is so deeply moved to tears as was this one before this tribute, of a loving son for his father, was through.

After Harry's message came letters to the church from ex-pastors who could not attend. These were from Rev. S. S. Powell, read by Rev. Harold R. Crandall; and one from Rev. E. H. Socwell, read by Brother Maltby. All these addresses and messages will be found in this RECORDER.

Ex-pastors E. A. Witter and Clyde Ehret gave verbal reminiscences of their work here. "What of the Morrow?" was the theme of Rev. Loyal Hurley, the present pastor. He made a good point by suggesting that the future is not an actor but a result—the sum of all the todays of life. The present is the eventful day. Our use of today will determine largely the character of our future.

The story of a hundred years in this historic church will never be forgotten by those who listened to it. It was indeed good to be there. Dean Main closed the meeting with a fervent prayer for God's blessing upon the work and the workers.

**Under the British Flag** At the close of the Central Association we decided to take a little outing trip on our own account, just to get away from the pen a little while and to enjoy a long hoped for sail down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, Canada, and through the famous Lake Champlain country to Troy, N. Y., instead of going to Troy by way of Rome and Albany.

Our readers do not need to be told that this proved to be a delightful and restful trip. The only drawback was the arrival of our train in Troy an hour too late for the last Berlin bus before the Eastern Association was to begin.

On Monday morning, June 12, we found the auto bus rides from Adams Center to Waterville and from Waterville to Alexandria Bay, Thousand Islands, a most enjoyable way of going. The splendid farm lands of northern New York, washed clean but undamaged by the rain storm accompanying the cyclone that wrought such ruin south of us, were looking at their best. The atmosphere, cooled and bracing, was most enjoyable. The sunshine was fast driving

away the storm clouds, and the day was ideal.

Upon reaching Alexandria Bay at eleven-thirty a. m., we found that the Montreal boat would not run until six-thirty Wednesday morning—as it was running only three times a week so early in the season. This was something of a disappointment; but we determined to make the best of it and wait for the boat rather than to go by rail. So we shut ourself up in the hotel and pushed through the editorial work for the association, getting all the copy off by noon Tuesday.

In the afternoon we took a motor boat excursion through the Thousand Islands. We do not wonder that the Indian tribes called this most famous fresh water archipelago in the world, the "Garden of the Great Spirit". As far as one can see island after island rises from the clear crystal waters and they seem to float backward as our motor boat glides swiftly through the labyrinthian lanes, and liquid crystal roads surrounding them, as the canals surround the palaces of Venice.

Islands, rock-ribbed and rugged, are everywhere. From their wooded shores arise castle or cottage, or palace, or bungalow; some are connected with artificial foot-bridges, some are just large enough for a little villa, and some appear never to have been touched by human hands, still furnishing homes for birds and small animals.

All kinds of pleasure crafts from the white-winged yacht and the swift motor boat to the humble birch canoe go flitting about among the isles, and the honk of the motors about to turn into narrow channels reminds one of auto experiences on land.

The historic interest, made vivid by Indian traditions, adds much to the charm of this wonderful bay. Long before the white man came this Garden of the Great Spirit was the summer home of the Iroquois. Tradition says that here too Hiawatha met Onondaga chiefs and urged the alliance of the Six Nations for mutual help.

We sailed through the famous "Lost Channel" where in 1758 some British soldiers lost their way and met death at the hands of the French and their Huron allies. The "Devil's Hole", the "Needle's Eye" and

the Lost Lover's Island, each has its story to tell; but there is no end to these, and we must hasten on. We must not even stop to describe the spot where the British ship *Ensign* was scuttled in 1812 with the loss of ninety lives. Words are too feeble to give an adequate picture of all we saw on that memorable afternoon among the Thousand Islands.

**Alexandria Bay To Montreal** A good company was waiting for the fine lake steamer *Toronto* when she docked at Alexandria Bay, and soon we were off for the metropolis of Canada, sailing under the British Jack. Brockville on the Canada side was the first stopping place. This is a fine manufacturing town named after General Brock of the War of 1812. The next stop was Prescott. Here we had to change steamers; for no ordinary lake steamer could run the rapids of the river and come through whole. The steamer *Rapids Prince* was awaiting us, and although a smaller boat, it was very commodious and satisfactory. It was made for rapids running with very thick, solid steel bottom, which would stand the bumps and glide over any rocks it might hit. It was built for an observation boat, and the officers were kind enough to point out the special peculiarities of the famous rapids.

Soon after passing Ogdensburg a marvelous change takes place in the hitherto placid stream. Some hidden thing has greatly disturbed its smooth surface and sighs of great agitation appear in swirls, cross currents and eddies. The waters begin to shoot ahead with ever-quickening pace, and before we are aware of the mysterious force our vessel has passed from a beautiful placid lake into an angry raging sea!

The boat rushes on under its own momentum while the waters, tearing and roaring, seem bound to destroy it. Every now and then we could feel the bump and grind of the boat's bottom sliding over rocks. Thus the first rapid called the "Galops" is passed. In about an hour we were in the "Rapid du Plat". Then comes the "Long Sault" rapid, nine miles in length. After another sail on a placid lake "Coteau Rapids". Then comes the "Cedar Rapids", almost as famous as the "Lachine Rapids". Last of all, near the famous Montreal bridge

we enter the Lachine where the river falls fifty-six feet inside of two miles. At one place the channel is but twenty-seven feet wide and the rocks can be seen near the boat on both sides only about two feet below the surface.

We can think of only one thing to compare it with, and that is the rapids in Niagara gorge above the whirlpool. Of course the rapids of Niagara are more savage, but we could but think of them when our boat was in the grip of Lachine at Montreal.

**A Night in Montreal** The great metropolis of Canada is a quaint old city and very interesting in historic associations. Its founders fondly hoped to make it "The Kingdom of God in the New World". It was first called Ville-Marie, and was regarded as a religious community. The mountain back of it was Mount Royal, and when the business interests began to predominate its religious characteristics seemed to wane, and Mount Royal became Montreal. The fact that missionaries founded it as a religious settlement will account for so many of its streets being named after saints. If there is a saint in all history whose name does not stand on street corner signs we do not know what one has been omitted. The great cathedral evidently shows an effort to reproduce St. Peter's in Rome, and not only on the church, but even on bank buildings we saw more than life-sized images or statues of the apostles and saints of the early church. There is quite a marked religious atmosphere in Montreal, which only a transient visitor may notice.

The architecture has a rigid ancient look, strong and angular. The hotels are good; but the one we visited was so unhomelike and unattractive in structure, that one must exercise his imagination to feel at home. No pictures or ornaments were seen on the long, broad, high dining hall. This left it with a cold, unsocial appearance that one could not help feeling. In many cases there was a peculiar brogue, a sort of mixture of Scotch-Irish-English-American accent, which was rather hard to understand. Probably they had as much trouble to understand us, as we did to catch all they tried to say, so we can not complain.

The country round about this city was fine. There was a peculiar charm about a

land and a town that had passed through so many vicissitudes and struggles under two flags, the French and the British.

Travelers from the United States have to guard against being loaded down with British money. It was our misfortune to have to get a twenty-dollar bill broken for a railroad ticket and was compelled to take some twelve dollars of foreign money. Fortunately we bought the ticket the day before; for we had to try six places before we could exchange for our money.

**Magnificent Mountain Scenery** The train from Montreal was an hour too late in Troy for the Berlin bus on Thursday afternoon so we had another chance to hide away from the crowded city streets in a quiet hotel room and drive the pen to catch up.

On Friday morning at nine o'clock we started on the mountain climbing ride of twenty-six miles to the eastward, reaching Berlin at ten-thirty. There we found the association well under way.

Any lover of nature would receive new inspiration from such a ride on such a morning. There was a subdued haze in the air that tinted all the landscape as the June sunshine struggled through the clouds, giving a mellow light over field and forest and garden upon the upland farms. Stretching away on the eastward sky-line, peaks of the blue Taconic range pointed heavenward, upon whose sides hung cloud shadows interspersed with patches of sunshine, as though some giant artist had skilfully painted the scene.

The road was ideal. The auto fairly shot up the grades, dodged around the curves and sped across the vales as though guided by a magic hand. Mountain brooks along the way came cascading over stony bottoms, singing their liquid songs, that brought back memories of childhood days, making one almost long for bare feet with trousers rolled above the knees and fishing rod in hand, to flip out here and there a shining trout from the rushing ripples.

Farm above farm, as we mounted the plateau, stretched away along the hillsides, with droves of cattle contentedly grazing, with fields of corn and potatoes just being cultivated, and with well-kept homes of thrifty husbandmen. Every new climb seemed to add something to the life-giving

vigor of mountain air, and to give a broader vision of far-away hilltops, until we reached the highest point in our journey, some eighteen hundred or two thousand feet above the level of the Hudson at Troy.

Indeed, if this magnificent scenery were in France or Italy men who go around the world for sight-seeing would come back singing its praises.

But here we are at old Petersburg. In the church on the hilltop our people worshiped many years ago, but now it is owned by the Baptists. In the old cemetery near by are the graves of many Seventh Day Baptists of long ago. On the tombstones are the familiar names of our families who once lived here, and are still borne by Seventh Day Baptists scattered across America to the Rocky Mountains.

Looking down the steep road and into the deep valley we may almost see the Berlin church around which the mountains rise as lofty sentinels to guard the church our fathers loved a hundred years ago.

Here their children meet in these association days to plan for the work and express loyalty to the faith of our fathers.

We know of no church that stands surrounded by such rugged mountain scenery as does this historic church at Berlin.

**The Eastern Association** Once again friends from far and near were met for the annual association in the old Berlin church. The editor's train reached Troy one hour after the last bus for Berlin had left the city, and there being no train for that place we could not reach the first session. Our readers will easily imagine the spirit and purpose of Pastor Witter's welcome, and we are able to give elsewhere the response sent in by John Austin, of Rhode Island, and read by Mrs. Emma Langworthy Burdick.

When we arrived at the church after that enjoyable ride mentioned above, the morning session was just getting under way. President Clayton A. Burdick of the Missionary Society had charge of the Missionary hour. He spoke of the mission work being done by the two boards, by the living preacher and by the printed page. After referring to the problems confronting the Missionary Board; the fact that it was \$9,000 in debt; and the great calls for help

coming from the fields; and after telling about the results of some of the work, he pressed home the question: "What work shall we leave out?"

Something *must be done*. What shall it be? It is up to the people to say what.

After the congregation had sung: "Throw out the life-line," Rev. Erlo E. Sutton, of Shiloh, N. J., preached a stirring sermon on the "Worth-while Life," from Romans 14: 7, "For none of us liveth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." We are able to give an abstract of this good sermon on another page.

Rev. William C. Whitford represented the Education Society in this association. He spoke of the changes constantly occurring in language, in usage, and in all branches of science, making it necessary to keep up to date if one would keep the true meaning of things. The same is true of theology. It is ours to get the truth by examining both the old and the new.

We must order our conduct by a study of the Bible. If this Book of books is properly understood; if we find the real principle taught by its language, we may know what to do with the problems of life. Some texts taken literally would hardly make a true rule of life today. Paul himself would hardly say amen to a sermon preached in slavery days from the text: "Servants obey your masters"; but no mistake would be made by following the principle taught in connection with these words.

If we were all thoroughly grounded in the Bible, heretics could not get so many followers. Our great need today is a more thorough study of the Bible.

Pastor Skaggs gave a good talk on the benefits of a college education, and Pastor W. D. Burdick spoke of the church's responsibility for a religious education that provides for the more abundant life.

By request Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Burdick sang the duet we all love so much entitled: "Friends of long ago."

The sermon by Rev. James H. Hurley on Common Things was appreciated by all. God made use of common things in leading his people, and chose common men to do his

work. He used a common bush to speak with Moses, and Moses soon found that he was standing on holy ground. A common shepherd's crook was the sign that God was with him. With Shamgar it was the common ox goad, and with David only a common sling. God can make common things effective if we will only let him use us. Under Christ the widow's mites were mighty. The common needle with Dorcas was made effective in the Master's work, and a little maid was used to bring a great general to the true God.

We can not believe that God who can use common men and little things to give victories for him, will allow his precious truth to be crushed out by the powers of error and of evil. May he help us, a little people, to use our common gifts for his glory.

The Sabbath eve meeting at Berlin was a spiritual feast. The praise service led by Brother Hurley made an excellent preparation for the sermon by Rev. Alva L. Davis. The text was: "For Demus hath forsaken me having loved this present world." These were the pathetic words of Paul written to Timothy just after he wrote about the time of his departure being at hand, and they are always pathetic whenever we consider them. We have wonderful opportunities for the privilege of fellowship in service. When two work together for Christ three are there; for Jesus joins them.

It is sad that so many drift away and forsake Christ. To all such God says, "Turn ye, turn ye." How much Demus missed by forsaking his blessed Master! He must have had no easy task forsaking Paul, and must have wished himself back.

What would happen if every one who has forsaken Christ would come back and let Christ have his way with him?

After singing, "Take the name of Jesus with you," nineteen testimonies were given and the people went away feeling that the Sabbath was well begun.

The Sabbath was rainy; but when meeting time came a good congregation had gathered, and the song: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," seemed to prepare all hearts for a good Sabbath Day. The house was made charmingly attractive by great pots of the most beautiful double, variegated peonies; presented by Mr. Cowee for the meeting.

There were fully a hundred of these large blossoms.

The dining room was in the gallery, so no one had to go to dinner in the rain. Indeed, every thing was well planned for our comfort; so if we did not enjoy a rainy Sabbath it was our own fault.

After a solo by Mrs. Emma Langworthy Burdick, Rev. Clayton A. Burdick preached from Deuteronomy 7:7. It was a missionary sermon, appropriate for a small people whom God loves.

Brother Burdick is a great lover of nature, and he told us how the heavens and the earth, the flowers and the birds, the painted sunsets, all speak to us of God's love and care, and these all make us love God.

Our Father shows his wisdom and love in choosing men to do his work. He chooses them for a purpose. Moses was a man slow of speech; but God knew his heart and took him because he was fitted for the work. Jehovah is omnipotent, but he chooses *men* to do his work.

Paul had something God could use; so he was chosen. God does not count on numbers. He chose a small people in olden times because he loved them, and they could walk by faith.

To this day Israel is a people of strong faith, working, waiting, and praying for the promises.

Again, God loved Israel for their separateness. They were a separate people. He also loved them for their character. To this day Israel is an educated people, producing statesmen, judges and many prominent leaders. Though they have forsaken him, he has not forsaken them yet nor cast them off.

Why am I saying all this? It is for the little people here today. Our littleness may be cause for congratulation. In the eyes of the world we do not amount to much; but God still preserves us as a people chosen for a *special* work. Seventh Day Baptists, under God have given the impetus for all Sabbath-keepers of today. There are many of them; but we gave them the Sabbath truth.

We have been a *useful people* after all. God has used us in a wonderful way. We have been kept for the very work we have done. Now we must continue to be *men of faith* or we shall fail. Faith is the one thing to hold us together and keep us true.

Again, we must be a *steadfast* people. I fear for us because so many things line us up with the world. Whenever the world lines us up with evil it is bound to harm us. To stand true we must be steadfast. If we forsake the Bible and give up the work God will cast us off.

May we understand the real place we are in as a people, and for what purpose God has chosen us.

Sabbath afternoon and evening were filled with excellent services. The Sabbath school hour led by Mrs. Adelbert Corbin; the Young People's work, led by Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn; the evening sermon by Rev. James L. Skaggs on "Opportunities," were all very helpful and inspiring. Some of the papers will appear in the RECORDER in due time.

The closing day of the association, as usual, was a crowded day. The papers of the Women's Board were appreciated by all and will be given to our readers soon.

The Tract Society's work was given much attention for all were interested in it. The people rejoice that we have so good a start in the denominational building. The house was well filled in the evening for the closing meeting. The sermon by the editor was followed by a conference meeting in which many bore witness to their love for our Master and to their interest in his work.

Every one seemed to feel that this association was one of the best. The entertainment by the Berlin people was perfect, and many who were there will long remember the four happy days passed in dear old Berlin.

### HISTORICAL SKETCH—ADAMS CENTER CHURCH

WILLIAM P. JONES

(Read at the Centennial Celebration, June 10, 1922)

The busy wheels of time have rolled their ceaseless round until one hundred full years have been counted off since the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Adams was organized and we are gathered here today in honor of that event. Go back in imagination, if you can, one hundred and fifteen years or more to about the year 1806 and picture conditions as they were then. Picture in your minds, if possible, those sturdy Seventh Day

Baptist settlers, leaving home and kindred in Petersburg, Rensselaer County, N. Y., and starting out, no doubt, either on foot or with ox team, with their few belongings, to make for themselves a home in this then northern wilderness.

The first Seventh Day Baptists to settle in northern New York were Ethan Green and Joseph Witter. They located in the town of Pinckney, Lewis County, N. Y., a place about twelve miles east from Adams Center. In the course of the next ten years, others joined them from the Petersburg Church.

In 1817 several of these families moved into the town of Adams. Very soon these people commenced to meet together for religious worship and agreed to watch over each other for good. This preliminary organization resulted in so much blessing to them that they requested a council from the Brookfield Church to meet with them and organize them into a church. The Brookfield Church responded by sending Elder William B. Maxson and Elder Daniel Coon.

June 5, 1822, a meeting was held at which a unanimous desire was expressed for a church organization. It was also voted at this meeting that William Green be ordained to the gospel ministry, and Jared G. Potter to the office of deacon. Accordingly, on June 9, 1822, a large congregation assembled and listened to a sermon by Elder William B. Maxson, from Ephesians 2:20,— "Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ, himself being the chief cornerstone." The organization was thereupon accomplished, the members receiving "The imposition of hands." "While attending to this ordinance," it is said in a record of that time, "the divine presence was evidently manifested in the assembly." The two brethren aforementioned were also ordained. The services of the day closed with prayer to the great Shepherd of Israel, that he would preserve this little flock in the wilderness and build it up in its most holy faith.

There were twenty-one constituent members as follows: William Green and his wife Mercy Green, Jared G. Potter, Charles Green and his wife Amy Green, Joseph Green 2nd and his wife Betsy Green, James Main, Elisha Crosby and his wife Sarah Crosby, Sela Burdick, Ethan Green and his wife Mercy Green, Russel Green, Roswell

Saunders and his mother Mary Saunders, Olive Sweet, Martha Green, wife of Edward Green, Amanda Green, Cynthia Green, Clarissa Green.

Thirteen out of the twenty-one bore the name of Green, so it is no wonder that in the years that followed the Greens became quite numerous. If you were to visit the little cemetery down in Green Settlement, near the spot where a large number of these original members lie buried, you would read on the tombstone of Mercy, wife of Ethan Green, the following inscription—Mother of 130 children and grandchildren.

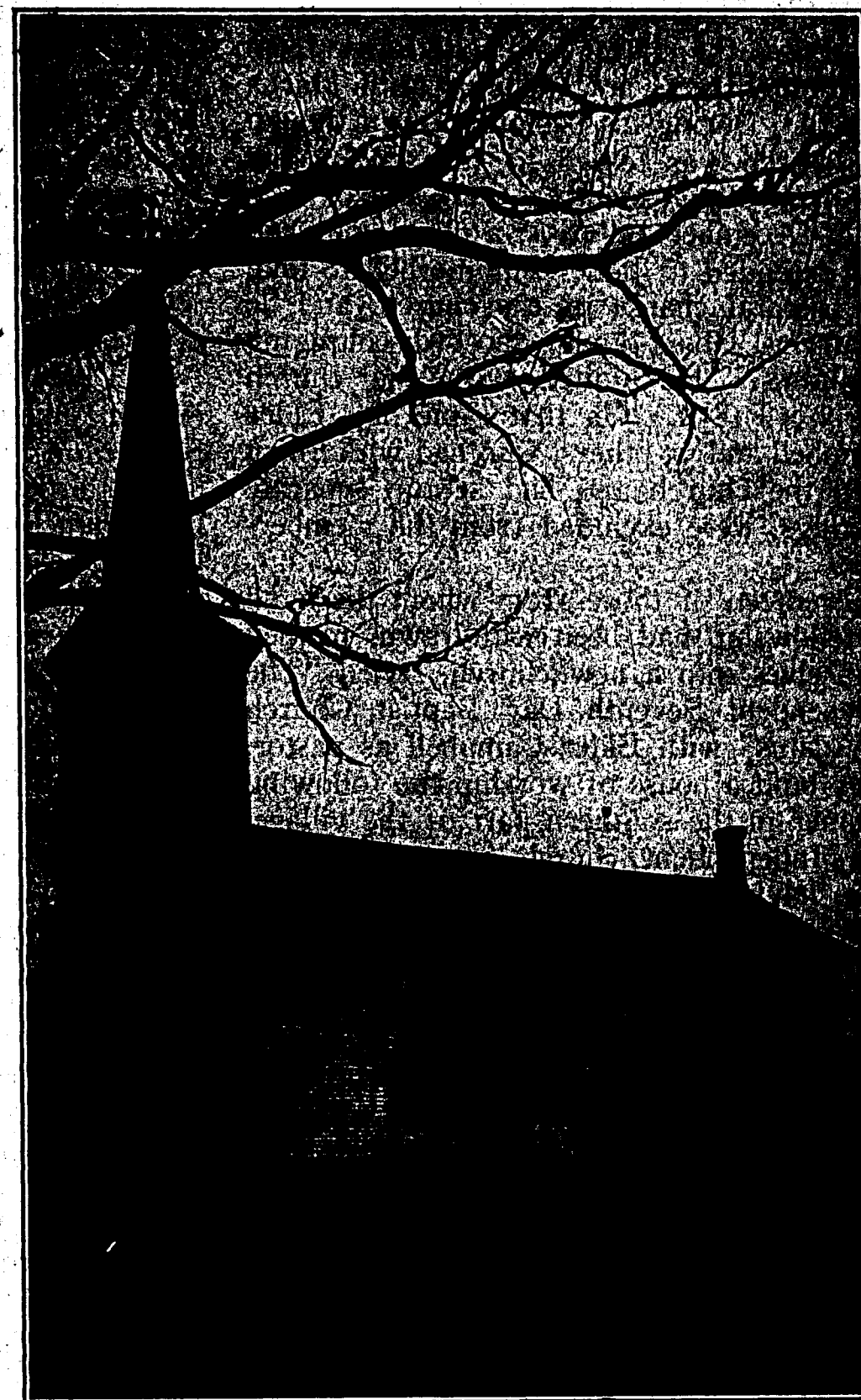
Charles Green, the last of the original number, died in 1878 at the advanced age of 99 years and 7 months.

The church had preaching from the time of its organization by Elders William Green, Halsey Baker, Eli S. Bailey and Joel Green. An effort to secure a full pastor was made in 1844 but failed. Up to this time 346 members had been added to the church.

The first pastor secured was Giles M. Langworthy, who began his labors in March, 1845, and continued until November 18, 1848, when on account of ill health a leave of absence was given him until spring. During his absence the church was supplied by Elders Joel Green and Enoch Barnes, the last named being from the Hounsfield Seventh Day Baptist Church. Elder Langworthy died December 11, 1849, and lies buried here. During his pastorate 64 members were added.

March 11, 1849, Joel Green was called for the ensuing year. Whether he served as pastor the entire year the records do not state. We do find, however, that in August, 1849, he and a Mr. Elliott, a local blacksmith, had difficulty and his case was before the church for discipline.

On July 8, 1849, the Hounsfield Church asked for a council from the Adams Church



Adams Center Seventh Day Baptist Church

in a matter of difficulty between Elders Joel Green of this church and William Green of the Hounsfield Church.

From this time on, for several years, a great and serious trouble existed involving both these church. Those were dark days indeed and we pass over them as quickly as possible.

Just think of it—the difficulty between two professed ministers of Jesus Christ resulted in the division of this church and the ruin of the Hounsfield Church.

January 20, 1850, Alexander Campbell was called to the pastorate and the following November asked to be discharged from the pastoral labors of the church. He is per-

suaded to remain, but on August 3, 1851, he accuses the church and withdraws from it, although he is not excluded until March 7, 1852. During his pastorate, even though the church was tossed to and fro on the sea of unrest, 43 members were added.

On December 14, 1851, a unanimous call was extended to James Summerbell to take the pastoral charge of the church, and he began his labors under most discouraging conditions. He united with the church March 7, 1852. On that same day Elder Campbell and 35 others, who had withdrawn from the church and had set up separate meetings, were excluded from the membership.

Seventeen of those from whom the hand of fellowship had been withdrawn, formed themselves into a new church, styled "The Independent Seventh Day Baptist Church of Adams" with Elder Campbell as pastor. They built a house of worship the following summer in the southern part of the village. The Independent church prospered for a time, having at one time nearly 100 members. It had an existence of about ten years. When it began to decline, Elder Campbell returned to the fold of the mother church, as did also some of the members. A great many went over to the Seventh Day Adventists, and some never united with any church after the Independent broke up.

Elder Summerbell's pastorate extended over a period of about twelve years, he closing his labors here during the spring of 1864,—138 members added. After the removal of Elder Summerbell the pulpit was supplied for a short time by Elder William G. Quibell and Herbert E. Babcock, both of whom were members of this church.

George E. Tomlinson entered upon his duties as pastor May 18, 1864, and continued until October 3, 1868, during which time 87 members were added.

Asa B. Prentice entered upon the duties of the pastorate October 9, 1868, and continued his labors with the church until April 1, 1902,—a period of nearly thirty-four years during which 303 members were added.

S. S. Powell began his labors in May, 1902, and closed them about the middle of June, 1905. Twenty-two were added.

July 1, 1905, E. H. Socwell took up the pastoral duties of the church and continued them until the close of the year 1908. Number of members added, 16.

E. A. Witter began his work here January 1, 1909, closing his labors April 1, 1914, during which time 23 were added.

Then follows a period of about ten months that the church is without a pastor. Services, however, were kept up with a good degree of interest. On Sabbath mornings the pulpit was supplied by pastors of the town while the other services were looked after by our own members.

A. Clyde Ehret became our next pastor, entering upon his duties as such the first Sabbath in February, 1915. Two weeks later he was ordained as a minister of the gospel by a council called by this church, delegates being present from several of the churches of this association. Eighteen members were added during his pastorate which closed October 1, 1920.

After another period of about ten months, during which the work was looked after as before, L. F. Hurley came among us as pastor August 13, 1921. In the short time he has been here 16 members have been added.

The following are the names of those who have served as deacons with the year they were called to that office:

Jared G. Potter, 1822; Elisha Crosby, 1830; Roswell Saunders, 1833; Adonis Trowbridge, 1833; David Maxson, 1836; Joseph Stillman, 1838; Nathan Saunders, 1840; Asa Coon, 1849; Edward W. Whitford, 1863; Edward D. Spicer, 1863; Asa M. Whitford, 1866; Herbert E. Babcock, 1866; O. De Grasse Greene, 1870; George W. Gardner, 1870; Nathan G. Whitford, 1880; Gould Trowbridge, 1880; A. Judson Horton, 1903; Amos Stoodley, 1903; C. C. Williams, 1912; W. P. Jones, 1912.

The church was organized in Green Settlement, two miles west from Adams Center, and the schoolhouse there afforded them a meeting place for a period of fifteen years. "With a view to the building of a house of public worship, a meeting of the male members of lawful age belonging to the society" was held November 1, 1835. At this meeting steps were taken to become legally organized and it was also decided that a house of worship should be built, for which purpose \$1,500 was to be raised. At this time quite a discussion arose as to the location of the building. Those living in the Settlement, of which there was a very large number, desired that the building be

located there, while others favored building at the village. It was finally decided that the building be located at Five Corners (now Adams Center) on a lot containing 1¼ acres purchased from George Maxson for \$125.

January 3, 1836, a church society was formed, called "The Seventh Day Baptist Religious Society of the Town of Adams," nine trustees being elected. Some years later the number was reduced to three. The next meeting was held March 9, 1837, "the object of the meeting being to enlarge the sum first voted for the purpose of building said house, it being likely to cost near \$300 more than the sum first voted." This meeting adjourned to March 26, 1837, at which time it was decided that \$1,664 should be raised over and above the donations, instead of \$1,500, previously voted. The money was raised in the following manner: Thirty-nine members of the the society gave the valuation of property on which they were willing to be assessed, the amounts ranging all the way from \$100 to \$5,000, the assessments varying from \$5.33 to \$266.67. It was agreed that each subscriber was to have a slip (pew) in said house. The nine slips remaining after the subscribers had taken theirs were to be sold to the highest bidder. The whole amount raised was nearly \$2,000. No doubt the raising of this sum meant sacrifice and self-denial to the people in those days, yet it seems to have been cheerfully done. It may not be out of place to state here that in all her long history, the church has never received outside help, financially. The building was completed and dedicated in 1837.

The first society meeting was held in the church on July 2, 1837, at which time the slips were set off and sold. The following was also adopted: "Resolved that this house be free for all people of other denominations at our meetings, and that our trustees be liberal in admitting other denominations to occupy said house at all times when not occupied by our society."

It may be of interest to note that while meetings were held in the schoolhouse, \$2 per year was paid Roswell Saunders for furnishing fuel and building fires, and that the first janitor in the new building, Asa L. Maxson, received \$9.50 for opening and shutting the meeting house, furnishing wood, making fires, and sweeping the meet-

ing house for one year at all religious meetings except protracted meetings.

The building, a wooden structure, was built after the style of churches of those times. Very extensive repairs were made in 1867. The building was raised, affording basement room, fifteen feet was added to the front, besides a tower and steeple. Improvements have been made from time to time until we have the commodious and well arranged church of today, which is well suited to our needs.

In those early days, the membership of the church was so widely scattered that it was impossible for them to come regularly to Adams Center for worship, so in 1831 it was voted that the brethren residing on Point Salubrious in the town of Lyme be organized as a branch of this church, and in 1832 the brethren residing in Pinckney were given the same privilege, they having the power to receive and restore members to this church. A few years later, in 1846, a church of twenty members was organized in Pinckney, but existed only for a short time.

A large number of the members of the Adams church resided in the adjoining town of Hounsfield. These were encouraged to organize themselves into a church, the organization being formed in 1841. Elder William Green and about forty others were dismissed from the mother church for this purpose, the two churches holding joint communion services quarterly. A neat little house of worship was built at Sulphur Springs about seven miles north of Adams Center, which remains to this day. The church prospered for a time and then met its ruin as already narrated.

At one time there was a small church organized at Richland which had an existence of only a few years. In 1856 Elder Elias Burdick and five others living at Richland became members of the Adams church. They were considered a branch of this church and were authorized to administer the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper as they should think proper.

While this church has not given a large number to the work of the ministry, she has not been entirely lacking in this respect. On June 30, 1826, Alexander Campbell and his brother Orson were called to ordination and the work of the ministry. December 7, 1833, by vote of the church, "Alva Sturtevant is at liberty to improve his gift as his

mind may be led, prayer, exhortation or preaching."

January 6, 1867, it was on motion voted "that Arthur E. Main have a license from this church to preach the gospel."

March 3, 1867, Herbert E. Babcock was licensed to preach the gospel and he was ordained by this church July 24, 1869.

Perhaps what we have lacked in quantity has been more than made up in quality. This church, yes the denomination at large, has had but one Alexander Campbell and but one Arthur E. Main. Alexander Campbell did much in pastoral and missionary work, but he is best known, perhaps, as "The Father of DeRuyter Institute," the first high school in the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination.

Arthur E. Main has been prominent in the work of the denomination, as pastor, teacher, officer of our various boards, and is now dean of our theological seminary at Alfred.

Of the lay members mention might be made of Dr. C. D. Potter who was a life-long member of this church and held the office of church clerk for 35 years. He was an able writer on the question of the Sabbath, and for several years was associated with Dr. A. H. Lewis in the publication of the *Outlook*, toward which he contributed liberally of his means.

His brother, Charles Potter, Jr., who was well known throughout the denomination, as a young man was baptized into the fellowship of this church, where he remained a member for a short time. As an expression of his love for this church and his interest in it, he gave them, in 1895, the sweet-toned bell now hanging in the tower.

The noted temperance lecturer, P. A. Burdick, was a member of this church for about one year in the early seventies. Time fails us to speak of others whom we would gladly mention.

Resolutions opposing the liquor traffic have been adopted from time to time. The first one, dated July 3, 1831, reads as follows:

"Resolved, That we as professors of religion considering the great evil of drinking spirituous liquors, and as a disadvantage to the church of Christ, we do think it advisable to recommend to all the members of this church to abstain from drinking spirituous liquors unless as a medicine."

From that early day down to the present time, this church has ever been at the front in the fight against intemperance.

A great deal of attention was paid to church discipline in those early days, much more than we find in churches at the present time. Church meetings were held monthly, and about the only business brought before them were cases for discipline, and at no time did there seem to be a lack of something to do. Absence from church and covenant meetings on the part of an individual were looked after as carefully as though same gross sin had been committed. A person who had transgressed and who was under discipline, in order to be restored to fellowship was required to make a public confession of his or her wrongdoing. If a committee appointed to look after an individual failed to perform its duty, a committee was appointed to look after them and learn the reason why. Those were the times when they hewed to the line even if the chips flew into their own eyes. No one could charge them with favoritism—they dealt with the pastor the same as with a lay member.

A parsonage was procured by the society in 1854 at a cost of about \$900. This was rebuilt in 1886 at a considerable expense.

In 1902 the church received from an unexpected source a fund of about \$2,400. Additions since bring the amount up to something over \$3,000. This sum is invested, the interest only to be used for charitable purposes, and is known as the "George W. Heath Charity Fund." In addition to this the church has a small endowment fund of about \$1,000, the income of which is to be used for church expenses.

For 70 years a large and interesting Sabbath school has been maintained. On May 1, 1852, the school was organized by James Summerbell and during all these years has done good work.

Soon after the Christian Endeavor movement was inaugurated by Francis E. Clark a Christian Endeavor society was organized among the young people by Elder Prentice who drew up a pledge and by-laws. It has been of untold benefit to the church in the training of its young people for Christian work.

Last, but not least, we would mention the Ladies' Aid Society which has for its object the raising of funds for home and denomi-

## REMINISCENCES OF EARLY LIFE

MRS. S. A. BATES

I have been asked to give a little talk to-day of early days—for the reason I suppose that I am the oldest member of this church.

Some people live in the past; some in the present; some in the future. As for me as I advance in years I seem to live in the past. I so often find myself relating incidents and events as revealed to me in early days by our forefathers, and my own remembrance of my childhood days comes to me so vividly that I love to relate them to my children, and to my friends of today. I love to tell of the home, of the church, and of so many who once belonged to this church, and of those who have long since gone to the homeland; of the hardships they endured in those early days for their generation and for generations to follow. They worked for schools, churches, and for humanity, to make the world better. I love to have them contrast those early days with today.

My father, were he living, would be 143 years old. He died in May, 1877. Had he lived until October he would have been 100 years old. He helped cut the timbers to build this church. He cleared the land in Utica where the Grand Central station now stands. My father and mother helped to organize this church. My mother's sister, Aunt Susan Main, and her husband (grandparents of Dean Arthur Main), also mother's sister Mercy and her husband, Elder William Green were among the constituent members.

I have been asked to join other churches in my different homes; but could not consent to leave the old mother home where my father and mother, brothers and sisters, once belonged. I loved the churches and people but this was my dear old home.

It is said the church is a spiritual dynamo of society and every one in close connection with it is a live wire for human good. We must remember one thing: in those early days our forefathers had only the Bible. They had no helps like we have today; no Sabbath schools; no teachers;—but they loved their Bibles and read them. The old hymn book my mother used with the marks all in the pieces she loved is worn, all tattered and torn; but dear! Twelve of my brothers and sisters once belonged to this

national enterprises, and to promote and maintain a social relation throughout the entire society. This society was organized March 31, 1885, and has done excellent work.

Previous to 1887 the business of the church and society was entirely separate, each organization managing its own affairs. The church and society were incorporated May 21, 1887, under the name of the Seventh Day Baptist Church and Society of Adams. The property held by the Seventh Day Baptist Religious Society was transferred to the new corporation.

From the first the growth of the church was steady and substantial; but very few years in all her history when there have not been additions to the membership. There were large ingatherings in 1838, when 83 were added; 1845, when 56 were added; 1856, when 60 were added; 1862, when 43 were added; 1866, when 38 were added; 1868, when 36 were added; 1876, when 33 were added; 1882, when 43 were added; 1885, when 27 were added; 1888, when 24 were added; 1892, when 35 were added.

About eleven hundred names have been enrolled since the church was organized.

This is a glad day with us, a day to which we have been looking forward, with pleasure, for some time, yet in some respects it has its sad side, as we call to mind some who had hoped to see this day, but having become weary in the strife, they have laid down by the wayside to rest awhile.

The past is gone with its successes and its failures, and we now turn our faces to the future, to the tasks that are before us. May we meet them as bravely and courageously as our forefathers did. We of today shall ever hold in grateful remembrance the founders of this church as well as those who down through the years have labored to make it a blessing to the world. Truly they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

"They are not dead, those men of sturdy hope!  
They never died who dared to live their faith.  
Today not only do we tell their deeds,  
But trace their echoes through a hundred years,  
And still look forward to achieve their plans."

"What was their secret? this that they endured  
As seeing Him who is invisible.  
Invisible they still lead on their sons!"

Thus briefly told is the story of a hundred years.

church and loved it. All have gone to the homeland but myself.

My eldest sister Anna and brother Riley should have been ministers. Could they have had the advantages of an education as our young people of today have they would have been. My mother said they were religiously inclined from early childhood and always after coming home from church they would get up on some eminence and preach their little sermons.

Sister Anna always sat in the front pew and today it seems as though I can see her step out in the aisle and give her testimony after the sermon, which she usually gave. Also Aunt Margaret Maxson gave hers. She was the mother of Whitford, Murray, and Inez Maxson. She was my Sabbath school teacher for sixteen years. We loved her. Deacon Roswell Saunders always gave his message after the sermon, walking back and forth in front of the pulpit, running his fingers through his hair. He was the father of Abigail Jones, and grandfather of Deacon Will and Frank Jones who are members of this church today. She was a devoted Christian mother and always my regulator on dates and incidents of early days. Deacon Roswell was a grand Bible student and always at church and prayer meetings. He was missed,—sadly missed, from this church when the chariot swung low and he stepped in and went home.

We have great reason to thank our heavenly Father for the examples left us by our forefathers.

I can't refrain from speaking of our people of today. We have reason to be proud of them for their interest and enthusiasm in taking up the church work, and doing it better than even we older ones have done. They are doing the work our forefathers labored so hard to establish. Let's give them our encouragement, and show our appreciation of the work they are doing. Let's give them our flowers while living and not wait to scatter them over their caskets. Let them know we love them and appreciate their every effort for the church and for good.

Many a young heart has been discouraged for the very reason that there was no help, no encouragement, no appreciation of his efforts to do good in the church and community. Let's be careful and lend a helping hand to them when needed.

May God bless them and help them to grow in grace and knowledge as it is in him, and may they do Christian duties until called up higher. May the next generation pick up the work and do even better if possible.

My earnest wish is that we may be an unbroken church in heaven and live together through the endless days of eternity with all our loved one and our forefathers, who we trust are waiting for our tardy coming.

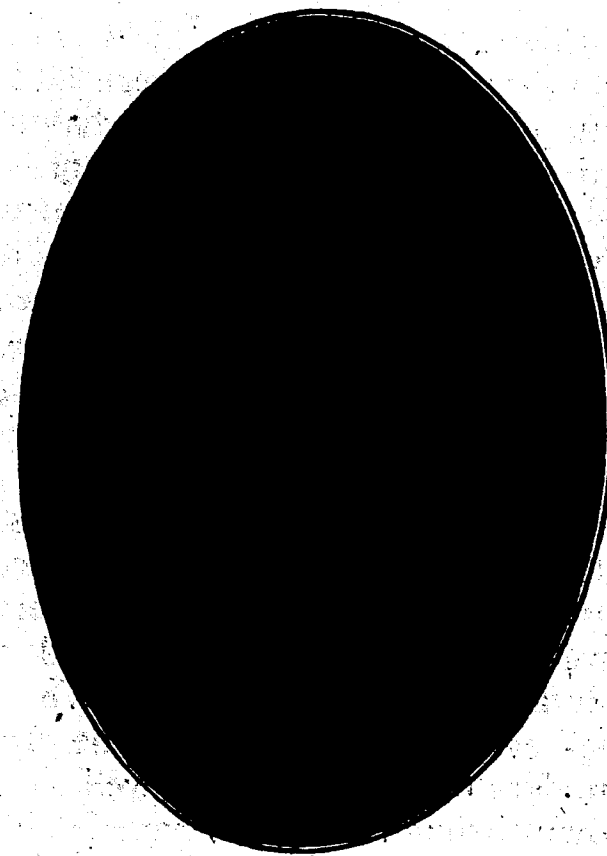
"Faith of our Fathers, Holy faith,  
We will be true to thee till death."

### BRIEF SKETCHES OF PASTORS

#### ELDER JAMES SUMMERBELL

PREPARED BY MRS. SARA WARDNER

Few of those who were members of this church, Sabbath school or society during the twelve years of my father's pastorate here are now living, but of those few all who



were old enough to be members of the Sabbath school—even those of the Infant class—will remember the happy smile, the hearty handshake, the cheery word of greeting of Elder Summerbell.

I can see him now, as with his long swinging stride, he walked our village streets, stopping at the door of some home, doffing his hat with a swing as he bowed, chatted a few moments and passed on leaving a glow of warmth with his parting smile. When he came to this church he was comparatively

young in ministerial work but his loving zeal and efforts bore fruit, as the increased membership testified—the additions at one baptismal service alone being about one hundred.

While the deacons and older members of his charge were his stay and his comfort, his Sabbath school was his delight. Some of you have taken part in the plays, some Biblical, some humorous, which he wrote for the annual entertainments.

How he loved the choir, which seemed to stir the very walls with bursts of stirring hymns and anthems. The Deweys-Greens, Crosbys-Maxsons whose voices sang praises in the little gallery are gone, many of them to join the chorus of the great home over there.

The old John Baker farm on Sand Street was the first home, then a short residence in Green settlement followed and then, during the remainder of his pastorate, the new parsonage on the hill was the home of the Summerbells with their two daughters and one son.

Fearing lest he should by prolonged service outlive his usefulness, he accepted the call to the church at Leonardsville, N. Y.

Often in after days did he revert to the activities of Adams Center days and always with longing and love.

### THE PASTORATE OF REV. GEORGE E. TOMLINSON

BY HIS SON, REV. EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

Inasmuch as I was only nine years of age when my father resigned the pastorate of the Adams Church, my recollection of his work is limited to impressions. Of facts and figures doubtless others will speak with more complete knowledge. His life at that time and the work he was doing are both vivid in my memory. Indeed, I find myself frequently recalling incidents and events which occurred during those years, which now seem so far away.

Of my father's preaching I can not speak in detail. The recollection of the alcove in the living room of the parsonage in which he kept his books and desk and where he did his studying, is very vivid. I frequently recall the efforts of my mother in those years to impress upon the children the necessity of quiet because "father is studying." I was a regular attendant at the church serv-

ices, but not always with enthusiasm. I do not know but that the discipline and training have been of value, even if the texts and sermons have been forgotten. The picture of my father in his pulpit is very clear in my mind and I recall also certain of the older saints who felt moved of the spirit to add their exhortations and appeals at the close of the sermon.

The Sabbath school also is very clearly outlined in my memory. Even now I can recall some of the verses which were repeated by the scholars, the roll being called and every one supposedly responding with a quotation when his name was read.

One exceedingly warm day in summer my father became aware of a certain drowsiness that appeared in the congregation, doubtless largely due to the work of the preceding day in the hayfield. Even as a child I remember the smile which swept the faces, when, in the midst of his sermon, he stopped and called upon the choir to start the hymn, "Awake, My Drowsy Soul Awake."

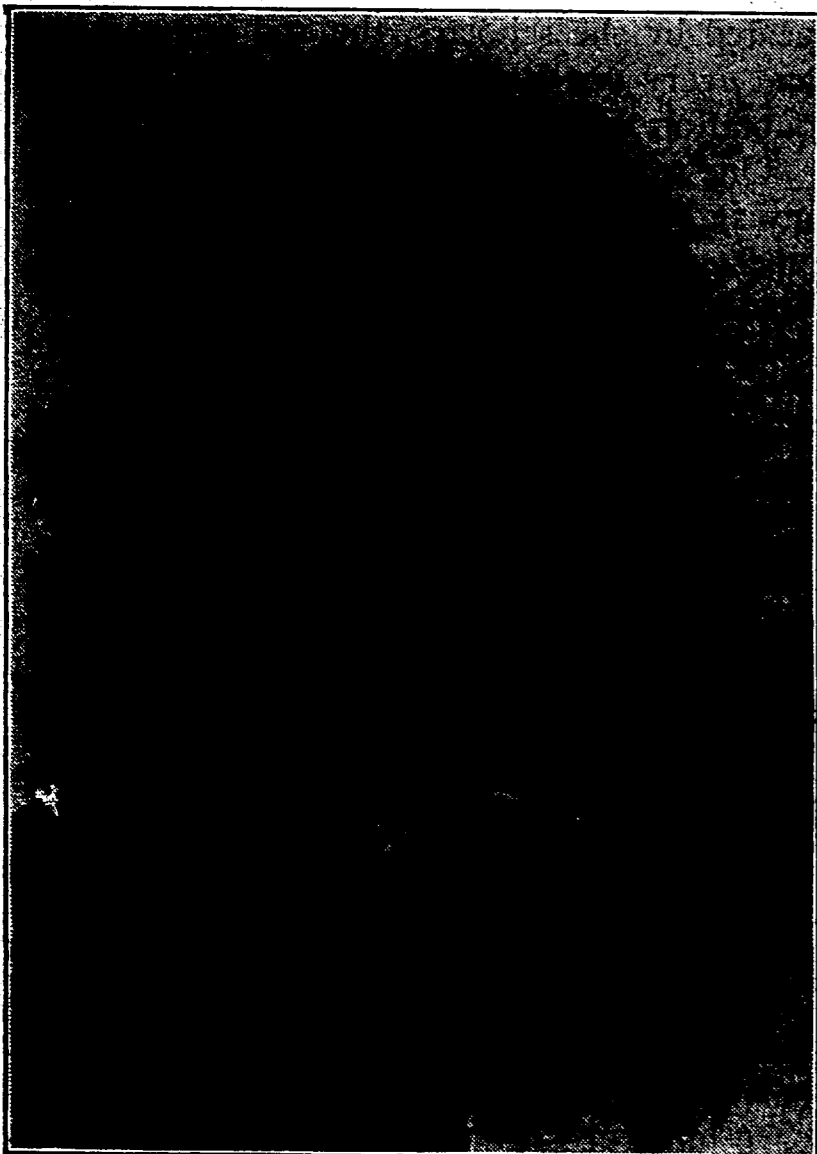
On another Sabbath morning while he was in his study putting the finishing touches upon his sermon, he glanced out of the window and saw two roosters fighting savagely near a neighbor's barn. The sight served to arouse him and he immediately ran out to put an end to the contest. It was a stormy morning and as he ran around the corner of the barn his foot slipped and he fell, full length in the mud. As he was dressed for church there was commotion and excitement in the old parsonage in the haste with which my mother helped to prepare him for his appearance before the congregation.

That my father's preaching must have been effective seems clear from the fact that I have a vivid recollection of many baptisms, all in the open air. I distinctly remember one occasion, when in cold weather the ice was broken on the stream and many young people were baptized in the running water.

Of my father's personality I am able to speak more advisedly. His mind was unusually active and clear. He was energetic and his forcefulness was one of his strong attributes. He had a keen sense of humor and was a strict disciplinarian. At times he was somewhat reserved, and yet was tender and affectionate. He was intellectual, with a strong love for poetry and a keen appre-



ciation of the best that has been thought and said. In spite of his reserve, he was enthusiastic and had a rare ability to arouse enthusiasm in others. Others who knew him in his young ministry may be able to speak more in detail of these characteristics than I. My father's pastoral work must have been exceedingly hard. In their affection the people were insistent upon his making, not pastoral calls, but *visitations*. He had to come prepared to spend the day. I some-



times accompanied my father and mother on these visitations, doubtless for reasons upon which I have no desire to enlarge. I have a suspicion that having the oldest child within sight was preferred rather than to leave him at home while his parents were absent throughout the day. I have heard my father say that if he had done all the visiting or calling which the church desired he would have been busy every day in the year without any time for study.

Another task which he took upon himself was to "hear my lessons." This was before I entered school and must have been a burden for his patient heart, because I still recall the lagging footsteps with which I re-

sponded to the call to come in and "say my lessons." What his labor of love accomplished, or at least was meant to accomplish, I have appreciated as the years have passed.

While he was pastor in Adams, in spite of the heavy demands upon his time, he was a diligent student. The *Atlantic Monthly* and other magazines of high grade, the latest books of poems and other books of literary value were looked upon as necessities, in spite of his salary. Indeed, the atmosphere of the home was intellectual and if the children failed to profit the fault can not be laid to him.

He was a diligent worker in the parsonage garden and grounds. Even as a small boy I recall how some of the experienced farmers told him the back part of the parsonage lot was not worth tilling. In spite of the advice, which doubtless was kindly meant, my father fertilized the ground by obtaining a wagon and cleaning out the horse sheds adjacent to the church. He then proceeded in his determination to try out the soil and planted potatoes on this so-called waste ground. Later, when he dug them, I have a clear picture of the size of some of those mammoth white potatoes as they appeared above the ground. I do not recall an experience in which he was more gleeful than when an exhibit was made of them in the village grocery store. Certain of the comments of his friendly advisers I still remember. He also went into the woods and obtained trees, which I fancy, are still growing in the parsonage yard. There was a double row of flowers extending the entire length of the front walk from the house to the street. Fruit trees also he planted and his enthusiasm when they bore fruit was almost boyish. As he was born in New Jersey he doubtless had an inherited love for peaches and sweet potatoes. At this time the latter were comparatively unknown in New York. When he distributed among his friends some of these vegetables I recall the comments of one good woman that "she could not distinguish between the taste of them and of squash." This made a vivid impression upon my childish mind because I shared my father's dislike of squash and fondness for sweet potatoes.

I am sure my father's best work must have been in the line of his teaching. He was a born teacher and at no time, whether in the pulpit or in the classroom, entirely

gave up that form of work. At one time he and his cousin, Miss Emma Tomlinson (afterward she became the wife of Dr. Arthur E. Main), carried on a "select school" in the upper story of the village schoolhouse. I have always been proud of the fact that several men whose names have since become known throughout the nation have told me how they gained their first inspiration for better things in the classes my father taught.

That my father had a very strong feeling of friendship for the good people in the Adams Church I know, because in his latter years when occasionally he would speak of the possibility of being compelled to give up active work, he used to say that he might go back to Adams to live. Indeed, in his mind he had the very lot selected and two friends offered to make him a present of the lot if he would carry out his suggestion of building a home there.

If I have written in a manner that may seem too personal, I trust that I shall be forgiven, for to my father's work and example I trace my earliest interests in the work which has fallen to me. Intellectually and spiritually, he was a stimulating man. This fact was apparent not only from the appreciation of his own children, but also from the appreciation of the young people who had for him a feeling of special affection and regard. Indeed, I have been grateful for this heritage more than for any other one thing. There are many illustrations of the truthfulness of the wise men's words that the "inheritance of a good name is to be preferred above great riches."

Of his family only my brother, who was named for his father, and I are living. My father and mother, two sisters and a brother have gone before us. Although I do not know what the life is among the many mansions, I somehow have a feeling, as I have a hope, that there the lost have again been found and the home which was broken on earth has been reunited.

As for the Adams Church, with all my heart I congratulate it upon its one hundred years of history. It has been a force for good for more than three generations. I extend to the people my heartiest congratulations on what has been accomplished and my best wishes that the coming century, when the problems promise to be much greater and more perplexing than those that confronted

our fathers, may be prolific in good words and good works and that the world may be happier and a better place in which to live because of the founding and the history of the Adams Center Church.

Elizabeth, N. J.,  
May 13, 1922.

### THIRTY-FOUR YEARS OF SERVICE— REV. ASA BABCOCK PRENTICE

BY HIS SON, HARRY PRENTICE

In the centennial celebration of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Adams Center it is quite natural to recall the lives and activities of those prominent in its membership and the men who have served as its pastors in former years. I have been asked to "write something" about one of the former pastors who served this church one third of that entire century.

To give anything like a biographical sketch or an accurate history of this pastorate would be impossible to prepare in the time at my disposal. I can but touch upon a few events in this article.

Rev. Asa Babcock Prentice, fourth of a large family of children, a son of Allen and Eliza Babcock Prentice, was born in western New York July 29, 1838. At the age of seven his father removed with his family to Wisconsin and settled on Rock Prairie whence he later moved to Dakota, Wis., and settled upon a tract of Indian land but recently opened to white settlers.

Here the subject of this sketch grew to manhood accustomed to the hardships and deprivations common to all pioneers of those days. The land upon which the farm had been located proved to be light, sandy soil. Under such conditions prosperity never arrived. In after years, however, he often dwelt fondly upon those rugged pioneer days in the tales he used to relate to his children. His playmates were Indian boys and with them he fished and swam the rivers and learned to paddle a dugout canoe, even balancing himself standing astride upon the gunwales.

At the age of twelve years he was converted and baptized a member of the Dakota Seventh Day Baptist Church.

During his young manhood he worked for the farmers of the settlement and once he signed up as cook for a lumbering outfit which was rafting lumber down the Wis-



consin River into the Mississippi. It was during this trip that he accomplished a feat that used to thrill our boyish imaginations when related to us in after years. It seems that the captain of the crew lost his purse as he was leaning over the edge of the raft in the act of washing his face in the morning while the raft was still tied to the shore. His purse which he carried in his breast pocket slipped out and into sixteen feet of icy water. It was early spring just as the ice went out of the streams. The cook was the only one to volunteer to dive for the lost purse. After several futile attempts a pole was put down and the swimmer went down the pole and in this manner recovered the purse. At the end of the trip his pay envelope was considerably increased for this particular service.

While at work on the farm he managed in some way to keep up his studies preparatory to entering school in the fall. Particularly his Latin which he often studied in the field as he was hoeing corn or similar occupations. He would glance at the book at the beginning of the row and leave it until he had crossed the field and back, meanwhile

rehearsing his declensions and conjugations. It is needless to say that languages studied by one so determined and under such difficulties would not soon forsake him. Indeed he retained his practical knowledge of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, in a manner that would put most men of today to shame.

At the age of twenty he entered Albion Academy whence he was graduated in 1863. Following his graduation he became the superintendent of schools of Dane County for two years. For one year he was acting principal of Albion Academy.

The same year he entered school he was called to the work of the gospel ministry and was licensed to preach by his home church. The following year he received a call to preach from the Christiana Seventh Day Baptist Church at Utica, Wis. Here he was ordained to the ministry in September of that year. He served this church as pastor from 1864 to 1868 when he received a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Adams Center Seventh Day Baptist Church.

While serving as acting principal of Albion Academy one of the most important events of his life befell him. He fell in love with the preceptress of the Academy, whom he married January 11, 1865. She was Marian W. Greene, of Scott, N. Y., a daughter of Hon. George S. Greene. She had been educated in DeRuyter Institute and went to Albion Academy as a teacher and preceptress. For those days she was unusually well educated generally and besides had enjoyed considerable training in art in which she proved herself well skilled. Some of her sketches today are as clear as steel engravings. And her oil paintings are still treasured by at least one of her children.

A few days ago a lady called at my office in New York and mentioned the fact to me that she remembered my mother. She said that my mother was an intimate and well-nigh inseparable friend of her own mother. She related how my mother frankly admitted her part in the negotiations through which she afterwards became the wife of Mr. Prentice. When after a considerable time had elapsed during their courtship and the young man failed to de-

clare his intentions, she undertook to facilitate matters herself and very soon their affairs were definitely arranged. Whether such methods might be considered out of the ordinary or not I am unable to form an opinion, but certainly her candor exceeded that of most of her sex, especially relating to such matters.

It is small wonder that this young westerner whose life had shared so few social advantages, reared as he was in that crude, pioneer country, should have been embarrassed when it came to offer his hand to this charming young teacher from the East whose parents were prosperous, and who had so developed under such exceptional educational advantages as she had enjoyed.

I mention this incident because it, to my mind, presents a side-light on my father's sensitive and modest disposition. For no one will deny that modesty was one of his most notable characteristics.

In 1868 this young couple with an eight months old infant arrived in the village of Adams Center where he was to take up a work that consumed all but two of the remaining years of his life. Here he was welcomed by a most generous and devoted church. The relations of this church and its pastor were maintained by a mutual bond of love and loyalty for a third of a century.

Soon after his arrival some observant individual of his congregation noticed that the new minister used a lady's watch, which belonged to his wife, while in the pulpit. Soon after he was presented with a magnificent gold watch and chain as a gift from the church. The watch cost \$100 and the chain \$22. That watch after serving my father throughout his life has been my treasured time piece these eighteen years since his death. Its accuracy, after over fifty years of service is still marvelous. For me it is more than a mere time piece. It is a daily reminder of the faithful life of him who carried it so long and valued it so highly. It may also well typify the enduring nature of the friendship and love that always existed between the giver and receiver.

At first thought it seemed to me unnecessary to speak of my father's labors on this field to those of you who knew him so well, yet I now realize that a new generation is here and that twenty years have passed since he occupied this pulpit. Young

men and women of twenty-five years of age will hardly remember him.

During his pastorate here I may mention some achievements which were accomplished, of course, not entirely to his own efforts, yet the work was effected under his leadership and guidance.

The church organization was greatly strengthened with many new members. The total number of baptisms performed was 300.

The church edifice itself was twice redecorated interiorly. The first time stained glass windows were put in and the ceiling and side walls were elaborately frescoed.

The bell in the steeple was acquired from the Plainfield Church and hung.

A kitchen was built and equipped at the rear of the prayer meeting room.

The auditorium was re-arranged with the changing of the orchestra from the rear to its present position at the front, and the pews were altered so as to give the broad center aisle with two side aisles instead of the two narrow aisles as originally.

The parsonage built over from a story and a half house to a comfortable two story house of nine or more rooms.

After only ten years of wedded life, in August, 1875, occurred the death of his wife, the mother of four children, the second of whom had died at the age of two years. This overwhelming loss to him was likewise a blow to the whole church and community. His second marriage to Mary Greene, of Verona, N. Y., took place the following year. If he was fortunate in his first marriage, he was doubly so in his second for he found in his second wife a devoted mother to his motherless children, a strong character as an aid to him in his pastoral work, and a devout Christian.

His position throughout the community and the county was recognized as one of considerable strength. A prominent member of the Ministerial Association he was often called upon to present papers and addresses. He was also in great demand by the neighboring First Day churches of various denominations who were without pastors. He acted as supply, often months at a time in Watertown, Adams, State Road, Woodville, Smithville and many other churches. Few men in a similar community have conducted an equal number of funerals and weddings. Among my earliest impressions were the long rides he had to take

through rain and mud and snow to attend the funeral of some utter stranger. This he frequently did riding long distances to perform such duties and going without food, and too often without remuneration of any kind.

In the village his influence was felt in all movements for good. He was always ready to unite with the neighboring church in union revival services, and how he struggled and fought to keep the town dry. His temperance activities led him into his hardest battles and won for him many victories as well as suffered many defeats. How he would have rejoiced to see this day when the liquor traffic is an outlaw that will finally be wiped out of the country entirely.

In the General Conferences and associations his counsel was valued highly as was indicated by his place in the important committees. In spite of his rather unassuming and modest disposition, his counsel and judgment were sought for. This fact together with his ability as a parliamentarian gave him prominence in these denominational gatherings.

Twice he was chosen to represent the Tract and Missionary boards on the field when he was granted leave of absence by this church. One winter he spent in Kentucky and another in Hammond, La.

As I have indicated previously, what the man accomplished for this church and denomination as well as what the man was himself was due not alone to his own efforts but to the combined efforts of the man and the consecrated and loyal people with whom he labored and prayed. Who can estimate the influence of the daily companionships and co-operation of the saints of men and women who were such towers of strength in the church of his day. Saints they were and without their lives the history of this church would be almost a blank, and such a sketch would not be written. I refer to such men as Mr. George Wood, Uncle Charles Potter, Doctor Potter, and such saints of women as Mrs. Potter, Aunt Margaret Maxson, Mrs. Abigail Jones, and the deacons, Greene, Trowbridge, Gardiner, and Whitford.

As a preacher father was considered by those competent to judge to be one of the strong men of the denomination. His thinking was clear and logical. His sermons though never written out were carefully and

conscientiously prepared. Friday was always a dull day at our house because "father must not be disturbed". But of the substance of his preaching, alas, nothing remains with me. His words in my case must have indeed fallen on stony ground where there was not much depth of earth. I will mention this one thought, however, that occurs to me, a thought he was accustomed to offer in reply to those individuals who gave as excuse for leaving the Sabbath that they "could not make a living and keep the Sabbath". His reply was, God does not demand of any one to make a living at the sacrifice of obedience. If one is ready and anxious to yield in obedience to God's laws and requirements, the matter of his living will always be taken care of. Abraham Lincoln preached a similar sentiment when he said, "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have." The quotation further reads, "I will stand with any one who stands right. Stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong."

Though so little of the sermons he preached made any lasting memory pictures with me, yet a deep impression remains to me of his life and activities as he labored in the prayer meetings. These pictures of him as he used to conduct the regular church prayer meetings are indelible, and certain of the hymns which he loved and sang come to me at times with overwhelming force and cause a swelling of the throat and brings tears to my eyes.

He had a great love for the young people of his congregation which was manifest in many ways. He rarely missed a meeting of the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting. This it seems to me was due to his great love of the young people and in no sense done as a duty alone. Indeed in the closing moments of his life he was engaged in a prayer meeting at the home with a group of young converts who were about to unite with the church. They had but just retired from the house when in thirty minutes he was stricken down and obeyed the Master's call to come up higher.

He had severed his relations with this church to accept a call to the pastorate of the North Loup Church but two years previously. Here he served from April 11, 1902, until May 24, 1904, the date of his death.

## LETTERS FROM FORMER PASTORS

### REV. S. S. POWELL'S MESSAGE

DEAR BRETHREN:

I thank you that you invited me to participate in the approaching one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Adams Center Church. I regret my inability to be present, and instead can only send you my heart-felt message expressed in written words.

With us here in the sunny Southland the beautiful month of May is one of the most beautiful of the year, the month of magnolia blossoms and of bays, the fragrance of which is most wonderful and agreeable. Already, much earlier in the season the yellow jasmine has appeared with great profusion in the woodlands, emitting a most delicate fragrance. But when the magnificent magnolia trees blossom the surrounding air is literally loaded with the most delightful and enrapturing of essences. He who is a lover of nature and sees in all of nature's handiwork the presence of God manifesting himself is led to think of him with the greatest pleasure and worship. "Now thanks be unto God," said St. Paul in 2 Corinthians 2: 14, 15, "which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place. For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are being saved, and in them are perishing."

Even as the incense was acceptable and most pleasing to God when offered to him in the temple at Jerusalem, when the worship proceeded from hearts that were upright and pure, most acceptable to him is the blessed work of labor for the souls of men. Prayer, study of the divine Word, the understanding of the divine Mysteries as it is right and necessary that we should know them, the preaching of the Word, love for souls, doing the work of an evangelist, the stated and blessed work of the sacred ministry, the varied activities of the entire church, educational, cultural, philanthropic, leavening, saving, as all of the members of the same, each in his order and ministry, according to the analogy of faith and in proportion to the ability of each in humility, in lowliness, in love, and in the likeness of Christ, these are acceptable to God, an odor of sweet incense, wherein he is pleased to own the labors of his consecrated and devoted servants.

One hundred years of such service, how beautiful the thought!—one hundred years of the labors of the Christian ministry,—how fragrant is the memory of them who have passed beyond our earthly vision! "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

We in eastern Louisiana have had our attention taken up very much recently by the Mississippi River. This great river rose to the danger point, and in many places broke through all restraint and poured its devastating waters in great floods over wide areas of fertile and productive lands. The result is that thousands have been rendered homeless and the Red Cross organization of the State is dealing with one of those acute situations to which, in times of disaster, that most useful organization is always ready to hasten with its assistance.

When the great river was at its highest the writer of these lines spent several days and nights in New Orleans, saw the strong levees almost brimming full and could not help being impressed with the many tons and square miles of great waters as the flood passed resistlessly on in its course. In the silent hours of the night he could not help but imagine what would happen if the strong levees of the city should break. Such reflections lead us all to lift up our hearts gratefully in meditation to him who, through every moment and every hour, by his providential care is guarding us, preserving us, and caring for us. How grateful should we be for such lovingkindness and how ready to spend the precious time which he gives to us more directly in his service!

Having referred to these merely local Louisiana floods, disastrous indeed as they have proved to be, I can not refrain from making reference to those far-reaching, long continued, and heart-rending calamities in Asia Minor, Trans-Caucasus, and Armenia, which have drenched fair lands of the Bible in blood, producing innumerable martyrs to the holy cause of religion, those who would die rather than surrender their Christian faith. It is my earnest wish that prayer may be offered at this critical time, in all our associations, that the Great Powers may unite and put down once and for all these atrocities, that God himself may spare the lives of these Christian minorities and protect them.

The writer earnestly desires also that our

people will do more for the cause of Near East Relief, making it, as long as the need continues, a part of our orderly church beneficence. The 100,000 orphans are under our care. We can not, we must not let them perish; as they will if we do not sustain them.

Praying the divine blessing upon you in all your gatherings, I remain  
Yours in Christ's service.

Hammond, La.,

May 24, 1922.

#### REV. EUGENE H. SOCWELL'S LETTER

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS OF ADAMS CENTER CHURCH:

I have been most cordially invited to attend this hundredth anniversary of the organization of your church and it would be difficult for me to express the pleasure it would give me to be present with you today, but this is impossible. In case that I should not find it possible to be present in person, I have been urged to send some suitable message for the occasion, and this I am trying to do, but I find even this a difficult task, since I am so very busy I can find but little time to devote to it.

One hundred years ago, in what was then a new country, this church was organized by your sturdy forefathers and influences for good were set in motion that today may be traced to almost all parts of our country.

Out on the broad mission field of the west and south, it has been my privilege to visit and labor with many scattered families who were at one time connected with the church at Adams Center and from which they received pure impulses, noble thoughts and high spiritual aspirations which have followed them through the years and have been factors in molding their lives and shaping their actions in sections of our broad land and among people far removed from the mother church of sacred memory.

Far to the northwest in the heart of the Rocky Mountains I have found the spiritual and social leaven, which was born in the mother church at Adams Center, silently permeating several homes. In far away Texas I found many needy ones who had heard the gospel of Jesus from the lips, and had also witnessed it in the consecrated lives of faithful ones who first received their in-

spiration in the much loved church at Adams Center. In homes on the plains of Nebraska and on the prairies of Kansas I have found the name of your church and the name "Elder Prentice" to be *home names*.

In humble homes on the prairie of Minnesota I have seen the tear glisten in many an eye at the mere mention of Adams Center because to these faithful people your church had been their spiritual home or in some way their spiritual lives had been closely linked with the beloved church which today celebrates its hundredth birthday.

These are simply encouraging samples of the leavening, molding power that has, during the past years, emanated from the mother church and is today giving shape and color to many lives scattered over a wide area.

As I have come in contact with the spiritual energy that emanated from your beloved church and is now scattered over such a wide territory, and as I have visited families in dugouts, log houses, sod shanties, adobe homes and in modern and expensive homes, who formerly were members of the old home church at Adams Center, or whose forefathers were members there, and have noticed how tenderly and with what love they spoke of "Adams Center" and "Elder Prentice," I must confess that I felt proud that I had been connected with the beloved and historic church at Adams Center as even a most humble and unworthy pastor.

Such then is simply a faint glimpse of the wide and benign influence, as it came under my personal observation on the mission field, that has gone forth from the church that is today looking backward across a hundred years of history and earnest endeavor.

In my far-away home, as I am now thinking of the dear old church and her hundred years of history, I am not forgetful of your sturdy forefathers who a hundred years ago, in the wilderness of Jefferson County, organized the church which today celebrates her birthday. Some of these faithful ones I know by reading of them and many others I came to know by being told of them and their consecrated lives by you people as I have sat at your firesides, as pastor, and listened with deep interest to your stories of the past.

In a special way my memory of the

Adams Center Church begins when I became your pastor.

And now I think tenderly of the many dear ones who in those days greeted me so warmly, and helped make life pleasant, whose work is ended and who are now quietly sleeping in your beautiful cemetery. I thank God that I came to know them, many of them in old age, and that my life was made brighter and better by knowing them. And as I write, I am thinking of those dear departed ones and naming them one by one in my mind and my eyes grow dim with tears as I recall their names and in memory see their departed faces once more.

But pleasant days were those I spent among you as pastor and how many, many times have I recalled them since the day of our separation. How blessed seem the hours that I spent in your homes; how the memory of your encouraging words, helpful counsel and exhibition of confidence linger in my mind and how helpful they have been in many hard places in life since I last saw you.

There also lingers in my mind many sad regrets that I was not a better and more efficient pastor and because of the mistakes I made, but through it all, you were patient and kind and generous to the last.

But with these regrets over the mistakes I may have made there is one encouraging thought. Some good was accomplished during my pastorate, some progress was made by the church and I have the happy remembrance of trying to do my best. I am glad that you now have for your pastor a friend in whom I am deeply interested, whom, with his wife, I have known from the days of their childhood. Brother Hurley is doing and will continue to work among you much better than was possible for me to do. May God abundantly bless him and his companion and give them the earnest support of all members of the church.

And may the God of peace cause his face to shine upon you as a church, bless you in your homes, lead you as individuals and consecrate each of you anew as you enter upon the second hundred years of your history and usefulness, is the earnest prayer of your former pastor and present friend.

Dodge Center, Minn.,

June 4, 1922.

#### A REMINDER

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

It is just eight weeks until the General Conference will convene with the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Hopkinton at Ashaway, R. I., and it is none too soon for people to begin plans to attend this historic meeting.

Already the program is well under way. It is a program full of good things, including a trip to Newport, R. I., on Monday, after the Conference has officially closed. The church is making plans to entertain a large and enthusiastic Conference.

You who have visited New England do not need to be told of the beauty and attractiveness of this country. You know. You will want to come again.

You who have never attended a Conference in Rhode Island will want to attend this one, and you will want to visit Newport. Here was born the first Seventh Day Baptist Church in America. Rhode Island, the cradle of our infancy, as well as religious liberty; Rhode Island, a land, almost every foot of which has been made sacred by the struggles and sacrifices of Seventh Day Baptists, bids you come.

You have read of our "stern and rock-bound coast," of the ocean whose billows sing "requiems of the listening stars." Come and see them. Yes, ours is a land of rocks, rock every where—rocks in piles, rocks in fences, and then more rocks. But it is also a land of trees and shrubs and flowers, a delightful land, one of the beauty spots of the earth.

Sincerely yours,

A. L. DAVIS,

Pastor.

Ashaway, R. I.,

June 26, 1922.

We are not saved by studying the works of nature. Astronomy and geology, botany and chemistry, have no redeeming message for hearts burdened with a sense of sin and guilt. We must go farther and go deeper. A cry must be sent up to the dwelling place of the Most High: "O God, save us! O God, be merciful unto us! O God, redeem us from the slavery and torment of sin!" And whilst we are yet speaking, a voice addresses the anxious heart: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."—Joseph Parker.

## THE COMMISSION'S PAGE

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND, SALEM, W. VA.,  
Forward Movement Director



EVERY CHURCH IN LINE  
EVERY MEMBER SUPPORTING

*"Without me ye can do nothing."*—John 15: 5.  
*"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."*—Matt. 28: 20.

### SUNDAY LEGISLATION

A recent issue of the SABBATH RECORDER contained certain correspondence between the Forward Movement director and Senator Howard Sutherland of West Virginia, with reference to bills on Sunday Rest, now pending in Congress. That correspondence as published in the SABBATH RECORDER closed with a statement of the position of Seventh Day Baptists on this question. There had not been time to receive a reply from Senator Sutherland when this material was sent to the SABBATH RECORDER. Doubtless those who read the letters published previously will appreciate the following letter in reply to the statement of the director:

"I have your letter of June 12 which I have read with interest. I note your observations regarding H. R. 4388 and H. R. 9753. Neither of these bills has come over to the Senate for action, but I assure you I am glad to have your views upon them and will give them most careful attention at the proper time. No legislation should be passed that interferes with the freedom of religious practice. Your position upon this matter is absolutely sound and cor-

rect. I shall be glad to have your views with respect to any legislation at any time in which you may be interested."

With kindest personal regards, I am  
Sincerely yours,  
(Signed) HOWARD SUTHERLAND.

### RESPONSE OF WELCOME—EASTERN ASSOCIATION

The custom of giving welcome to guests and friends that come to see us from distances more or less remote has been established for generations. In Bible times we read about the demonstrative manner in which friend welcomed friend. With the eastern and oriental temperament quite far removed from our makeup, our expression of welcome has changed; but its sincerity has remained; the ones that welcome us desire to make us feel as though they are glad to see us, glad we have come, and they want to do what they can to make us comfortable while we are here, and to leave with the feeling that we would like to return again when the opportunity offers.

On this, the occasion of the eighty-fifth gathering of the Eastern Association of the Seventh Day Baptist people of America, may there be an increase in devotion to things divine.

We know the record of this people for hospitality, so little needs be said, it is of high order always.

And, as we meet with this congregation, situated in this beautiful hill country so far away from any sister church, we believe God will give us a new stimulus to our courage to face the problems in each of our home churches; for problems we all have.

We know that we are going to carry away something from here that will help; and if it shall be our privilege to bring like benefit to the home people at Berlin, as we hope we may, we will be glad.

We, the delegates to this association, wish to give voice to our thanks for the cordial expression of welcome that has been extended to us at this time. Thank you.

"Come unto me and I will give you rest." Rest to the mind with its conflicts; rest to the heart with its longings; rest to the conscience with its burdens; rest to the will with its struggles.—H. G. Weston.

## EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

### THE Y. M. C. A. STUDENT CONFERENCE AT SILVER BAY, ON LAKE GEORGE

The gray mists wheel along the hills;  
The sifting shadows follow stealthily;  
The lake, green and blue and burnished steel;  
The waves lapping at the pebbly shore  
Smile back in ecstasy at the lazy sun.  
And mist and shadow, lake and wave  
Are pregnant with Thought Divine.

Peerless Lake George it is, more beautiful, with its rocky or tufted isles than the famous Scottish lakes. One could sit by the hour gazing upon its matchless loveliness letting nature and God beat in upon him. It is difficult to know whether Lake George is more appealing under the broad, soft carpet of a June sun or when its distant hills are veiled in pearly mists with its imposing mountains in their "purple mountain majesties" occupying the middle ground, and the burnished steel of its surface taking up the foreground. Each aspect of its beauty, doubtless, is as delectable as every other. Personally I should least like to miss the Lake in the spiritual suggestiveness of its mists and clouds and deep shadows.

I did not propose, however, to write an encomium of one of America's beauty spots. I wished to sketch some of my impressions of the Y. M. C. A. Student Conference which took place June 15 to 23, at Silver Bay, N. Y. This assemblage of college men, which continues the annual conferences formerly held at Northfield, this year celebrated its thirty-sixth birthday. The first conference met in 1886 under the leadership of Dwight L. Moody and Henry Drummond. Like a pebble thrown in a lake, the conference idea has pushed out its circles of influence until today some dozen similar conventions meet annually at the close of the college year, including the entire United States in their scope. Each year hundreds of college men and women, under the inspiration of their Christian fellowship and teaching, learn to know and love Christ, find the divine compass for their lives, and steel their purposes for sacrificial service. From a movement affecting approximately 200

students in 1886, these conventions have now come to touch the lives of three or four thousand young persons. The attendance at Silver Bay this year reached the 700 mark, with something over seventy colleges in the New England and Middle Atlantic States and twenty-nine races represented. Immediately following this boys' conference, an equal number of college girls will assemble on Lake George, to study for ten days, like their brothers, the issues of personal, economic, industrial, political, interracial, and international righteousness.

"The Lord has laid his hand on you"—a phrase I caught from the lips of the Fisk Jubilee Singers who were one of the inspirations of the general sessions—might well be considered the keynote of the conference. Every speaker addressed his message straight to the heart of the individual listener. "These chaps," said one boy to me, referring to the speakers, "make me want to go at once and do something for somebody." This, undoubtedly the response in every honest heart, showed that the conference had "arrived."

I know of no agency which is doing so much to meet the need of college men, to harness them to Christian tasks, and to suffuse their thinking and acting with the spirit of Jesus as these yearly get-togethers under the guidance of such Christian giants as Fosdick, Coffin, Mott and Speer. The college years are a period of religious readjustment; often they are spiritual eye-openers for collegians. These young men and women, needing special consideration at this time, find Silver Bay and kindred Y. M. C. A. conferences to be their burning bush. The Christian associations, better than any other organization, understanding the psychology of college men and women, can perhaps conserve, as no other organization, their services for religious tasks.

Few college students are content to make religion solely an introspective affair. A religion grounded in the belief, therefore, that any work is religious which is performed in the spirit of human service, that religious emotion must be directed by religious brains and kept at work by religious will, that Christianity must determine every relation of life, possesses an almost irresistible appeal to the majority of college men. Understanding this fact, the Y. M. C. A. summer conferences discuss every phase of

applied Christianity—personal, economic, industrial, political, interracial, and international.

The leaders of this conference were not spiritual potterers but Christian statesmen who viewed the world through wide-angle lenses. Nothing could surpass the effectiveness with which Henry Sloane Coffin set forth the need of a finer fraternal consciousness among the multiple groups of men in America or brought his listeners face to face with God. (I never heard a man who preached God more persistently or persuasively than he.) Nothing could be more potent than the masterly portrayal John R. Mott gave of the onward march of the church militant, or the vivid pictures Robert E. Speer drew of the physical and spiritual famine raging among the neglected peoples of the Orient. Nothing could be more convincing than the discussions of Christian effectiveness which Harry Emerson Fosdick addressed to the Conference.

A score or more of unrelated impressions of Silver Bay and its significance come crowding to mind as I write these words. It was an inspiration to look upon these 700 select young men exuberant in their physical vitality. It gave one pause to speculate upon the amount of brain and heart power which they possessed. It was good to think that unborn generations of men whom they will father, or lead, or serve, will thank God that these men have lived. It was exhilarating to listen to them singing. Reminded of Walt Whitman's line "I heard America singing," I seemed to feel that these lusty young voices represented aspiring, man-loving, God-worshiping, irresistible America.

Salem College had one representative at the convention, S. Duane Ogden; Alfred, four. I am profoundly grateful for what these meetings have given me of inspiration, new vision, and new purpose. I am, however, even more thankful for what the Christian fellowship and instruction of Silver Bay may mean to the campuses of our two colleges, translated into local needs by the lives and spirits of the men who attended the 1922 Conference.

"A station on the feet in front of the Throne in heaven is the effect of being often on the knees before the Throne on earth."

### THE WORTH-WHILE LIFE

(Abstract of a sermon by Rev. Erlo E. Sutton in Eastern Association)

The worth-while life is not measured by years for the life span of the Master and many more of the earth's great men was but a third of a century. Nor is it measured by wealth, political influence or social standing, but by the power to enter into the life of human society and lift it toward God, thus aiding him to perfect the great brotherhood of man. Length of years, wealth, political influence, social standing, may have their place in the life of man but the truly great is the one who uses all his God-given powers to advance the race.

The great heart of humanity is heaving with the hopes of a brighter day. All the higher instincts of our nature prophesy its approach; and the best intellects of the race are struggling to turn that prophecy into fulfilment. The world is greatly agitated by thoughts of benevolence, duty, freedom, equality and human brotherhood, and all the powers of Rome or of the armies of the greatest rulers of earth can not repress them. Were these thoughts imprisoned in the heart of the earth, they would burst their rocky prison and speed onward in their career, and fulfill their destiny. They are energized with a deathless vigor. They must prevail, or the idea of a Moral Governor of the universe is an impostor, and the divine truths of the Gospel a fable. Here, then, is opened a new and noble career for the ambition of the worth-while man;—not the ambition for grinding men beneath the iron heel of oppression, but the holy ambition of elevating them to sonship of God; not for becoming the ruler of a kingdom, but for building up the kingdom of heaven among men; not merely for gathering honor, fame, influence as he would gather shells from the seashore, but to expand his own soul into grander proportions, to give it a God-like stature, and to fill it perpetually with that song of joy which the angels sing.

Human Brotherhood is a world itself,—a world which mankind, as yet has hardly begun to explore. We have only skirted along its coasts for a few miles, without penetrating its coastal plains or gathering the riches of its vast interior.

Truth, justice, honor, love, are the cor-

ner-stones of that Christlike government which is yet to be organized upon the earth. These corner-stones can only be laid through a self-sacrificing life of love and service. By this service the identity in quality of our spirit with the Spirit of God is emphasized, for love leads us to sacrifice, as love led God to sacrifice his only begotten Son. The cross revealed the pent-up love of God, and when we are ready to take up our cross and pour ourselves out for others we reveal our likeness to God. The measure of our self-sacrifice will measure our identity with God and reveals our worth-while-ness to the community.

The world yearns for a present day revelation of love, and God through us would answer that yearning. There is no other way provided for grace to manifest itself in soul-saving interest except through the lives of consecrated men and women. God today, as in Christ's day, reveals himself through men. And love today, as in Christ's day, manifests itself in service.

The power of love and service is the greatest power in the world. The Carpenter dies on Calvary and the world sees no honor in his death, but the shame of it is on their lips, for he dies in the accursed way upon a cross and between two thieves. It is true that a few friends gather at the cross and take therefrom the body and place it in a new tomb, but the world is against him. The few friends, because of their great love come together and talk of him, of his wondrous words and life. True to the commission he gave them they preach forgiveness of sins through his name. Persecuted in their home city, they scatter but wherever they go they carry their message. It is a message for which the world is hungry. Disciples, most of them like the lowly Nazarene, coming from humble homes, are won. Stephen, stoned to death, is transfigured before his murderers and sends Saul away with a sting in his heart that never leaves him until he surrenders his mighty intellect to the despised One and becomes Paul the peer among early Christians. Thus from this humble beginning, this worth-while life lived among men, marches the greatest movement ever known. The culture of the earth and the power of kingdoms pale before it and the day has come when the Rejected has become

the hope of the world. This day has been brought about through men and women who have lived the worth-while life.

One of the surprises of the worth-while life is, that those who have wrought most successfully for the well being of their neighbors declare that not unto them, but unto the Christ who bought them with his own blood and to whose service they gave themselves, belongs all the praise for the wonders accomplished. The most truly great of the world's history for more than nineteen hundred years; those who have done most to better the race; have all traced the motive prompting them to their endeavors, to that cross on Calvary. His love for them nerved him for his death; and their love for him nerved them for their lives of service.

Glowing with a vivid conception of those who have lived the worth-while life, let me ask, whether, among all the spectacles which earth presents, and upon which angels might look down with emotion too deep for utterance, is there a fairer and more enrapturing sight than that of a man or woman of many years who has spent his life in the service of the Master! Reason, conscience, religion, have all taught them that the finest and best of all the arts, earthly or supernal, is to paint smiles and ruby joys upon the cheek of suffering humanity; to quench the fires of passion and kindle in its stead the serene light that radiates from a fount of inward purity. When in the fullness of years, crowned with the honor of Christian service, and covered with the Beatitudes as with a garment, they bring their heroic lives to a close, the celestial light that burst from the opened and welcoming gates of heaven, breaking upon their upturned countenances, is reflected into the pathway of all who follow. Such is the ending of the worth-while life, and such a life is within the reach of us all.

Before all of us Christ sets an ideal which we are to aim after; it is the "beauty of holiness". Our prayer must constantly be that "the beauty of the Lord our God [may] be upon us". Jesus enjoined upon all his disciples to study him, to learn of him, to keep his commandments and to seek his spirit. A Christian is the representative of Christ; how all-important that we make our religion winsome!—T. L. Cuyler.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MRS. RUBY COON BABCOCK  
R. F. D. 5, Box 73, Battle Creek, Mich.  
Contributing Editor

### EARNEST OR TRIFLERS?

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
July 15, 1922

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Earnest unto death (Acts 4: 13-22)  
Monday—The money test (2 Cor. 8: 1-7)  
Tuesday—A prophet in earnest (1 Kings 19: 9-18)  
Wednesday—Fatal trifling (Heb. 2: 1-4)  
Thursday—Trifling with God (Heb. 10: 26-39)  
Friday—Trifling with religion (1 John 2: 15-19)  
Sabbath Day—Topic, Earnest or triflers? (Amos 6: 1, 8; Eccl. 12: 13, 14; Matt. 12: 36)

The following comments upon the lesson texts are taken from "The Living Bible," by Amos R. Wells:

#### MY EASE

"I have a bed, but woe to me if I lie on it! Couches have I, but woe to me if I use them! There is no time for rest. There is only time for work. In work shall be my rest and my ease, all the days of life."

#### MY DUTY

"My duty is twofold, and only twofold. I am to fear and to keep. I am to fear that alone which should be feared, and all else I am to disregard; and I am to keep that alone which is worth keeping, all else being thrown away. What I am to fear then is God; and what I am to keep is God's Commandments."

#### MY TONGUE

"Death and life are in the power of my tongue. With it I can slay my soul. With it I can slay the souls of others. And with it I can save my soul, when I call upon the Lord; or save the souls of others, when I persuade them to do the same. Oh, to become skilled in the use of this great instrument!"

"Be my words such as God would seal. They shall outlast granite. They shall march with the ages. They shall live with all eternal verities."

Read this poem from the "Southern Presbyterian" in connection with the Daily Reading for Thursday—Heb. 10: 26-39.

#### THE CHRIST OF TODAY

"Christ is walking through our streets,  
Looking in each face he meets  
Tenderly.

Not only in the church he stands  
Where suppliants kneel with folded hands,  
But in the busy haunts of life,  
And in the midst of toil and strife,  
Walks he with his bleeding feet,  
Walks he where the people meet,  
But they scorn him, pass him by,  
And in their hearts they madly cry  
Crucify.

"Christ is walking through the shops,  
By each worker meekly stops,  
Patiently.

He would lift the heavy load,  
He would clear the thorny road,  
Smooth the wrinkles from each brow,  
Kiss the wounds but none allow  
Walks he with his bleeding feet,  
Walks he where the people meet,  
But they scorn him, pass him by,  
And in their hearts they madly cry,  
Crucify.

"Christ is walking through the slums,  
With his cross and thorns he comes,  
Wearily.

Pleading with the wrecks of men,  
Bidding them take heart again,  
Yet with heart filled full of love,  
Bids each sinner look above.  
But they scorn him, pass him by,  
And in their hearts they madly cry  
Crucify.

"Christ is walking everywhere,  
With his face deep marked by care,  
Painfully.

But the people turn their eyes  
Far away toward the skies,  
Knowing not that near them stands  
Christ, the Lord, with pierced hands,  
Beckoning them toward his breast,  
Where alone they may find rest.  
But they scorn him, pass him by,  
And in their hearts they madly cry,  
Crucify."

### VALUE OF CONFERENCE

MILDRED PARKER

(Paper read at the Central Association)

Last August I had the good fortune of having my way paid to the General Conference at Shiloh, N. J. It is one event in my life I never shall forget as it meant so much to me.

When one goes to Conference, as you all probably know, he stays at a private home, usually with more visitors than himself in this home. As far as I know, both from experience and from what I have heard others say, these homes are very pleasant to

stay in, and homes in which the people are reverent, and God-loving people. This type of homes can not help but have a good influence over its visitors. The people do not seem to feel above you but treat you as one of the family.

Rather than to be seeking outside amusements, which are sure to draw you farther from home and God, the young people of these homes choose clean amusements in their homes, and they seem to be contented with their home life. This, too, is a very good example for visitors to follow.

While speaking of home pleasures, I might mention the pleasures outside the home as well. These pleasures are of a different type than the outside pleasures I had in mind before. At Conference, last August, I learned that there are some pleasures which are simple and quiet, and at the same time good, clean pleasures. For instance, one morning we had a 6 o'clock breakfast in some woods. Our breakfast consisted of rolls, hot cocoa, frankfurters which we roasted ourselves, and cantaloupe. Besides the breakfast we had a short program, as it might be called, before going back to meeting.

The boys' chorus sang some songs, the whole crowd sang a few hymns and a few stories were told. Other than this, one of the pastors present offered prayer. On the whole we had a very pleasant time. Such ideas as these are well for one to take home with him and see them put into practice in his own community. In this way, taking up

time which might otherwise be spent in some kind of amusements which are not as good and Christlike as they should be.

When at Conference, we come in contact with people of good character. We admire their friendly ways and have a desire to make ourselves more like them. As a result of these friendly ways, one has very little difficulty in getting acquainted. Many of the young people wait on table and in this way become acquainted with one and another and have a good time.

The greatest value of Conference comes from the regular meetings. At these meetings we hear talks relating to various topics. These talks or speeches have been carefully thought out and delivered by people who seem best fitted and best posted on these topics. Therefore, the speeches are such that bring out the truths so plainly that one can not help but see them. It is from these meetings that one gets inspirations to live better lives and work harder for our Master. We learn about the work being carried on in our own individual churches and in the whole denomination, as well as the work which *should* be carried on by us. We are lead to see more plainly, the many great needs of our individual work and work as a church and denomination. We are not only lead to see these needs but ways are suggested in which we can help remedy these conditions and do our bit. Many things which we have never given thought to are brought out in these meetings and explained so fully it leaves us without a doubt as to its

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meaning and it gives us a new thought to put into practice in our every day life.

While at Conference, there is the call for ministers, evangelists, missionaries, and other Christian workers. This makes so strong an appeal that it can not fail to arouse the spirits of the young people and make them feel the need of their Christian service. Even though they do not consecrate their lives at these meetings, they have the idea to carry with them wherever they go and into whatever work they undertake. Then, oftentimes, this idea hangs on so tightly that they finally make their decision and give their life to the service of the Master.

Sometimes, I believe we think too much about the good time we shall have and forget the real purpose of our journey. I must admit, when I was making my plans for going to Conference last fall, I had the good time in view and looked upon that as being on the equal with the real religious purpose of my journey. However, now that I am hoping to go to Conference again this year, I have placed the religious purpose far above the good time. I little realized how much Conference could do for one until I went myself and now know the results of that wonderful event of my life.

### HOME NEWS

LITTLE PRAIRIE, ARK.—Children's Day arrived at Little Prairie on the date set as did Pastor Severance. Meetings began on Sixth day night, June 2, with a good sized audience. At the services Sabbath morning, consisting of Sabbath school and preaching, there were fifty present. The house was crowded Sabbath night.

On Sunday, June 4, was held what is known in these parts as "an all-day meeting," consisting in this instance of a sermon in the morning, "dinner on the grounds," children's program and sermon in the afternoon, and a service at night. The children's program consisted of exercises, drills, recitations and songs. The house was beautifully decorated with mottoes, a profusion of beautiful flowers and vines.

The following Sabbath and Sunday Pastor Severance gave four very forceful and practical sermons as was evidenced by the large and attentive audiences.

Here is a good place to mention that one of the drawing features of these meetings

was a beautiful "Baby" or folding organ of the Esty make furnished through the kindness, interest and generosity of Mrs. G. H. Trainor and Dr. Xenia Bond, of Salem, W. Va. The origin of this interest is directly traceable to the visit of Dr. Rosa Palmberg to this place last winter. The little organ added greatly to the attractiveness of our regular service and the three ladies mentioned above are held in grateful remembrance by the members of the Little Prairie church.

A good deal of sickness is prevalent just now owing to the late heavy rains and the intense heat. Brother Severance conducted one funeral service while here this time.

C. C. VAN HORN.

June 22, 1922.

BERLIN, N. Y.—Berlin church has had a "feast of good things," the Eastern Association having held its recent session with us. Thirty-six delegates were in attendance; among them one brother—G. H. F. Randolph—who has twice served as pastor in this old church, sharing its joys and sorrows and breaking to us the bread of life. Many other familiar faces and some new ones were in evidence, all seemingly happy in the Lord's work. Isolated as we are from sister churches, these gatherings are long looked forward to and greatly appreciated by us.

Sunday afternoon was the time appointed for ordination, when one deacon, Brother Denio Greene, and two deaconesses, Sisters Evalena S. Vars and Jennie L. Greene, were solemnly dedicated to that worthy calling. Services were very impressive and the old Berlin church feels warmed and strengthened for new efforts.

E. L. G.

CHICAGO, ILL.—We had the pleasure of receiving Pastor and Mrs. George E. Fifield into the fellowship of our little church last Sabbath. Although Pastor Fifield has, for a long time, regarded himself as one with us, the unanimous action of the church has seemed to make the bond a little closer. He was released to supply the church at Battle Creek which will be more convenient for him, and give him a much larger hearing.

We have enjoyed the presence and help of Charles B. Hull and family during the past few months. Mrs. Hull and Miss Nel-

(Continued on page 32)

## Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

### HOLINESS

MARY E. FILLYAW

"Holiness is perfect moral integrity or purity."—Webster.

"Integrity is the state or quality of being entire or complete; wholesome, entireness; unbroken state."—Sir T. More.

"The moral grandeur of independent integrity is the sublimest thing in nature."—Buckminster.

Although suffering from the direst calamities, and tempted by an unfeeling and wicked wife, to "curse God and die," and condemned and persecuted by those who, in the days of his prosperity, had seemed to be his friends, yet Job said, "All the while my breath is in me, and the spirit of God is in my nostrils; my lips shall not speak wickedness, nor my tongue utter deceit. God forbid that I should justify you: till I die I will not remove mine integrity from me" (Job. 27:3-5). And King David said, "By this I know that thou favorest me, because mine enemy doth not triumph over me. And as for me, thou upholdest me in mine integrity, and settest me before thee for ever" (Psa. 41:11, 12).

The Maschil of Asaph says, "He chose David also his servant, and took him from the sheepfolds: from following the ewes great with young he brought him to feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. So he fed them according to the integrity of his heart; and guided them by the skillfulness of his hands" (Psa. 78:70-72).

And after "Solomon had finished the building of the house of the Lord, and the king's house, and all Solomon's desire which he was pleased to do, the Lord appeared to Solomon the second time, as he had appeared unto him at Gibeon. And the Lord said unto him, I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication, that thou hast made before me: I have hallowed this house, which thou hast built, to put my name there for ever; and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually. And if thou wilt walk before me, as David thy father walked, in integrity of heart, and in uprightness, to do according to all that I have commanded

thee, and wilt keep my statutes and my judgments: then I will establish the throne of thy kingdom upon Israel for ever, as I promised to David thy father, saying, There shall not fail thee a man upon the throne of Israel. But if ye shall at all turn from following me, ye or your children, and will not keep my commandments and my statutes which I have set before you, but go and serve other gods, and worship them: then will I cut off Israel out of the land which I have given them; and this house, which I have hallowed for my name, will I cast out of my sight; and Israel shall be a proverb and a by-word among all people: and at this house, which is high, every one that passeth it shall be astonished, and shall hiss; and they shall say, Why hath the Lord done this unto this land and to this house? And they shall answer, Because they forsook the Lord their God, who brought forth their fathers out of the land of Egypt, and have taken hold upon other gods, and have worshipped them, and served them; therefore hath the Lord brought upon them all this evil" (1 Kings 9:1-9). "The integrity of the upright shall guide them: but the perverseness of transgressors shall destroy them" (Prov. 11:3). "Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity than he that is perverse in his lips, and is a fool" (Prov. 19:1). "The just man walketh in his integrity: his children are blessed after him" (Prov. 20:7). "Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich. Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son: but he that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father" (Prov. 28:6, 7).

Purity as a counterpart of holiness, is freedom from guilt or the defilement of sin. "The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times" (Psa. 12:6). "Thy word is very pure; therefore thy servant loveth it" (Psa. 19:140). "Every word of God is pure: he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him. Add thou not unto his words, lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar" (Prov. 30:5, 6). "I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of



life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book" (Rev. 22: 18, 19). "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled" (Matt. 5: 17, 18). Heaven and earth have not passed yet. "It is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail" (Luke 16: 17). And yet they shall pass away. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away" (Matt. 24: 35).

And his words have not passed away. "Every day and every hour" some one is reading them, some one is telling them to others, and some one is receiving them into his heart to spring up and bear "fruit unto life eternal" (John 4: 36). "Every day and every hour" Bibles are being printed so that the words of our Savior are going out to every land and nation, and the time is coming when the word of the Lord shall have free course and be glorified. See 2 Thess. 3: 7. "Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment: as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same and thy years shall have no end" (Psa. 102: 25-27). "And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll: and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf falleth off from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig tree. For my sword shall be bathed in heaven" (Isa. 34: 4, 5).

"Behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch" (Mal. 4: 1). "But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men. But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is

longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness" (2 Pet. 3: 8-13).

"Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read: no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate" (Isa. 34: 16). This is an exhortation to study the prophecies contained in "the book of the Lord," and to compare them with those things that have taken place, and the things that are now taking place. If we study the prophecies as they should be studied, that is with prayer for light, and study history as it should be studied, that is, as prophecy fulfilled, then we shall see that not one of the prophecies has failed, and that none has lacked her mate up to the present time, and we shall be able to look in faith toward the accomplishment of those things that are yet to come as foretold "in the Scripture of truth" (Dan. 10: 21). Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me" (John 5: 39).

All the Scriptures which the Jews had at the time Jesus spake these words were the Old Testament Scriptures. They were the Scriptures which testified of the Messiah, the Christ, Immanuel, the Prince of Peace. How much more should we Gentiles, who know nothing of the Prince of Peace, except as he is revealed to us as the anti-type of the Old Testament types and shadows, search these same Old Testament Scriptures, "for whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope" (Rom. 15: 4). "For we write now other things unto you, than what ye read or acknowledge,

and I trust ye shall acknowledge even to the end" (2 Cor. 1: 13).

The Berean Jews "were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether those things were so. Therefore many of them believed, also of honorable women which were Greeks, and of men, not a few" (Acts 17: 11, 12). And Malachi, "the latest of the Old Testament prophets, who wrote about 450 B.C., and was contemporary with Nehemiah" whose "message was a condemnation of the degeneracy of the priesthood, and of the shortcomings of the people in life and worship; also a prophecy of the nearness of the day of Jehovah, in the third chapter and sixteenth verse of his book, he says, "Then they that feared the Lord, spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." "Hear the word of

the Lord, ye that tremble at his word; Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified: but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed" (Isa. 66: 5).

In that land where angels dwell,  
Where the Son of God is King,  
There are books whose pages show  
Records of each life on earth.  
In the blessed Book of Life,  
Which the Savior calls his own,  
Are the names of the elect  
Written in living characters.  
Do you ask me if my name  
Is inscribed within its pages?  
Yes, I answer, just as surely  
As he gives his Witness to me.  
For his Spirit with my own  
Witnesseth that Jesus died;  
And I know him as the One  
Altogether lovely and the Chief.  
There's no other I would follow,  
He alone doth upward lead me,  
He alone doth hold my hand,  
When the darkness spreads around me,  
And his loving voice I hear,  
Calling through the mist and darkness,  
"I am near thee, therefore cheer thee,  
Though thou canst not see me now,  
Soon the veil shall rend asunder,  
And my glory thou shalt see."

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## Sabbath School. Lesson III.—July 15, 1922

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL  
Daniel 5: 1-31.

*Golden Text.*—"God will bring every work into judgment, with every hidden thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." Eccl. 12: 14.

## DAILY READINGS

July 9—Dan. 5: 1-4. The Drunken Feast.  
July 10—Dan. 5: 5-9. The Handwriting on the Wall.  
July 11—Dan. 5: 25-31. The Explanation.  
July 12—Prov. 23: 29-35. Temperance for Self.  
July 13—1 Cor. 8: 1-13. Temperance for Others.  
July 14—1 Cor. 3: 16-23. Temperance for God.  
July 15—Isa. 35: 1-10. A Redeemed World.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

(Continued from page 28)

lie have already returned to their Colorado home for the summer, and Mr. Hull will soon follow. Others will leave for vacation time, but we hope to continue our regular Sabbath services in their absence.

The Chicago church has met with a great loss in the death of Deacon J. Murray Maxson. He has been a faithful helper and adviser for so long, in the affairs of the church, that we hardly know how to go on without him. The following was found writ-

## THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

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ten by him on the back of an envelope while he was in the hospital awaiting an operation: "Hope is resting in the arms of Trust. Love is standing by me with her cup of sympathy from my hosts of friends who would free me from all pain, if it were possible. Faith tells me, make God's will mine, and all will end for the best. Why should I fear?"

W.

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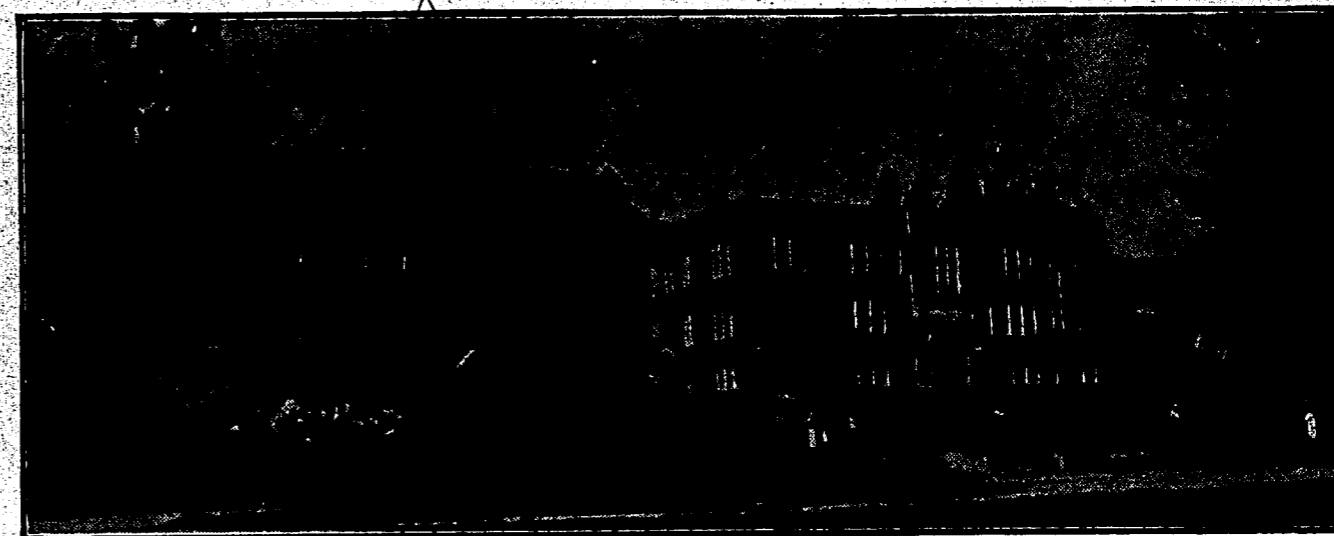
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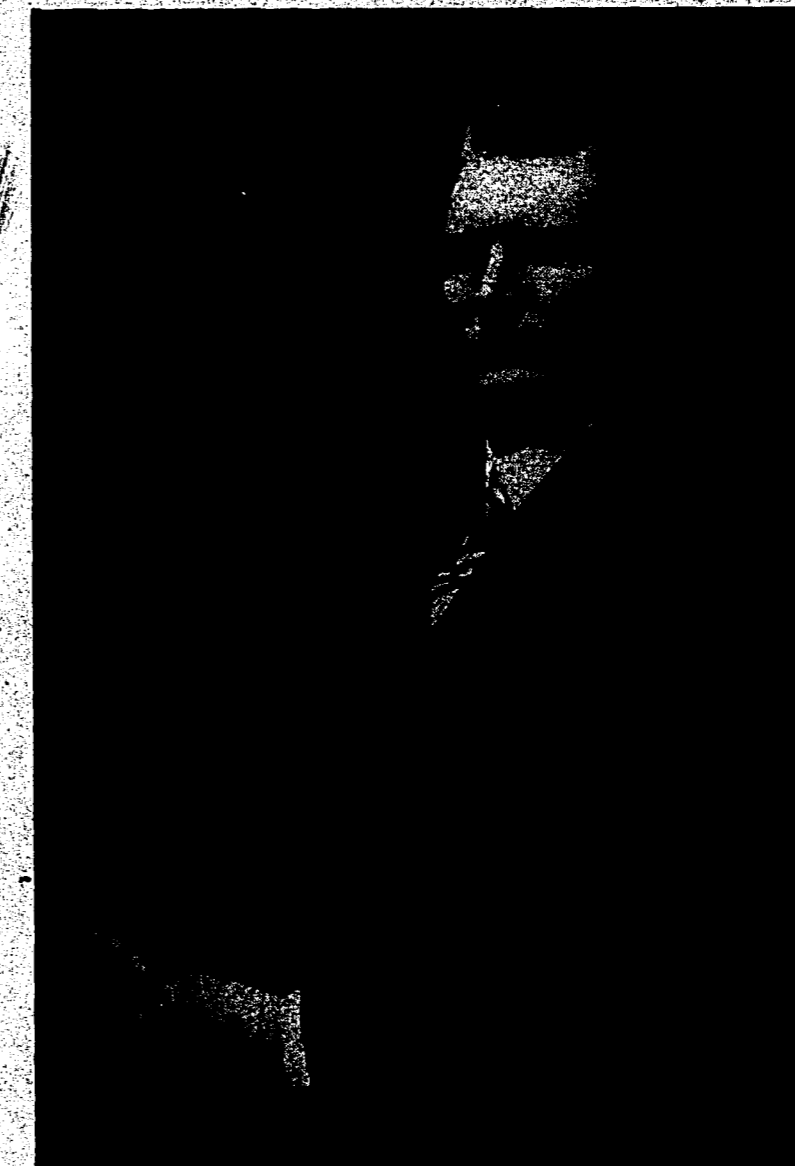
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and when he is old he will not depart from  
it."—*Proverbs 22:6.*



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